

"Mope"

by

mj mopera

Since high school and throughout college many of my friends have known me as Mope. It's a nickname... mostly short for my last name. But the name Mope has stuck for some reason. Even my nine-year-old son sometimes refers to me as Mope after seeing a video project I produced in college called Vagrant Man where the end credits ended with "A Mope Production."

But now I'm beginning to wonder if my friends calling me Mope has more meaning to it than just being a part of my last name.

In 2004 I was diagnosed with depression with psychosis after I had moved out to Virginia Beach. I've been in psych hospitals a handful of times... the last time

being in February/March of 2023 at Virginia Beach Psych where, when I asked what my diagnosis was, the doctor said that I was being treated for schizoaffective disorder. The doctor at Beach Psych did not say whether it was schizoaffective with depression type or schizoaffective with bipolar type, but my regular psychiatrist had already been treating me with antipsychotics and antidepressants prior to me being sent to Beach Psych, so I suspect that I'm still being treated by my regular psychiatrist for depression with psychosis. Either that or I'm being treated for schizoaffective with depressive type.

Mope and depression would seem to fit together. I don't know if I give off a vibe of depression to my friends... but like I say... the nickname stuck... and the treatment for depression (with psychosis) stuck.

In high school, where the Mope nickname first popped up, I was going to a

co-ed boarding school, Monterey Bay Academy. I was (and still am) a bit of an introvert. I didn't talk much, especially to the girls. So, I guess I was kind of shy around the girls while still not talking much to my fellow male friends and classmates.

But I would express myself in other ways. One way I expressed myself was to let my hair grow longer than was allowed for the male students... which was supposed to not grow below the shoulder. Suffice it to say, I got in trouble with the faculty and was eventually sent before the school board my junior year.

Going before the school board was a traumatic experience. Prior to going before the school board, the boys' dean had suggested to me that I write to the president of the Central California Conference of Seventh Day Adventists (which Monterey Bay Academy was under the jurisdiction of) about my situation. I went ahead and wrote to

the president of the conference where I said that the hair rule was basically not Christian-like because Christ himself grew his hair below the shoulder, and that such a rule was discriminatory because the male students were being judged by their appearance.

The conference president simultaneously wrote back to me and the school board that rules were rules and rules needed to be followed. When I went before the school board the principal read back the letter to me stating that rules were rules and that I needed to get my hair cut to proper regulations.

My eyes watered up heavily as I sat before the school board because I didn't know what else to say or do. I felt like I was being thrown under the bus just so that the school could keep up its preppy image... or whatever image it felt it needed to portray.

I ended up not coming back after the home leave break between semesters.

I came back my senior year and was warned again about my hair. I didn't go before the school board that time. The boys' dean simply told me to get my hair cut by the next home leave. I ended up not returning... again... after the first quarter of my senior year.

Throughout the first quarter of my senior year at Monterey Bay Academy I tended to lay in bed a lot. So, I guess I was a bit of a mope that quarter... at least at boarding school. It wasn't until my environment changed and I lived with my sister and went to public school in Tucson that my moping behavior changed and/or stopped. I guess I was sick of my old boarding school environment and needed a new environment. I guess I was using my hair as an excuse to leave boarding school... both my junior and senior years.

Perhaps my mopey attitude towards going to boarding school and not being able

to express myself showed. But the Mope nickname carried on to college... mostly because I wanted to be called Mope... not because the situation was the same as boarding school. It was a choice either between Millard or Mope... and I chose to be called Mope.

Depression didn't seem to rear its ugly head while I was in college. I was too busy getting the good grade point average that I didn't have in high school. And I was much freer to express myself in whatever way I deemed fit.

I was interested in film production after taking two semesters of an introduction to film making class while at Fresno City College. I had decided to go to community college because 1) I never took the college placement exams while I was in high school 2) I didn't have a good grade point average while in high school and 3) I hadn't decided on a major.

When I moved from Fresno to Loma Linda, California I went to another community college, San Bernardino Valley College (SBVC). SBVC didn't offer film making as a major but they did offer Broadcast Communications as a major (known as Telecommunications), so I majored in Telecommunications while at SBVC. That's where I had produced the Vagrant Man video project with "A Mope Production" tacked on to the end credits that my son, Jamil, recently saw and now sometimes refers to me as Mope.

