

doll hospital

ISSUE 2



CHARLIE THE SURVIVOR

content warning suicide

I don't want my tumblr to be deleted when I (eventually) kill myself. To ensure this does not happen I post a tweet that reads: When I die I want my tumblr to be a UNESCO world heritage site. That should do the job nicely. I am not good at doing jobs. I am a slacker. Like the song Slack Motherfucker. Like the tall blue bird Mordecai in the Regular Show. He went to art school too, you know. The cartoon bird I mean. And an unpleasant incarnation of his gum ball machine boss tells him, "You're just another slacker who went to art school to feel like he accomplished something!" This is not my psychosis. I have screen shots of the scene. Proof. I even posted it on my blog saying "Mordecai is more me than me" if you want the receipts.

I suppose I am a part of a particular dashboard of perpetually stoned, permanently unemployable, working class girls of colour with my bullshit blogging and low self esteem selfies. (You could call that a movement, slackerdom at least has anti-capitalist intentions, and I am not only spoonless but hopeless too). I am ridiculous. And slightly nauseous. When my stomach disease was bad in January I shit my pants in a Holocaust memorial service. (I know!) And I think maybe I should rewrite *The Old Man and the Sea* about my trichotillomania, with a deeply rooted hair follicle in place of the big fish.

My tumblr url is bernard-beth after Bernard Black. I am both dysphoric and psychotic so fictitious white dudes on TV are an interesting model of myth-making. I think. I guess. Disassociation can turn even a muggle like me into an Oscar winner. And the bonus of never having accomplished anything is that no one will ask me to write my memoir as I honestly don't know what is Netflix and what is irl anymore. The movie *Spring Breakers* is on Netflix and it gave me nightmares and white weaponised femininity does not float my boat. Me and Lil talk about the Runaways after the Huffington Post article on that nasty rapist man comes out. I love my survivor sisters more than anything else in the world and I do not want abuser aesthetics in my house.

But as much as *This Bridge Called My Back* is my bible I am interested in occupying these white guys' characters. Stealing their toys, their clothes, their lines. Jackson Pollock said 'I am Nature' and I reply with 'I am Jackson Pollock'.

I am also Jesse Pinkman. Because Jesse survives. And is fictitious. I also survive. And am fictitious. However, the Jesse Pinkman blogging hashtag is less popular than the Bernard Black blogging one. This is most likely because it centres around substance abuse and takes place at 5am. Jesse is a survivor and Bernard is a survivor. But Charlie Kelly is the most survivor, the most me. The dude survived his own abortion.

When I was suicidal the other week I wrote:

“It’s not that I want to die. I want to go further. Suicide is still a selfhood, the ultimate in fact. I wish I had never been conceived. I don’t want to exist even in idea form. Everyone said I should have been aborted – the family, the doctors. they were quite right. They were quite right. Noun. Noun. Noun.”

So we have the abortion thing in common. Also his learning difficulties, his trauma, his cats, the absent fathers and dodgy literacy skills. His height and high-pitched voice. His mania. His army jacket and neurovariance. I also used to clean up human waste for money. (Though being a cleaner of colour carried a different context I suppose). Charlie responds to childhood abuse not with a TED talk but with a magical musical written in crayon. I use crayon in all my artwork. I offered to give one to my mum and she said no thank you. Suicide attempts are horcruxes - you lose yourself one try at a time. But horcruxes are also fragments of the soul. Containments. Parts lost given back to you in unexpected packages. Your writing, your pet, a TV character on a strange sitcom that is yours too you kno, you just didn’t realise it before you hit play.

People say I am strong. But I am not strong. People say I am inspiring. But I am not inspiring. I am not an MIA gif set. Or a pair of Frida Kahlo socks. There is a particularly colonial thumbprint on the caricature of the strong woman of colour. For I am not strong, but suicidal. And I do not want my perpetual debasement to serve as a catalyst to the very model of white authorship that made me sick in the first place. I do not want my vomit chunks used to paint masterpieces. I do not want that one bit.

Charlie Kelly is not a strong woman of colour. He eats garbage out of the trash. Bernard Black is not a strong woman of colour. He has mushrooms growing out of his hair. Jesse Pinkman is not a strong woman of colour. He is well...he is Jesse Pinkman! Survival is not inspiring, it is repulsive, and it is always the rats that run first, the cockroachs that survive. I am a rat. A cockroach. A parasite. (Parasitic lifestyle blogging is another hashtag that is dear to me.) And Charlie crawls around the sewers of Philadelphia with no clothes on.