

Paranoia



John Yan

Paranoia

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March 24, 2018

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word count: 6262 52 pages

cover art: “Paranoia or something”
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*Love is an act of endless forgiveness,
a tender look which becomes a habit*

— Peter Ustinov

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Preface

1

Paranoia

I have **persecution paranoia**, or more specifically “Truman Show syndrome”. In that 1998 movie of the same title, a guy lives in a reality show, surrounded by actors who deceived him since childhood, but he escaped from the show finally. In the US this syndrome has spread like an epidemic after the movie’s release.

I first visited America when I was 25 (in 1996), at the time I was infatuated with my American cousin but rejected by her. Adding to that I had very few friends in the foreign country, and I have a long-time aversion to white people and their racism, I felt I was living in a hostile environment. These factors made me grew paranoid within a year of arriving in the US. (At first it began with some suspicion of people peeping into my e-mails....)

Today, 27 years later, I have still not “recovered”. Now that I am typing this

manuscript, half of my brain thinks I am typing alone in my room, another half thinks I am typing in a Truman Show with the whole world watching.

You probably think I'm crazy. How could I believe something so absurd as *The Truman Show*?

I am a researcher in AI (artificial intelligence), a disruptive technology that may some day in the near future turn the world order upside-down. For example, the main difference between white people and colored people is probably just the superficial looks, but looks are genetically inherited by DNA, and we Chinese people cannot have those genes unless we kidnap their women for breeding. With the advent of AI, technological progress can enable people to live forever, humans would be freed from the dictates of genetics, and we could morph into whatever looks we want. White supremacy would also vanish.

So, white people may not want Asians to have this technology. And indeed I have actually experienced some hostility from American AI researchers: they're called OpenCog, the founder is Ben Goertzel. He is now quite famous, you can look him up. I have tried to join them several times, but their attitude is rather unfriendly and unwelcoming.

So, if I feel that someone from the US or the West are plotting against me, that probability really may not be zero. Have you not heard of many anti-US political figures killed by the US? And my political stance is strongly **anti-racist**, which

logically would entail anti-Americanism.

I'd wanted to find a ghost writer to write this book, but slowly I finished writing pretty much all I want to say.

I was locked up in a mental hospital for 3 weeks, got to know the patients and saw a lot of happenings, that made me sympathize with them. I was scared shitless, pretended that I was normal so they would release me, which they did eventually, on Christmas day. That made me think of the 1974 movie *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, in which the good guy was electrocuted into an idiot, but the insane guy who thought he is Jesus succeeded to escape. In that movie they also taught how to hide drug pills under the tongue; little did I know that the trick could be so useful later.

As to **psychiatric drugs**, they are pretty useless, acting only to *block* the signals that neurons communicate; They cause patients to be sleepy, tired, lacking motivation and sex drive, ...etc. Some boys may become feminine / grow breasts. To put it simply, the drugs perform *chemical lobotomy* on your brain (even though it may not be permanent). I know this because I have researched on how to upload the brain's consciousness to the computer ("**mind uploading**"), so I studied a lot of neuroscience. Trust me!

John Yan is my real name — why didn't I use a nickname? That is because I halfly believe that you all know this already 😊

2

Colonialism

My daddy used to be a Hong Kong Royal Police. After the British handover of Hong Kong to China, he continued for a few years before retiring. When I was young I never thought much about my daddy's job, but I started to feel strongly once I visited America. After all, serving under colonialism is sort of traitorous. What is strange is that in Hong Kong many people utterly don't feel any shame about colonialism. Some of us even think the British government is a "step-mother", even dearer than the birth mother. Why so? Though it is often said that colonial Hong Kong was a place where "East meets West", the reality is that Westerners were still pretty segregated and unapproachable from the locals (this situation may be changing now). Many Hong Kongers felt their legs shake when they needed to speak English. Living under such fears, they could not recognize the true face of colonialism.

When I first experienced America, I was very much in awe of their advanced culture, just like George Bush Jr said “shock and awe”. For a while I even stopped eating Chinese food, I wanted to eat wholly Western-style. When I returned to Hong Kong, I saw on the newspaper a curious phrase: “**western hypocrisy**”, and that got me suddenly to start to understand the workings of the world globally.

When I was a kid, I had a young aunt who went to England to study English literature. I didn’t see her a lot, but I remember clearly she once told us about her experiences when studying abroad. She said, one time when she was dining with other students, she reached out her hand to grab a piece of bread, and a British student said to her “Don’t *touch* that bread!” or something like that (I forgot the exact words, but he wasn’t telling her to eat wholegrain bread, I guess?) Later on she came back to Hong Kong and taught in a local Islam school, and got leukemia and died very young. In my mind, she was a very proud person (among the daughters of my grandma, she was probably the prettiest, and also the highest educated), I imagined that she died in bitterness because of the insult.

3

World A and world B

Ever since I got this mental illness, I cannot distinguish between World A (the reality) or World B (the Truman Show). In the subway, when I see people gossiping, I wonder if they were talking about me. I always feel that TV shows in Hong Kong and in the US were poking fun at me obliquely, cursing me to die and such, and all these annoyed me greatly. But I couldn't tell World A from World B. In other words, I have become like a **blind** person, just like the story of Samson and Delilah in the Bible ¹: After Samson was betrayed by Delilah, they cut his hair and blinded him, and made him work **futilely**; He became the laughingstock of his enemies. I often felt, this messy affair between me and my cousin, must be the key to disentangle the whole mess, and so I keep analyzing it endlessly. At that time my thoughts were very chaotic, it was the beginning of the road to madness.

¹I am atheist, but I think some biblical stories are quite meaningful and can be learned from.