I would eventually transfer to California State University, Northridge (CSUN) in Los Angeles in the San Fernando Valley where I did end up majoring in film production and graduated in 1995 with a GPA of 3.5.

After graduating in 1995 I worked as a courier for All Star Agency in Beverly Hills

whose clients included Saban Entertainment (Power Rangers).

Throughout 1996 I worked as a courier for a courier company, GLM, in Los Angeles whose clients included MGM/UA and Spelling Entertainment. While at GLMI had started writing a screenplay called Cypress Bough, about a drug addicted has-been entertainment courier with dead end prospects who goes back to his ten-year high school reunion. I had put off writing the script several times until I finally finished writing it in 2020.

In 1997 I started working for a security guard company and was on assignment as a security guard at Virgin Megastore in Hollywood near the Directors Guild.

Near the end of 1997 the security guard company transferred my assignment over from Virgin Megastore in Hollywood to

a K-12 private school in North Hollywood where I worked nights.

While working nights as a security guard at the private school I picked up a day job as an assistant at Jazzmyne Public Relations who catered to black entertainer clients.

While working as a security guard at night and at Jazzmyne PR during the day near the end of 1997, I picked up a second day job as a PR assistant at Ridini Entertainment Corporation.

Throughout 1998 I worked as a security guard at night... worked as a PR assistant for Ridini Entertainment in the mornings... and worked in the afternoon as an assistant for Jazzmyne PR.

Throughout 1998, the job at Ridini Entertainment didn't pay anything so I working mostly for the experience.

When the job at Ridini Entertainment did start paying something near the end of

1998... about a year after I started there... I quit my job at Jazzmyne PR and worked mornings and afternoons at Ridini Entertainment while still working nights as a security guard at the school.

At the end of 1999 I overslept at home as my night shift started as a security guard at the school. I decided to not go back to the security job after having overslept at home.

For two years... 1998 and 1999... I was working days as a public relations assistant and nights as a security guard.

By the time 2000 rolled around I was just working at Ridini Entertainment. In January of 2000 I had shot a feature length mockumentary and had spent much of 2000 editing the mockumentary on an editing system that I had purchased with several credit cards. I had to pay for the editing system with credit cards because I was only making \$900 a month from Ridini

Entertainment and I was living with roommates in Los Angeles.

Since 1999 and throughout 2000 and 2001, Ridini Entertainment was stationed at Raleigh Studios in Hollywood... across the street from Paramount Studios. My boss, Maryann Ridini, was a public relations director at Paramount Studios several years prior to forming her own company, Ridini Entertainment Corporation.

Somehow, I had interviewed for an assistant job for Maryann in 1997 while she was working out of Roger Corman's production office in Brentwood. I worked for Maryann at Roger Corman's production office for a month before settling down to working for Maryann out of her apartment office near Hollywood. Much of 1998/1999 was working out of Maryann's apartment office... and then 1999, 2000 and 2001 at Raleigh Studios in Hollywood. Then back to

Maryann's home office in 2002 when she moved into a house in Woodland Hills.

Having bought the editing system in 2000 with several credits cards, I was still several thousand dollars in debt when 2002 rolled around and I was working out of Maryann's house for \$900 a month. Occasionally I picked up shooting local commercials with my camera for my roommate Erik who worked for Time Warner Communications as a local commercial producer in the valley.

Throughout 2002 I had gotten into the habit of smoking cannabis and would occasionally smoke a puff from a pipe while working at Maryann's house. Hindsight 20/20, I suppose I was self-medicating to a certain extent to relieve the stress I was going through.

I had worked days and nights in 1998 and 1999. I had racked up debt in 2000 that was only growing coming into 2002. I was a

bit of an introvert who had been working as an assistant for nearly five years answering phones for a public relations executive without going on any vacations.

With all the stress building and me being the creative type, my mind began to race. Delusions were perhaps beginning to set in. Mope was starting to mope again about his environment in a way that he hadn't done since Monterey Bay Academy. MBA had prompted me to walk away and change environments. I couldn't just walk away from Ridini Entertainment. I needed whatever little money I was making to live off of. There was no walking away... there was no escape... so I escaped into possible delusions prompted by a self-medicating habit of cannabis smoking.

