





**Mind Map:**  
Psychological Topography  
and an  
Approach to a New Creative Psychology  
or...  
The Secret of Happiness

Rich Norman

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What of me I do not use I pour into the world, and so love most of all.



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## ***Introduction***

Wholeness appears as contradiction to the divided. Multiplicity appears as contradiction to the undeveloped. Psychology is the study of emotional states. We must address our emotions on their terms, in their language if we are to understand them or affect their repair. To spare the psychologist, his books are dry beyond recognition of the topic so he may be removed from its toxic gravity. Psychology is hope and madness—nothing is more dramatic or accessible. As an "emotive rationalist" I have prepared a rare treat for you, a virtual oxymoron by today's standards where the study of emotion is entirely un-emotive. I offer you something both rational *and* interesting! A paradox? An impossibility? No! Something new: A psychology book with psychology in it!

This book is an incidence of reverse engineering. A strange and wondrous thing, a new health born of decadence has befallen me, like a piece of the sun discovered under a rock, a bizarre transformation in the same way an abusive father may sometimes know best when he says, "All he needs is a stiff smack in the head." Perhaps he is right. But I wonder, can it be done, can it be arrived at, this new place I have become, for I am a destination, the answer to what I was, before so soundly smacked in the head. Life has been a good fight for me, blood sport, and that is what psychology should be; after all it's what horror movies and love stories (those are the goriest) are based on, a reflection and misunderstanding of, psychology. That is why the psychologist often has the most boring books, books with terms like a pair of gloves

to keep the psychologist who reads them safe from their weight, their sickness and the sticky earth which will be all too much for him if he handles it directly. Terms like: psychopathological phallic-oedipal libidinal transference, numinosity, genosomatogenic, ecosomatogenic, praxeological propositions, somatopsychic, sociopsychosomatic, paranoid transference psychosis, hypnogogic/hypnopompic, psychophysical isomorphism, sociopathic hyperinstrumental hypercathected libido, and even more sexy sexless terms are necessary for even the very best and bravest who handle and speak directly of such things, and so can not speak plainly. However if the gloves were removed, a story worthy of interest, too ugly and familiar at first, our story is the one we can not see without squinting through our fingers because it may end badly, it might be told too plainly. Irreverently? No. Shamelessly? Never. Without shame? Yes! A joyous self-dissection, a reverse engineering of my new happiness awaits! I have seen what is underneath and do not be afraid, the horror is but your own!

So I will pause to tell you of my new happiness so you may see if I am worthy of your interest, worthy of dissection. I was a man as many men and women, as I aged I wore myself out. Noble perhaps, but sad. Trying too long, too hard over and over to find time had worn me, and I was the rug upon which it ceaselessly paced. Unforgiving and joyless, I was as many are: exhausted. It is false to assume that sickness or breakdown necessarily lead to revelation or wisdom. I had three such breakdowns. I became sicker and wore away an enormous strength, a strength which I can not overstate. I have always been creative, but at great cost and personal expenditure, a neurotic who sometimes creates, a creative who is too neurotic to enjoy himself or the world. Please

read *This New Day* for more. I moved to the woods and to my great relief discovered that I was soon strong enough to quit the huge doses of Prozac I was taking to contain myself. The palm slaps the puddle and we have but mist before the sun, what does its prism reveal? Do it 1000 times! The next chapter gives some details of the result. Chapter two is a reprint from *This New Day* which will begin our delving in, but first I will jump to the end and tell you of a profound change: I have found a basic error in the arrangement of the parts, a bad deal we have become which cheats us of unbounded energies and creative fire guided by vision and understanding, now both human aspects of feeling and thought act in tandem and the corpus callosum seems ablaze as something which was misunderstood is now wired in properly, finally released and alive! I am like a mechanic who discovers that the engine was wired wrong! You and I, all us poor neurotics could afford the error least, and once set right behold!— I am a ceaseless current, an unfathomable understanding which explains itself and laughs to know: you will soon do better! Now creative, sure and stretching I write several books at once while still playing music, whereas before I did not write books at all, now I have become doubly creative and alive in thought and feeling alike; where doubt lurked and sabotaged, laughter resounds, creation is joyful play to one so over-satisfied in inner bounty, free in an unleashing of enormous horsepower with a masterfull and embracing of all forbidding bitter things, now the desert blooms! See what we have deserted—to shame? How full and magnificent the world, aglow and awash in inner splendor, sweet and tender are its leaves, each filled with a tear of happiness; to end the mistake and replace it with this sure current, its motion a simple answer to a problem subtly misunderstood. We are, as you will see, grateful

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for the misunderstanding, grateful indeed! So are you ready for a look into the problem we are?—for it is us I dissect to do this violence and look.

## ***The Rational Obsession***

Man's greatest achievements including the behemoth, science, come from man's inhumanity to himself by way of his ability to overcome his instincts, to become objective, slow and necessary in his conclusions, rather than magical and mythical in his explanations and his analysis of causes. Praying to a deity may or may not work to bring rain or victory, but science gets results, an atomic weapon may do the trick! So far we are most reliable when it comes to incinerating things rather than making rain but who knows... I need such thoughts. Why? Because there is something amiss here, something has become detached from itself, man has become inhumane by way of his inhumanity to himself. He has forgotten himself in his worthy self-overcoming, much like his father he has become a disconnected promise. To begin to discuss psychology we will need a victim, and victim is the right word because when practiced with the gloves off psychology is blood sport. So for all to see I will first sacrifice a philosopher, the father of science (who else but a philosopher would dream up such a thing?) our father: Socrates.<sup>1</sup> Of course he is but one of many candidates, and there are many rational men, but none so perfect as he, a symbol ripe to perfection, and arguably, properly in my view altogether worthy of such an auspicious title as "the father of science" because he has demonstrated it, he has done what was required to tame the beast, distill that which is mythologized emotive farce from "the truth," which is the name of the god in our new monastic order under the title of Science. How do you know, really know something?

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<sup>1</sup> In writing this section I owe an obvious fundamental debt to Nietzsche's excellent analysis of the life and character of Socrates.

All he knew is that he didn't. Socrates knew he did not know. That was enough. That is why science is clean, science is sanitary because its foundations are in doubt. This is the test which all things must undergo, science must know—it will not believe. It may be trusted. Instinct has been overcome. Squashed—obliterated in cold light. Rationalism has saved us from our humanity. Whew!