First thing I need to clarify is: even though I was infatuated with her, I also despised her somewhat, and I also fancied other girls. I was just like a man drowning in a shipwreck in the Pacific Ocean, grabbing onto her like a lifesaver. Because she is ABC (American born Chinese), she is like a ticket for me to enter white society. It'd be so nice if I could marry her, or I'd be floating in the ocean, struggling to get “on shore”.

Finally I got to see her in New York, but she clearly disliked me by then. At that time I brought a book with me, an autobiography of a run-away Asian-Canadian girl, about her prostitute street life. I knew that all girls love that kind of book, so I left it in my aunt (cousin's mother)'s house, and my cousin and her sister both read it as expected. When the book came back, I was surprised to discover a tiny piece of paper, on it was written just the words:

no escape except through death

At the time I thought it meant she wanted me to murder a high-school classmate of mine. (Way back, my aunt brought my cousins to Hong Kong for a summer vacation, and that was when I first started to like her. I introduced my high-school classmate to them, thinking we could have a fun time together, but my cousin exchanged flirts with him and treated me like a fool.) The more I thought about it, the more I felt this was an unforgivable insult, and that I must kill him to avenge it — like a sword wedged between me and my cousin, and I had to pull it out. But I was also in a Truman Show, how could I plot to murder someone?

And moreover, if my cousin really loved me, why would she require me to kill someone as a condition? Wasn't it because of her flirting with that guy, that created this insult in the first place? Every time I thought of this my body shook with anger.

More than a decade later, now I seem to understand that sentence she wrote. In American culture, the highest-status people are blonde with blue eyes; red hair is unlucky; and if someone has black hair, everything she touches turns into tragedy. As for Jews, they should just straighten up their frizzy hair first. And yellow people are still lower than Jews. I was jealous of my cousin getting "onshore" earlier than me, as if she turned into a white person before I could. I was so jealous I wanted to kill her, and I had never felt such a great hatred towards anyone. Though frankly, what does this "onshore" even mean? All Chinese immigrants in America live a second-rate, shadow-like existence without dignity. Even Whitney Houston² was just a shadow. Barack Obama simply chopped off his black half, and he was so cool he even smiled at it. Note: Steve Jobs³ is exactly the kind of person who thinks the *step-mother dearer than birth-mother*. In America, colored people are getting so desperate, that even if they prostitute themselves cheaply, white boys may not bat an eye towards them. No one could get on shore, but we are trampling over each other to get ahead, displaying all sorts of ugliness. "*No escape except through death*" may mean this.

²(1963-2012) American black singer whose song our high-school English teacher played to us.

³(1955-2011) American entrepreneur, founder of Apple Inc, born to a Muslim father and a white American mother. Their marriage was opposed by the mother's father, so she gave up the baby for adoption.

4

American cousin

1991 (27 years ago), my aunt and 2 cousins came from America to visit Hong Kong. I was 20, just entered university year 2. She was 14.

That summer our house had a lively crowd of guests. Another (boy) cousin from England and his British friend also came to Hong Kong for vacation, and they all stayed at our place. The night my girl cousins arrived, I just came back from university campus, they have gone to the bedroom. My mother came out to the living room to describe to me these strange visitors. She spoke with a very worried look on her face, "Oh dear... your cousins look so *frightening*... the older one is so fat she looks like a *mountain*... and the little one, she's so young and already putting on lipsticks, makeup and perfume like an *old lady*!" So I instantly took a liking to her; These stories always begin like that.

We have barely known each other for one day, and she said to me, "Even cousins can get married, if they don't have kids." I nodded my head deliberately and seriously.

5 years later, the lovesick me went to New York looking for her; She said she had a boy friend already, she had to get married and have kids; We are impossible. I wouldn't let go of her; I said she didn't give me a reasonable explanation. She said I sounded like a psychopath and scared her. Indeed, I had actually started having paranoid thoughts (she didn't know that); Part of the reason I wanted to talk to her is to help me clarify whether I'm under surveillance or not, or could she also be one among the watchers?

Actually in the summer of 1991, just days after knowing each other, she had changed her mind, saying, "I just want an elder brother, to beat up the people who bully me". I remember my first response was "Huh? Beat up who?"

For 27 years I kept thinking why she rejected me.

At 14 years' age she said: "George Bush (Senior) is fighting a war in Iraq, but he still goes to play golf!" I said: we Hong Kong people don't care about politics, we don't know what is war — and stupid things like that. Now I realize, that what she said was very right, she was so young but she understood a lot. And now I know the correct response should be that we should knock down American imperialism and racism.



At the student hostel in New York, there was a big tree outside my window. In the spring, a pair of squirrels (? I'm not even sure what animals they are) chased each other all day long. Maybe it was their mating season, the male squirrel kept following the tail of the female, but he always just got close to the tail, without ever catching her, and it looked as though he's just doing that to smell her odor; That sight irritated me so much. I came to New York all by myself, but my cousin didn't want to see me, so our situation is just like that squirrel chasing the other. This is so unbearable to watch, as disgusting as the physiological acts of shitting and farting. I remember the title of a novel: *The Heart is a Lonely Hunter*. I thought of those ideal lovers in the movies, *The Blue Lagoon* or whatever, lovers playing amidst a bed of flowers, the girl looks at the boy with longing eyes, that image is so different from my reality. I am the chaser, she is chased, whereas in *The Blue Lagoon* they mutually love each other. Something must be wrong, but I couldn't figure it out. I felt that *everything is against me*. Shakespeare said the world is just a stage and we are the actors in it, but I found that my role as the "chaser" is impossible to play successfully. I should not chase even for one step; Just one step is wrong, but I was already chasing.

I remember another old movie: Young man got into gambling rivalry with a fat guy, losing all his money and even his beautiful wife to the fat guy. Of course, he won her back at the end. In the last scene, as the wife leaves him, the fat

guy started to cry fitfully, and she patted his back to comfort him.... Why has this role fallen on me?

