



Dana Hart

Scientific Analysis of Sadness

Point

I start the day with the ax blow to the head. It's as soon as I open my eyes, as if the unconscious had been awake all night, tormenting me. The experiences, the past, the images that return, with such clarity. It wakes up with me, and disperses during the day, with the help of my daughter, colleagues, social work objectives. Then it reappears at dusk, at that moment when the sun goes down and the sky takes on a pale, bluish color. And wake up at night.

We don't have anyone's approval to feel sadness. It is the ground on which no one agrees. We don't have permission from anyone other than Pizarnik, well we shouldn't. Should not. It is not a correct tone to narrate stories. It is better to "put a hand on it", a tone of voice that allows ease, commitment, passion, but at the same time distance. I was never good at that distance thing.

It's the ax blow to the head and the entrapment hazard. I went to specialists who told me that the cause is biological, as if personality were a genetic problem to begin with, they prescribed me pills that I took, and they did nothing, nothing. The sadness did not go away with the pills. I had to keep looking for causes, ways to solve it.

Sadness, with structural, social causes, due to limitations of the environment. Can not. Not having access. Not being able to solve the needs independently. The sadness of the pandemic and the post-pandemic, which threw us into the desolation of isolation. An enclosed humanity, how could there not be sadness? Yes, until recently, we see boxes with corpses over the cities, covering the cemeteries, marching on protesting crowds.

Society was neoliberalized to such a level that even sexual love, which the current capitalist and patriarchal society, built as an ideal, is in failure and dilemma. This problem is expressed everywhere. From the figures of pop music -with few exceptions-, to the concrete and real life of the people we know.

Marriage falls, as a model, as a reign. I don't know for how long, but it is clear that we had to be the generation that has to learn to be alone. Neither the great social collectives, parties, fronts, of the last century, the great causes. Nor the small personal causes, battles to have a car, a family, a house, which also entered into a project crisis and obsolescence. No stone is left unturned. It seems that the society

existed, but everything is false. Everything rests on a regime of exploitation and poverty, which is the only thing that really exists. 40% of Poverty is in Argentina. What is happiness for all those people?

According to the World Health Organization (WHO), mental health disorders have been on the rise since the pandemic. During 2023, the consumption of drugs increased by 89% for their treatment. Anxiety, depressive disorders, are the most frequent.

Anomie took over the streets. Having no goals or possibility. Hardly anyone believes in any American dream, that's the state of the times. Not even migrants, who flee their countries due to poverty, can think of big plans abroad, as happened to the Italians when they arrived in North America a hundred years ago. Today migrants crossing deserts know, all the way, that the fate that awaits them will likely be difficult, harsh, with precarious work, industrial amounts of hours, and the possibility of deportation, or not having papers. The panorama is bleak, and it is again in the morning. Each one with more or less intensity and depth. Each one with a greater or lesser degree of access. As Frederick Engels wrote, "what indisputably grows is the precariousness of existence."

There are no margins to dream. And it is not about being pessimistic, or having a negative vision of life. I do believe that it can be transformed, that it is possible to "change life", to break down barriers, to have opportunities, to achieve happiness in a new society. But the revolutions in the immediate future will not be because people believe in big plans, there will be revolutions due to weariness, misfortune, anger, rage, rage, injustice. For the number of times in which you had to "swallow your shit", as they say, and put up with it.

Definitely cannot be absolutized. Not all sad people have their causes in the socio-environmental framework, it is probable that there are combined factors, the biological will play a role in certain cases, but a previous work "Feminist Sexuality" allowed me to conclude that I could not be so widely spread the biological. In the office, I was prescribed lithium - lithium! lithium? So last century. Despite the fact that even in their logic, it is assumed that there are more modern remedies, such as the currently so popular, sertraline. "What's the next step, Doc? electroshock?"

I can know that it is not biological when I finish a project, the feeling of the task accomplished, the satisfaction, triggers all kinds of

neurotransmitters in me, which jump and play, proving that there is no problem to stimulate them. When my daughter hugs me and tells me the most tender thing I have ever heard, I can also verify that I don't have any physical problems. I feel all the love in the world and your jokes are happiness for me. But the world poses other problems, other challenges, dark places where you can't go to sleep, or think, or read. The contradictions of life. We are women, dissidents, socialized, thrown into fulfilling a certain role, without being aware until the end, that the path will only lead in one direction, sooner or later. The possibilities are narrowing.

