

The **Un-think**able Experiment

On the second day of this experiment, Peter startled me with our first encounter. 'What is your identity?', he asked. As most people who I introduced myself to these past days can guess, my field of study, Sociology, largely constructs the way that I see my placement in the world. I **question** and **consider**; I am aware of the existence of structures through which injustice is rendered permanent.

Awareness itself, however, does not suffice.

Sometimes I am afraid that I do not and will not act upon that awareness. I want to contribute; mean something. But wanting to do this, and actually daring to take and keep on taking that direction – and by **doing** so, going against the easy, safe and simple **idea** of living on my island, closed off from others – do not coincide.

Up until now, I have been too generous to others. Because I **thought** that it would give me prestige, that I would feel loved and accepted and likable, that I could think of myself as a morally better person, and eventually, that other's recognition as the basis of my self-worth would make me able to tolerate myself.

I am busying myself with showing love to others, so I can run away from the fact that I **do not love myself**.

I believe self-generosity exists, and I also believe that I still have a lot of catching up **to do**. I will not help myself, but at the same time I will not accept help from others. No one can see my vulnerability, even though I hypocritically preach it to the world. After all, I associate 'success' with mental stability and contentment and I go by 'fake it till you make it', in my own eyes as well as those of others.

But **without realness, you cannot truly connect**, I learn every day.

Even though I am generous in the eyes of the beholder, I am secretly fed up with everything and everyone. I hold high **standards**; standards that I and the public 'self'-presentation of others mostly cannot fulfill. That causes disappointment in and frustration at myself and people in general. In the long term, I become indifferent to the worries and joys of other living creatures, regardless of their proximity, because I do not have the energy to get involved and to be let down again and again by my own **presumptions**.

To me, generosity is a spontaneous - be it conscious or subconscious - urge **to act** because you want to act; the motive cannot be fully grasped and is not important.

I want to be generous. To live up to that standard, and that standard alone, I am improvising day by day, and generosity will follow,

mindlessly.