





*Remind me if I am losing it
Morgane Billuart*

*5.K grant...
Successful applications...
Invitations to “conferences”...*

*Yo, so, since my breakup,
I only got good news,
Does it mean that,
You can't have everything in life?*

Grieving moments are the best occasions to start seeking a therapist. It does not mean you're desperate, but it could help to avoid drowning. It's about healing the freshly cut wound while cleaning the space with open windows. I haven't had much experience with specialists, but in my defense, I did try. Sadly, I often get the impression that they do not have much to offer,

but I know that, as for anything else, it is because I am not sticking in long enough. I did have groundbreaking encounters, though. A few years back in, when my sexologist once asked: “Morgane, why do you treat your partners in the same manner as your brother?”, she left me with no choice but to break up with my ex and hate my sibling. I thought many times about how Vienna could be the ideal place to start the process of psychoanalysis. In my favorite dream-like scenario, my analyst would be hot as fuck so the process of transference would happen quicker.

I am sitting with Damos, a Lithuanian man which I met in Berlin. He invited me to visit the Neue Gallery, and I happily join for the plot, as I found myself often underwhelmed in modern art museums. Damos has the face of an angel but wears Adidas Original Stan Smith. We quickly skeem through the painting and sculpture and end up sitting at the entrance of the museum. The long and dark chairs look ideal to start performing a session. I told him about my therapy fantasies, and he suggests that I get a Ph.D. as soon as possible, as, in his words, “Analysts are 80% more likely to fall in love with their patients if they have a doctoral degree.” I look at him with curiosity before mentioning that: “It was on my list.” Back home, I am scrolling the internet, figuring out whom I could truly ask for help from. I don’t have a Ph.D. yet, but I can pretend. I want to believe that love is blind, but I’d rather get a cute specialist. But what would I tell an analyst? I’m not even drowning. I’d be surfing on the couch, telling them that I’m riding the waves of my attempts and disillusion. Thoughts would come in like streams, and I’d be generating the most absurd rendering of the current events. Laying on the couch, not exactly sure about where to place my arms, I would start pronouncing a continuity of ideas, just like that.

You’ll think I’m crazy but listen to this. And please, remind me if I am losing it.

I have this theory. I think that I manifested my ex into my life at a time when I was losing touch with reality. Here’s the thing about me: once my appetite for the real is asleep, it’s really difficult to get it back. I believe that they were sent to me to help me touch grass again. Three years later, I was falling into the same alienation and patterns, and given the impossibility of change, I manifested their exit. Did you know that I was doing a public lecture about missing my pre-covid lovers, missing the chaos, and guess what? Two weeks later, my partner was gone. Poof. Just like this. They woke up one day and said “I can’t.” Did they read my text? Not even. Did they hear my doubts? I don’t think so...

Can you see it? Do you know what I mean? I’ve listened to this podcast where one says that the universe keeps on sending you the same questions until you resolve them. I thought I had solved that one, but apparently, the wonder of desire and alienation is always somewhere around, sitting in the corner, waiting for the best moment to come to a realization. Am I spiritually torn? Yes, a tiny bit. But guess what? I’m seeing signs everywhere! Vienna is written or mentioned in all the books that my clients ask me to review. I see my name on the corner of streets wherever I travel to. Yes, I am grateful, aligned, and still, a tiny bit broken.

If I feel like dating again? Listen, and please, remind me if I am losing it.

There's this book I think I am destined to write. It's about my life, lovers, digital worlds, mind enhancement, and absence. It's the build-up of 25 years of my life. The first closing chapter. Last year, while I started drafting it, I could hear the voices of the narrator in my head, and I had to sit down to write. Every situation, every conversation, and every happening was inspiring me. The missing ring on the hand of a man whom, I know, is married. The unacknowledged privilege of an only child about to inherit from a Danish mansion. The ultra-positive radicalism of a man who invites me to a sex party but does not allow any passivism. The Freudian expert whom does not acknowledge the absence of desire. People observing my patterns and telling me that I'm different.... Did you know... My ex was supposed to take care of the drawings and architecture for that book. The entire story will happen in human-heat redistributed building. Now that they left, I am thinking of incarnating them into a fictional character, but I'm not sure how. I am also thinking of dedicating the entire script to them. Do we still speak? No. Why such an homage then? I don't know, I guess I like to make people feel special, even when I precipitated their disinterest.

The analyst looks at me in silence. They do not seem impressed. They simply say:

“It's summer now. You should go out and try things out.”

No. You don't understand. I've been telling everyone about this book, I need to write it, and I need to write it fast. This book is the reason why my ex-partner came in, and then left. It's the reason why I lost the one I love. When I told them that I'd be writing this book for the next two years, I saw something terrible in their eyes. I saw the promise of staying together disappearing as a mirage. Do you understand? I need to write this now. It's a portal I have open and that needs to be closed down. Until I write this book, no great lovers will come my way, no dimension will open, and that is because life does not surprise me, life does not come at me, no, I control it, I curate it, and even when the incomputable happen, I still calibrate it.