Perhaps what started to trigger the delusions was when I saw my roommate Erik working on his computer on what I thought was a logo for Ridini Entertainment. He

either was or wasn't working on a logo for Ridini Entertainment but at the time I thought I distinctly saw him working on the logo for Ridini Entertainment... a sphere within a pyramid.

I also remember distinctly that Erik had told me that he had sent a script that he had written to Maryann.

I put two and two together... Erik was now doing work for Maryann like working on the her logo.

In the fall of 2002 Erik had asked me to shoot a commercial for him. It was on a day that Maryann had given me time off. I don't recall whether Erik had asked me to shoot the commercial and then Maryann had given me the time off... or whether Maryann had given me the time off and then Erik had asked me to shoot the commercial.

In any event the commercial had taken longer to shoot than the day that Maryann had given me as time off. I didn't

call Maryann and tell her that I wasn't coming into work because I was still shooting the commercial. I assumed she knew this because I assumed that perhaps Erik had told her since I assumed Erik was also working for Maryann to some degree.

After two days straight of not calling and telling her where I've been, I go back to Maryann's house. Before knocking on Maryann's door I light my cannabis pipe in my car and take a hit. I proceed to knock on Maryann's door. She answers the door and asks where I've been. I pretend to act incoherently. She then says that she has hired someone else for the day and that I should go home.

First of all, there were no other cars outside of her house besides my car and her car. Second of all, she would never not let me work even though she might have hired a second person. Third of all, she had never left

a message for me to not come into work that day.

Hindsight 20/20, Maryann's immediate reaction was to send me packing once I started to act incoherently. I suppose now... many years later... that it made sense that she couldn't have me answering the phone for her if I was behaving incoherently, but that seemed to be her only priority. She didn't know how to handle me in that situation, other than to just send me home without wondering if I was in need of some desperate medical attention.

I get back home and Maryann has left a message on my answering machine. Take some time off. Eventually take some time off turns into take the rest of the year off. We'll talk again come next year.

I take the time off doing what relaxes me the most... smoking bowls in my room at home. I don't recall exactly when... whether it was at the end of the year or early into the

following year... but Maryann had whatever personal belongings I had left at her place FedExed back to me. That is when I knew it was over... that I was no longer working for Maryann and Ridini Entertainment. I had worked for her for five years without a vacation... the first year without even any pay. I guess she figured that after five years it was enough.

Was I gonna go another five years at \$900 a month? It didn't seem likely. So that seemed as good a time as any to part ways... all triggered because I thought Maryann and Erik were in communication with each other and I hadn't bothered to call Maryann back while working for Erik. Why did I bother to act incoherently? I had lit a bowl before knocking on the door... I knew I was going to act incoherently because I knew she was going to ask me where I've been because I also thought she knew where I've been already.

I think... looking back... that I just wanted to gage her reaction to me acting incoherently because, since I knew she was going to ask me where I'd been even though I thought I knew she already knew where I'd been... I had no other answer than the obvious answer... I was working for Erik shooting a commercial. Since I thought she already knew this... THEN YES... I wanted to gage her reaction to anything else besides the actual truth... so I acted incoherently... and she thought enough was enough after five years anyway... and apparently... I guess I did too.

To really drive home the point that I also thought enough was enough... on a previous occasion I had left a rouge gift box on a chair in Maryann's living room. The gift box contained four candle holders with candles, an incense holder with incense, I think... if my memory is correct... four roses, a bottle of champagne, a mix cd with relaxing

music and a film cell of the Pink Panther. Maryann correctly assumed that the gift box was from me and asked me who it was for. I never responded back to the question and let things be at that. Although it struck me odd that she would ask who the gift box was for since she lived alone and no one else but me was working out of her house.

During my time off from Ridini Entertainment I would get emails from my mom addressed to various people she went to church with in Virginia Beach. They were basically church updates. Perhaps I thought it odd that I was also getting these same emails. I thought it odd enough that I believed these emails were really addressed to people I knew who lived in Los Angeles. One of the people that the email was addressed to was someone named Laureles. I thought that, since I was also getting the emails, that this Laureles was actually someone named Lauren that I had worked with at Ridini

Entertainment when Ridini Entertainment was at Raleigh Studios. Why else would I be getting the emails?

