

VIEWS

FROM

THE

ASYLUM

BY

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There is but one truly serious philosophical problem, that is, suicide. Judging whether
Life is or is not worth living amounts to answering the fundamental question of
Philosophy.

Albert Camus

The Myth of Sisyphus

Psychotic Views Part One:

I have reached another tipping point, or as I like to call it, snapping point. I had reached such a point early last year from my three years of caring for my mom. She had, in that period of time, had suffered congestive heart failure, total renal failure, and a fractured hip. The congestive heart failure was in 2008. The renal failure in 2009 & the fractured hip in 2010. There were many trips to the hospital, coupled with the conditions listed above were an irregular heart beat, a blood clot, blood thinners, blood draws, pneumonia & repetitive fistula difficulties.

Month by month, her health progressively worsened. There would be no recovering from congestive heart failure, no recovering from the irregular heart beat, no recovering from renal failure, no recovering from the fractured hip. These conditions all took their toll in both a singular fashion and in combination with one another. I was her sole care provider during that time. She did not want to go into a nursing home. She knew she did not have much life left in her. Death was coming soon, she knew and when it came, she wanted to be in her home.

Mom's health problems had taken its toll on me as well. Caring for her and watching her slowly shrivel into insignificance affected me mentally, emotionally, psychologically and physically. From October of 2009 to October 2010, I had four major surgeries. Early in 2011, when mom was clearly living her final handful of days, I had reached a snapping point. The toll had overwhelmed me and I had conquered my ability to end me. I had reached a tipping point, a breaking point and a snapping, whatever you choose to call it. Now in early 2012, I have reached such a point yet again.

I have reached yet another snapping point. Something, I feel, is going to happen soon and when I say feel, I mean it in the truest sense of the word. It's a feeling. A feeling that permeates every atom of my being from head to foot, from hand to hand, from consciousness to sub-consciousness. It surrounds me, stalks my every step and mocks my every word.

I have fought it for some time now and when the battle had first begun, there was a deep reservoir of strength at the ready to engage in the long, protracted siege ahead. That was so long ago, a time when I was certain I could outdo this better for by sheer strength of will.

There has been a serious miscalculation of strength it seems. Both my enemies' and mine. His strength is as sound and formidable as ever, mine is not. It is but a fragile shell of its initial state. Time and circumstance have made it so. I just don't know much longer my defenses can hold. Not long I fear. It could be as soon as a couple of weeks.

I am frightened. Make no pretensions to the contrary, I am frightened, more frightened than I have ever been before. My body trembles often during the course of the day, shaken by a hell that has weakened

my body and poisoned my mind. The light that's necessary for living is fading little by little, day by day. It's glow is becoming fainter and fainter. It's warmth is becoming less and less profound.

There is no peace of mind for me now. Not even in my dreams. Dreams of chaos and darkness, of foreboding and fear, of silence and death. My psyche has always held such dreams. They are conjured up by the deep mysteries of the human mind, a cerebral spell cast from a source born long ago. A source whose purpose can only be guessed at, but never fully understood.

These dreams have always been with me, but in the days and years up to now, they have only shown themselves to my sleeping mind sporadically. They might occasionally appear in a small cluster, then a significant period of time would pass, thankfully by before they would rise up from my layered sub-conscious and show themselves again.

Now, they appear more frequently, much more frequently than ever before. Their intensity, clarity and their ability to provoke psycho-emotional lingering effects have increased as well. Strong unknown creatures come for me, clutching and reaching for me, meaning to do me the worst kind of harm. Arms, tentacles or whatever the hell happened to be, wants to ensnare me in their unbreakable grasp. Once in their grip, there would be no escaping. My horrifying doom would be sealed. I wake from these dreams violently kicking my legs and thrashing my arms in all directions, my panic driven defense against a sinister attack of unknown origin. There have been other dreams as well. No less dark, no less disturbing. Me on a table, a medical table of some sort, maybe an operating table. I'm being jabbed, needled and cut. I can feel the metal piercing my skin in different areas of my body. My skin flinches in repetitive reflex and I am squirming and twisting on the table. I do not scream, I am even silent. Strangely so, I do know why, but it is so. I don't know what they are doing to me. It can't be good though. It hurts like seven different kinds of hell. My body is

suddenly still. Maybe they have given something to me, I don't know. What are they doing to me? Then I wake up.