If Freud characterized a sexual crisis for Victorian women, and Betty Friedan characterized an unnamed crisis for American women, turned into angels of the home. What characterization should we make in these times? The return of the Victorian crisis, combined with "the problem that has no name", adding to a post-pandemic, capitalist, patriarchal crisis, which turns everything into a postmodern salad of pain. Or something clearer... They said it was a lack of a penis, and there they are, penises everywhere, they arrive on the Internet, on video, in chat rooms, they are sent to you for free, as if they were postcards, greeting cards, easy, very easy. Nothing easier than getting a penis. There are even plastic ones. They come wrapped in men, oppressors, embezzlers of love, but they come. And not. Happiness was not wrapped in a penis. It was not the gift. Not a snake, not a sword, not any other psychoanalytic symbol. Happiness did not come with the penis. The crisis continues. Homes with more or less deprivation, with more or less violence, more or less access, and the crisis continues. People who should be happy, in their well-made beds and polished floors, and the crisis continues. The problem already has a name, it's called patriarchy. But that is not enough to be happy. It is not enough to characterize

Which of all is the cause of my sadness? The injuries from the last boyfriend? The abandoning husband? The current divorce? The abusive stepfather? The absent father? or which group?, the impossibility of emerging?, the non-recognition of my work at the level of economic valuation?, the empathy with the social tragedies that are experienced?. If not biology: then what is it? The postmodern salad of all those things? The hack. The variable "H". That does not rest That dyes the sky gray, even when there is a scandalous sun. The variable "H". Imposing. Doing his thing. Forcing myself to write, as the

only means of inverting him, repelling him, expelling him. I'm not the only one. The companions suffer from the ax blow too. Tax by blood and fire. Loneliness. Not having a place of recognition, of respect.

Could it be that deep down, one hundred percent, it is a crisis of respect? The lack of respect. Marx already said it, "the worker needs respect more than bread", could it be that women and dissidents also need more respect and earn our bread through that respect? Respect, I would like to get it to see if it was that. The respect that some enjoy without having done anything to earn it. The impeccable respect of men, per se, just because, just because of their intonation of voice and gestural movements.

I would like to have the respect that some enjoy only for a determined and haphazard physical talent. Respect and the bread that this respect allows me to put in my mouth. Maybe that's how the ax blow will go away. Respect and not to be abused, used, turned around, treated like a bitch, a whore, an outcast. Respect erases sadness. And respect will not be achieved in today's society, that is the true utopia, to believe that they will give it to us without a fight. You have to fight to get it. Rip the clothes.

I wonder how the people who were militants, who had to go into exile or remain in hiding, must have felt in the face of their murdered friends, companions, and missing family members. Those lives whose revolutionary horizons were cut off, how did they manage to continue? To adapt to new countries, to new cultures, to move forward within a social framework that is undoubtedly terrifying.

The message is contradictory. For one thing, tragedy and unhappiness is in every movie. The apocalypse, the zombie invasion, the romantic fights, the subatomic dramas. Even children's stories are riddled with sadness and misery. According to Bettelheim, the latter is due to the need to project human emotions into childhood, the repressed desire to kill the father, hatred, and inexplicable violence. But for me the message is clear, life will not be happy.

You will find stepmothers, rapists in the forest, grandmothers disguised as really wolves, there will be bears and beasts whom you must love unconditionally, even if they scratch you with their feet. The message is, life will be a tragedy and you must learn to smile despite it. The songs, the boleros, the tango, the sadness in art.

At this very moment, the youtuber Olympe from Belgium, who is only 23 years old, is asking to die in an assisted way, from a childhood of sexual violence, and the weight of a life full of oppression, diagnosed with all kinds of disorders. The first time I tried to kill myself, she was ten years old. I dove from the cabin, which was a few inches from the ceiling, headfirst to the ground, hands off. I remember how I premeditated not to put my hands, wondering if instinctively, I would put them the same, and I didn't. I fell, and I didn't feel any pain. So I jumped in again. Two or three times, until I felt a little immortal. It was just a few months after I realized that she had been abused for the last four years. We were in the framework of the trial that sentenced him for five years-he escaped from prison at four, so it is clear that he also counted) -.

Then, at fifteen, I turned on the gas inside my room. I hardly ever talk or write about it, because as a social activist, I'm not going to let them kill me and pass it off as suicide. Since I was seventeen, when I joined the cause, I never tried again. But there are periods when it exists as an idea. An idea that attacks. Who watches you from sharp objects. I would never abandon my daughter. But you can't talk about that. You can't talk to anyone about it. I wonder how many people the same will happen to. <<A long depression seizes society>>. (Marks)

The news is filled with suicides. Award-winning beauty girls who jump off buildings. People jump off buildings. In large shopping centers, they put special bars between floors, because people jump. There are testimonies circulating on the networks, from mall workers, who prove that there have been days in which three people committed suicide on the same day. And they don't even close the place, they put up a blue tent, on top of the corpses. In the underground transport lines, called in many ways according to the country, people throw themselves in front of the driver, and the Internet is filled with comments: "if you are going to kill yourself, choose a place that does not interrupt traffic, there are people What if he's going to get to work? How is such apathy possible? This pandemic of indifference? What is happening, as a society, that people throw themselves from the heights?