One of my duties while at Ridini Entertainment was to keep the website updated/maintained. Near the end of my time at Ridini Entertainment I had Photoshopped a photo of Maryann's head onto a naked body and uploaded it into the FTP files of the Ridini Entertainment website with no direct access/link to it. I'm not sure why I had done it, but I had done it nevertheless.

After Maryann had FedExed whatever personal belongings that I had left at her place back to me, I had sent an email out to the addresses of people at my mom's church in Virginia Beach... thinking that the addresses were actually that of Lauren and perhaps people who were in my mockumentary. I also sent the email to Maryann herself. In the email I write: "What's the capital of Kentucky? Fried Chicken." It

was a reference to one of my first jokes... it being the same joke... that I had made when I was in grade school and living in Tucson. Along with the fried chicken joke I added a url link to the picture of Maryann's head Photoshopped onto a naked body.

Jump now to early 2003. My friend Jerry has invited me to go on a ski trip to Mammoth that his cousin Karen had planned. While on the way from Los Angeles to San Bernardino County to meet up with Jerry's cousins and wife, Jerry eyes me taking a notebook that I carry with me out of a duffle bag like he's been expecting to see the notebook.

When we're up at Mammoth a day later, the guys head up to the slopes. I notice that the girls have decided to stay back at the rented cabin. Jerry hears me under my breath say "Oh Oh... what's going on?" At that moment Jerry gives me a nudge on the shoulder with his shoulder as we continue to

head up to the slopes without the girls for the day.

Along with my notebook for the trip to Mammoth... I had packed away a manila folder with the outline of the middle finger traced on the outside of the folder. If I thought someone was reading my notebook, I was going to send a message. Inside the folder I had placed a VHS copy of the French movie "Ridicule" about when wit was king. When we get back from the slopes for the day, Jerry's brother Joe asks me, "Are you getting married?" I didn't know what to make of the question and ignored it.

Hindsight 20/20... perhaps the "Are you getting married?" question/comment had something to do with the rouge gift box that I had left at Maryann's and/or the email that I had sent out to my mom's church members and to Maryann.

My actual response came later on that night when I acted like I was unconscious

while sitting on a bar stool and eventually Jerry called 911 and an ambulance came and transported me to the hospital.

Several years later with my now ex-wife, Prescilla... while we were still married, somehow the subject of Maryann came up. Apparently, my dad had told Prescilla that I was in love with my old boss. As I look back I put two and two and I know that she... and my dad... were talking about Maryann. Perhaps because of the email and perhaps because of the rouge gift box that I left at her place. Perhaps it is also why the girls were perhaps back at the cabin looking at my notebook while the guys were on the slopes and why Joe had asked "Are you getting married?" when I wasn't even going out with anyone at the time.

Rouge gift box... email of head on naked body... notebook... "Are you getting married".... "You were in love with your old boss"...

Perhaps Maryann's been keeping tabs on me just because... WTF? Let's find out what he's been writing. Maybe it'll explain the rouge gift box. Maybe it'll explain the email and my head on a naked body and "What's the capital of Kentucky? Fried Chicken."

I just thought the rouge gift box would be a nice gesture to give someone after having worked with them day in and day out for five years. I was getting into meditation at the time and that's why the incense and candles and everything else in the gift box like the relaxing music. I would have given a bowl filled with cannabis but I thought it more appropriate to just give a bottle of champagne.

Why her head on a naked body uploaded into her website files? I'm not sure. Perhaps I thought it was funny at the time or would be funny at some time in the near future.

I knew that I was stressed... living in Los Angeles and only making \$900 a month while I was racking up debt on an editing machine with a handful of credit cards and not taking a vacation in years... previously working for two years all day and night.

Maryann had already preempted any conversations about giving any raises by saying that she could only afford to pay me what she was already paying me.

Stress will make you do funny things to... perhaps... relieve the stress. Stress will also make you believe funny things to... perhaps... escape the stress.

Mope was stressed. Mope needed a way of not being a Mope.