I remember another time in the subway, a mother scolded her child in front of other passengers, and the little girl was covering her ears tight, ashamed that her mum disclosed her bad deeds to strangers. I was like that girl, unwilling to hear the truth.

I had an image in my mind: I was not wearing clothes, my yellow-skinned body looked like a low animal, and I was toiling clumsily and primitively, using my bare hands to pick up mud, to build a tiny wall trying to encircle my cousin into my world, and that mud tower is pathetically small, it could barely circle myself, and the inside is filthy and smelly, and my cousin was watching me from high above and I didn't know it. More and more I felt that this mud tower cannot be sustained any longer, the truth is coming at me from all directions. Finally I raised my head and saw my cousin watching me, I got angry and scolded her: "You knew it all along that you wouldn't love me, why didn't you tell me earlier?" And then suddenly I realize: Wasn't this what she's been telling me all the while? and I miraculously could not take it in?

And I thought, everyone in their lives must go through the pain of heartbreaks, why am I handling this so badly? Many of my old classmates graduated from college, got married, had kids, and we never heard such scandals from them. Why is everyone else adjusting so well, maybe my mum forgot to teach me something?

Why isn't this in the textbooks? There's this one friend from high school, who climbed up his college dorm room to check on his girl friend, and saw her cheating with another guy, and he fell from the wall and broke his leg. He's exactly the guy I mentioned before, the one that flirted with my cousin.

One night in the dorm room, I worked up the courage to call her on the phone, but I was afraid. I pickup up the phone and put it down, picked it up and put it down.... , finally I called her. She asked, "What do you want to say?" And I said, "I... I... I..." and kept stammering the word "I", literally for 1 or 2 minutes. That's because I had a guilty conscience, I did not truly love her, it's just that I couldn't have her so I wanted to conquer her. I felt that my love was not real, obviously I despised her, but I feared she could see through it. I wouldn't die for her, and I even predicted with certainty, that after I got her I will turn my attention to other girls. That was like a battle of true hearts, and I felt guilty, and I said at long last, "I.... I.... I.... love you very much." She seemed very offended and slammed down the phone receiver.

Later, on the internet I discussed this with an American woman, and she is a bit arrogant, she said, "Your cousin is smart.... Forget her and move on." But I start to doubt it more and more. Women read a lot of romance novels, but do they really know about love more than men do?

I recall, that she actually seemed to fancy many other boys as well. That summer when she was 14, we were chatting randomly and the conversation landed on the

topic of sex. I said to her matter-of-factly, “I like many types of girls, but you, you’re a girl and you’d only have sex with the guy you really love.” But she said, “no, that’s not true, I sleep with everyone!” Her comeback caught me off-balance, and I was scared by the thought of her having sex with someone else. I comforted myself by thinking she must be kidding me....

When you wait for the bus it won’t come, but when you’re not waiting you see many. In New York when I was yearning for my cousin, lots of girls tried to seduce me. But I deliberately ignored them, just to show how faithful I am to her. That was just my one-sided attempt to make a reason that she must love me. One time in a class in university, a girl sitting behind me dropped a pen, and I just sat there with my body all tense, not picking up the pen, as I thought she was seducing me. I even heard her “what?” uttered from her in surprise, and then she picked up her own pen.



In New York, her male friend (not boyfriend) Ralph was acting rough with me, warning me not to bother her. I did not fight back, not knowing what exactly was going on. When I later complained to my aunt why my cousin would not give me an explanation, I hit her once on the arm. Aunt called for help, and I was beaten up by the bunch of relatives and friends that arrived. I told them that Ralph hit me first, but I wasn’t sure if they’ve heard me or not.

After they beat me, I sat on the lawn outside my host's home, my arm was bleeding (but it was only a slight wound). Aunt was pointing at me and scolding, "You call yourself an educated man? What kind of shit did you learn at school!?" Later she wrote me a cheque, perhaps as some kind of break-up compensation. After this incident I don't see them much anymore.

That night, my aunt had come to help me move house, driving a long way to my host's place, but I wasn't thankful for her and even thought she owed me. That time was the lowest point of my life, I was literally *inconsolable*.

Aunt had explained some things to me before: "If she really likes you, she wouldn't be acting like this", "If you think she despised you, you work harder and be better than her." Her words are very true indeed, and I pulled myself together and really worked hard afterwards.

Today, 27 years later, when I see Hong Kong people behaving like wusses, I feel an urge to punch them in the face, just to teach this society to get its act together. But isn't that like punching the person that was me 27 years ago?

I was jealous of my cousin, because her parents emigrated to America first, they learned to be like white people, with their advanced culture and aggressiveness and guile, whereas I was just a timid country boy from Hong Kong. I was very mad, why was this little girl teaching me a lesson, but I couldn't think of a single reason to criticize her (except for some trivial things).

But she has her weak points too, just like any ordinary person. At 14 she said some stupid things, so stupid you'd laugh to death. Want to hear? For example, she said "I used not to believe in ghosts, but after watching the movie *Ghost*¹ I believe them now." That lead actor Patrick Swayze had since become a real ghost.

She also told me once, as if to give me helpful advice, "Never believe in anybody!" Thinking back, it might be this single line of hers, added with the high-school friend who betrayed me, that really made me not believe in anyone anymore. The complete distrust made me unable to tell if anyone is an actor or not, even including her.



When we first met, I often apologized to her over little things, but she said, "Don't say 'sorry' all the time, I really hate people who say sorry." I felt dumb and clumsy around her. After she left, I went nuts and never again apologized to people no matter what happened. One time at the university in New York, I was late for class, I should have said to the professor, "sorry I'm late", but I said instead, "I'm late." The professor was shocked and responded with a funny look on his face, "Mister Yan, you just said you're late?" I nodded. I was so dumb, that was like some kind of "silent" protest I made to my cousin — "see

¹A 1990 romantic hit movie.

what you've done to me?" Under the **World A** interpretation, the professor and students would not understand this, they'd be wondering why is this Chinese guy not saying "sorry"? And that would probably lead them to think of things like racism and imperialism.