The debts. The rents. The nonsense of a capitalist life. The crisis of the American dream. The empire of unhappiness has imposed itself with chains, supermarkets, cheap products and super-expensive

exploitation. Working hours that are from sunrise to sunset. Burden. Loneliness. It is enough to look at the historical background, to know that social and economic events influence mental health, as in the face of the 1929 crisis, triggered in the United States but spread throughout the world, in which precisely also, people threw themselves massively from the buildings. Now you can't even open the windows!

But on the other hand, the pressure for happiness is gigantic. The invasion of happiness, and forcing ourselves to be happy, young and fresh, is also notorious. Commercials, such as Coca Cola, "uncover happiness", creams to find a surprising face, hair products, McDonald's, everything is a promise for happiness. Consume these products and you will be happy. You will have a smile after drinking a Coca Cola, that's what they promise. There are classic novels that refer to this point, such as Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and George Orwell's *1984*. In the latest Netflix movie, a man is happy loving his operating system, yes, his operating system!

It is a double message. A contradictory bombardment. Sadness and happiness, both are bought and sold in the market. Both are profitable for capitalists. If people are sad, buy. If people are happy, they buy. Buy, come what may, buy. But neither did buying make me happy. Neither perfumes, nor special strollers to comfortably carry the baby, nor bags, nor makeup, nor a dress. Happiness was not there when I uncovered a Coca Cola. Another lie, full of bubbles.

There are articles that write that from 30 to 40 years old, it is surely a time of unhappiness, due to the changes and new accommodations that occur. It turns out that sadness also has an age. Perhaps it is due, if true, to the fact that it is precisely the age where consciousness is most developed, perfected over the years, without yet suffering deterioration.

Reviews, articles, notes on Google, books by Paulo Coelho, self-help, meditations, mindfulness, a trade in happiness! Little notes written in the cafes, on the cups: "Live, dream, be happy". Arrobas to call Gastón Pauls. Happiness that is sold in pills. Stability in a box with a long list of warnings: Drowsiness, suicidal ideation, lack of appetite, low libido. Some against, for a single pro: Happiness within reach, with the only mediation of a glass of water.

Now they are testing a chip, against depression, to place on the head. They publish all kinds of studies, writing that exercise fights depression and other issues.

On Youtube, Mr. Beats, give happiness of thousands of dollars. Tears, smiles, emotions that are exchanged for money, for luxurious cars. One Lamborghini, two Lamborghinis, three Lamborghinis. Happiness in a leather seat, upholstered. But it's not there, I can't find it, it's another lie. No scented clothes and a new smell. Not a frankincense and myrrh.

Often, on the contrary, sadness is related to genius. The case of Vincent Van Gogh, for example. It is said that depression is linked to intelligence, to the ability to see the world with greater intensity. Like Vincent, who paints the world with strong, deep colors, showing a heightened perception of reality, a certain penchant for detail. And in the detail if the devil is there, there is also depression. He usually associates. Poets too, misunderstood. Who write and write, locked in attics, drinking alcohol and smoking a cigarette that was lit by the previous one. Madness and genius. Depression and genius. They tend to associate But not every genius suffers sadness. And not all sadness is the product of a genius. So that hypothesis is sadly ruled out. Genius, in a society that was not a matchbox, could undoubtedly develop and shine. In any case, it is society that oppresses genius, if it can be said that genius exists. The non-emergency. The non-recognition. The lack of respect. And back to the issue of respect. More need for respect than for bread.

My head often asks me: What was it that gave me the final thrust? What made it impossible for me to become a subject and made me the inanimate object of the satisfaction of this or that man? When it was? Why couldn't I see the seal of social determination on my forehead, until it was too late?

This can't just be my problem. This sadness is in the air, it runs through the houses, it enters through the cracks and penetrates the moral territory, the strength, the straightness. This cannot be an individual problem, it has to be something that is crossing us, at least in a social sector. Perhaps the "cure" against sadness is other sadness. I'm going out to find out.

Sadness in the Networks

I started by asking the question on my social networks: Do you feel sad or happy most of the time? And fraternally the companions responded:

Daphne: Sad. I think the cause is feeling a very strong existential emptiness.

