

The Walk and a "Good" Appetite: beauty, law and quantum ethical genesis

The Walk

Hints of evening draw down behind the forest's feathered edge, and a painted sun fills the marrow of autumn, splashes of pooled gold mirror the stream beneath, and my eye holds the rippled colors running with crimson and yellow, as hollow steps upon wood and timber sound out, the bridge crossed, and a taste of new color pours into the air, the leaves of fall fill the drifting air with rich tones of fragrant red and rouge, rust... and a chill wind, cleanses the thought. The forest opens and we may see above the whispering wind, into the sudden blue arch, now subdued and glowing, golden sun poured through the rustling tangle from beneath, licking color into sight from within, light shocked red, gold and crackling yellow, wind sighing and slipping the heart of paint and plume from the arbor's fingers, waving and shifting before the first drops of evening's memory can hold the day before us, turning, and bashful, light trickling up from within the heart of the forest, delicate and tender within green folds of leaf, now perched on the edge of change, still spilling summer's promise, but tender, glowing in banded air, as clear glass waves of chill and scent, spilled sweet and pure, folded into wind. The road is filled with color pouring as water swells, gathered under tender wind, slipping through itself and dancing above us, wind and the subtle hand now brash and wanton, the trees groan beneath capricious wind... now vanished, and in still, the sound of water sweetly trickling, silver and pooled is the rippling sound of silver mirror, holding sight and sky, filled with rouged blood and amber, now aglow and running as a wreath of golden tears spilled bright... around the heart of evening.

A "Good" Appetite

I am sitting at the kitchen table and watching. There is a bug working its way across the expanse of the table...a ten mile jaunt by way of scale. It is quite a colorful bug, its shell as a scarab, awash in may colors as it passes through the sunlight and shafted shade...a miracle to see the coordinated automatism, so hypercomplex, the tiny legs expressing each delicate motion interwoven with the rest, all to accomplish this daunting task, and the tiny traveler advances, pulling the miles under its colorful shell in a thousand thousand perfectly orchestrated steps. It is a bit of functional poetry, and I can see in my view of the situation, a new appetite. Yes, this bug is not so different than I, and I understand its difficulty, its folly, its correct and sure purpose stepping to nowhere. The bug is right. One must imagine the beetle happy. I take the traveler, and release it out of doors, placed on a leaf which seems to match its coloration.

As I return to my seat, this essay arrives, and I understand it. The change...a new appetite.

Many believe a set of rules guide ethical activity. This is not the case. Appetite, desire, guides us, and logic dances to the tune, creates excuses and reasons, plans and rationalizations: as a footman sweeping up the crumbs of our wishes, always chasing

behind, excusing and serving...so is logic and human reason, the petty servant of desire. Once, my desire, my appetite, was different. I would have killed the bug. Crushed it under a heavy fist with a curse as an unclean thing, and killed it. I can feel quite clearly what I would have done before the change, and I will analyze it here, just in a surface way, so you can see it. Then you will understand me.

All conscious mentation is unconsciously sourced. I will imagine my reactions, and look to the source, to the unconscious and provide a few of the many determinants. Just the upper layers. As my fist descends to kill the bug and crush it to death, I can see in the unconscious the reason. I have developed a technique and can observe...the bug, is exactly as above, an identification with myself, and I, curse and crush it, speak as my father, his foul mouth and ugly words are now my own. So just to see that shallow bit, we understand, as a manic who fantasizes, first identifying with the family situation one way, then as the other, first as the child, then the hated parent, so is the surface analysis, but in simultaneity...I am my raging father, and, the bug is myself. So, to kill the bug, expresses an appetite, an appetite for sadism as an identification with my father, and also, as a masochism, as I identify with the bug. This is an appetite, a perverse appetite: sadomasochistic in its form. A perverse appetite. Identifications are pathological.

Perversion, is the expression of a single component developmental instinct. Now, I have fused all such instincts together in consciousness. We are raised to control and shame our instincts, causing immoral behavior and illness. Please note the self-hatred in the example. Control of a desire, shames it, and, that desire is a piece of you! Top down control of affect, poisons the bearer, and creates not morality...no...but immorality! Modern personality and conscience...are false. Now, to have released all affect into experience, and restrict nothing, the self-hatred is absent, and feeling, has given an entirely new and guiltless quality to all of experience. Now...the bug is beautiful, and my appetite wishes only to preserve it! So you can see, no ethical code is ever required to live rightly. None! What is required is but a simple thing: A "Good" Appetite.

Rule of Law vs. quantum qualitative ethical inculcation

I contend, that if properly balanced, the need for codes of conduct is thereby eliminated. All moral codes carry the "monkey's paw" effect, if you are familiar with the short story by W. W. Jacobs. The idea I am trying to get at is, that one can interpret incorrectly, or avoid the intended meaning of any statement, request, wish or law. Obviously, this is how a certain sort of lawyer gains their livelihood. And, some rules which apply rightly to one case, do not apply rightly to another. The complexity and specificity of situational conditions demand we abandoned the code, and consider the case. An internal ethical compass which can adapt to changing conditions, must replace the code.

I will define ethical dynamism, as behavioral structure empathetically sourced, and I will define empathy as: Concurrent identification with individuation.

Observe the relation to entangled processes and note, how dynamic ethical structure is isomorphic to physical systemic dynamics:

Two photons, Bob and Alice are entangled. Each is now calculated as being one system, one object, yet, they are always inversely spin correlated, allowing one to be clearly identified from the other, meaning a spin up photon will have a spin down mate. Clearly, to move the idea to ontology, to a person, if we had only one object: identification...we see psychosis. I am not you. So, in photonic entanglement we see concurrent identification and individuation, as the two objects are calculated as one, and behave as one system, one object, yet we can still identify the parts as separate. Empathy is identification alongside individuation. Identity is maintained, but identification with the other is concurrent, providing sure feedback which causes the ethical dynamic to emerge in a natural way which is situationally dependent. No golden rule is needed, the system IS the golden rule made manifest by way of affective identification.

Please note, I am entirely certain, that the effect stems from a very early period where individuation was only first beginning, and the separation between the child and the world was just forming (see previous essays about the formative circuitry beneath alpha function and the dyad), so, the effect is far more inclusive than just mirror neuronal activations relating people to other people, and, includes identification with the world. One feels, to see environmental abuse...one feels very deeply.

So the idea of judgement and rule, law, many codes and demands we must follow may be abandoned and left aside. I believe, if permitted the full measure of health which is afforded by being raised with identification inculcated into ontology in substitute for penalty and moral threat...the result will be an empathetic internal compass extending across physical and biological systems, yielding situationally specific dynamism free of any need of guilt or punishment. Law, may be replaced: with quantum ethic.

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