In New York, she scolded me for making my parents pay for the college just so I could see her, that is so "selfish". Later when I grew to hate her I began to think, "What's wrong with me coming to America to study? Does New York belong to you?" New York belongs to whom?

On the bed in the dorm room, I was thinking of her, and the more I thought the more I felt that I was cheated by her, but I couldn't name the reason. Suddenly I felt a heaviness on my chest, I pounded my chest with my fist, like a beat on the drum, and it was only afterwards that I realized I made such a movement. I thought immediately, "God damn, why the fuck did I act like a chimpanzee?" That's such a shame, the audience who were watching my reality show must have laughed to tears.



For this matter, my parents flew to New York to help mediate. The 3 of us stayed at aunt's house in the basement, while aunt and the cousins lived upstairs. Once, I was talking to my mum, she told me that my cousin showed my love letter to her and dad, and complained of how I was harassing her. I told my mum: I

just wanted an explanation from her, just to talk to her (I wanted to know if there were people watching me, as I felt at that time that my cousin was the only person who could understand me, and I didn't want to discuss the paranoia with my mum, because she is among the people whom I had wanted to "expose" (see §13)). "Why wouldn't she even talk to me....?" But my mum said, "We have asked her too, but she just said she doesn't want to see you." I said, "Why wouldn't she talk even once with me...." and as this sentence had not finished, my tears start rolling uncontrollably down my face, I cried like a little boy. It was my mum who taught me to act like a macho tough man, she taught me that boys don't cry.

I cried, I really had not expected she could be so cruel....

I felt she betrayed me.... she would not unite with me against America.... it'd be she uniting with America against me....

People would forget about the Iraq war.... I would be unable to tell whether people are watching me or not.... people would think I'm crazy....

....

After a long time, I slowly recovered, telling myself not to believe in that Delilah story in the Bible; I am not finished just because she betrayed me. If a woman turned bad just replace her with another. But I have not found a good girl to this day.

My younger brother also flew from England to New York to visit me, with his Japanese school friend. I was still chiding my cousin for “not giving me an explanation.” My brother asked me, “First of all, can you even accept the fact that she doesn’t like you?” I said, “Of course I can accept that, I just want her to give me an explanation.” My brother said, “You’re using your own standards to judge others. You think it is right to give explanations for breaking up, but some people think it is best not to say anything, you can’t force her to be like you.” But I couldn’t listen at that time. My brother said, this trip to America had been shadowed by my sad affair, even giving him an unpleasant impression of New York.

I remember asking my mum, “Why didn’t she even say one word with me, don’t you think that’s unreasonable?” Mum said, “Some women are just like that, they like to torture and irritate men, they even feel proud of doing that!” As I recall this, I feel that my mum is just ridiculous: How could you think my cousin is that kind of person? Maybe you are just this kind of nasty, despicable woman?



My uncle died early, my cousin lost her father at a tender age, she is one of those undisciplined young girls. And being American, she often laughed at our backwardness, even my parents were afraid of her sharp words. Whereas I have always been disciplined strictly by my parents, that made me admire her so much.

In Hong Kong, I brought her to drink lemonade at a place called American Café, but she snarked that it is not a genuine American brand, and I felt losing face. To tell the truth, why is eating at a fake American restaurant more shameful than eating at MacDonald's?

In *The Dream of The Red Chamber*², (“Precious Jade”) said that men are filthy things, but women’s essence is pure. Rumor has it that the story after Chapter 80 is not written by the original author. So the story of Precious Jade being tricked into marrying another woman, and Black Jade dying of a broken heart, may not be the author’s original intent. Isn’t the author famous for the technique of leading the reader into a trap, only to *disillusion* him afterwards? And that’s why *The Dream of Red Chamber* is called a “dream”, isn’t it? I like using this technique in my own writing as well! However, that plot about Precious Jade losing his jade and meeting the True Precious Jade, is such a magical touch, that makes me wonder if anyone could be so imaginative to complete the story?

But there’s no need to dwell on this issue, since that is just a work of fiction, and my purpose here is not to write fiction, but to analyse and calculate with objectivity. That is why I am critical towards everyone, including myself. We need to rely on our own thinking to find answers, instead of believing in old books. It is said that Fermat did not know the proof of the famous theorem that bears his name, mathematicians generally believe that he was mistaken, and the real proof had to wait till the development of 20-century mathematics.

²Chinese classic novel written in the 1760's

As Haruki Murakami said, writing is a kind of self-therapy. If I don't write this down I couldn't even tell who was right or wrong. I was once so mad that I wished to kill my cousin, but now I just want to figure out who did wrong exactly. She absolutely had the right to reject me, maybe the reasons were too embarrassing to admit. After all, our DNA were 12.5% identical, maybe she could not bear to tell me, "brother, I'm officially dumping you because you look like shit, you have no talent, and you're much older than me" ? Even now I often ignore other women whom I think are not pretty enough, or not smart enough.

My cousin is not really that pretty. Even while in America I have had this reckoning: if I could not even get her, there would be no chance for me to get those blonde-hair blue-eyed white girls. That made me feel so ashamed, I just wanted to have 6 wives like Henry the 8th. Now I have become very promiscuous. Who wouldn't? To have one love only, or so-called monogamy, is just young men and women trying to market themselves with a better price, and then they would beg with tears saying "Sorry, but that is out of my control."

Nevertheless, I would always feel ashamed for thinking she was not as pretty as the white girls, remembering her face when she was angry. Now I think that Chinese women are very pretty, maybe I am really mentally ill 😊

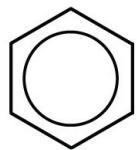
5

Immortality

There exist clinical records of people who turned temporarily blind after suffering traumas. Though I have not reached that stage, I went through 1~2 years of rage after the quarrel with cousin.

