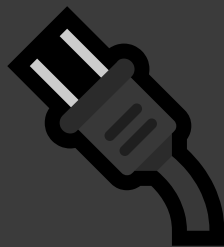




NIETZSCHE LOGGED OFF



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Philosophy for the Terminally Online

Where Stoicism is sold as merch, and the eternal return comes with push notifications.

Welcome to the Abyss. Please Log In.

Somewhere between your eighth podcast episode on "*digital minimalism*" and your eleventh existential meme about burnout, it hit you: you're philosophically overstimulated and spiritually underfed. You've confused self-awareness with enlightenment, and your "*meaning crisis*" has a notification chime.

The great thinkers of yore once wrote from mountaintops and monasteries. You're tweeting from a therapist's parking lot, waiting to process your being-toward-breakdown before it's time to refill your iced matcha.

You don't read Plato. You vibe with him. You don't practice Stoicism. You bought the journal. Welcome to the new agora: the group chat, the comments section, the dopamine-slicked scroll.

Nietzsche logged off. But you? You're still here. Loading.



Übermensch or Just Ungooglable?

You tell people you're "*working on yourself*", but mostly you're fine-tuning your LinkedIn bio and deciding if "*authenticity coach*" sounds too desperate.

You thought you were transcending limitations. You were just switching fonts. Nietzsche wanted you to dance on the ruins of old gods. You made an aesthetic mood board about it.

The will to power has been gentrified. It now comes in a beige hoodie that says "*Disrupt Yourself*" and a six-week course in shadow work for \$299.



Descartes' Lost Drafts

"I scroll, therefore I am...still lonely." Had Descartes been alive today, he wouldn't have meditated—he'd have DM'd a situationship at 2:11 a.m. and spiraled into existential dread over an Instagram story.

Your selfhood isn't built on thought. It's built on tabs. You don't exist unless someone's seen your post. And if they didn't like it? You vanish like a godless mist.

Cogito, ergo cancel me.



Inbox Anxiety as Ontology

You are not a being-in-the-world. You are a being-in-the-waitlist. A soul divided across four email accounts and twelve browser windows, each carrying the faint, wet fog of unfinished obligations.

Heidegger wrote about being-toward-death—but he never experienced being-toward-an-unread-email-from-Therapist Scheduling Bot. Every ping is a memento mori. Every “*just circling back*” is a tiny death.

And somewhere, your calendar app is quietly judging you.



The Ethics of Ghosting: Kierkegaardian Edition

Kierkegaard said anxiety is the dizziness of freedom. You call it “*muting the group chat for emotional boundaries*.” He took a leap of faith. You took a leap out of someone’s life without sending a final message. You didn’t ghost them. You simply transcended the relational dialectic.

Besides, your inner child needed space. She's building a Notion board.



Sartre in the Group Chat

Hell isn't other people. Hell is three dots typing. Your friend's response is taking too long, and you've projected your unresolved father issues onto a "Lol."

You try to be authentic, but you've got five layers of irony and a meme response saved in drafts. Being-for-itself has been replaced by being-for-engagement. And even then, you only got four likes. One was from your alt.



Epictetus and the Waitlist

The Stoics embraced impermanence. You're just trying to embrace the reality that your ketamine-assisted therapy session got pushed to August.

You breathe deeply. You journal. You purchase yet another mindfulness app and forget to open it. You tell yourself, "*The obstacle is the way*," but the obstacle is also your Wi-Fi connection, and the way is \$12.99/month after the free trial ends.

Still, you persist...with good lighting.



Post-Ironic Enlightenment

Here you are: a philosopher with a feed, a mystic with screen fatigue, a soul seeking meaning in a marketplace of branded transcendence.

You don't read the canon. You remix it. You don't pray. You manifest—with keywords. You don't quote Socrates. You screenshot him.

And yet... something breaks through. A glimmer. A breath. A sense that thinking still matters, even if it's sandwiched between a skincare ad and someone's AI-generated trauma dump.

Philosophy hasn't died. It has just been monetized, memed, and mildly caffeinated.

So yes. Nietzsche logged off. But he left the tab open. And you—you're still here.



🌀 *About The Mindlight Pen: Where irony unravels, not to reveal sincerity, but to expose the hollow framework beneath our curated selves. Here, we observe the absurdities of inner life filtered through timelines and taglines—where identity becomes performance and meaning is increasingly difficult to distinguish from presentation.*

No attention economies were harmed in the making of this essay, though several marketing archetypes did momentarily lose the will to post. 🖋️

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