Socrates was himself demonstration of the basic psychological principle which makes this possible. When viewed by a physiognomist who from observing Socrates' distorted ugly face proclaimed him a festering den of monstrous appetites, Socrates proclaimed, "You know me, sir!"<sup>2</sup> The diagnosis was a trophy on his wall. Each profane contradiction of instinct within him was more glorious a trophy for its ugliness, because he had overcome them all. Nothing ruled Socrates but his rational mind. He demonstrated the reality of it, he became the possibility before the world, a deed to behold in his magnificent unassailable completion. He ceaselessly engaged in discourse. Continual conversation, debate and introspective thought consumed him, and he fed and was nourished by it; always roaming the streets talking to all and asking questions, never satisfied, like a biting fly on the neck of a stupid animal biting in an effort to keep the beast awake and moving, wondering, asking, pressing, "Are you sure—how do you know?" All his appetites yielded to his crushing intellect which delighted in besting all comers, the more learned or aristocratic and well-bred the better. He was a star of the intellectual contest...of course, he was Greek: the contest being the ancient Greek way of expression. Their plays were presented in contests and so were their lives on the street and in the better homes in debate with Socrates. He

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<sup>2</sup> Frederick Nietzsche, *Twilight of the Idols, The Portable Nietzsche* (Kingsport: Kingsport Press, 1981), 475.

had made his mind, his rationality into something observable in performance, the rational mind as public sport, and so it has been preserved for us today in the writings of Plato and others.

This is our legacy and the curse our father has beset us with, and I mean nothing short of the blackest curse, the curse of his fear, his shame, his need for intellectual cleanliness which was but a lid, a shaming and shadowing in the Jungian sense of all his appetites. This is the presupposition, the abandoning and cursing, the devaluation, shaming and contempt of our feelings and appetites, the hiding and making dormant of instinctual thoughts and feelings—the self-cruelty which makes us trustworthy, makes us valid scientific observers who can distinguish the myth from the actual, this scientific cruelty of man to himself from which our father has seen science born contains both the germ of our genius, and our most tragic error in a single breath! At what cost is our magnificence, our fantastic hyper-developed, hypertropic, trustworthy, untrusting, divided, atom-splitting, atom-fusing superiority? Who have we banished in shadow and at what cost? To what psychology have we abandoned ourselves—to whose? What poison is this perfect medicine—this hemlock?

Walking the streets, unkempt, always focused on the subject, on the debate, on the truth or the mental gymnastics, ceaselessly debating and asking, living entirely within the rational struggle, always with his attention here in the moment, in the atom of his rationality rather than his instincts, his cure is a focusing to exclusion, a never looking anywhere but here, remaining as a tight beam of sterile sun so when all the threatening chaotic instincts and appetites call us we can resist, we must never lose focus but remain rational, irrationally rational, obsessively focused, so threatened by ourselves that we become

obsessively rational! Here is the "cure," a *religious* cure, a *godly* cure as you will soon see in Chapter 3: *Obsession*, a cure which mistakes beauty for truth, an irrational mistake to be sure—as if ignoring our desires, emotions and feelings has made them disappear and we are now *cured* of *ourselves* simply to pretend we do not exist! How beautiful a world where all troublesome things would disappear if we simply refused to look! Shame can be beautiful, if misguided.

So let us examine the cure, this obsessive scientific cure with its roots in the cleanliness of unyielding unquenchable doubt, always something to think about, to disprove in doubt and debate, doubt which knows it does not believe, "All I know is that I do not know"—the maxim of this obsession, our obsession: The Rational Obsession. We block our emotions with an obsession, a rational obsession, a continuous doubt, always doubting, being scientific and rational, ALWAYS TRYING TO DISPROVE—the very scientific method itself born as a personal ethos, an obsession, an obsessive doubt! Nothing else could be trusted! Perversity of instinct itself! Neuroticism as a personal credo—obsession! Our father and we, his children, have inherited both his genius and drunk his hemlock, a questionable brew with many side effects: the rational obsession!

So what of it? Let us doubt it. What "price" comes of this but the heights of knowledge? As age finds us but a brittle twig, so do we know the cost of time's heel as the weight upon our days. For most, life is as I found it before my new understanding, life and time wring us dry, an emptiness results, a dryness and aridity of feeling which is manifested in exhaustion and weariness. Life becomes an impersonation of itself, we act happy, act interested, we impersonate our happiness and do what is required but at an actor's distance,



detached and now but an impression of what was once a full genuine event. We are absent, but remember ourselves and imitate. We think, "Perhaps it is better not to have all those messy emotions and the exclusion is for the best." When we murder ourselves, we imagine we see virtue in cowardice! To have no more feelings, no more questions but live without most of ourselves and avoid ourselves is suicide of a sort, the cloud is withheld when it alone can bring relief and rain to the desert. We say we are above it. We mean we are like Socrates, we call our emotions "primitive," we can only stand them as hidden—repressed—unconscious—for a reason: they are disturbing! They do not become us, so we do not become them. Virtue says we reject them! Make no mistake you rationalists, philosophy formed our grotesque, beautiful, rational father and in science he formed us in his image, and so we have inherited his errors and strengths alike. So let us shed the error, which had surely led such a man as Socrates who abandoned his feelings as shameful and beneath him, which surely led him to weariness and a welcoming suicide in hemlock. He was too smart not to have known that his countrymen were not to be pushed too far, and so he pushed and they obliged him as he must have known they would. He who was so knowledgeable, so knowing of every intimacy of their thoughts from his endless discussions with them got what he wanted, and they prepared some hemlock for him to end his weariness, his weariness of life from having abandoned his feelings. As death approached a god came to him in a dream and asked Socrates to do something alien to his rational lifestyle and "practice music," which he did—a token of the emotion he had refused, a last chance at some measure of wholeness before the end. Socrates, this snake charmer who made his passions vanish and mesmerized the best and smartest youths of Greece with his

ideas lived as he died, so brilliant and insightful as he rationalized his emotions into contempt, that we hardly remember he was slain in the act. His emotions are him, and one who is without appetite for himself, is soon without appetite for life. So the time for ending is ripe and Socrates hears immortality call, summon him to push, and his countrymen oblige and grant him the forum for his immortal apology, and his legend and our inherited "gift" are forever intertwined as he relents and surrenders, summons the hemlock—the hangman is called by he who is too wise and too weary to do otherwise. He drinks the antidote and is relieved of his desert, again and at last, he has deserted himself. And so, Science and Philosophy are both graced with this most beautiful act of martyrdom.<sup>3</sup>

So the penalty for living a life separated from ourselves, as if instinct, appetite and feeling were beneath contempt is clear: life becomes empty and dry, arid and inhumane. Socrates was right in saying the unexamined life is not worth living, but ultimately, the un-lived life is not worth examining. So did Socrates himself find it, and I believe him. That having been said I must confess I am grateful for his gift, the rational gift of our hyper-developed scientific intellect. Some develop their mind by way of schooling alone and learn much, mostly about passing tests. I am good at that, but have only a BA in Philosophy. I read on my own. This modest scholarly effort such as it is, is a secondary effect. I am a psychologist and a scientist by way of necessity. Much as a physician is *said* to be unable to heal themselves,

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3 Even more conservative minds than mine have considered this possible. In his notes proceeding his translation of Plato's *The Apology*, Benjamin Jowett writes: "As he (Socrates) expected, and probably intended, he is convicted." [Julian Hawthorne, ed., "Dialogues of Plato" *The World's Great Classics* (New York: The Colonial Press, 1900), 6.] After inviting conviction Socrates makes only the most farcical attempt to avoid the death penalty.