At that time, I was studying literature, and the professor said that young men who are inexperienced with women often “put them on a pedestal”, until they realize they have been fooled. I thought the professor knew about my affair with cousin, and that he was trying to advice me.

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune, must be in want of a wife....



6

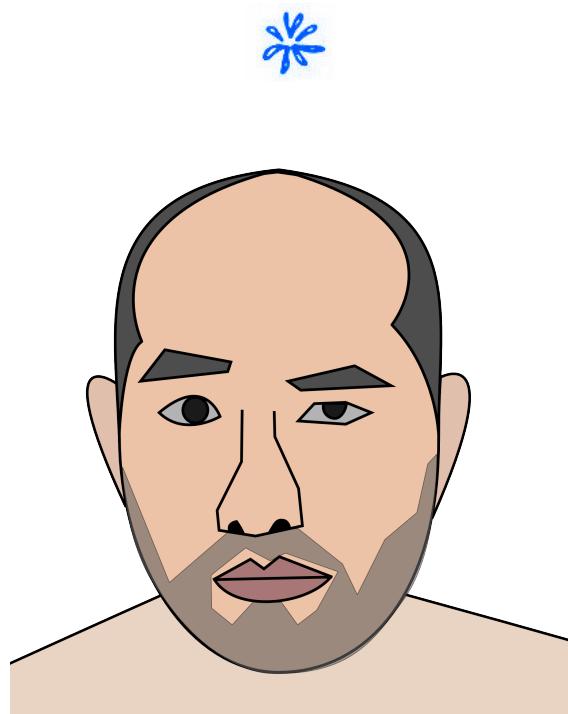
Life under surveillance



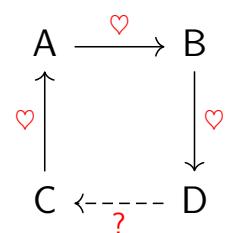


7

Love



A ←
 ♥ B ←
 ♥ C ←
 ♥ D



8

Mother

9

President Bush Jr

The best argument against democracy is a 5-minute conversation with the average voter – Winston Churchill.

10

Hitting my mom

11

Daddy

– with shit

12

Mental hospital

13

Cause of illness

14

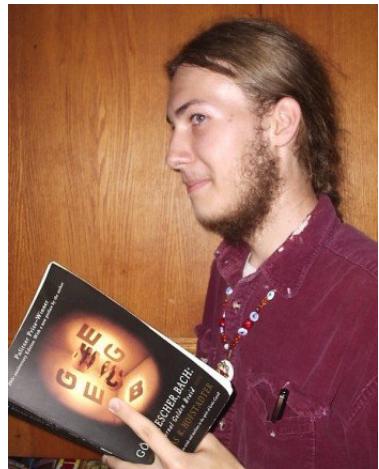
Someone similar to her



15

Artificial intelligence





Abram Demski

♪ ♪

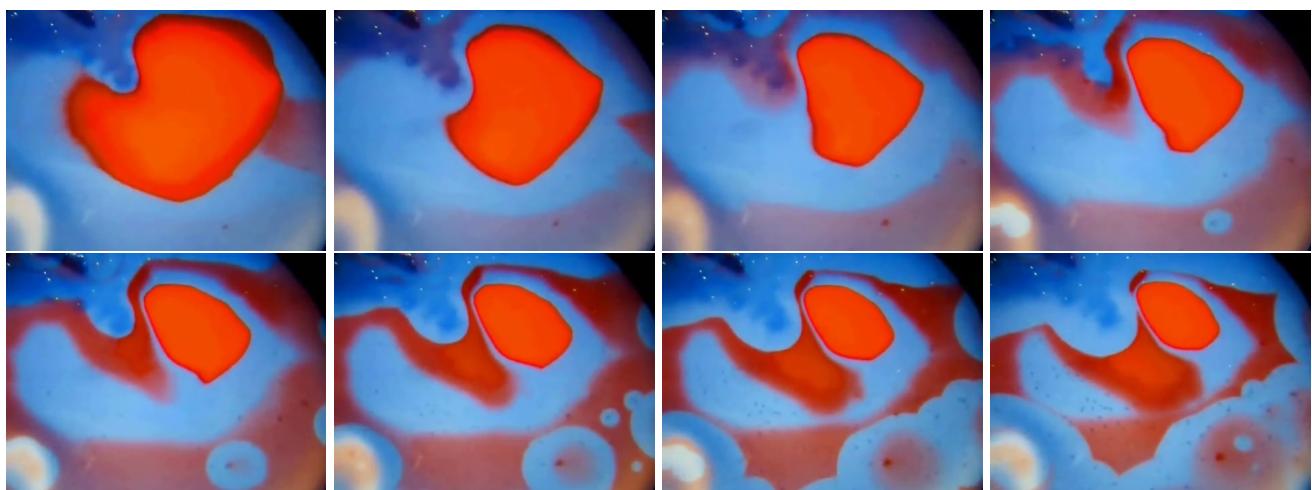
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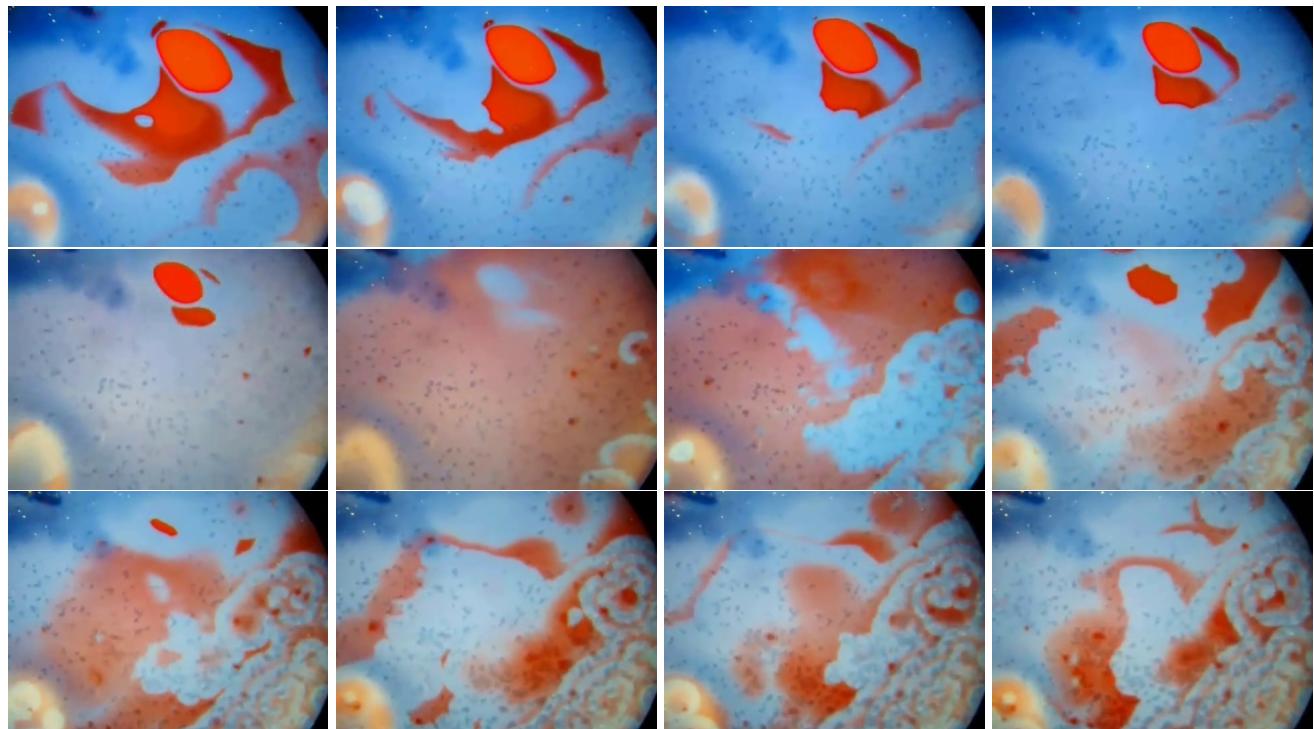
Racism