It's currently November of 2023. The last time I medicated with cannabis was April of 2009. That was shortly after I resigned from TNS Media Intelligence, the last paying job that I had... as a correspondence assistant. That was a stressful job as well that required

me to be on the phone a lot as well. Remember... I'm a bit of an introvert. Having to call people all the time as a correspondence assistant is just as stressful as calling people as a PR assistant.

So, from 2009 to now (2023)... no cannabis. I've never medicated with alcohol. Cannabis was always the medication of choice. I smoked cannabis just about every day in 2002, then just about every day while working at TNS in 2008 into 2009.

I would still crave cannabis after I got married in 2010 but had no ready access to it. In 2013, while craving cannabis, I decided to smoke orange peels instead to see what that would do because orange peels smelled somewhat like cannabis. I smoked a dehydrated orange peel the size of a fingernail through my trusty old bong that I had. I did this on two occasions timed closely to each other. After the two treatments with orange peel, I noticed that I no longer craved

cannabis. Orange peel had helped me kick the craving.

Now in 2023 I don't work a paying job so I don't stress from work, but I still get anxiety from just about anything... or thinking about just about anything. I consider myself a writer and a creative and writers and creatives tend to be more anxious than the population at large... probably because they tend to let their imaginations get the best of them and it gives in to anxiety.

I don't and can't medicate with cannabis because I have no ready access to it. So, what do I do? I counter my anxiety with delusions. I counter my overactive imagination with an overactive imagination. Mostly those delusions are delusions of grandeur to counter possible delusions of abject poverty. The fact that I'm not working makes abject poverty a real possibility. When alimony runs out, I have no idea what I'm gonna do. At the moment I try to force

delusions of grandeur, but it was easier when I was off my meds before ending up at Beach Psych. Now that I'm currently taking 4mg of Risperidone, delusions of grandeur are fleeting. Perhaps delusions of abject poverty are at bay too.

I would like to work a job that pays, but my only experience since 2009 is writing tons of notes, writing six screenplays, a novel and a novelette and maintaining my own website.

How can a writer find practical work in the Virginia Beach area? How can a writer find writing work anywhere? I tried getting a literary manager... even amongst my closest of friends... but no such luck.

I've self-published my novel and novelette to Amazon but I get no bites. I can't even get my closest friends to read my work for free...

...So, I look for inconsistencies in my life in order to feed delusions... delusions of

grandeur... so that I can have hope for today... and tomorrow... and the day after that...

One of my anxieties now is driving. When I was married I would drive my ex-wife, Prescilla everywhere... especially to work... and pick her up in the middle of the night from work. Perhaps it is one reason why I never found a job while we were married... so that I could be at her constant beck and call... so that she could have reliable transportation. Perhaps another reason I never found a job while we were married was so that I could be a stay-at-home dad to our son, Jamil.

I was the stay-at-home dad who was the reliable transportation. In the middle of the night I had to wake up to pick Prescilla up from work and drag Jamil along with me. Keep in mind that I had to take my meds... antipsychotics and antidepressants... before going to bed. These meds allowed me to sleep because they had a drowsy effect. Imagine

having to wake up every night in the middle of the night after taking something that helps you to sleep. I was sleep deprived and it brought about anxiety and irritability.

Wherever I took Prescilla I also had to wait for her. It was a constant waiting game. I suspect that I might be a bit bipolar (I'm already on antipsychotics and antidepressants)... which means mania... which means anxiety... which means if you're constantly waiting on someone it only means more anxiety and irritability.

For the better part of ten years, I was waiting on Prescilla... which meant I wasn't working a paid job. I kept busy by writing... and yes... possibly giving myself more anxiety in the process due to an overactive imagination.

Mope wasn't working so he had to compensate with an overactive imagination. This became especially true after Prescilla moved Jamil away from my care... moving to

Maryland... while placing me at Beach Psych. After being discharged from Beach Psych and coming home to an empty house I tried getting a job. But no one would bite at a resume that just listed writing screenplays for the past ten or so years.

I tried getting a literary manager and contacted a close friend from high school. But she wouldn't bite either.

I've stayed on Risperidone but I've wished all the time that I could not take the meds just so that I could have delusions of grandeur just so I could escape into my own head. I know if I stop taking the Risperidone, I might think that I'm working on some high-level top-secret government job... possibly decoding messages off the internet the way John Nash decoded messages in A Beautiful Mind. I would just keep busy decoding messages all day.