Yes, I think I've reached another snapping point. Last time, I came very close to crossing that point. The tension that had stretched the fibers of my being to the very point of collapse slowly eased back and avoided imminent disaster. Over time, though, the tension began moving back in the wrong direction and here I am again coming closer and closer to crossing that point, that snapping point, that point which is a one way trip without the possibility of return.

I am afraid. It is the worst fear I have ever known in my short anonymous life. I see no easing back this time, no avoiding imminent disaster. What the exact nature of this disaster will be, I don't know, but I fear it will be some kind of an end. A deep, bottomless end. It could be my freedom to move. It could be my sanity. It could be my life itself. An end is near. What kind I don't know, but an end is near. I can discern no way of avoiding it. I can see no light at the end of the tunnel. Hell, I can't even see the tunnel. It's too dark, too dark to see anything at all.

It just isn't me who's facing darkness, there's enough of it and more to cover the whole world round seven times over and hour by hour, day by day, year by year, the darkness is going to grow. It's going to roll through the streets. It's going to seep into the ground, it's going to cover the sky, it's going to blanket peoples' homes, it's going to sheathe this entire rounded globe.

Who can say how soon this will come into being? I don't think it will be too long now. Man, I believe, as a species has this coming to him. He is going to reap the seeds that he has sown. Whether by accident or by great divination, he has been given the greatest gift ever bestowed on any living being on this insignificant,

floating grain of universal grain of sand called Earth. Who know, maybe it was the greatest gift given anywhere at any time to any living thing?

What has he done with this great gift that he has received? On the whole, he has wasted it, he has taken it for granted, he has perverted well beyond the darkest corners of a madman's dreams. Good, decent examples of the species are plentiful to be sure, but how many of them, motivated by the selfishness of comfort and pleasure and with the affections of apathy and indifference coursing through their veins, have idly by and watch the darkness grow? The way the world is now, the way the world will be, the way the world has always been, is not because of the existence of evil.. It is because of the existence of a do nothing goo. Evil gets away with what good let it get away with.

The numbers for life threatening diseases are u. Respiratory diseases are up: asthma, emphysema, etc. Brain tumors are up, cancers, birth defects, etc., etc. Now, how does this occur in this modern age of modern life and medicine. What's the explanation? Modern life itself, chemicals: chemicals in the air, chemicals in the water, chemicals in the food. Oil companies, natural gas companies, food companies, coal companies, home product companies. What does the public say? Nothing, what does the public do? Nothing.

How the fuck can you be apathetic and indifferent to the water you drink and wash in? How the fuck can you be apathetic and indifferent to the air you breathe? How the fuck can you be apathetic an indifferent to the food you eat? Air, good and water are three essentials to life. Anything threatening them, threatens life itself. Take them away and you take away life. Millions die, tens of millions, hundreds of millions die. More death and more death and more death until there is no more human life at all. The public doesn't even care, "Go ahead and poison the air, " they say. "Go ahead and poison the water, go ahead and poison the food, I don't care. I've got an I phone, a laptop, a Wii and all is right with the world."

Tens of thousands of people die in this counting every year simply because they don't have health care. Add those deaths up over say a 20 year period and you have at least, at least half a million deaths. A half million dead because they didn't have health care. Is the federal government ashamed, is all this going to happen? Is the AMA ashamed in allowing this to happen? Is the national media ashamed in allowing this to happen? Is the health insurance company ashamed in allowing this to happen? Is the public ashamed in allowing this to happen? NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! No one is ashamed. Hundreds of thousands of their fellow citizens die due to something that is easily preventable. Yet, no one feels shame.

Does anyone in this country feel shame? Does any institution or industry feel shame? Is there any shame on a larger scale national level? No, there isn't. Unrestrained self-absorption and selfishness makes shame impossible to exist. There is always government ready cash for unnecessary things. Take war for instance. When have you ever heard the federal government say, "You know, we'd really like to start another war, but we just don't have the money for it." No, there's always available cash for war. National health care everyone. It's, "Sorry we can't afford that, it's too expensive." The trillion dollar plus spent in Iraq, Afghanistan, we can afford that. The hundreds of military bases in 130 countries, we can afford that. The 700 billion plus Pentagon budget, we can afford that. Saving lives by instituting a national health care plan? Sorry, but does anyone feel shame? No, no one feels shame. Not even doctors, hospitals, politicians, the media, nor the public, no one. They're all too self-absorbed and selfish for that, then when you push people into a moral and ethical corner, they defend their behavior with the rusty, old weapon of the damned: "It's not me, it's the system."