17

Conclusion: patterns of history





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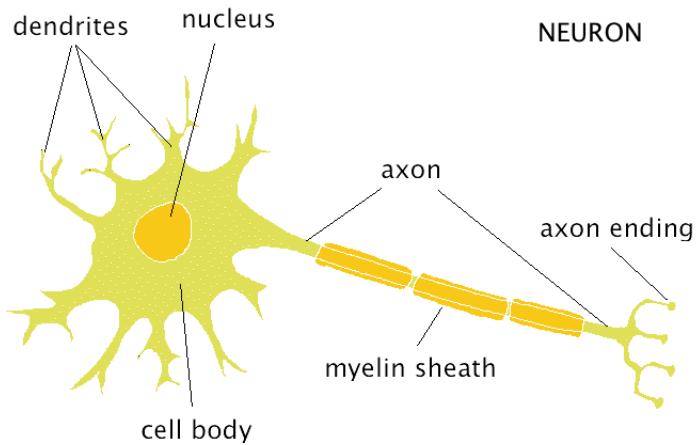
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Appendix A About psychiatric drugs

So many people are affected by the harmful effects of anti-psychotic drugs, that I feel obliged to write this, so I won't need to explain the same things repeatedly.

A.1 The human brain thinks with neurons

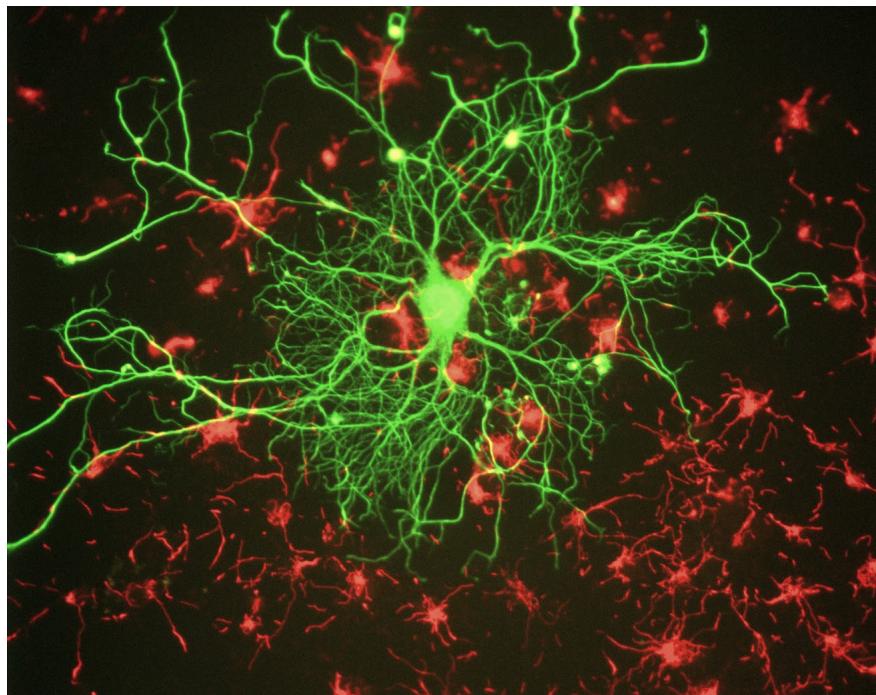
First, the human brain performs thinking using neurons that look like this:



Dendrites collect signals, which, after processing, are sent via **axons** to other neurons. The signals are electrical signals, somewhat similar to signals in a computer chip.