Natalia: Happy, I feel that I have freed myself from many prejudices, stereotypes and mandates.

Limonatta: Rationally sad. Emotionally 50 and 50. This means my heart is happy, and feels emotions that make it laugh, but my mind is sad all the time, even though I'm laughing.

Soledad: Sad because my daughter is in eternity.

Mel: Sad. The feeling of never doing enough is endless.

Velia: Happy since I am healthy, my son and daughter are healthy, I work, enjoying what I do, many beautiful friends like you, and love.

Ingrid: Just one emotion is difficult, sad today feeling with Fernando's mother... I try to be positive to feel the joy of being alive in a world in which we find ourselves as many as a tribe that saves and heals. feminist cyclicity.

Lunita: Sad to think about the future.

Daniel: Sad. Many frustrated dreams with a personal economy like shit, where I have to be receiving help from everyone and I can't deliver what I want to my son.

Pilar: Sad, childhood abuse, even at 37, has disturbed me since I was a mother...

Paula: Happy because I have been finding what I wanted, I am proud of myself and my children and I managed to retire and spend my time doing what I like.

Analía: Happy because I'm naïve.

Cheska: Sad. I suffer from depression, anxiety, ocd and ADHD. I think that my material conditions, the lack of economic resources is what makes me the saddest, also the absence of a family.

Silvia: Sad beyond the economy, your health, sad to live in a world full of hate, pain and so many injustices, where one must remain silent following the order of this damn system that handles us like chess pieces and we lose rights that by "law" we have as people, but there is only our essence, which is what we should not let them fade away.

Violeta: Dear, I feel sad about the world situation. Our countries in permanent struggles. Hate, racism and classism that hurt in the soul. And I try with all my volunteering to raise and expand peace in the other and in me. Giant hugs.

Genesis: Most of the time I feel sad, due to certain day-to-day events I can't feel happy. I do feel grateful, but I don't think I can be happy.

María Isabel: Most of the time, happy, because despite everything, I find many beautiful and good things on my way and I see people with enough hope to continue fighting and contributing.

Deb: Sad. Poverty and daily violence.

Yolanda: Hopeful. When I feel that I am going to fall into sadness, because of what is happening in the world, horrendous crimes, wars and other calamities, I feel powerless, but at my age there is very little I can do, only show solidarity according to my possibilities. Generally I play the music I like, Mozart or Chopin, it depends on the moment and that gives me a lot of peace.

Nina: Hi, I don't know if I'm happy, but calm and at peace with myself, accepting my weaknesses and trying to keep learning to be better every day.

Monica: Good evening Dana, I'm almost always sad but now less than before, I always felt that I wasn't and am not good at anything, at my age (48 years old) I couldn't find my place in the world... most people that I know are good at something, I never had any virtue... on the other hand I could never forgive the bad decisions I made.

Nora: Sad, because I suffer from depression, even though I try to fight it, it always affects me and the only thing that has changed is the intensity with which it affects me, I wish I could feel happy.

María: I feel calm, I have been working to have peace.

Sadness in Society

Later, I decided to broaden the question to people beyond my social networks, with the aim of making the most scientific analysis possible. So I put together a form, which with the help of my friends, to whom I will always be grateful, we handed out to university courses, mining families, women's groups, and other social groups.

Answers:

- Because I am in a separation process, after 12 years of relationship and that has had me with a mountain of feelings.
- I lost faith in the people, in the political processes and in the possibility of improvement in the political and socioeconomic conditions in the short and medium term.
- There are several, just being alive, having a job, food, a jacket, shoes, things that for many are basic I value and enjoy, having hot water, seeing the sunrise, a sunset, etc. It's the simple things that make me feel happy and lucky.
- Lack of achievement at my age.
- Traumatic events.
- I believe that being happy is a way to give positive energy to your body, mind, and the rest of the person.
- I think they are personal history reasons for things that have happened (and are happening) in my close circles. Likewise, I think they are social reasons because our environment influences our state of mind, imagine how I get when I find out that a girl was kidnapped, the subway crashed, the negligence of the institutions, etc.
- I feel sad, I was intimidated and fired unfairly. A day before I ended a relationship of 5 years. I don't have a job, and it's the first time I've faced a labor lawsuit. My family supports me financially by scolding, yelling, reproaching, and I have always been the one who has made the home since my father left. I feel bad... I am the recipient of all my family's neurosis and at the same time I am the pillar that emotionally supports this home.
- Problems seeing my children.