Who makes up this system, assholes? Huh? Slugs? Worms? Dung beetles? TseTse flies? NO, human beings. Humans make up the system. The financial system, the political system, the law enforcement system,

the judicial system, the health care system, the corporate system, the media system. They are made up of people. People, you know, the living beings who have risen above all other living beings due to the size of their thick cranial species and their ability for reason and thought. You know, people.

So don't give me that old, worn out shit, " It's the system:. That's a weak, sorry assed cop out. A convenient, pathetic blame shifter. You see the reasoning of it, don't you? No humans are ever to blame. The political system is fucked up. It's not anyone's fault. It's the systems. The financial system is fucked up. It's not anyone's fault. It's the system. The health care system is fucked up. It's not anyone's fault. It's the system On and on and on.

If a world catastrophe happened and only seven humans were left on Earth and these seven human beings were all politicians, you know what they would do? They would form a committee to study what happened and you know what conclusion they'd come to? None of them were to blame.

Oh no, no one's responsible. The world just is what it is by magic. All of the world's ills march stallworthy on year after year, decade after decade, century after century by sheer outside chance. No one's to blame. The world is the way it is by an unlucky roll of the dice that came up craps.

No one's to blame when drone planes drop bombs and kill women, men and children, civilians who just happen to have the dark misfortune to be citizens of a country we so righteously decided to declare war on. No one's to blame when the death numbers rise into the thousands, tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands. What's the term used to describe these people, I remember now: collateral damage. Sounds like a fucking dented fender on a car. "Call my insurance company and they'll take care of the collateral damage."

Human beings are dead. Fathers, mothers, children, grandchildren, grandparents are dead. You dismiss it all, diminish its importance into nothingness by using the term "collateral damage". Assholes.

The world just is what it is. This is the way the world is and its not going to get any better. Its never going to get any better. You can hope and pray and wish and dream all you like. You can do it hours on end day after day after day. You can do it standing on your head, sitting on your ass, or laying on your back, but a wish, a hope, a prayer and a dream is all its every going to be. Whatever infictional changes there have been for the better since humans began, are now at an end. They have come to a complete, tire squealing brake groaning halt. There will be no more better days ahead. We, the entire human race, has seen to that. Whether by direct action, indirect action, or no action at all, we have seen to that.

We are all human beings of the world and all of us have to some degree, royally fucked it up. Some more so than others, some monumentally more so than others, but all of us have played a guilty role. Everything we do, everything we say has consequences. So too, does everything we don't do, everything we don't say, consequences can be large, medium or small. They can produce light, dark or the dray that lies in between. Make no misjudgment about it, everything has consequences. A smile, a kick, a curse, ignorance, apathy, an act of violence, an act of kindness, a pat on the back, a punch in the face, etc. They all add up to make the world what it is. The world just isn't what it is, we make it what it is, all of us.

Few people want to admit that though very few people indeed. The idea that all of us of culpable for the way of the world, for the conditions of humanity's existence. It's a frightening and sobering thought, isn't it? We are all connected, we are all part of a long, twisted, complicated chain. Disassociation is so much easier, isn't it? Disassociation that the small "I" can never be connected to the large "we". That "we" are either going to survive together or die together. People of all types are good at this kind of marked

disassociation. It is a prolonged wide scale mania. Divisions upon divisions, nationality, ethnicity, race, religion, class, sex, have been and will always be used as premeditated tools of division.

Psychotic Views Part Two

Does anyone really stop and think about how lucky any of us are to even be here, about how lucky any humans were ever to be here? The conditions for human existence had to be ideal down to the narrowest detail in space and time. Think of our planet Earth. How old is it? How long did it exist before humans in any form existed. When you look at the age of Earth and you look at the age of human existence, human existence amounts to a pathetically small percentage of the total time of Earth's existence.