I would rather then insist a psychologist is no physician! The model of Freud comes to mind. He solved *his own* neurosis first and had a mole's eye view on the matter. His hands were dirty and so he could be trusted. He knew the neighborhood and took notes. Many had an education like his, a superb education, but none were his equal as psychologists. Why was he "deep"? It's not the degree, Freud was insightful, he was deep, because first he overcame his own pitfalls!—because he spent time in, and could climb out of holes! That is what makes for a knowledge of the depths. Such things are not "certifiable." An education is yet another improvement, but a secondary effect, not the cause by which a psychologist is created. Necessity was Freud's best and first teacher, and she does not give certificates. Her gift is life, or to put it better—she spares only her best students. I am not Freud's equal, but in terms of necessary introspectively observable firsthand inference, time in and out of holes, I am equally credible, for my success is my proof. Repeatable results! It must work so I must be dreadfully scientific, merciless and unsparing before all ugly selves. I can not afford any blind spots, or I may die for the mistake. I withstand the doubt, resist degenerating into neurosis and obsession each day and like Socrates, I am my own proof— I am alive and creative beyond all measure, where I was sick and broken beyond all pity! I use these ideas daily and demonstrate by my very love of life that they are a provable result! I will plainly state that I would be quite dead without them. Now that I wonder no longer, may I put the key into prose and then, might you follow? If I am scientific, and place in these words only what has withstood my worst cleansing doubt, will it work for you too? The scientist is curious and more than a bit proud.

Thanks to my intellect and an unforgiving teacher, I have come to enjoy solving my riddles, analyzing the symbols and being full in this game of creation and psychology which hunts itself! Blood sport! So now with our intellect, our Scientific inheritance and unwillingness to believe, knowing fact from myth, can we now afford it, can we reunite with our emotions, our repressed feelings without mistaking myth and magic for fact, to discover that emotion powers intellect, and we have withheld the fuel, the vital ingredient and wonder, having imagined the gas tank not to be part of the car why we are neurotic, sputtering in doubt with a few bursts and starts, lurching forward half sick and starved? We have no fuel and are perplexed, "Why is the car so unwell?" We must fire the mechanic!

Of course the cost is enormous to reunite with such things, once they are withheld and accumulate they become a huge drowning tide which makes us weak to withhold its force, always shedding and spending energy clenching, clenching against knowing, but must continue to withhold or it will burst and drown us so: look here and not there, just march—the way to the desert seems inevitable, after all, look at the cost! Next a reprint from *This New Day* showing why our abusive father resisted himself and feared himself enough to shame such things and prescribe a stiff obsessive blow to the head as a remedy. The price I paid to defy him and know, was to have my personality atomized, as a puddle smacked from above, swatted into mist before the sun so I could see the prism plainly yield its colors and observe what was released, and what the parts did as I put them together again. Such a cloud as this is required if the desert is to bloom, where shame has squandered us.

“The Engine of Creation” and “Obsession” chapters have been reprinted from my book, ***This New Day** Self-Creation: The Wisdom of an Idiot*.

### ***The Engine of Creation***

Most people complain they feel sad. The self-creationist writes or rants, cries and then feels better by lunch. Instead of withholding, develop the habit of releasing. Pain writes, sadness sings and despair dances till it can try again. All things move ceaselessly in the creative mind. There is no empty resting when one feels freely. Self-creation transforms our eternal unrest from a misery into an engine, the turning of which fills our emptiness as it brings us to a higher possibility. When you hear your sadness do not be content in your gloom, answer it. All pain is a question to which creation is an answer.

So what pain is it which drives man to create? What is this engine of restlessness which we might harness? Where is the question kept? Where does this pain dwell, and how might we find it? You may boldly and foolishly insist, "Show me this engine of creation so I might most directly know it myself." I have had the lid removed from the engine and watched its ceaseless turning but as you will see that is to dare madness, and is ill-advised.

Freud called it the unconscious; the Greeks and the Romans knew it as the underworld. Where do we place those truths which are too painful, too ugly, those which must remain hidden as the dead? Where are the fantasies we think, but can not bear to know we think? Where are the thoughts we can not escape, and can not hear? All that which you are but can not know, can not own, resides there. It is ego's tool, keeping the air free of what is unhealthy for ego to breathe. Unless ego needs to be sexual and embrace the sexual role, sexuality can be a

disturbing intrusion into daily life. To serve the smooth functioning of personality great forces are repressed and held in the engine out of view. The great bulk of the undeniable, continuous, super-sexual tide which lies at the base of man, his greatest fuel, his supreme energy which is used and sublimated or consumes him in fire, serves man or spoils him, becomes beauty or obsessive lust, is hidden here unless ego summons it. The unconscious is ego's servant and will contain even this amount of energy unless ego summons it as an asset and not a disturbance. If we could not repress the great bulk of our primal sexuality, so it is but a dull roar in the teenager's ear he would be wholly possessed by it, his attention unavailable to develop the higher social functions. If unable to submerge much of our sexuality we would never develop the mental and social skills which along with biology, make us attractive sexual partners, good risks, winners in society who are chosen to reproduce. All of us that would make chaos for the ego is buried here. The murderer in the civilized man and the lust of the chaste reside here. All of self which the ego calls sickness, perversity, violence, sadism and hatred are tenants of this jail. The constant contractions of wishes never known and hurts too deep to know reside here. It houses the ego's undoing, and the ego proclaims it: "Sickness!" The horror in man parades grotesque and unrepentant, a raging triumphant prisoner whose voice is your own. It is a cauldron of steaming ceaseless dissatisfaction in eternal lament. All that can not be solved or expressed contorts and grimaces, and its motion is a turbulence, a wind which brings the divine as its putrid breath fills our sails. Might we take its sultry festering and spin slender glistening threads of gold to cast aloft, toward the sun, as spiders of the earth and air, as spinners of tender golden sails may we ascend in these hot winds and be energized from this turbulence? What of hope and creation lies in a curse like this engine? I shall tell you of it here and then discuss its

operation as the source of the creative instinct, the "engine of creation."