- The work in memory, education and human rights that I have been carrying out for more than 10 years.
- I am happy because my family is well, with basic needs covered and without serious problems.
- I am an optimistic person, focused on the present and with work that I am passionate about and healthy relationships.
- I feel a demand placed on me all the time about what I should do as a grown woman.
- Not getting over my fears from the past.
- Cheerful most of the time, because there are problems in my life but they are not 100% my responsibility, and I have learned not to give importance to problems that do not concern me. The days that I am sad it is because some internal problem does not have peace of mind, health, economy, etc.
- Being with my pet and the well-being of my family.
- Uncertainty due to not having a fixed income to support my family
- I believe that joy is an emotion that works well in the face of life's adversities. You are and you can educate yourself to be happy.
- Living with a narcissist and the daughter of narcissistic psychopaths, nobody wants to change and I'm already tired, I just want these 2 years to pass so I can grab my cardboard and go to hell.
- Spirituality is my source of resilience along with my firm decision to be happy every day despite the pain. I feel that this allows me to create a different reality in the future, but it is a daily decision.
- If my family has all its needs covered, I am happy. What lately is not so. I just stay optimistic.
- Enjoy what I do a lot: my plants, my work, my family, etc.
- Mostly I dedicate myself to tasks and projects that I enjoy.
- I question my ability to work and take on my pending tasks.
- My mental health is not at its best and little things at work don't help at all.
- My state of mind is generally related to economic income. Not having a stable job, I am a self-managed entrepreneur, my income varies,

this instability impacts my state of anxiety, generating sadness and anguish.

- Personal history.
- Anxiety.
- The exploitative labor system in my country, which does not generate quality of life no matter how hard one tries to improve.
- Achievements obtained during the year.
- Debts, responsibilities, and above all, not having a paid job that can cover basic needs.
- I have had diseases that make me. Value and enjoy every moment.
- I always think that there are people who are worse off than me, that is why I always see the glass as half full. I am healthy, my family is healthy, the rest is being built
- To my attitude towards life.
- Pollution and crime, lack of commitment of people in the area of civic and social training.
- I lived practically isolated as a child, being part of the last colonization process in Chile, in the middle of the jungle. We were 6 hours by boat from Melimoyu, the most inhabited for hundreds of kilometers.
- I left there, like from time to time, to visit Stgo with my family. I was 8 years old and we almost died in a storm in the middle of the sea, on the way to the ship (Calbuco) in a boat, where I held on to an empty drum to be able to float when we sank (at the direction of the adults) so I never went back my home, my mother did not want to return and I left my life in that house in the middle of the jungle. I was in a Catholic school, they bullied me for three years, for being savage. I hid in the trees of the school. My dad "swallowed" all the money from the sale of the land. I was sexually abused by him between the ages of 12 and 13, multiple times. I confronted him, I threatened him and he stopped. I didn't tell until adult. My mom took several different cakes to live, with my 2 girl sisters we took them shitting out of the house. I studied with a scholarship, playing on the buses, making rings, private classes, birthdays dressed as a clown, face painting. I studied pedagogy and I really love it. Today I am a researcher in education, I am recognized

as a cultural manager, as a poet, in the world of critical pedagogies and Latin American aesthetics. I have been published in Chile, Mexico, Argentina, Venezuela and Brazil.

- I participated in the program of the current Government...
- My general state of mind is one of pride and joy, because I have fallen low enough to recognize and value being alive and being free to be who I always wanted to be.
- I have health.
- The current situation in my country causes me a lot of pain.
- Constant worry about the problems I have to face.
- I can finally practice my career and that makes me very happy.
- Family problems and violence shaped my perception of linking myself with otherness. Doing therapy, being in the military and resisting through activism reminds me that I am not alone, although there are many times when the system devours me and makes me feel like I am nobody.
- Frustrations.
- Low economic income for me and the people around me.
- In my country, a massacre is currently taking place. and that is what makes me very bad.
- All of the above together.
- I feel happy with my life regardless of the circumstances.
- I am lucky to see my children grow.
- I miss my life before.
- I have loved ones nearby and I am living what I have always wanted.
- They don't release my social service and I don't know if I have to repeat it, I was in a situation of digital bullying, well genesis, I already had a diagnosis of depression.
- My dad is very sick and that makes the whole family very sick.
- Depression... TIP poorly treated.

