

I.K. BONSET'S CONFESSIONAL

DIARY ENTRY, NETHERLANDS, 1914

Emo Dick

I'm feeling empty, low, and meaningless. I'm not responsible and knowledgeable. I just want to get away with things. I'm not talented. What I find beautiful doesn't translate well because I'm not popular or cool. I'm self-defeating and lonely. I don't trust anything that is too earnest. I'm too nihilistic and simple. I've been thinking about how to not make a self-deprecating writing but all I can think about is how much I suck and how much I compare myself to successful people. I'm not a freak or better than successful people. I don't want to romanticize the concept of being a loser, I just want to admit that that's what I am and be okay with it. I've been really disdainful of writings about lofty concepts concerning capital or something and other important trending topics. LOL. This writing is probably even worse though. I am lazy and privileged in certain ways. I really can't use my illness or low IQ as a crutch because I could still have ambition, but I don't. For some reason I don't have much to prove. Is that because I'm a mediocre person? Probably, but at the same time I feel less egotistical than most and my will and drive are depleted. A lot of people are just more important than

me and I accept that. I'm not very fun. I just want to speak directly about how I'm feeling - direct and simple. I have a terrible relationship with art. It makes me miserable, yet it's the only thing that keeps my attention all the time. I look and look without really knowing why. I know what other people like and what's easily enjoyed but I just can't get with it. Something has to be missing, it has to be too boring or too stupid or too useless. It has to go nowhere. There goes my romanticizing. Maybe someone can even enjoy what I do and who I am but there are always those who don't. Who cares? I'm no one important and barely anyone likes me. I just want to die most of the time. Sorry to be so depressing. Maybe this is the last "art" I'll do, if you could even call this shit that. What does it even matter? I just want to sleep right now. I'm writing this from work. Ugh. I've been sitting here for two hours just dying. I don't even think my job needs me. No one needs me. Maybe this is too personal and embarrassing but I've only had sex once in a whole year. I just don't really connect with anyone like that. It's sort of voluntarily and I've had a couple of offers that I declined but I also just don't like myself because I've gotten really ugly and generally feel disgusted by body parts, smells, and fluids so I don't even try. Maybe that's an excuse and I'm just too gross for anyone I'm attracted to. I used to have decent sex with attractive people but I've spiraled into this lonesome mess that is more of a dick-less loser. I've become the cornball I always knew I truly was but hated. I don't know if I'll ever recover from these feelings. There's some close people in my life that I truly value and don't take for granted (I love you all)

but I also wonder if I could ever really make new friends or have a good conversation with a stranger. I just have nothing to offer. So many things including art are about strength, power, and confidence but at the moment all I really identify with is weakness, anxiety, and emasculation. It's all so boring though I'm sure. I can complain on and on trying to relieve myself of negative energy but I'm never truly satisfied. I hate the way I look. I'm a disgusting turd and I smell like scrotum. Stupid blunt things excite me because I'm trash. I'm not sophisticated and I've never traveled to anywhere fancy. I can barely hold a conversation. My sense of reality is really screwed up. It's been like this since my first meltdown where I walked into a bar that I thought was throwing a big party for me. My fantasies revealed themselves to be completely narcissistic and desperate for attention. Why was I such a dumbass wimpy doofus? I'll never do something important or special. I'm an idiot. I can't do the simplest things because I'm a slow learner. My biggest problem is that I just don't do much. I don't show much effort. I have nothing to really share, nothing to accomplish - just a wimp living a boring uneventful life. I've shown no interest in making money with art. In fact I've always done things that resist it - knowingly precarious, sloppy, too simple, too complex, dumb, bad, just not something anyone would want to live with or something they could just simply buy on their own. It's just not good enough to be a commodity. Sometimes I see my diary entries as art (which is really sad) and my identity as a concept to be played with. I merely want to be a presence, a character, an ego, and an ideology, but really I'm a failure. I

disappear. I doubt. I've always thought of myself as a post-failure artist as in I already failed or quit a while ago and now I'm just making work that is conscious of that. I've hit a wall, backed into a corner, forever repeating my nonsense when called upon, which is really never.