After a fifteen year stint on as much as half again over the "maximum" 80 mg. dose of Prozac I was ready to quit and did. I can assure you consciousness is entirely dependent on a delicate specific balance in the physical world. If I hit you with an iron bar you will pass out since the balance is disturbed. Drugs make this principle evident as we put a pill in our body and get results in our mind. My mind suffered the lack of a chemical 5-HT<sup>4</sup> from Prozac withdrawal. After a manageable one hundred day latency period, a critical level was reached and everything changed. The change was first manifested in a hyper-immaturity. Tantrums abounded. I eventually had the lid entirely removed from my unconscious and watched in relentless horror as the subterranean dynamism of my mind emerged. All that is irresolvable and unresolved tormented and afflicted me at all hours. Like living in a Bosch painting I myself had painted, the grotesque super-sexualized, hyper-violent world of Oedipal agony and torment I beheld was ceaseless and wholly putrid. An Oedipal horror is any truth which to gaze upon it knowing you have authored it yourself, would then make you want to tear out your own eyes. Primal ugliness that drives the hand and heart of man in both abomination and sublimation, were mine to observe for three endless months until my body righted itself.<sup>5</sup>

My mind rewarded these three months by the "great sulfur lake" as I call it, with the refreshment of both my pain and insight. A flower is a beautiful thing but every gardener knows the most healthy and spectacular example has its roots in a pile of shit. Having seen the

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4 5-HT is short for 5-Hydroxytryptamine or serotonin. Rather than delve into the specifics of the pharmacology involved with the re-uptake of serotonin in the brain, etc. I refer you to the latest Goodman and Gilman's *Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics* for a full discussion of how SSRI drugs effect the brain.

5 Although able to function again after three months, the process of rebalancing brain chemistry is excruciatingly slow and still ongoing.

engine of creation my eyes were cleansed from my weeping. The tears of a writhing nausea have afforded me a new day.

To know the fetid horror which drives man, Beauty, Truth and Pain are again my companions, sitting around a fire in my mind eating sardines together. It is warm to have them back, but to know them is to know their breath stinks.

After taking a drug for fifteen years to avoid collapse under the weight of my ever increasing pain and ugly resentment, and then to eventually be swallowed by that ugliness and unheard pain, I suggest a better course. Best to hear your pain and acknowledge your resentment before it reaches such crushing hideous proportions. You are your pain. You are your resentment. They are parts of you. To hear them and know yourself may at first appear prohibitively painful and inconvenient, but the eventual whole scale collapse you avoid will be your own. This course is prudent and best. Rather than keep on marching it may be better to stop and listen. We might both renew creativity and avoid collapse. So I believe I have realized the moral to my ordeal by the great sulfur lake: be relentless in pursuit of your ugliness, and you will find that beauty is the sure result. Better this agony of your own design, than to wait and have your ugliness relentlessly perusing you.

It is too late for me. I cry out in the perverse hubris of self-grandiose humiliation, "I know everything!" Everything I should not! I have bitten the apple, and it has bitten back. I can not forget and I will not forget, so you see my boast is also my curse. I have seen the engine and I remember. The pride of a madman who refuses both madness and forgetting. I know everything! Every thought that no one should have thought, but I alone had conjured, revealed the wish still uglier which conceived it. I could ask this wish, "Why?" Do you know what is seductive, attractive and healing in your nightmares; why you wish to



dream them? To have seen the engine, the sulfur lake and its hideous monsters each with my head atop its neck, and to have refused to forget, was my infinite moment of self-knowing. Orpheus looks back and remembers to claim his prize, not to lose it.<sup>6</sup> I plainly know each fetid desire and the need which called it forth, all that I have cast and those secrets better kept dark now beckon me, dare me to rediscover them, invite me to look again. I can no longer hide. I know all that which I rightly refused to see. I have seen and it is too late. I am doomed to know why I rage, love, chafe, react and feel as I do. I know everything! I am the physician who correctly diagnoses his sick condition and have gained insight, but I am not yet well. I am only honest. I know myself through many ordeals, all remembered by my stubborn unblinking nature and now honesty is not a choice for me. I am no longer a symbol to be unwound, I have become a smell with which I am most familiar. I know too much. Here I have become perversely proud so I unmask myself before you and say, the price of an honest, complete and unsparing knowledge of self is that it never relents. It never turns off and can make a hell of our lies both great and small. Improvement through creation is my salvation and with each wisdom and work I can not help but love my honesty more. She is after all my bride. My ego protests this sentiment and exclaims, "She is painfully ugly, and only an idiot would marry her!" Perhaps he is right.

This is no LSD trip, no afternoon or evening of self sport, alluring and light with promise of a glimpse which bends the eye up and over the wall to cheat the maze, where a hint of danger and darkness adds spice to sport as we chance a peak under truth's skirt. Instead here Truth has stripped and I have been laid bare before her ceaseless gaze.

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6 A synopsis of the Greek myth of Orpheus: Orpheus, a musician, used his musical talent to charm Hades, the god of the underworld, so as to allow his dead wife to return with him if he did not look back at her as they journeyed back to earth. He yielded to temptation and looked and she was lost to him forever.

There is nothing alluring about the engine of creation. Super-sexualized, violent, infantile, grotesque, unrelenting and hideous are the monsters of our hurt, desire, failure, lust, rejection, impotence, rage, unmet need and frustration; so disturbing that they have been banished beyond our sight to reside forever unseen here in the engine. Everything there is there because it offends the light of day. Once the plain brown wrapper has been removed, one sees the forces which shape, direct and energize us, which remain necessarily hidden. Daddy keeps the drawer with the dirty magazines closed *because* this is the pornography of the mind.

Do not be misled by appearances. I say Oedipal horror and invoke the two traditional violations we find in the myth of Oedipus Rex: the accidental bedding of the unidentified mother and another unintentionally revealed wish in the accidental killing of the unidentified father. If his mother or father's identity were known to Oedipus he would surely not have bed or killed the respective parent. We can forgive him in this even if he can not forgive himself. This story and these crimes against nature are now an old familiar tale which has lost its sting. It has the feeling of the everyday about it, as if history has worn it out. My hidden truths are unworn by time and appear as they should, as true visceral horrors of the utmost repellent force. How could it be otherwise as they are by definition what is most unbearable for me, which is why they reside hidden here? These are living truths, not a dusty remnant, like this Oedipus whose accidents are a soothing tonic, a weak tepid tea which calms the nerves due to its lack of effect. Only you can imagine what is more terrible still! Think of it. What do you see? What? Tell me. I can not tell and will never know. In this I tease you playfully. You have been tricked! I made sure that I have shown too little of my own monster, and in your imagining on this Rorschach blot you can be sure it was you who was

the painter, the author of the meaning. Perhaps here before you is a photograph, a projection however indistinct and ugly, a shrouded hint of your own live monster; your Oedipal horror.

This stark parade of ugliness was a great teacher, but not the only one. Each day in our dreams and undirected uncensored fantasies we have a window where we may see the unconscious, the engine revealed as it works. Look here to solve the riddle. Our imagery conceals a wish. Why do we fantasize the fantasies we do? Why do we dream these dreams? Why do we need these thoughts? What do they provide? How do they serve us? Answer these questions and understand yourself, your riddle. What wound begs for this fever, this pornography so it might rest? The answer is you.