But that's not the case because I'm on my meds. Right now, I just go around in circles about inconsistencies in my life.

My Medicaid is about to run out and I need to renew it but I don't know what to do because Prescilla and Jamil are currently listed as part of the household. I asked her when/how she filled out my medical insurance. She said she didn't fill it out. She said she wasn't sure. She said that when she took me to the emergency room to get checked into Beach Psych she told them that I didn't have insurance... but when they checked they said I did have. She never filled out any forms. I never filled out any forms. And yet I have medical insurance. That's an inconsistency in my life and I don't know what to make of it.

When I was on a 5150 at Beach General I talked to a hospital lawyer via a computer monitor. The lawyer had told me that I had hammered a sharpie with a meat

tenderizer. I don't deny doing it. I did hammer a sharpie with a meat tenderizer... once... but I don't know what that has to do with anything or with being on a 5150, especially when no one saw me hammer a sharpie with a meat tenderizer. That's an inconsistency in my life and I don't know what to make of it.

It's also inconsistent with Prescilla NOT knowing why she sent me to the emergency room. I had asked her several months later what exactly it was that triggered me being sent to Beach Psych. She said she wasn't sure. I asked her if there was a certain behavior and she asked me what I remember. I told her I didn't remember anything. She had no real idea why she sent me to the emergency room so I could be checked into Beach Psych.

And hammering a sharpie with a meat tenderizer once doesn't exactly constitute an emergency... assuming that anyone even saw me do that.

I remember the lawyer asking me "Do you neither confirm nor deny it?" Perhaps she too was neither confirming nor denying whether I had hammered a sharpie with a meat tenderizer. It's what you do when doubt is cast as to whether there is a witness to something... you neither confirm nor deny. I really thought she was playing mind games with me by saying "Do you neither confirm nor deny it?"

But it makes me wonder how she knew in the first place that I had hammered... once... a sharpie with a meat tenderizer when no one was in the kitchen with me to see it. No one could have possibly seen me do it. I had done it so casually and it happened so quickly and without incident.

"Do you neither confirm nor deny it?" That was the question. I wasn't asked why I did it. Just whether I confirm or deny it.

Maybe the real confirmation was... surprisingly... the fact that someone had actually seen me do it in the first place.

Back to the part about how Mope wasn't working so he had to compensate with an overactive imagination.

Prior to Beach Psych, when I wasn't on my meds because I had no insurance (an inconsistency with the fact that apparently I was on some sort of insurance)... I had delusions that I was interacting with people on the Twitch social media platform. I thought that if I wrote a note in my Mac notes app and placed it side-by-side the browser that Twitch was on... people would respond somehow to whatever note I made... as if I were directing the actions of those Twitch streamers.

I thought this was possible because I thought those Twitch streamers were watching my laptop screen... thus reading the notes that I made next to their streaming feed.

Most, if not all, of my notes were coded messages and I thought I was putting the streamers up to the task of decoding the messages... and that it was my job to decode whatever they were saying back. I wasn't really working, and I was compensating with an overactive imagination.

The question then becomes... Was I trying to not be a Mope? Was I depressed because I wasn't working so I made up this delusion that I was working with streamers on Twitch?

I was actually trying to garner an income from day trading. I had spent several years working on a strategy and after Beach Psych, when I was steady on my meds, that period became the apex of my trading strategy. I would go several days without a single losing day of trading. I could easily make \$100 within half an hour on any given day because of my strategy. This was because my strategy was to trade the bounce-ability of

a stock if it went down by doubling down my shares on a stock as it bounced back to a lower point if I had originally bought the stock at a higher point. Sometimes I would need to triple or quadruple down on the stocks before it bounced to a certain point in order to clear a profit.

In order to consistently clear a profit of \$100... if I had to triple or quadruple down on the stock... then it meant using just about my entire trading account on the trade. In reality it was a very risky practice if you were to quadruple or quintuple down on a stock and it didn't bounce. Much more often than not I picked stocks that did bounce and I was able to clear a profit. Once in a while it would not bounce and I would lose maybe \$1000 on the trade, but then I would come back with several good trades in a row again and make up for the one bad trading day.

There was one such trade where the stock did not bounce back as I had hoped.