See, for example, there is this person from Denmark. They found one of my books in a library in Amsterdam. They've reached out, and since then, we've been in touch. They're pretty fucking smart, and hot too somehow. Anyway, I always wanted to write something with them, but I never dared to ask - I don't want to sound too needy, you feel me? So, somehow, a few weeks ago, they reached out, proposing to write a piece of text together. I don't know... Did I manifest this? Also, guess what they called our Word document? “A love letter to reality.” I'm telling you, this shit is weird! Do you believe in manifestations?

“Not really. I believe in causalities.”

Thoughts come in like soft waves. Each session is rather expensive, so I try to get to the point as fast as I can. I never look at the analyst in the eye, but from time to time, I do, simply to reclaim: *Remind me if I am losing it.*

I'm sorry... I don't feel like pretending. These sessions are so expensive.. If you have a terrible diagnosis to make, please do so. I would rather be honest than lay down pretending that I don't know what goes through my mind. When I'm done speaking, you'll tell me what I can do with all of that. Thanks.

See... This book needs to be about desire and control, and the incapacities within it. Is it related to the breakup? I don't know. Failing has a strange depth. I wish you knew how it felt. I'm sure you do, though. It's like growing up too fast, dying too young, and disappearing too quickly. As if someone took away your dreams, and suddenly you stopped believing in miracles. You're not giving up, but the direction has changed, radically. You see people around you, and it does not seem like they've found the same issue- and perhaps they'll never will. It's hard not to envy them. You could believe in renewal, change, and aspiration, but you simultaneously know that they do not last. You could change countries, date again, and figure out what's the missing piece of yourself you were so daring to find, but you know that everywhere you'll go, the same issue will come up again.

You could go for the fast high, the quick fix, you could get into drugs, flirt with every new potential prey, sleep little, write every day, feel a little bit like a rockstar, and call this a life, or you could isolate, reflect, drowned into a sadness that at least feel like a real mirroring of your life. Failing has a strange depth. It's a static one. You'll drown in the quicksand if you try to get away too fast. So you're staying there, patiently waiting to see what can be found. In the meantime, you'll hear others, talking about the future, about their hope for a love that, this time, will be final, about their quest, about their drive to live, fuck, and die, and yes, they're showing you all the possible butterflies, and yes, I fucking see them too, but I also know that they're soon about to die. Failing has a strange depth. Failing once is a small and secretive tale, it is one that we keep for ourselves because, who knows, it could be bad luck, it could be the other, it could be the weather, it could be...

Failing a second, a third, and even more, have the taste of a slow and bitter realization of the real. But trust me, it's easier to fail alone. When you fall with others, you not only have to endure the grieving and the passing of those wounds, but you simultaneously have to take care of others. While, on paper, it does not sound too bad, the presence of another being in your crumbling world engraves these experiences into the mold of your identity. You can try to move on, but someone will always know about you, someone will always remember that. And when you fall asleep next to a new stranger, you can always tell yourself lies, but someone out there will always recall, and in some ways, their knowledge is part of the composting in this universe. It forever remains.

Failing has a strange depth. I wish you knew how it felt... You cannot unsee it. It's this annoying tattoo someone else drew for you and which you thought you were not fully responsible for. One day you wake up and it's all over your body. It's this word you were only using a few times in a year that now is stuck in your repertoire and without you even noticing, became your entire mantra. It's the story you thought you'd never tell, it's the story of others, it's the tale of those who wait, who claim to be the victims, it's the poetry of those who die. Now

it's yours too, and there are no places where you can go where you'll be able to hide. You know what I mean? Tell me if I'm losing it!

The analyst remains silent.

Well, ok, I lied. I have been on a few dates, but surely not in the hope to consume flesh. The absurdity and intensity of a sexual encounter could mess up my editorial line. Here's what I have done: I made several profiles on diverse dating apps. There I wrote : "Nothing serious unless it's a spiritual awakening." Can you see what's happening? I am doing the same thing as before. Writing and waiting for someone to come and save me like my ex did. Do you believe I change myself this time?

The analyst gives me a strange look, which makes me think they would not buy my book if it was ever released. As I leave, they mention to me: "Morgane... Your payment is late due. I hate to remind you this during the session, but please, next time, make it on time."

I know they're doing this to keep me from falling for them. Monetary reminders are the ultimate fantasy killer in such a situation. It enables the client not to rely on the analyst in an imaginary manner. This conversation is a currency exchange, not an intellectual moment.

It's fine. I smile at the analyst, and while telling them goodbye, I stare into their eyes to imprint this moment, as I know that I will not return.

BonusPoint - Domas's feedback on this text :

read it. it think it's safe to say it's good, since i've already read 150 pages of historical semantics today and had no problems finishing it.

not sure if any of these were intentional, but feel free to correct if you feel like it:

- Domas not Damos
- Neue Nationalgalerie
- Adidas Superstars

cheers

x