I make this strange but true statement because the unconscious contains these repressed energizers which are the unheard pipers of the invisible song to which we all dance. To see them and know their tune is to know why you feel compelled to be what you are. This all sounds well and good so you might still insist that you want to see for yourself. There is nothing wrong with the occasional peek under truth's skirt. She doesn't seem to mind and it is we who often blush to know her. But be warned: do not follow me and poison yourself to pursue her.<sup>7</sup> She is merciless and has no pity in her eyes for a fool. Once she has raped you sanity may become unbearable, and madness a relief. Do not go here! Ask why as I have asked, but ask your dreams, fantasies and curious choices, do not seek the engine directly. As I stared at the workings, the putrid, lurid, violent, unending convulsions of unresolved want, hurt and need, I began to find myself enormously taxed, overwhelmed by the effort to remain detached: to remain sane. I felt an

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<sup>7</sup> Do not mistake this for a repudiation of the appropriate, top quality medical care I sought and was grateful to receive. I do not know what breakdown these potent pharmacological agents prevented and what that collapse may have wrought, and for that I am grateful. However, a point of diminishing returns is reached and these tools have limits and consequences. In the end pharmacology proves a poor replacement for good thinking.

ever-increasing gravity, an irresistible and profound magnetism exerted its force to pull me into the sights and struggles before me. The effort to remain detached was omnipresent. Month after month the engine wore into me with no peaceful moment granted, no breath spared its siren song, its call to madness. I was compelled not only to watch but to become the madness. The more tightly I held on the more exhausted I became, and the more sweet, hopeful and seductive the invitation to release. Surrender called out to me with loving tenderness, inviting me to let go, to forgo my grip on suffering, to be free from trying, free; a leaf in hell's storm. So I say to you most sincerely, *do not go here, where sanity becomes unbearable and madness a relief.*

I will admit one thing I have bought through knowing the engine and owning my humiliation. The engine may not stop turning but in seeing the filthy hand on the crank I now have a choice. I have earned a spoonful of dignity in that I may now choose to resist it, as well as use its turning. When I found and knew the creatures inhabiting the lake, I saw my reasons. Why I am drawn to honesty, why I am angry and react to what I do. *Why I am* is in great part a reflection of those monsters and their unending convulsions. I am their opposite and reflect them in mirror negative, or perhaps we embrace and I become them. Now that I know them I can choose to define myself as I wish, and may at last be without relation to them and choose another course. Now that I am no longer within the engine and subject to its gravity can I understand myself well enough to use my irresolvable nature, my eternal restlessness without surrendering to it, and create the higher from the lower? Can I know myself and then create something new, more than just self-understanding—true self-creation? To let the dirty hand turn the engine to further this aim is my highest ambition. This is the dignity, hope and conceit permitted the idiot with courage enough to know himself and remember.

The unconscious, this hidden engine of creation, is a storehouse for those parts of self which are too disturbing and disruptive to be with us in our daily lives. Creatures of the ego's discord, these parts of self have been splintered off and banished to the unconscious. They are repressed so they don't disrupt our daily personality with their presence. These parts of self are so toxic to the ego that they are submerged here, in this underworld, as if they did not exist, as if they were dead.

Their mere presence is enough to bring the ego to its knees, so we who are in the light need this illusion of unknowing: the self we can not see. This act of self-preservation has left us a mystery, an imbalance. It is in the withholding, the hiding of self that the imbalance is created which drives creativity, drives the engine. We seek to know the unknowable, to reclaim ourselves and in this urge to know ourselves again, we seek what is hidden, what is forbidden: completion and wholeness. Imbalance seeks equilibrium. Imbalances in pressure drive many engines. Pressures are released and energy is harvested as equilibrium is restored. This is the underlying principle behind the engine in your car and likewise this engine, the engine of creation, will always seek equilibrium as well; to know what is hidden, to release what is trapped, reclaim its energy and complete ourselves. This is the motion which drives the engine of creation.

Let us seek a shadow, a spark, an outline and capture a slice compelled, infused with a pinprick of knowing. May we create and gaze upon what was lost and welcome it back into ourselves again. This is as it should be. In seeing the engine directly I have exceeded these bounds. There is little wonder I, a musician, began this book after having seen it. I was overlaid with new energy and had a thousand gifts dripping from my tongue, a thousand new understandings of every strange wholeness. How could I resist now so whole, too whole, bruised by every truth piled too high, too fast. This

copious overflowing of the creative comes at a cost to self and ego. These things are hidden for a reason, and I see why it may be an insult to know. To see yourself and the world stripped naked of mystery may be an insult to the viewer. Am I still a philosopher if I say, "Enough!" or even, "Too much!"" But it is too late now. I am worn and bruised, and will say that in the case of this engine I have reservations about the truth, about wanting it, all of it. Am I still a philosopher if I say, "It is a personal violence, an assault to know oneself too deeply, too suddenly"?

The creative urge is born in our incompleteness. Psychologically it has become necessary to remove part of self from view and in this act of survival we are made separate from, and ignorant of, part of self which we will always seek to know, to rediscover, reinvent or reinterpret, and with which we will always long to reunite. The creative urge is the expression of this longing in the act of creation, its works and sacrifice. As one creates he becomes further energized as he discovers himself, and then full with life and longing, he seeks to fill his cup again. He is refreshed and revitalized to know himself in his creativity, which finds its engine in his necessarily incomplete nature.

Creativity is the province of this unconscious engine which holds what we seek away from our eyes. We who create wish to express self and make it visible, and however incomplete or transfigured the outcome, we seek to unearth the engine, express and see what is submerged and become whole. In this fragmented illusory reflection we see evidence of the hidden self, and so we know more. We can not bear to look upon the engine directly but it offers us these chipped uneven shards of iridescent opal and we might glance upon ourselves in the hidden places through our works and creation. We can not only bear to see them, but might marvel to know them, every wonderful thing bathed in filth and light. We create and know a little more... yes

we can bear that, a hope we may seek to nurture and love. We stare at the diamond face of our creation knowing it is a splinter of our other face, a face buried deep within the engine we may hope never to clearly see.

I have seen the creatures which inhabit my engine and will reveal none of their particulars to you! It is bad enough that I should know me. In seeing, remembering then understanding all of it, I have noticed the engine remains wholly unaffected by my insights. It is entirely uncalmed. My creativity and knowledge grew as never before, but not even a single monster blinked. To see my feelings is not to solve them, so my task will always be woefully incomplete. Such is the nature of the irresolvable. At this I chuckle, uncomfortable and nervous to know that whatever of my hidden self I reclaim, I will be forever incomplete. There will always be more to know. I catch myself holding too tightly to my truth, and find that I must remember to exhale. I relax and for a moment I believe it, and am glad that the mystery will never be solved since then it will remain compelling, and I will always be full in creation, the engine forever turning.