Everything had to be just so, everything had to be aligned perfectly with just the right combination of quality and quantity of components. Biological, geological, atmospherical, etc. Otherwise, human beings would've never come into existence. The same can be said for all other living things too. Carnivores, omnivores, herbivores of all types, shapes and sizes. They wouldn't have come into existence without all possible factors coming together in the right way at a particular place of space and time.

If a large percentage of our current human population would have spent enough time thinking about this, idea, kneading over in their minds enough times, they would have come to clear precise realization concerning human existence. If a certain, exact formula of components were necessary in order for human beings to exist, then if that exact formula of components is tampered with and altered then human existence cannot help but be tampered with and altered too. Changes made to the formula that allowed humans to come into beings therefore brings changes to human existence itself. If these changes are drastic enough and create permanent alterations in the formula, then you could very well end up with total human extinction.

Personally, I believe that's right where we're headed. We're certainly cruising along over the right road certainly and we've been on this road for some time. It's like the idiot man who refuses to admit he's

taken a wrong turn and needs to alter his course, we refuse to admit we're on the wrong road that one day will lead to an eternal, cavernous abyss.

Are humans an inherently self-destructive species? Does everyone deep down believe we're headed for annihilation and just doesn't care? Is it stealthfully buried deep inside our complicated sub-conscious while being completely denied by the conscious above. Whether done consciously or sub-consciously, a sound argument can be made in favor of humans as creatures of self-destruction.

We are altering the complex mixture of components that came together at a certain space and time and provided the exact conditions necessary that allowed humans to exist. We've been altering this formula for some time knowing all the while that it will certainly lead to the gravest of consequences. Consequences are already occurring and they're only going to become bleaker and bleaker as time goes on. Yet, here in the United States, you have less people even remotely concerned about it than there were 20 years ago. Less people concerned not more, less.

The air we need to breathe is tainted. The public doesn't care, the politicians don't care, corporations don't care. The water we need to drink, wash and to support sea life is tainted. The public doesn't care, the politicians don't care, the corporations don't care. The food we need to eat is tainted too. Again, no concern from any quarter. Are we knowingly so self-destructive? Is it ignorance? IS it a case of vicious indifference to the fate of future generations?

To me, there has always been wrong with the human species since it began. Look at human history. Take European history for instance, say from year 0 to 1945. War, war! If it wasn't a foreign war, it was a civil war. Look at the United States since 1945 to now. War, war, war,

war! It's where all our government's money is spent. It's where all of time and effort goes. Rotting public education. What? A heartless, money grubbing health care system. What? High child poverty. What? A total disregard for a cracking and crumbling infrastructure. What? War, war, war! That's what governments for.

Have we evolved over the many centuries since our beginning? Certainly, but have our basic nature's changed? Well, have they? Have we evolved into something drastically for the better than when we started?

Look at the 20th century, the cruelest, most violent, murderous, brutal tyrannical century in all of human history. World War I was called the "War to end all wars". 20 years later it was the "War to end all wars Part 2", with even more blood, dismembered bodies and death than the first one.

So, what have we learned about war? Nothing. If human beings haven't learned, after all this time, after all this destruction and death, what a monumental waste of time, effort and life war is, then what the fuck are they ever capable of learning. Huh? What? If we can't even learn that basic obvious thing, then there is something truly wrong with us. We are fucked up. We are seriously fucked up and as usual the public is disinterested. They are at least disinterested enough not to raise hell and demand a different path, a better way. There is a clear and easy explanation for the public's reaction to the current wars we are engaged in the wars of our past. Civilians don't die. The wars we engage in are always on someone else's ground, never on our own ground. U.S. soldiers die, but U. S. civilians don't. Old people don't die, young children don't know and schools aren't bombed, hospitals aren't bombed .

It is a unique perspective and it explains the general blasé attitude of the public in this country toward war. Your viewpoint of war is going to be much different if the bombs are being dropped on you, instead of you dropping the bombs on someone else.

If you go to work and you came to find your family has been killed by bombs or you were at home and got a call saying the place where your loved one worked was laid to ruins by bombs, would your attitude be the same? It's easy for civilians in the U.S. to either be gung ho for war or not to think about war for even a second out of the day because it doesn't directly affect them. There is no serious looming threat of destruction, injury, or death from the skies above or the ground below. There are no foreign bombers overhead, there are no foreign troops occupying our ground.

