

Cae Emond

On the Sufferings of the Depressed

Oh, Schopenhauer. You and your depressing philosophy. Really, though, you need to stop. This philosophy of yours is dangerous to the survival of the depressed. You're encouraging them and affirming their thoughts of suffering and worthlessness. Thoughts such as...

May 3, 2013. Why do I bother? Why do I try? Why do I keep on living? Even if I "like" my existence the majority of the time, is it worth this horrific feeling? This blandness? This monotony? I do the same things, over and over. I am stuck in a rut that I cannot escape. I resigned myself to the boring fate that society has dictated for me. I don't want to live, but I want to live. To truly experience life. Instead, I just plod through the days, the weeks, the months, the years. I'll look back on my life and think to myself, "I really didn't do anything, did I? I should have ended it all back then." I'm apathetic. But I hate the apathy. I hate myself. I am terrible, a blight upon the earth, a burden to my family and friends. My friends are my friends because they don't know how utterly terrible I am. I want oblivion.

Basically, Schopenhauer, you're giving the depressed the courage and drive to go to that "blessed calm of non-existence." You're encouraging people to kill themselves.

October 15, 2013. So. I have decided that living makes no sense. Really, why should I continue this existence? I will die someday. That is an unavoidable fact. Why does it matter if I end it now? Even if things get better, even if I pull through this...episode, it'll happen again. I'll have to live with this my entire life. Not to mention once I get out of school, I'll need to go on medication year-round. No more summer vacation. Just a constant stream of stress and despair. Why should I suffer through that? Why should I make myself suffer when I'm going to die anyways? I'm saving myself from future pain. This is not the first time I've been in pain, and it won't be the last. I have ceased to function as a normal human. Imagine this happening when I have a job. "No, sorry, can't go to work. Too busy being depressed." How do you think that'll go down? Not to mention that when I try to imagine myself in college, or working a job, there's a sense of wrongness. It doesn't work. It's either die or suffer. I am in pain. I will continue to be in pain until I die. There might be times, in fact there probably will be times where the pain fades, recedes, gets buried under more pleasant emotions, but it will still pop up. Pain is the running theme of my life. So why should I keep living? I would like to keep my suffering to a minimum, and if the only way to stop suffering is to die, well, why shouldn't I?

I mean really, Schopenhauer, you keep going on about the "denial of the will to live." Depressed people have lost that will to live, and you're saying that they should? That is it, right? That their choices are "die or suffer?" No. Screw you and the horse you rode in on.

October 15, 2013, cont. Moreover, why should I live when there are stretches of time, periods where nothing is enjoyable? Where I cannot focus on something because it does not entice me in any way, shape or form. Where I am left scrambling to find something to do, something to latch onto, like I'm drowning in a sea of apathy, anger, and sadness, and my usual life preservers sink under with me. I'm frustrated because I feel no urge to do anything. The mere act of existing feels like a chore.

I can't do anything important. I am unable to do anything of value. The mere thought of starting fills me with a special sense of dread. The kind that makes me want to rip open my veins with my teeth. I have to get this homework done by tomorrow but there is a fucking wall blocking me. I can't do this. I cannot do

anything. Why am I still alive when I can't do anything that I need to? I really, truly, honestly, just need to die. I need to leave this pathetic existence behind. I need to cease living, because I am not capable of doing anything.

Life is not all suffering. This world is not “a penitentiary, a sort of a penal colony” that we need to escape from. There is pain, and there is suffering, but there is also pleasure, and there is also joy. Just because you, Schopenhauer, like depressed people, can't remember what it feels like to be happy doesn't mean happiness doesn't exist. It does. Your philosophy doesn't just offer no comfort, it tears away any comfort someone may already have. Your “truth” is some people's unfortunate, biological reality. Not everyone suffers like the depressed do, so pessimism isn't universal. So sit down, shut up, and stop talking about depression as a legitimate worldview.