

	Over the last two weeks, how often have you been bothered by the following problems?	Not at all	Several days	More than half the days	Nearly Every day
1	Little interest or pleasure in doing things	0	1	2	3
2	Criticising or doubting yourself	0	✱	②	3
3	Feeling nervous, anxious or on the edge	①	1	2	3
4	Stammering when you talk about how you feel	0	✱	②	✱
5	Feeling when you stammer like you could just pull your skull out of your own fucking face	0	1	2	③
6	Unable to control intrusive thoughts	0	1	2	③
7	Trouble relaxing	0	①	2	3
8	TROUBLE RELAXING	0	1	2	③
9	Thoughts you would be better off dead, or of hurting yourself in some way	0	①	✱	✱
10	Feeling like you have to keep a running total, and go back and change some of the higher numbers (though never from a "3" to a "0", too steep a correction smacks of dishonesty, as if you could put down that you thought of killing yourself "Nearly every day" then hit your forehead with the ball of your hand and remember, actually, it was "Not at all")	0	①	2	✱
11	Gaming the questionnaire like this because two weeks ago they "let slip" how you'd received far more than the statutory allowance of sessions, yet without your scores ever improving - though, in this case, the lower the scores the better	0	①	2	3
12	Wondering who's playing whom exactly, seeing as everyone will know full well that any improvement you now display will just be in response to their accusation of malingering, but feeling glad anyway at the dawning smile opposite, ever the teacher's pet	0	1	2	③
13	Wondering if the teacher's catchphrase "You're only cheating yourself" might be relevant here	①	1	2	3
14	Feeling down, depressed or hopeless	0	1	2	③
15	Feeling that everything you say and do is hollow	0	1	2	③
16	Feeling empty inside	0	1	2	③
17	Why though?	0	1	2	3
18	What are the reasons?	①	①	②	③
19	Where do these feelings come from?	✱	✱	✱	✱
20	Struggling to articulate yourself	0	1	2	③
21	Feeling that the reason you're being unreal with them, why you game their questions, isn't just out of scolded obedience, but also comes from the frustration of trying to relate what it's like inside you, of trying to put into words what can't be contained by these cells	0	1	2	③
22	Feeling that you're unable to out-word words anyway, seeing as they have all the words - you just have numbers	0	1	2	③
23	Feeling that this restriction of all their words for just your numbers ends up becoming the perfect analogy for both the ineffability and hostility of your experience, the paradox, the trap: on the one hand, your abject, almost vindictive wordlessness - sitting there in a silence that stretches like chewing gum - and on the other hand a wordiness to any attempts to explain how you feel, a knot of words, a storm in your head from which you hope the verbal stream out of your mouth ("your trap" in slang it's called) might act as a ladder and not wrap your throat. That what it is, what it feels like, is exactly that which can't be put into words, but whose main symptom, whose heralds, whose ant army foot-soldiers are nonetheless always words	0	1	2	③
24	Feeling no that's not it	①	1	2	3
25	Feeling no that's not quite it	0	①	2	3
26	Tormented by false breakthroughs	0	1	2	③
27	Feeling that you're a failure, or you have let yourself or everyone down	✱	①	2	3
28	Wondering why they never ask if everyone's let you down	0	✱	②	3
29	Feeling like those thoughts of hurting yourself in some way are so fierce they can't have been just for yourself, but must've been aimed at everyone, the torque of a rage bent inwards	0	1	✱	③
30	Feeling that even so the thoughts must come, deep down, from the rage anyone would feel at having to strain at the walls of these cells	0	1	2	③
31	Troubled by those words "deep down"	①	1	2	3
32	Moving or speaking so slowly that other people could have noticed; or the opposite	①	1	2	③
33	Poor appetite, or overeating. Like there's a third option!	①	1	2	③
34	Trouble falling or staying asleep or sleeping too much. Or all three. Or none of the above. Everything and nothing a sign of something, and your denial or absence of something actually counting, for them opposite, as evidence of anything and everything	0	1	2	③
35	Troubled by this conflation of "absence of something" and "evidence of everything", your hand automatically pressing to your chest	①	1	2	3
36	Remembering the hole inside you	①	1	2	3
37	Denying it as much as you like but still finding the hole everywhere, for example, in a circle around a circle	①	1	2	3
38	Feeling, paradoxically, the hole as a crushing weight, as though inside you is both nothing and everything	0	①	2	3
39	Feeling nothing when you put your hand through the hole, apart from the queasiness of reaching elbow-deep into your own chest	0	1	②	3
40	Wanting to crawl inside yourself, though fully aware of the "pull yourself up by your own bootstraps" paradox of any attempt	0	1	2	③