Before I close this section, an important note on myth and model:

Let us stop and be sure we do not confuse truth for poetry, or myth and model for reality. In talking about the underworld, the engine, the unconscious or any other mythical unreal place or thing, I have undoubtedly led some of you short of the real truth—the fact. Let us consider that since these places and things do not actually exist, they are but a mythology, a model, a way to explain how these events and particulars feel to experience and how they interrelate which is useful in mythology and model. We can hold memory and feeling away from consciousness, we can repress, and this separation of self from self is the real kernel in the models and myths under discussion here. A model is a story, a myth which is useful because its parts work. It

shows us their relationships, and gives us a working handle on our experience and how to understand it. Even if it is not a precise representative truth, a good model is both a useful instruction manual and accessible describer of experience, which however abstract in the story it tells, is useful because it has the fundamental relationships right. Let us not mistake perception for reality. When the mind's ability to repress is removed we feel as if we are in a different place, an underworld of strange ugly torment, and a myth is created. As I believe Freud would agree since he never achieved a satisfactory neural mapping of personality, a model like his is useful because it speaks of our experiences and how to understand them, not as a physical road map to a place or a thing: a box marked "unconscious," an "underworld," or an "engine." Much of what lies at the bottom of these ideas is not a place or a thing, but our ability to separate ourselves from ourselves; the mind's ability to repress. It is here that the imbalance begins which will always seek its own undoing, to reclaim what must be hidden, achieve equilibrium and complete the puzzle. It is in our need to repress that the creative mystery and its "engine" are born.

This is how the text originally read when I wrote it in *This New Day*. I am privileged to be able to reverse myself on one point and proclaim that you can still the monsters! As you will see, you can stop summoning and creating them if you stop needing them. Do not worry, there will always be plenty more, and fodder for creation is always assured, but I have done it, not only stopped creating several but I have made one blink! Actually, we have become friends and he has agreed to work for me. Perhaps they were not monsters after all...



## ***Obsession***

Among the most dread enemies of life and solitude, is an adaptation that first developed out of the instinct to remain safe. If something grave threatens us, we can not help but worry about it continually, we obsess, we change behavior and make doubly sure we do everything possible to avoid the danger. In a narrow sense, obsession can be used as another value neutral tool, but it can easily become unmanageable and super-destructive. I have found some rare utility in this extreme and unpredictable mental adaptation, and when confronted with some few highly disagreeable aspects of my personality, I have changed my behavior with the aid of an obsessive self-hypnosis. I have a violent temper and although my "nature" is unchanged, I have learned my anger's signs, smells and sounds, understood the feeling of its approaching heat, and by virtue of this recognition have identified it. I repeated key phrases in my mind in response to each instance of recognition, an obsessive repetition which may have totaled 2,000,000 cycles or more. A monstrous guess, but over time not at all beyond possibility. This has put a sound and utterly reliable stop to my temper, which has been successfully halted short of violence, even under the sway of the most severe anger. I should note my violent nature had been curbed before I struck any person, although there were many years when the walls of my home and other objects were often savaged by my pregnant temper. Obsession is rooted in our need to remain safe. To answer fear and danger we obsess, and it works. You can use it to change behavior. My marriage means a lot to me and here obsession did its job. I used it to change behavior and save my marriage. It is exhausting and deeply painful. This utility in obsession is the rare exception. Obsession is usually tantamount to catastrophe. The most clear example being Hitler's megalomaniacal obsession with power

which ruined the world for his immense tragic personal insecurity, although he was an expression of the most desperate and impoverished social circumstances, ultimately a devil well summoned.

Obsession is invoked by the insecure mind to take some measure of control over a dangerous situation, even if this control is only imaginary. After rigorous self-observation I believe brain chemicals which soothe are produced to answer obsessive states, and make the person feel safer. A hypnotic neurochemical reward? An empirical scientific experiment to prove or disprove this idea would be very interesting. I believe rosary beads obsessively handled, prayers obsessively rendered, chants obsessively chanted, obsessive motions carried out in devout ritual and prayer, offer the religious obsessive some relief with this same mechanism.<sup>8</sup> Is this hope or condemnation? Be careful not to judge too quickly. Who do you judge? More on this open question later.

When one wishes to avoid something in themselves they may become obsessive in order to fill the space in their mind between "you and yourself"<sup>9</sup> with the obsession. One who is alone but picks at themselves with obsession is alone, but they have eluded solitude. Obsession keeps them safe. This is obsession's promise and its lie to self. Obsession loops, repeats, ritualizes a topic. The real danger comes when obsession rages out of control. To be consumed by obsession is an immensely painful illness. As the agony of another round of obsessive thoughts ends, as the ritual which makes safe is completed again, there is a still moment of relief, of pleasure as the new brain chemicals secreted in response to the obsessive state can be felt, or even enjoyed. This is the safety, the relief embedded in

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<sup>8</sup> I am an atheist of Jewish descent.

<sup>9</sup> Please see *This New Day* for a full description of the idea of something getting between "you and yourself." In brief, think of it as having something occupy your attention so as to avoid yourself and your true feelings and thoughts. Extended solitude without distraction or obsession is the antidote.

obsession. This moment earned at the end of each obsessive cycle of worry is the pleasure, the carrot which obsession promises, how it addicts and seduces as well as changes behavior. This is its bit of cheese for the rat in the experiment. A physiological basis for an addiction? In this pause between obsessive cycles the new brain chemicals can be felt and the rat rewarded. All obsession demands in return is everything—your continuous undivided attention! Too high a price for any lie! As you might expect addiction expresses itself in obsession, an obsessive need for the drug or stimulus one is addicted to. The obsessive is addicted to this cycle of deprivation and reward, he is addicted to obsession itself. The reduced brief insane emotionally desolate world of the obsessive cycle and its promise of relief, which quickly surrenders to overwhelming worry, and the anxiety which call the whole cycle to repeat again and experience the pleasure of its cessation... ad infinitum, comprise the obsessive's world. This run-on sentence is appropriate to express the essence of obsession, which is the ultimate run-on sentence, a loop. Obsession precludes the present and the past, it stultifies and rapes to call the momentary respite from its insecure ritual dance "heaven," which it only is by twisted virtue of comparison. To believe in yourself is to see truth and risk knowing it, believing it, no matter how dangerous. The greatest danger lies in refusing to believe and obsessively, endlessly turning back on yourself, stuttering, degenerating and hobbled by disbelief in the only pure soul, the only hope that has a hand to offer.

