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What doesn't kill us makes us stronger.  
That's false.

When you survive a car accident, you don't come out stronger. You often come out broken, injured, with a limb amputated, disabled. Sometimes it's reversible, and sometimes you have to rehabilitate yourself to hope to get back to where you were before the accident.

So why would it be different for psychological injuries?

What doesn't kill us makes us fragile, destroys us, changes us completely. Makes us waste time, energy, often friends. Deprives us of several years of happiness because we are too busy rebuilding ourselves to move forward.

And sometimes, what doesn't kill us leaves us exactly as before. Because if it's in your personality to absorb shocks more easily than someone else, no one has the right to make you feel guilty for not being impacted.

And when you survive what didn't kill you, you don't become a survivor. You haven't gained superpowers, you haven't acquired the wisdom of the ancients. We often confuse wisdom with maturity, and we sometimes confuse maturity with having lost part of our innocence and naivety. And that's often what people who are rebuilding themselves must learn to find again: lightness. Because everything has become more serious, even the air seems heavier. Often, we don't really find lightness again. We just learn to live with a different gravity. And when we manage to get used to this new heaviness of the air, we learn to breathe differently, to move differently in space to regain control of our body, when we get there, people congratulate us. They applaud us for our resilience.

Resilience is physical. It is the ability of a body to withstand shock. But when it applies to the humanities, it means:

"The ability to live and develop positively, in a socially acceptable manner, despite stress or adversity that normally carries the risk of a negative outcome."

Socially acceptable. Therein lies the problem.

Because in most cases, what didn't kill us in the first place still ends up killing us, just a lot more slowly. But if you can get through it and, on top of that, you can do it without annoying too many people with your problems, then you get the badge of resilience. Congratulations. You become a kind of saint who must be respected because you've been through so much.

And you are given common gifts to all victims of what didn't kill us. For example, it automatically transforms you into a talented artist. Because who knows the world better than someone who has suffered? This is the starting point of all great epic stories. If you want to paint in red, we will tell you

that it is the representation of your traumas, of your psyche. But sometimes red is just red. What a horrible pressure to put on yourself to have to find beauty in what didn't kill you when sometimes there isn't any. There are some elsewhere, but not there.

And sometimes having suffered doesn't give us talent. On the contrary, it deprives us of it. Because everything is more difficult. Even getting up in the morning becomes complicated. So, writing a book or composing a song is almost impossible. And fortunately, you don't necessarily have to have suffered to have talent. You don't necessarily have to be an alcoholic and die at 27 to be a rock star. Otherwise, all the works of this world would be very dark.

In life, if you deviate from the norm physically or mentally, people feel they have the right to judge you. You're too fat, too skinny, too sad, too cheerful. And if you explain that your difference is due to something that didn't kill you. Yes, I'm too fat, because I became bulimic after my rape. I have self-harm, because it was a way to survive when my father beat me as a child. I'm too cheerful, because it allows me to hide the depression I've suffered from for 10 years. Then people apologize for judging you too quickly. Their expressions change. They are sincerely sorry for you. This is called pity. And it automatically gives you a get-out-of-jail-free card that you can use or not whenever you want.

And sometimes you don't have a choice.

But what do people who aren't lucky enough to have an excuse validated by the street do? The fetishization of misfortunes and traumas is complicated, because on the one hand, we fascinate people who haven't experienced it. Yes, because what didn't kill us made us stronger, but nothing ever tried to kill them. So they never had the chance to become stronger.

And on the other hand, will try to build a friendship or romantic relationship with traumatic baggage. On paper, it's exciting, but once the charm of living with a broken person wears off, what's left is often a person who is harder to bear than normal. This scares off a lot more people than you'd like to believe.

So not only did what didn't kill you not make you stronger, but it also made you more alone. And loneliness, you have to manage it too. Not physical loneliness, mental loneliness. The one that makes you think that no one on this Earth can understand what you experienced at the time you experienced it.

And that even if you got through it, you will never be on the same plane of existence as everyone else again. That's also false. But it's hard to put that into perspective when the whole world is trying to make you believe that your injuries have given you access to spiritual elevation. So no. When I'm lost, staring into space, it's not necessarily post-traumatic stress. Nor is it because I'm thinking about the emptiness of existence or the poetry of obsolescence. Often I don't think about anything. Or I'm hungry. Or I think about the dress I saw in the store or the song I've had stuck in my head for the past 15 days. Because I'm normal, no more or less exceptional. Even if it's easy to wallow in the role that society finds acceptable to give us.

What doesn't kill us doesn't make us stronger. But one thing is for sure. What doesn't kill us doesn't define us.