A person's emotions (eg. happiness, anger, sadness) and his consciousness, cognition, and perception, etc, are all **manifestations** of such neural signals. Therefore, when the brain is dead our consciousness ceases to exist, much like the extinguishing of a light bulb.

This is a real neuron under the microscope (with fluorescence pigmentation):



The contact points between neurons are called **synapses**. When an electrical signal reaches the synapse, it relies on chemical molecules to relay that signal, these are called **neurotransmitters**.

All psychiatric drugs ¹ work by **blocking** the signal transmission of such molecules.

For example, there is a neurotransmitter known as **serotonin**. Anti-depression drugs (eg. the well-known drug Prozac) raise its levels to cause people to feel happier.

¹including anti-psychotic drugs for treating psychosis, but also drugs for treating depression, anxiety, attention deficit, etc

Another “famous” neurotransmitter is **dopamine**, which is responsible for *motivations* and *desires*. Many drugs that claim to control schizophrenia work via suppressing this molecule. When such drugs are taken, patients lose their motivations, even sex drive, and become lethargic (tired). That’s why in mental hospitals, we often see patients walking around looking like “zombies”.

A.2 The brain’s structure is extremely complicated

The human brain is an **immensely complicated** structure: The cortex can be divided into many **brain areas**; the cortex consists of layers of neurons, and the “white matter” is the connecting fibre among neurons. The connectivity map of these areas may be 100s of times more complicated than the London subway map, and we currently don’t have such a complete map. Moreover, the cortical layer itself has a 6-layer structure with “recurrent” (loop-forming) connections among layers. Neuroscientists are still struggling to explain this recurrent structure. The number of neurons in the brain is 10s times the human population on earth. A single neuron’s information processing is described by a differential equation. And each neuron receives signals from 1000s-10,000s of synapses. Even worse, there are 100s of varieties of neurotransmitters, and we still have not exhausted that list. The serotonin and dopamine I mentioned just then, are only the most common ones. They *modulate* the electrical signals in subtle ways, that neuroscientists have barely begun to theorize. This about summarizes how complicated the brain is.

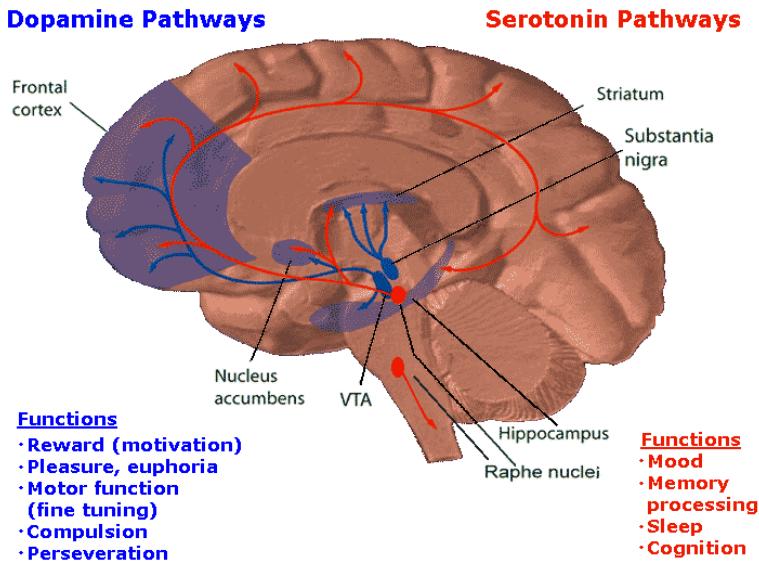
In short, neuroscientists do not yet know how the brain thinks and feels. We are at least **several Nobel-prize** winners away from achieving this goal, and even that might be a conservative estimate!

What we do know now, is very *crude* knowledge about the brain, for example: that serotonin is somehow related to “happiness”, that dopamine is somehow related to “motivations”, that certain brain regions such as the hippocampus is responsible for “memory”, the amygdala is somewhat responsible for “emotions” (such as fear), and some brain areas are somewhat related to “language”, “vision”, etc.

Such crude knowledge is far from able to explain why humans suffer from various forms of mental illness.

A.3 Psychiatric drugs make people dumb

Now look at the distribution of **serotonin** and **dopamine** in the brain:



Early anti-psychotic drugs block (for example, all dopamine) receptors **indiscriminately**, but newer drugs **selectively** block certain *sub-types* of receptors. But what is the *specific function* of each sub-type of, say dopamine, receptors in the brain? We simply don't know yet. The so-called "experts" in psychiatry, all they can do now is to try to block this and that receptor, *and see what happens to test subjects*. Don't you think that is rather *pathetic*?

Also, because the normal-functioning nervous system is blocked, patients taking these drugs often *die earlier* than those who don't take them. Often their hands shake violently, as though they are old people with very bad heart conditions. And they feel extremely uncomfortable after taking the drugs, as their brain naturally recognizes the foreign substance in the bloodstream, and their body feels repulsed by these "toxins"; the patients, who are forced to take such drugs, often drink a

lot of tea or coffee to try to “wash away” the drugs’ effects. Doctors sometimes order to inject the drugs into the patient’s buttocks, so that they could not refuse to take them orally. The trauma resulting from such torture is itself sufficient to break a patient’s will and cause a mental breakdown.

A.4 Government and pharmaceutical companies abuse their power

The brain is the site of our thoughts and consciousness; To be able to control other people consciousness amounts to a god-like power. And power tends to corrupt those in authority, causing them to abuse their power.

In some dysfunctional families, quarrels happen among kins and the weaker family member is often sent to mental hospitals merely because s/he is unwanted or disliked.

To try to damage other people’s brains is tantamount to destroying the essence of that person’s **humanity**.

People suffer from “madness” for various reasons, some may be genetic, but more often they are caused by experiences of emotional trauma.

