Sadness Circuit Héloïse Chassepot 10.10–28.11.21

48h for the sadness to dissipate. —( '\_/')— "How long have been 17?" "My back is like this twisted tree that is tied to the pole it uses as a stake to keep itself straight." — I feel so sad.

The growing trend of the desire for knowledge: that which concerns ourselves, "the self-knowledge". My body. My conscientiousness. My biological system. Online yoga courses, breathing sessions, TedX "how are emotions made?". This accumulated knowledge might seem to be a defending weapon against blindness and ignorance that pushes/leads us into over-consumerism, but on the contrary, it accommodates capitalism quite well, supporting it, rounding its edges, patting it on its back and scratching the underside of its chin. The ground gained is all the more promising for the longevity of the logic of accumulation since here it has conquered spaces at the confines of ourselves, as an intrusion of our inner essence: body and soul. It is all very cynic. I am - damn - trying to adopt a healthy lifestyle because I believe, I believe in the idea of a healthy mind in a healthy body and - damn - I believe in osmosis with nature, but if one comes to capitalize on my behaviour to know myself as well as I don't know myself...

2 hours, I still feel so sad. ——• ^ •

Heart and small intestine: the joy, liver and gallbladder: the anger, spleen and stomach: the obsessiveness, the sadness: lungs and big intestine. \_\_\_\_\_(L)\_\_\_\_\_\_\_Online yoga courses, I know. "flow confidence" and "relieve the lumbar spine lombaires", connect with myself, feel better with myself, be aware of my own body, of my own biological system, I know. But I don't know, sometimes I prefer life in a different way, that my emotions continue to entirely run through me, without understanding, that they suffice and that they fill me, no explanation. \_\_\_(:)\_\_\_ My dad struggles with lactose intolerance and a disease that prevents him from eating animal protein. \_\_\_\_ \(\bigcirc{\bigcirc}{\bigcirc}\bigcirc^2\bigcirc)\_\igcirc\_\\_\_\_ Anxiety is a public secret. When it is rarely discussed, it is understood as individual psychological problems, of a subject often blamed on faulty thought patterns or poor adaptation. Contemporary therapies treat it as a neurological unbalance or dysfunctional thoughts. (...) The only solutions - no matter what can be managed or not, are found in micromanagement: time, anger, parents, self-image management, all of which offer the anxious subjects an illusion of control in exchange for a better conformity to the capitalist model. \_\_\_\_\_ \( \bigcirc^{\bigcirc} \bigcirc^{\bigcirc} \bigcirc^{\bigcirc} \)

responsibility for my well-being. But my lungs fucking hurt :(
A book on personal development from the 16th century suggests to the readers a list of
reasons to be unhappy in order to prepare them for sadness: one needs to see it as an asset
since it'll provide a better resistance to any potential negative event
Everything that doesn't kill me makes me stronger, it has already been 14 hours<3
Jason Molina died following organ deficiency.
I am still there, it has been 48 hours. Around me, airbrushed paintings that look like tie-dye
denim or a designal style. There's a large white floor and two kneeling chairs put in the
center, it makes me think of my lumbago.