- Knowing that every day can be a new opportunity, to have a wonderful daughter, to have a roof and a job that I love.
- I live in the present, conscious but not blinded.
- I was born in a very low-income family, I saw a thousand times how women were mistreated and discriminated against in this environment. I set out and studied not one, but two careers to be able to have more opportunities and contribute to society, but the situation is horrible...
- I only made my relatives hate me and even try to prevent me from surpassing myself "because according to them, women should dedicate themselves to raising children and their home."
- And it goes without saying that the employment situation and wage gap is very bad, to end it the pandemic arrived, now I am alone, unemployed and I have to pay rent etc... So the reasons why I feel sad are family, work and economic.
- I cultivate happiness within myself.
- I have selected "other reasons" because the ones I present are very varied. Broadly speaking: I have been ill for almost 2 years, during which I have been diagnosed with four chronic illnesses and I am close to undergoing surgery for a follicular thyroid tumor. Due to this circumstance, I have had to request leave due to sanction from my workplace and I have become unemployed; my girlfriend has also been unemployed for more than 2 years. We are both graduates (she [with a gold degree] in Psychology and I, in Philology). Obviously, this affects our economy. Thanks to his family, fundamentally, we can move on. I have recently ended my ties to my father, my paternal grandparents, and my mother. It is a long story. I could try to summarize it in a lot of psychological violence, physical violence, accusations about my economic interest, death threats... and a great etcetera. The sad thing is that it seems fictional, but it is the harsh reality. Socially, beyond the global panorama, I am urgently concerned about the situation in my country, Cuba. Not only because of economic inflation, nor the capitalism that the government has been guaranteeing with the measures of recent years, which denotes the strong ideological counterdiscourse... I am very distressed by the advance of religious fundamentalisms, which are firmly rooted and gestating hate speech even through social networks, whose

representatives have occupied central places at the political, economic and labor levels, just to name a few, the management positions of the educational and health sectors, where they also exercise discrimination (express and implicit) towards women and their actions, discourses and classist, sexist, misogynist and LGBTIQphobic actions, speeches and interests overlap behind faith. There is a lot of aggressiveness in the environment towards everything that is diverse, feminist and/or rebellious. But there are femicides and those who "order and arrange" insist on calling them "crimes of passion." And from here, especially with the new Penal Code, being an activist is almost an illusion... My girlfriend and I are: as Coordinator and Facilitator of the Labrys group (respectively), which belongs to the National Network of Lesbian and Bisexual Women of CENESEX and Co-creators of the independent, cultural and activist project Com_una hereje. And all the state and government institutions only clip your wings, waiting for you to express your critical position, expose and denounce handwashing in the face of countless injustices, hardships and social problems, to then distort your words and brand you as a counterrevolutionary and, of course, corner you, in not a few cases, to the point of forcing you into exile. And I stop, this theme gives for many cups of lime blossom or passionflower... Lastly, I have felt lost for many years. Regarding myself, who I am and what I want. How to love and forgive myself. How to overcome fear. How to set healthy boundaries. How to fill this emotional void of my own absence, of the affective loneliness that has accompanied my existence. How to accept me How and when will I live again, with all the intensity that this verb implies and deserves. Anyway... Well, I'm not sad...

- I feel good with my current situation... don't worry, and I suppose that it is also due to the fact that I am a positive, happy and fighting person.
- I have no idea. Very good things happen to me and I cannot enjoy them.
- A duel in the process and the emotional health of my daughter.
- Violent husband and ongoing divorce.
- Upbringing and care 24/7 feeling of living monotonously and for others.

- I use my imagination a lot and practice meditation.
- My personal story borders on tragic improbability with a self-imposed and self-sustaining resilience over time, which is why I am almost always happy but with a hidden tear in the infinity of being.
- I am very tired of fighting for more than 16 years against the violent, abandoning, homodian ex and may there never be justice. I am tired of not being able to do anything, of not having a job, of not being able to access healthcare, or justice, since they have bought my lawyers from me, and the last one I had was a friend and he passed away. Not being able to afford exorbitant expenses that have happened to me. Live for today. Not being able to afford a decent life for my children. Everything aggravates everything, it's like a vicious circle from which you can't get out. The injustice, that my son has been abandoned by the school where he is enrolled and does not respect his ddhhnnya, neither by the establishment, nor by the school council, nor did he receive the support he needs since due to all the damage he is having attacks of panic, anxiety, anguish, and not being able to pay even though there are these "friendly spaces" that are not friendly at all. I, with my health problems that are getting worse, have spent two years with an urgent operation order for a tumor chain. Among other comorbid diseases that have been aggravated by not having access to health, both physical and mental. I could go on, but it's hard for me to write this without crying. Thank you always.
- I have had very low self-esteem, many times I have felt insufficient for others.