War is just sheer fucking lunacy. What is the gain compared to the loss? It is a question that the warmongering powers that be never want to honestly and openly address. If they did, if they made a sincere assessment of the cost of war, both in terms of lives, destruction, money, loss of good will, then they would never even consider an act of war as even a remote possibility, but these warmongers would never do that because they have a hard on for war and when these guys have hard on some foreign country is going to get fucked.

If you want to psychoanalyze the whole thing, I'd say the entire country suffers from a deeply ingrained psychosis. I myself, suffer from a psychosis, so I'm not omitting myself from this list. My psychosis is of another type. The psychosis the country suffers from is a special type of psychopathic personality.

I don't mean by this that the country is up to its nose in serial killers type personalities. People who are not only lacking in remorse, shame, empathy for the suffering of others, they actually cause physical suffering by torturing, raping and murdering other human beings. The type of psychopathic personality the entire country suffers from is not of this type. The type of psychopathic personality the entire country suffers from is the inactive type.

The inactive type does not carry out any type of acts of violence personally. They are not psychopathic in the sense that they murder, rape, torture, etc. Other human beings, they are psychopathic in the sense that feel no shame, no remorse, no empathy for the suffering of other human beings. They stand by idly watching with blank, amoral eyes, see it happening and experience no emotional pangs of any kind.

It is this kind of psychosis this country suffers from with regard to the rest of the people of the world. People have this highly inflated sense of themselves and their importance in the world. There might be as many as one million human beings dead in Iraq due to our invasion of the country. There is, at the very least, hundreds of thousands dead. Mothers, fathers, children, grandchildren old people, young people who had the same right to life as we do. What thought as a country is given to them. Where is the remorse, regret, guilty, shame and empathy for their suffering? The same can be said of our wars in Afghanistan, Korea, Vietnam or anywhere else you care to name.

People in this country have an absurd sense of themselves, distorted perspective of humanity. We are vastly more important than any other people in the world. We are the greatest civilization ever to exist on earth. We have no real respect for any other country but our own. Sure, we have allies, but do we respect them? Do we have a high regard for them? No! They are our allies out of sheer political expediency.

Look at some of our allies of the past. We have made allowances with some of the most brutal, murderous oppressive dictators in world history. Why? Political expediency. During the cold war, you could be an ally just by saying you were anti-communist. You could murder, torture, rape, oppress your people all day long if you want to just so you were anti-communist. The same approach was used even after communism fell, or should I say the European version of communism. The entire Middle East is ruled by brutal, murderous, oppressive dictatorships, but some were our allies and some were our enemies. Our allies

were no less brutal, murderous and oppressive than our enemies. That fact, though, never entered into it. If you went along with our geopolitical game plan, you were our ally and you had carte blanche to do whatever you wanted to, to your own people.

We have military bases in over 100 countries, it is somewhere near 130, I believe. So, there are U.S. military bases and U.S. soldiers in 130 countries at all corners of the world. Now, to these 130 countries, U.S. soldiers are foreign soldiers occupying their land. Which is what they are, foreign soldiers occupying a foreign land, but we don't care, do we? We don't care what they think or what they want. Other countries are there to be used as pawns in our sick little game of world domination.

We talk a great game in this country. We prattle on ad nauseum about democracy, freedoms, self-determination, etc., but the government cares nothing about those type of ideals. They are just words to use as a mask to hide behind, as a subterfuge as to what their real desires are.

Look at the Middle East. Do you think the U.S. government supports and applauds all of these citizen uprisings there, the signs of people wanting more freedoms, more say in the fate of their nation's future? No! The last thing the U.S. government wants in the Middle East is for the masses there to have a say in how their country is run. Why? Because, if the people of these countries had a real say in the policies of their homeland, one of the first consequences of this would be to be to lose U.S. military bases and tell all of the people who occupy them to go home. The last thing the U.S. government wants in Middle Eastern countries is anything giving credence to the power of public opinion. The U.S. government has a long sordid history of supporting dictatorships all over the world. Why? Because it's much easier to get one man to do what you want than an entire country.

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