More than 3 quarters of my account was on the trade. I held onto the stock hoping that it would go back up another day... but it never did. It just kept sinking. I finally pulled out of the trade after losing half of my trading account. This specific scenario not only happened once... but it happened twice. That was enough for me to stop trading all together and pull whatever I had left out of that broker account.

Because I was acting in such a risky manner... did my behavior constitute something consistent with mania? Was I more than just depressed? Was I also manic? Were my inclinations that I was bipolar and not just depressed true? Am I schizoaffective with bipolar type?

The four possible diagnoses are 1) the diagnosis given to me back in 2004 of depression with psychosis 2) schizoaffective with depression 3) schizoaffective with bipolar or 4) bipolar with psychotic features

Let's first try to clear the fact whether I'm bipolar or just depressed.

If I had a choice between passively watching Netflix all day or actively trying to be creative by writing notes all day... I would rather write notes all day or do something else creative all day. It's basically what I do anyway. I could watch Netflix all day or some other streaming platform, but all day... everyday... I try to get my mind to race to either try to solve some puzzling inconsistency in my life or work on some creative writing. I have access to Netflix, Prime Video, Disney Plus and Max and instead I chose to let my mind race all day. That sounds more like bipolar instead of just depression.

I've shown that I can exhibit very risky and/or impulsive behavior when it comes to day trading. That's a manic/bipolar trait.

My anxiety is more consistent with bipolar than depression.

The difference between schizoaffective bipolar type and bipolar with psychotic features is that with bipolar with psychotic features the mania or depression will trigger the psychosis (dependent on)... while with schizoaffective bipolar type psychosis can occur independently of mania or depression.

With me, psychosis can be triggered independently of mania or depression... therefore... the doctor at Beach Psych was correct... I'm schizoaffective. But she didn't say whether it was bipolar type or depressive type.

My regular psychiatrist is prescribing Risperidone and Prozac, so she thinks I either have depression with psychosis or schizoaffective with depressive type. But she might be wrong either way.

I just asked my ex-wife if she knows what my diagnosis is. She says she doesn't know.

If I'm depressive... I'm Mope. If I'm bipolar... I'm Manic Mope.

I tend to get delusions of grandeur instead of delusions of persecution. Delusions of grandeur is more congruent with mania and bipolar instead of unipolar depression which is more congruent with delusions of persecution which I don't get.

Based on the fact that my delusions are always grandiose and that I tend to get delusions whether or not I'm manic or depressed... my diagnosis would be... or should be... schizoaffective with bipolar type.

My delusions of grandeur always encompass the same delusion... that I own a vast corporate entertainment empire. Bear in mind that I'm only saying that it's a delusion because I can't provide hard proof to the contrary. In other words, I really don't know

whether or not I own a vast corporate entertainment empire.

As part of my vast corporate entertainment empire, I think that people that I know are watching my laptop screen because occasionally I can hear them reacting... sometimes faintly... to what's on my screen.

I've made it a habit not to think to myself too much because of the mind reading technology that was developed after my notes were gleaned. Perhaps it's another delusion... but again... I really don't know.

I hold firm to the fact people are watching my laptop screen and that mind reading technology was developed because people gleaned my notes. I've seen people react to other people reading my mind.

I'm kept out of the loop on the mind reading and vast corporate empire 1) to keep me guessing for sheer entertainment value (perhaps due to my sins of the past... namely

the KFC email) 2) I'm sometimes a guinea pig for mind reading blind studies and experiments.

Just to prove that mind reading is possible... I'll explain the technology briefly. Brainwaves of thoughts are fed via wifi into a frequency mixer, are combined with radio waves and are outputted to a computer as an amped wifi data signal.

Those are two typical delusions of grandeur... that I own a vast corporate empire... and that I somehow invented mind-reading technology. But to me it all seems very real since 1) I've gotten into the habit of not thinking too much to myself because of the mind reading tech 2) I distinctly hear voices/reactions of people watching my laptop screen in order to further glean my mind.

Perhaps the KFC email was enough to keep me guessing whether I'm delusional and have schizoaffective bipolar type disorder.

That and the fact that I tried to send a message to whoever was reading my notebook by putting the middle finger on the outside of an envelope that contained a movie, Ridicule, about when wit was king.