Sadness in Literature written by Women

It seemed important to me at the same time, to search, in the current literature written by women and dissidents, what consideration exists about sadness. Are you present? What tones do they have? What accents? Are the themes mostly sad, oppression, problems? Or are they optimistic themes that look to the future with surprised eyes? Sadness or joy in literature? And the books began to answer:

Alice Munro, Nobel Prize for Literature, in her book "Dance of Shadows", makes successive mentions of sadness. "The words seem sad to me like never before", "the typical sad sloppiness of an older woman", "others are born mischievous, sad and sagacious", "that's what it is, sad, sad", "voice of pure sadness", "The sadness of unconfessed guilt". The stories revolve around everyday dialogues, feelings, the nuances of human nature, interpersonal relationships and their contradictions. In these stories, without a doubt, sadness plays a leading role and joy is a secondary actor. Although precisely the literary game is to show the exposed duality, the depth of human dimensions.

Lara Moreno, in her book "Piel de Lobo", mentions sadness: "I was waiting, tortured and sad", Sad fields, sad cities, wings sad, sad lettuces, sad lemon trees, sad daily life, sad smiles, "how sad Sofía is, now alone, full of dirt" . It is the story of two sisters, a house, a father who dies, the past, coexistence, guilt and loneliness. Undoubtedly, sadness is also the protagonist in this story, taking on animistic forms, expressing itself in objects, everyone.

Margarita Liberaki, in her novel "Three Summers", refers to deep sadness, "why did she feel that sadness?" , "with his sadness he oppressed his temples", "those who laugh the most are precisely those who are the saddest", "sometimes I get sad for no reason" . The story centers on a sixteen-year-old girl, her two older sisters, her divorced mother, and an aunt, showing the complex intertwined world of relationships between women and the struggle for independence.

Emma Cline in her work "Daddy" refers to sadness: "He looked a little sad", "he seems sad", "that sad hour in which darkness seems to rise from the ground but the sky is still clear and blue" , "sadness flew over the room", "he came out sad in the photos", "he had been sad,

clinically sad” . Sadness plays a determining role, within a series of stories about sexuality, and the ways of facing daily life.

Alice Walker, and her novel "The Color Purple", winner of the Pulitzer Prize, tells a difficult story of racialization, rape, tremendous injustices, and brings on several occasions, images of "the sad", in the eyes of the protagonists, Faced with this or that situation, however, the general tone does not seem to be led by sadness. Try to float. Try to report

Jennifer Saint, in her novel "Ariadne", recreates the Greek myth in which two sisters suffer all kinds of oppression at the hands of Theseus and other god-men. She writes there: “the painful sensation of emptiness made my bones feel like lead”, “I held back more sobs. If she gave in to crying again, she would never stop.” “I had heard a lot about the agony of childbirth, but what no one had told me about was the sadness that followed it.” With references to many other emotions, the general tone is not sadness, but denunciation.

Avni Doshi, in her novel “Burnt Sugar”, experiences the life of a woman whose troubled relationship with her mother is at the center of her life. Followed by the birth of her daughter, which infinitely multiplies the oppressive, historic chain in the average mother-daughter relationship. “Sad, very sad”, “my mother's sad situation”, “the depth of mom's sadness and the alienation from her own family”, “the sadness that grows when the sun doesn't shine”, “I keep the indolent sadness that I carry with me for a while.”

Ángela Vallvey, in her "Classic Feminist Stories", reviews the classics of children's literature, changing the ending and introducing countless modern elements, such as cell phones, tablets and problems related to the Internet. With the intention of modernizing those macho and patriarchal fables, which have been etched in the retina of more than one generation. The general tone is hilarious, with funny passages, tending to redemption. It is a tone of what has been called “empowerment”, where its protagonists are not ousted by oppression, but rather, “they put on the cape”. Sadness, likewise, makes her appearance: “Grandma thought that girl was eternally dissatisfied.

I was never happy. She was the one who protested the most about her body. She was old and wise, she did not miss the fact that the human half of her granddaughter found herself prey to the same

terrors as women: always vulnerable because of the tyranny of beauty. Fragile women, victims of stereotypes that hurt and humiliate: <You don't fit in those pants because you're too fat. Your tits are huge. Your tiny chest, you look like a guy... Your hair, your legs, your arms, your ass, your nose, your shoulders, your waist, your armpit hairs...!> The terrible result was: bulimic, anorexic, starving, listless, sad, addicted to surgery, insecure, compulsive, submissive.”

Guadalupe Nettel, in her novel “Después del Invierno”, winner of the Heralde Prize, narrates love relationships and their ups and downs, between a protagonist who reads César Vallejos and her partners. Death and sadness are present throughout the story: “Sadness, like almost all moods, is incredibly contagious”, “What was I becoming? I, who had always had my life and my emotions under control, had now transformed into a human wreck of the kind that abounds in the streets and whines on the subway stairs”, “the unpredictable logic of insomnia led me to count of the famous people who had gone mad or died of sadness in Paris”, “I abandoned myself to resentment and sadness”.

