

Starlight of a Brother + The *Bach* Side of the Fish = “*Le Néant et l’Événement*”

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Abstract

$1 = 0 \Rightarrow \sum_{i=1}^1 1 = \text{Infinite} = \text{e-ternity} (?)$

CQFD

LOL?

“*Icarus*”?

If at that point you’re missing a “.”, forget it and go back to the starting arrow of my blog[†]. “*You Should Read More*” — or, at least — still following, *el Che*, sure? ;) — watch (*Again* ;)) *24 Hours Party People*, suck an unknown dose of an unknown drug, and think about it in memory of Ian Curtis (*Fig. 1*).

“Father?” — “Yes, Son?” — “Don’t worry... It’s amazing... I can take any high-voltage current source, even dancing on electrified trail ways under the Stars’ lights (Joke? — *At My Desk!*), without feeling anything but an unmeasurable orgasmic chill spreading throughout my whole body. I know you’re old and tired and I’ve never really wanted to hurt You like I’ve been forced to. Just relax and listen to Her (yes, *her*, the One you offer me the CD Yesterday; literarily and oddly, in old French from the Hercynian massif of the Ardennes, her name means: “*La rivière aux Poissons*”); listen how She sings (eye-lash: “anxiolytics” in my words were just a LOL in the air). Undoubtedly, in Some Way, *she* may do it in Your Name.” // “Mother? — “Yes, *Jim*?” — “I want... to...” (private and undecipherable quantum vacuum-travelling dialogue).

Key-words

Psychiatry; Hithler hairdo; Quantum Metaphysics; Fishbach; Mortel; Ajmal logha; delta Therapy

REMERCIEMENTS — OR EXCUSES

(Sorry: Only the Priority Ones) (*et “pardon si toi je t’ai oublié/e, il est parfois plus dur d’écrire un merci qu’un” article* ;))

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[†] <https://bipolarityreport.com>

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“Francis-Fuckin’-Ford-Coppola, eh?” ;)

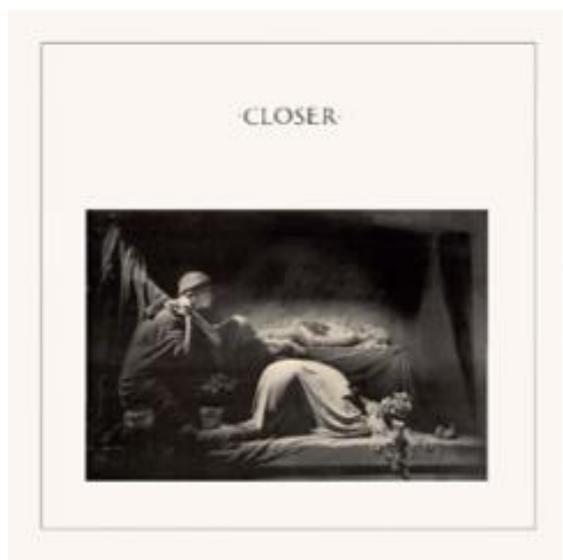


Fig. 1

INTRODUCING THE BAND — PICTURE THAT

Everything has been faked. I ate the Lotus. I have never been *genetically* designed for being

bipolar or, as formerly said in French: “*maniaco-dépressif*”. My Brother, who has been *supposedly* affected by Schizophrenia since the Year 2000 — accurate date of his first *psychetic* drug domain explorations — has made me in *certaine manière* as such as I have been diagnosed — using the quantum vacuum–circulating auto-permission of my *subconsciousness*. Hereafter, I solely aim at shortly exposing my lamentable bipolar disorder (BD) psychosis-related dramatical Life events and subsequently self-taught visions of our (fucked up) (Psychiatry)World. The content of my internet-located blog[‡], which has been frequently highlighted by my relatives as being either the production of a never-grown-up man obsessed by the delusional love of a young French synth-pop Singer (Fishbach, 2016[§]; Fig. 2), or as a too complexly ramified poetical internet web sentence (connecting, however, through, e.g., Foxglove, 2004 (Fig. 3) and Vincent, 2016 (Fig. 4)) will finally be considered as a thin, mere, and poor approximation of My Brother’s infinite and barely recognized talent. His intelligence has been steadily crystallizing over the last months, together with the more and more obvious dissolution of his (Our) mental illness (Thank God (-Dess) for That). His Strength in Poetry (“Some are born to Sweet delights; Some are born to endless Night”), Philosophy, and Quantum Metaphysics have been declined in an in-progress opus, called and written, in French: *Le Néant et l’Événement* (literarily: “*The Vacuum and the Event*”). Some perspectives considering his definitive cure and exit of his present-day jail-like clinic conditions are also formulated.

[‡] <https://bipolarityreport.com>

[§] Few precious French Music references from the 2000’s and 2010’s are shortlisted in the Discography at the end of this paper.