Who's the king of wit now? It's the ultimate mind-phuck to keep me guessing about myself. What's the capital of Kentucky? Who knows? I just know that I'm a fried chicken now. I've become the butt of my own joke that keeps going in circles.

In 2001 I had given Lauren... the person I had worked with at Ridini Entertainment... a mix cd that contained the song "Medication" by the band Garbage.

Jump to 2003... after Mammoth... where I'm now living with my dad in my deceased aunt's house in Loma Linda. One day... and for reasons unknown to me... my dad and brother took me to a psychiatric clinic to get looked at. I noticed the name tag of the doctor that's questioning me. The

picture on the name tag looks a lot like Heather Stephens, a friend of my old roommate Erik. At the time I did not connect Heather Stephens to Lauren whose last name was Stevens, but several years later I've connected to the two by their last names and the song "Medication" because of the clinic. It's the only reason I can think of why my dad and brother took me to see a psychiatrist. Was it wit trying to be king? I don't know. I just know that from the clinic I was sent to a psych hospital in Fontana. Keep in mind that Lauren had become a reality tv producer, so she had the resources to send me to a psych hospital for whatever reason.

Also keep in mind that the incident at Mammoth... where I ended up being carted away in an ambulance because of acting unconscious... was epic behavior on my part. Being carted away in an ambulance happened a second time at LAX after returning from a trip to the Philippines. It was epic behavior

on my part once again. Were the visits to psych hospitals in Fontana and Virginia Beach just one-upmanship on the part of Lauren and everyone else involved after the so-called mammoth incident that happened on a ski trip to Mammoth?

Or am I really schizoaffective, bipolar type? It's a journey I take in circles... constantly... by being Mope... or Manic Mope... the head of a vast corporate entertainment empire... inside my head.

It's December 2023... I saw my regular psychiatrist, but not before seeing a nurse who had me sign my treatment plan. On my treatment plan my diagnosis was paranoid schizophrenia & adjustment disorder with depressed mood.

I have to rethink whether or not I think I may be bipolar. Do I get mania? Have I stayed up for days on end? Actually, I've never stayed up for days on end. So does that mean I don't get manic... hence not having a

bipolar diagnosis? Perhaps. Although I have operated for many days on end with very little sleep... perhaps a few hours of sleep per night. My regular psychiatrist may still be wrong and the doctor from Beach Psych may still be right. I may be schizoaffective with bipolar type since I do get very little sleep... which seems to be normal for me... except for when I'm taking Xyzal for my sinuses... which gave me a regular night's sleep and kept me sleepy throughout the morning.

The delusions of grandeur and the thoughts of people always watching me can definitely be attributed to paranoid schizophrenia. That is permanent and will likely never completely go away.

But what about the adjustment disorder with depressed mood? Do I respond to stressful situations with depression? I was depressed when my son moved, but I'm finally starting to adjust after several months. My history at Monterey Bay Academy might

be another example of adjustment disorder that went away when I left.

Paranoid schizophrenia is permanent, but adjustment disorder isn't necessarily permanent. They're two separate and distinct diagnoses. They're very similar to schizoaffective disorder with depressive type. Perhaps I wasn't diagnosed with schizoaffective disorder because the mood disorder isn't permanent... it's reactionary to stress.

I've also noticed that I might have flat affect which is associated with schizophrenia and depression that may not necessarily be present in someone who is bipolar.

Perhaps I thought I was bipolar (and still think I am) because of the close association of bipolar disorder and creativity. But schizophrenia can also present with creativity and divergent thinking. It takes immense creativity to bubble up with and sustain delusions. What is a delusion but out

of the box thinking when a problem presents itself. It may not be the right answer, but it can be divergent in its scope. It's a condition of not being able to filter out data known as low latent inhibition, and it is known to enable creativity.

It is hypothesized that a low level of latent inhibition... the inability to filter out data/stimuli... can cause psychosis, a high level of creative achievement, or both, which is usually dependent on the individual's intelligence.

Am I tapping into creative psychosis (schizoaffective with bipolar) in order to deal with every day life? Possibly. Creativity is my coping mechanism. Delusions are my escape. Manic Mope is who I am. MJ is who I try to be.

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