Some people are affected by various forms of misfortune: born with bad-looks, bullied by peers, cheated on, discriminated against, rejected by lovers, sexually abused, or fell victim to some injustice. They *are* the victims, but the psychiatry

profession is exploiting these victims and hurting them even more.

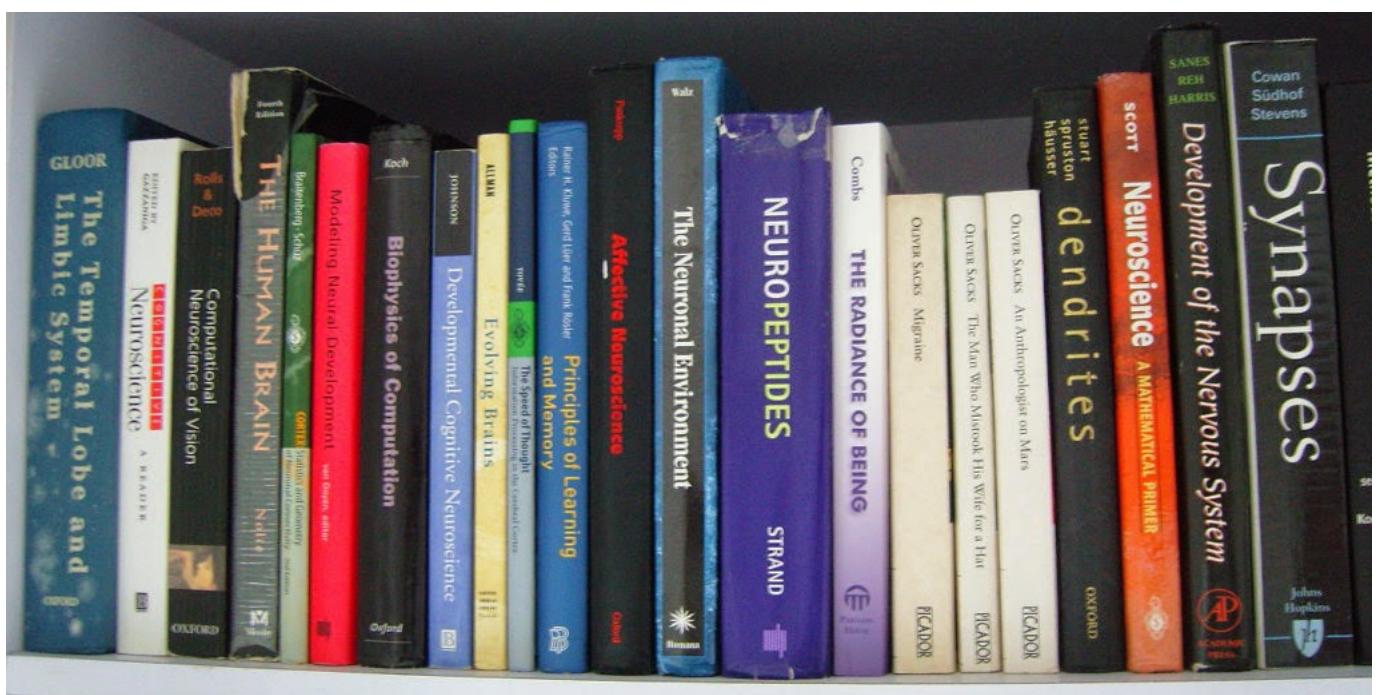
In ordinary speech we have expressions like “you’re driving me crazy”, “I’m crazy in love”, etc, these are precisely indications that madness can be caused by emotional experiences. However, modern psychiatry tends to deny this, attributing mental illness to “*biochemical imbalances*”, as if these have nothing to do with patients’ lives and experiences. This contradicts our common sense — and what is causing *this* madness? Obviously, the lure of money.

In the USA, pharmaceutical companies specializing on psychiatric drugs make \$billions per year, and they directly sponsor doctors, so doctors earn more money if they prescribe those drugs. Drug companies also sponsor research, publishing results that benefit the sales of their own drugs. Even the FDA (food and drugs administration) can be bribed with money. As an example, Donald Rumsfeld (the guy who helped ex-president Bush Jr to organize the War of Iraq (2003-2011)), used to work for a company that legitimized the artificial sweetener **aspartame**, which gradually displaced saccharin, another sweetener, in the food market. But in fact aspartame is worse than saccharin, and causes headaches when taken ². This is American-style capitalism.

²<http://www.rense.com/general33/legal.htm>

A.5 References

Lastly, let me explain the sources of my knowledge: I was fascinated by the idea of uploading the human brain's "consciousness" to the computer ("mind uploading"), so I started to study biochemistry at university and did a lot of studying on neuroscience. These are some of the books that I've bought during that period (there were also a few boxes of journal papers):







From 2004, I focused my research on artificial intelligence, because this technology will have an even greater impact on humanity, and the mystery of the brain will also be solved via the use of AI.

I hope this article could some day help the friends that I've known in mental hospitals.

9.

PS: This blog article was first written in 2014. I have not been studying neuroscience in recent years, but I do keep an eye to stay abreast on latest research progress. I am not aware of any new findings that contradict my view, and if anything, I feel even more vindicated as there are more books appearing that criticizes psychiatric drugs. I am not the only whistle-blower:

- [Robert Whitaker 2002] *Mad in America: Bad Science, Bad Medicine, and the Enduring Mistreatment of the Mentally Ill*
- [Peter R. Breggin 2007] *Brain-Disabling Treatments in Psychiatry: Drugs, Electroshock, and the Psychopharmaceutical Complex*, 2nd ed.
- [Joanna Moncrieff 2008] *The Myth of the Chemical Cure: A Critique of Psychiatric Drug Treatment*

There are too many books / articles to cite. These are just 3 random results from Google.

Acknowledgments

(Apologize to relatives and friends....)