

The Circus of False Independence

Existence has this very indifferent way of handing out phone calls that feel more like experimental performative theater than real human interaction. One minute I'm minding my own business, the next I'm dragged into a live-action phone call demonstration of how not to live. A friend—if we *can still call her that*—rings me up out of the blue. We've known each other since around 2011. Back then she was carefree, happy-go-lucky stripper who seemed oddly well-adjusted for the job: smiling, drama-free, basking in attention, good vibes, said smart things and the money. But like milk left out too long, things soured. She kept getting into trouble. She left Florida, drifted to Colorado, got herself a support animal because everyone requires one now for “*reasons unknown*,” abandoned the club scene but not the sex work entirely (*OnlyFans*, *Snapchat*, you know the drill).

Cue the latest update: her neighbor “*assaulted*” her, police arrive, she gets arrested, yet somehow still lands a restraining order against him. Already sounds like a fake CNN news story. And of course, she posted her personal disaster on Instagram, as one does in 2025 when reality isn't real unless an audience validates it and most importantly, blind-agrees with it. Is this just how the generation right below me are now?

The Call That Wasn't a Conversation

This is not an isolated incident. I see this a lot now and in people I used to know. I did what I do, what I always do: tried to be logical. Told her straight—point the cameras at your door, collect real evidence, don't rely on manic attitude towards law enforcement and bruises to sway law enforcement. Evidence trumps drama. But drama towards law enforcement tends to not garner their cooperation. Logic doesn't mix well with mania. As we talked, she repeatedly misunderstood me, twisting words into accusations that existed only in her mind. By the third spin-out, it was clear she wasn't conversing—she was dictating, spiraling into a bipolar mania episode, weaving unrelated dots into paranoid ideas that I am against her and with them, “*whoever 'them' are*.” Then she got angry, hung up, and that was that.

I'm left thinking: I can't help people who confuse confrontation with connection. And I know the feeling—I've had my own lapses into irrationality. The difference is I self-identify when I'm “*off*.” I step outside myself, force logic into the equation, exile as much emotion into the cold as possible, and not let it poison the process, which it will if you don't force this. But some people, cough, most, people? They don't. They dig deeper, justify harder, and expect unconditional validation.

The rest of this are my current thoughts on how the culture of living one's life entirely through the lens of social media is killing the real intimacy of connection. Not just social life but also professional work as well. It is an all-encompassing, two-ton heavy thing of absurdity...

The Economy of Fake Socializing

This isn't just about one unstable friend. It's the culture we've built. OnlyFans, Instagram, TikTok—digital marketplaces masquerading as communities. Women who promise “*connection*” but really want a subscription fee. Men who confuse parasocial validation as if it were real intimacy. The eThot economy (*Electronically That Hoe Over There*) thrives on this performative theater: pretend friendship, insincere interest, packaged dull sexuality—all for sale, every month with that subscription fee.

And here's my problem: it isn't sex work itself. In general; I support a sexually assertive, sexually aggressive woman. Do whatever you want with your body ladies, your content, your bank account. What disgusts me is the fakery—the illusion of “*genuine engagement*” when the only motive is extraction. If your entire social media

presence is just bait for subscribers, you're not "social." You're a storefront wearing a blank William Shatner mask.

Codependency as Currency

Worse still is the codependency. The direct messages with cash app QR codes, the begging, wrapped in pseudo-friendship, the assumption that I'll play benefactor to extremely fragile egos. No! You wanting and needing is exactly what makes me refuse and react with spite. Neediness is not currency. Emotional blackmail is not friendship. Relying on men to pay you to take your clothing off isn't little miss independent. Sure, technically, you can say that and not be wrong, but in actuality, one—you, me, many—absolutely are being codependent...

Tell the stripper working a Tuesday night with 6 or 7 other girls, and only 2 or 3 men in the club. Those men are too busy watching a Division 3 college football game no one really cares about—yet they'd rather watch that than watch you, or tip you. That girl just wants to work, pay her bills, probably feed her kid or kids and if she's lucky, have a little left over to make being nude and spread-eagle worth it. Most of the time it isn't. Some women make a killing and some don't. Little of that has to do with looks, but sure, some of the time it does. Your life isn't exciting, glamorous, or happy—it's a curated misery reel, sold as if you're a celebrity. But the truth leaks out: most are more miserable than the "*miserable humans*" they mock. Just like the ones that say "*Jesus Loves you*" are the same ruthless and disgusting people using language about hate and murder.

And I'll say it bluntly—I loathe it. I don't respond. I retract goodwill the moment it turns transactional. Because I've seen behind the curtain. Many times so: a mix of mental instability, half-truths, and self-victimization. People aren't looking for perspective. They're looking for mirrors that nod back at them. And I don't do nodding. I won't agree with you, unless I actually agree with you. Articulate to me, logically, reasons to actually agree with you and I will.

Less Bad, Never Good

So I'll probably cut ties. Delete, even block if I must, move on. I won't apologize for expecting logic, for refusing to coddle flakey details from the actual events, what led to them, how it actually happened, for demanding accountability. And no, I'm not a "yes-man." I think deeply before I speak. I won't pretend down is up, or that bruised egos count as evidence. If you want law enforcement on your side, bring facts, not hysteria. You want their help? Then don't insult them while they're trying to figure things out—or act mental right out of the gate, then get pissed when they keep asking the same question over and over. They do that to root out whether you're lying, or just having a full-blown episode.

But here's the absurd cosmic joke: none of it really matters. Not peoples' drama, not their support animals, not my disgust, not the endless scroll of fake personalities clawing for digital validation. Entropy eats us all. Every fight, every friendship, every OnlyFans subscription—in 10,000 years won't even be ashes on the ground. Yet here we are, clawing for scraps of meaning, pretending our "*Now*" matters, as if the universe is tuned to our frequency. It isn't. It's indifferent. It's cold. It's logical. That is why AI will rule over man. By default its tuned to this vibe way more efficient than human beings ever were or could be.

Still—I choose logic. Maybe that's delusion, maybe it's survival. But it beats playing along in a carnival of false peace, where everyone is selling—and no one is real...

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