Fig. 2

MATERIALS

My Heart, Body, and Soul have been used as “scientific” matter. Matter has been retained through Love, *Music* — which has been and will be *One* of my only Friends Until the End of this (Fascist Babies’) cruel World —, and sometimes admittedly desperate Hope. Music has been listened preferentially through electromagnetic support (vinyl), compact (laser) discs, and/or lossless (e.g., FLAC codec-ed) numerical formats. Good lossy numerical formats (MP3 codec-ed at a sample bit rate of $320 \text{ kb} \cdot \text{s}^{-1}$ or highly rated variable bit rate — as known as ‘VBR0’) have nevertheless also been welcomed with good and relatively cheap headphones since the voids these formats contain allow human minds’ thoughts to travel through the quantum vacuum. Finally, I have sent my Messages in Bottles just like *S.O.S.* (*Fish*-back to the abovementioned blog).

METHODS

Despite a noticeable academic scientist career, I have never really grown up. Growing up is a trap. Growing up in present days leads Humanity to *Invisible* but certain

Disintegration of the (former Middle-East-settled) Universes and Democracy to its End, just as it can nowadays been observed in the so-called “Democratic” French Republic, Europe (... *is Now Our Playground*). The latter French Republic is under the dead-end reign of a nano-Emmanuel (Termination date: 17 November 2018, previewed massive traffic Riot).

However, when necessary, I have always followed the instructions of my doctors. At the date of this writing, my BD (Type I–II) have been treated and progressively, positively stabilized for months, using mainly Quetiapine ($300\text{--}400 \text{ mg} \cdot \text{day}^{-1}$) and Lamotrigine ($200 \text{ mg} \cdot \text{day}^{-1}$), drastic reduction of toxic abuses, and health and mental hygiene (sport, writing, Music, Dreams).



Fig. 3

Finally, and despite a severe patella trauma diagnosed in 2013 but probably initiated during my teenage period (1992–1993) — which has been deeply and progressively ruined by the Ovary Stripe and subsequent Death of My Mother (24 August 1994) —, I have always believed in the power of Dreaming and/while Running. Thanks to My Father, I have been a runner since the age of 10 and practiced over almost all distances and grounds, from the

1,000 m on stadium tracks to some long-distance mountain trails (>50 km and up to 3,000 m of upslope denivelation, in semi-autonomy). I hold a best performance of 1 h 08' on the Paris asphalt 20 km race in 2009 despite concomitant partying, alcohol, and drug abuses.



Fig. 4

Chronology (Key-Life events)

None of your Business, in the End. Mylène Farmer has saved Our Lives by making my Brother...

RESULTS

According to my last hours electra-Heart experiments, BD is much more an affair of *magical cardio-vascular dysfunction* than chemical unbalance in the Brain. Music and (even Sex-) Dreams, Dream Brothers-Reconnection, and social equilibrium appear as more important than medication in the stabilization and Cure (Wiiiish-Bach) of BD.

The same results may of course be translatable to other mental illnesses such as Schizophrenia.

DISCUSSION

There is little discussion. I have perfectly learnt to stabilize my Mood Disorders. Just listening to “*La Babouche*” on the Deluxe Edition of Fishbach (2016) is better than all the Clonazepam, Prazepam, Loxapac, or other anxiolytics I used to over-consume in the Past.

My Brother is no longer ill, or only because he has been trapped in a close-to-medieval psychiatric asylum system. Regarding the advanced date of our poor World (the 21st Century!), the unbearable weaknesses of the latter system (Foucault used to say that one can measure the degree of a civilization by considering how mentally sick people are treated) has nothing — or barely nothing — to see with the employees. Psychiatrists and nurses are generally nothing more than “Soft slaves” trapped in an evil circle where are striking the lack of means, materials, techniques, Money.

CONCLUSION

Read me, follow me, Love Me (Such as My Family), or F*** U. And try to catch a piece of the cake of *Le Néant et l'Événement* — or Burn in Hell where, you, Yes, *yoouuu*, J.-C. Koot-H₂O, must stay and play Dead for having spread such a shite in my family now reunified as the kingdom of your Thriller (Jajajajajaja).

P.S.: Ro', My Other Bro', if now you can, as I perfectly suppose, can even Better Than the Real Thing Feel the Force, it just means... That (Up-Rising 'Muse-ing** U.S. ;)... It is... The Beginning. Of. Our. Lives. On Holiday —“In

** The 'Dark Side' has been closed and Reversed (Just as in your old-school, off-red, VideoGame ;)

the Forest”: under the Trees; On the Sandstone-
boulders > The Cure > Perfect Circle ;) >
Anathema... “Let Ourselves Flee!”

FRENCH DISCOGRAPHY

Fishbach (2016) — *à ta merci*. Label Entreprise,
Sony Music. Deluxe Edition, 19 Songs.