This is the danger which lies at the base of an overactive conscience. Conscience is a subspecies of the worm of obsession. If properly cultivated this worm is of the greatest benefit. It champions honesty, empathy and a host of admirable necessities for our coexistence. We all fear its obsessive, crippling, debilitating introspective effects, which sap us of our vitality and consume our energies in punitive rounds of

obsessive thoughts about the ill deed we have committed to arouse our conscience from its usual slumber. It penalizes, controls, makes right and enforces by way of a powerful punishment for any breach: the agony of obsession. Guilt which consumes is a terrible fire. When the conscience is underactive the danger is obvious. One who lacks its effects is untrustworthy, and deceives himself and others with equal ease. He is labeled pathological or criminal. When one is afflicted with the opposite condition, an overactive conscience, we may truly pity him. Unlike his criminal counterpart, he lives in an insecure hell, a pall of guilt and guilty doubt are an unshakable handicap which always preclude confidence. Such a soul will never achieve flight, they may at best hope to triple check their work and their words, shudder, swallow hard and labor to appear they believe they are right, but underneath it all they never believe it, never risking enough to give themselves credit. One who is prostrate before his obsessive unquenchable guilt, will never feel secure or deserving enough to give themselves the right to really know, trust or enjoy anything. They have taken away their own car keys, grounded themselves and allowed fear to persuade them to turn their backs on life. There are many careful people who could enjoy living if only... if only they were allowed to, if they could suspend their disbelief in themselves they might enjoy life, but they withhold this trust. They could enjoy, and relax, if only they could give themselves one thing: permission.

A person who is obsessed, truly broken by obsession, has a disorder so basic and penetrating its origins become visible only if one stretches far back in time. The thing which is broken can first be seen to appear in childhood, early in the development of personality. It seems as if object permanence were never achieved, or perhaps the obsessive has learned better than to trust the world, and feels it may disappear when he blinks or looks away. He feels as if he has played peekaboo with the

universe and lost. His solution is never to blink again. He knows better than to believe what is true will remain true, unless he obsesses. He can not *believe* it is so. He believes it is his will alone which holds the truth together, never that he may trust himself because something is true. He must obsess or he is in error, danger. Like Chicken Little who believes the sky is falling and is beset with fear, he has his umbrella of obsession to protect him. Unfortunately he is mistaken. It is his obsession which endangers his world and removes him from it, with its endless appetite for his attention. It is not the sky which is falling, it is the umbrella under which he seeks shelter which will be his end, his endless self-mutilation which makes "safe" only if he never believes in himself, which will swallow him up in doubt from below. Chicken Little didn't have to worry about the sky after all.

So we must then ask the next question to plumb this to its end. What is broken here? Why does Chicken Little have her obsessive fear of the sky? The obsessive is a curious contradictory puzzle, who even as he sees himself obsess may retain his logic and know his error, but this recognition of his obsessive irrationality is to no avail. This seems strange to him. He sees, and is aware of the irrationality of his obsession, but knowing that it does not make sense to obsess, does not help to stop his behavior! He sees this and remains compelled to obsess. He won't give himself permission to believe in himself, he destroys himself and abandons himself to the obsessive lie out of guilt or insecurity, in short he *refuses to repress* his fear. This serves a function. In one case the obsessive may hobble himself with obsession because he does not trust himself, or he may even loathe himself. Whether it is his confidence or his sexuality which he fears endanger him is less important than what obsession does for him, how it keeps him safe. So long as he obsesses he remains weak. So long as he obsesses he remains safe from himself; always halting and insecure,

never able to release and cause harm. Another case obsesses, *refuses to repress* his obsession so its continuous loop will block a greatly feared thought, feeling, or truth. He sees his irrationality but is compelled not to release his obsession so that it will continue to block his thoughts and keep him safe. Many such variations on this theme exist. The last type of obsessive condition is caused when the ability to repress is undeveloped, damaged or not functioning, as in the case of the imbalance caused by certain types of drug withdrawal,<sup>10</sup> brain trauma or perhaps genetic preconditions or abnormalities. In all of these cases Chicken Little can not escape her fear of the sky even though she sees it is irrational, because she can not, or will not, repress her fear. She hasn't the stomach for peekaboo and lacks object permanence because seeing is not enough to provoke believing, which requires she trust, blink, and that she will not do. She can not repress whether she knows or not. In the case of obsession, whether behaviorally or physiologically caused, it is the ability to repress which is not functioning. Knowing this, each case can be analyzed and addressed at the fundamental causal level, with new thinking or pharmacological adjustment of brain chemistry as the case may dictate. Be warned, adjusting brain chemistry with drugs when thinking is what must be changed will fail. Remove the drugs and the atrophied mind will be doubly sick, before and if it is ever better. Choose this course with short term cautious goals and low expectations.

Having had an extended opportunity to observe my mind functioning with this vital facility, the ability to repress, totally disabled, I have noticed another function of repression and the "unconscious."<sup>11</sup> This is not a passive function, as a repository of old unresolved memories, wants, traumas and other things too shocking or erosive for us to accept, but also as an active storehouse of painful feelings, as these

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<sup>10</sup> See "The Engine of Creation."

<sup>11</sup> Please recall the previous discussion of myth and model.

feelings occur in our ordinary daily lives. To be without the ability to repress, without the unconscious ability to hide ourselves from ourselves, one becomes hyper-immature. As an adult we feel just as deeply and are wounded just as terribly as a young child, who would cry at the small teasing offense, where the adult would chuckle. The intensity of feeling is potentially the same in both adult and child, it is the ability to repress which the adult had developed, and the child has not. Each small insult, each smack we feel and laugh off, is like an iceberg almost all of which is submerged. The tip of the iceberg is unimposing. It doesn't look like much so we laugh and make a joke of our own, but if unable to repress, the unconscious has no "lid," and we feel the crushing weight of every ton of cruel ice and are penetrated to the bone, right to tears as is a child. Only rage and tantrum can stop the debilitating torrent of hurt, and so the child is revealed complete with tears and tantrum, naked and unchanged in every man, once the ability to repress the full force of our present feelings is removed. A thoughtful person rarely reduces things to one simple value judgment. The ability to repress is the same ability I seek to pierce, the looking away I aim to thwart, to release and liberate feeling and end inner deadness. As with all things, what is useful often lies between the urge to embrace or reject. Repression is a vital mental facility which can not be overindulged, or done without. Too much and life is a disconnected sham, dry and tasteless. Too little and self is pulled apart, a child in the rapids, each limb tugged and torn by a different current, all too powerful to resist.

Now that I have followed my usual direct, bludgeoning course, I risk the penalty assessed those who have been too direct, too honest, and likely have offended most all of the free world, Jews, Catholics, Buddhists and Muslims alike, if they are not careful readers. If you will recall I said these insights were available to me through careful

rigorous self-examination. I shall offer up another self-dissection to demonstrate that this truth about obsession is not meant to discriminate or insult, and I am no different than you or another when it comes to the mechanism of obsession, or its form, cost and purpose. You will see the obsessive connection amongst religions is a new unknown *modus operandi*, an underlying principle which holds every interesting question before us and deserves the ultimate respect: a value neutral open mind. My truths hold no prejudice, they embarrass, reveal, heal and destroy equally.