41	Pulling your shirt off, despite their protests, then sticking your hand through the hole between two buttons, where it vanishes through to the other side	0	1	2	③
42	Sweeping your arm inside the hole, in a 360° arc, which should have knocked over the tissue box poised on the table in front of you, or knocked the door behind you with its blu-tacked sign warning everyone outside that a session is "in progress", or knocked the walls on either side, painted neutrally in case too loud a colour might make someone finally crack and jump out the window, but knocking nothing because the emptiness isn't only inside you	0	1	2	③
43	Hanging your shirt on the window so you can push your face through the hole between two buttons, till the seams squeak mercy, and seeing a blackness or blankness so total it's both too close and so far away, like when a tour guide switches off the lights to show the real darkness of a cave, making you imagine both the wall you're about to crack your nose on and the canyon you're about to plunge down	0	1	2	③
44	Picking up a pharma-branded pen to throw down the hole, watching it not even vanish	0	1	2	③
45	Unfastening the shirt all the way down to the last button, wondering whether, if you unfastened that one too, the blankness would spread across the corrugated carpet, and you'd have to back off but chase it like it was a spill you were minding, as all the while they sat opposite you in their easy chair and watched you blandly	0	1	2	③
46	Leaning halfway through the widened hole instead, rocking in place on the corrugated carpet	0	1	2	③
47	Feeling nervous, anxious, or on the edge	0	1	2	③
48	Letting yourself fall in, and turning as you fall, so the lit circle of the office swoops up and away and within a minute is small as a star, while not much longer after that you can't see it any more, having eventually fallen for so long you start to get the grisly idea that it's never going to stop, that there's "no end to this feeling" in the sense of space as well as time	0	①	2	3
49	Feeling not so much as a breeze or seeing a bottom, seeing neither blackness nor blankness all around you but more like what you "see" in the corner of your eye when your other eye is closed, and shouting as you fall but going unheard, as though you'd shouted in invisible ink, all "sound" through the hole being to hearing what blindsight is to vision	①	①	2	3
50	Thoughts that the logically impossible nonetheless seems to be conceivable, just negatively, or at one level's remove, like blindsight, like the way that nothing can also be a kind of something, like the way, though you can never draw a square circle you can still conceive how it's inconceivable to do so, like understanding by analogy what a square circle "is" even though it can never "be"	①	①	2	3
51	Making out lines as you fall, which join into shapes, as though you're falling within a frame or grid, but one that doesn't rush past you as you fall, instead fills in with the shades of walls and windows, a tissue box, the dawning frown opposite, all of which stay still while you keep falling neither past nor through them, the whole office motionless but for your feeling of falling, without end, through a world that's not somewhere else nor beyond but somehow always amid	①	①	2	3
52	Thoughts that this world amid our reality must be the real world, the way things really are, the world unfiltered by our senses and wishful thinking, the world as it is and not just how it seems, that underlies or backs our impression of reality like the dark backing on a mirror that makes it work, these all being analogies through which the world unfiltered by the senses can nonetheless be pseudo-sensed or at least conceived	①	①	2	3
53	Thoughts that this world you're falling through, in space and for time, is different to nothing, must at bottom be made of something, is a world where you have at least something	0	1	2	③
54	What do you have?	①	①	②	③
55	What might they do for you?	✱	1	2	3
56	Feeling yourself, them opposite, the whole office on one side, and the <i>rea</i> world on the other hanging in a balance - either, still, eternal - like the parts of a formula either side of an equals sign, not a contradiction or paradox but a simple equivalence		1	2	③
57	Feeling that since numbers can negatively define what you've struggled to articulate, maybe they can positively define something for you too		1	2	③
58	Feeling that what's through the hole, inside you or amid you amid everything, the real world of nothing but extension, duration, numbers, can stand, if only by analogy, for the way you're feeling, that to be always falling through a blank empty world where all you have is numbers is the closest anything gets to describing your feeling of no-feeling		1	2	③
59	Thoughts that maybe that's it		1	2	③
1	Thoughts that maybe that just might be it				