In Conclusion...

The only therapy is revolution. It is impossible for me to formulate it otherwise. Hundreds of techniques can be developed. But certainly, at this very moment, while I am writing this work, I am doing a parallel work, "Twist the Tree", in which, in a fictional way, I am being a squire, in the middle of the class struggle, in Peru. Just imagining the social transformation causes the effect of a shot of chickpeas. Pure oxytocin. Because art helps, not only because it is creation, but because it is transformation.

It's all locked. Everything broken. Childhood traumas are a condition subject to the patriarchal regime, it would not have been otherwise. Because there is patriarchy, we have the oppressive experiences that we have accumulated in our lives. It is urgent. It is as urgent as there are mental health problems. It's so urgent, like people jumping off buildings, there are. We can't leave anything for later.

Looking for solutions, it is full of merchants. Learning to breathe through the nose does not solve these problems! Nor meditate. Nor pray to any god. Not to talk about that and stir in the causes. Nor write frantically.

Someone recommended seeing the movie Sybil, and although it is a few years old, the ending, which resolves a story whose protagonist is a woman, abused, who develops a diagnosis of multiple personality disorder, is hypnosis. The hypnosis! Hypnosis doesn't work. It's no use breathing. It is useless to visualize that she is walking through a green field and touching the water with her fingers. It doesn't work, definitely. Not the light changes. Not the techniques. Because it cannot be reformed. Cement cannot be poured over these cracks. I have tried many times. The pills didn't do anything to me, and throwing myself upside down either.

Yes, there are things that help. For example, in my case it helps me a lot, when I have a very deep moment of entrapment, and the room closes in on me, it helps me to think about the idea that it is a passing moment. That just as I laughed today at noon, eating a pizza with my daughter, I'm going to laugh again tomorrow. The temporary condition of the feeling helps me. Knowing that I have to ride over it, like it's a storm and I'm a plane. I have to fly over the storm and I know what will happen. So that idea allows me to let it flow, and cry, live the

anguish, more calmly, without guilt, and without being so on the edge. But that doesn't solve the problem.

It's just a way to survive. There may be two or three things to do to survive, which will vary from person to person. Becoming aware that it is not a permanent state, is one of them. Also the consideration of knowing that I am not the only one who is suffering from this problem, that is to say, that it is not an individual problem, but rather a social problem, that as can be seen in the graph, for example, there are many of us who feel the sadness and anguish of living in this system. That is another key to survival. And realize that we are not alone. Because then it is not "my fault", nothing, but it is installed as a crisis of society. That is also important. There are even herbs that help, a lot, to balance and balance the mood, ideas, perspective. But they don't solve the problems either. Yesterday I signed the divorce, that also helped, it made me feel much better, freeing me from a pile of mandates that I can't even fathom. Better or worse. I tend to believe that there is only one secret. A single recipe. Only one possibility: revolutionary sublimation. That is to say, to transform sadness and anguish, depression and downturns, into an irrepressible hatred against the parasitic class, guilty of all the evils that we suffer and that were described by the various testimonies delivered in this same work. Not by way of domestic violence, as the dominant machismo exercises, not through any knife, but in a necessary, indispensable class hatred that contributes to the action to tear down the existing social structures, responsible for the current state of the precarious mind and life.

Sadness is a feeling according to the current situation. It is not dissonant. More than 35,000 people have just died in Turkey, as a result of an earthquake, and thousands more in Syria, when the real estate policies and those of the governments that allow it, are aimed at reducing costs and not at strengthening constructions to make them good quality. The images go around the world. Sadness is empathy. The entire south of Chile has been burned, leaving hundreds of families homeless, burned people, due to the policies of the forestry companies with their monocultures. Whirlwinds of fire, women taking refuge with their children in swimming pools, older adults who could not escape. The capitalist environment is tragic.

It is also necessary to say that the range of human emotions is wide and vast, and it is this capitalist, successful society that imposes the idea of not feeling sadness, because sadness is not productive. Sadness is part of the state of mind, it's normal, it's a feeling that happens, and you don't have to deny it, or feel guilty. Sadness is also success. And need. A transitory state. It's okay to feel sad. Accept it. reflect on it And direct it towards the cause.

It is not about waiting for the great social changes to occur, it is about driving NOW!, as well as the libido -which has been the subject of women's subjection to men in the capitalist patriarchy-, as well as the prevailing anguish, towards a single objective: the liberation of human drives, the revolution that our society needs.

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