So I ask you to grow with me here and to be bigger than usual, less of a reflex response is needed, a response free from convictions and assumptions, free from direction and caution; a value neutral consideration. It is the leap to judgment which offends. If there is an underlying principle here in this idea of obsession connecting all religion, perhaps some respect is in order. Religion has been working for thousands of years, and we should see. Perhaps we have met God. Isn't He worth an honest appraisal that starts with, "I don't know?" Shouldn't we be big enough to get to know Him and He us, before we judge Him? He may be very useful. Here lies wrapped in divine obsessive hypnosis, the super-human endurance and strength of will of the undefeatable zealot, an inextinguishable light who can endure any suffering in his faith, and also the pure empty chanting bliss of the Buddhist alike! Are religious ecstasy, the miraculous will and recuperative abilities of the devout a sublime automism, confidence in the ascetics clothing, the hypnotism of belief which is made solid, manifest and radiant in the knowledge of God—obsession? All atheists are said to quickly remember a familiar prayer or begin one of their own once in a foxhole. What comforts them? God? What comforts in the shuffling of rosary beads and familiar prayer? Let us see with an open respectful mind. If what underlies all religion is not God, the



concept of God being various inconsistent or nonexistent from religion to religion, from Buddhism to Islam and the Israelites, perhaps it is religious practice which is the common element, the repetition of prayers which make safe, as the monk chants and blocks the intrusive world and his thoughts with obsession used to transcend, or the ancient Greek or Roman who worshiped giving ritual obeisance to his pantheon, repeating a familiar prayer for aid in his victory and safe return from battle. Do we know God through holy obsession, whether the Muslim who beset with the strict divine certitude of a sure ritual prayer schedule always followed, always the same, now kneeling, now prostrate toward a fixed compass point, away from evil, safe and accepted by Allah, his holy law insists he must be exact, each nuance of motion and meaning spelled out so he may pray most perfectly; to the devout Jew who comes to his sacred place before the Western Wall to find the divine, praying, chanting his most familiar and cherished prayer, his beautiful obsession complete and available to see, as he rocks back and forth, over and over again? It is religious practice, it is the ritual, the ritual which makes safe: obsession which connects. This works. Let us look here, slowly, eagerly with an open mind and I am sure much can be learned, many wonderful forbidden secrets attract. Is divine strength of will available to all, now finally plainly revealed as it is: an obsessive hypnosis toward health? Have we at last found an active tangible God, a real God, a reliable God worthy of veneration? Is what is safe, strong and beautiful in religion created here? Do we see all which is medicinal, active and worthy in religion, the strength of the divine—obsession?

If wisdom were politically correct, if he even said the words, he would choke on his nausea and cease to be wise. Wisdom requires courage and rarely hides behind platitudes about discretion, used alike by cowards and those once wise who have become sick and mute, too

nauseous to speak. No, this wisdom still knows courage, he can only be honest and hope this sacrifice, this pound of flesh is sufficient to appease whatever God in you remains undigested and has been offended. Please accept this brief study of an instance where I solicited the aid of obsession in keeping me safe by changing behavior. Many other encounters with this mechanism have afforded me a unique opportunity to study it, while in the process of creating myself apart from the trap.

First there was a wound severe enough to send my ego reeling. Doubled over inside of myself my pride did the unthinkable. It admitted abject defeat and abandoned itself to fear. I called out and invoked the aid of obsession, a potential which can be brought out in anyone. I was 22 in drum school at PIT<sup>12</sup> in Los Angeles. I could avail myself of a rare and terrifying opportunity to play with a full-size big band. As one who calls and organizes, but rarely receives calls, even then I believed that I could probably never afford the huge cash payment required to hire a real big band, with 20 or more personnel on salary. All these players were pretty good, and it was a rare and scary sight to behold the assemblage of brass, music stands, and chatter. I practiced hard for my chance and the sight was intimidating, but I loved Buddy Rich, my mean hero who led a big band by sheer perfection in violence, and no way was I going to fail, I worked too hard. I was ready. I was not going to blow this!

The most educational thing about my experience at PIT was not the wealth of useful information, it was the pressure. All variety of intimidating situations and emotional tensions would face me in my future as a performer, but with the exception of the contest mentioned in "self apostasy" and one other out of hundreds of performances, none would faze me, or even register a real solid blink, after learning how to

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<sup>12</sup> The Percussion Institute of Technology (PIT) is a division of the Musician's Institute of Technology (MIT).

handle and even use the unreal pressure from my many performances in the program at PIT. Every drummer in the huge wave of students in my group who chose this class was there, and there were a great many of them. Each broiled away and waited their turn, all equally unnerved and looking at you with their wounded lack of self-respect, wanting only one thing— for you to fail. How else could they have a chance? They all needed their little hatred. We shared this fearful desire to lower the bar, and each in turn felt the same. The hatred, the pressure screamed from the watching agonized gallery of eyes and ugly hopes, all sliced into me and the scream fell within, to make every fault resonate, vibrate with fear! Choke! Choke! Choke! Jeff Berlin, world's best electric bass player may be watching. I am watching. The result of this doubtful train of inner dialogue was to distract my attention from the task at hand, and the inevitable ghastly musical train wreck complete with brass, bass and the rest, was quick and deadly as it was ugly. A sonic catastrophe. Failure. Unacceptable. I was ultimately and truly humiliated, but turned the shock wave inward, showed little of the devastation and signed up for a more difficult selection the following week.

That week my ego yielded as I have described. Obsession's job was clear and it began at once. What I thought was hard work was a feeble excuse compared to the efforts I produced. Tens of repetitions became thousands. Any time not spent actually rehearsing the song was spent practicing it *mentally*. This means much! This is important! All time was lived, every waking second was spent and lived rehearsing. No measure of self-belief or satisfaction with my efforts could grow, and anxiety alone was my waking companion. Dead-certain reliable habit of movement, virtual automism in the execution of a complex task by the body, requires a measure of obsession if the task is to be learned deeply, completely or even perfectly. No less of an imprint will survive

the ultimate doubt, the unavoidable distraction, the pressure! Right and wrong emerge and are certain as a cross. Each motion is described by proper technique, or it is an error. There is a right way to do everything. Perfection is quantifiable, and the only acceptable answer. It is a hard standard indeed, and when it is forgotten the result is shame, and the unacceptable must be righted and perfection found again. Repeat until each note is struck right! How glorious, right and certain is success in such a small world! A perfect hell may have achievable goals. Once tasted nothing less will do.

The next week they were all there again, all the drummers, musicians and even more fear. I was too sick to blush and felt it all dissolving me. The thin whitening which one feels before passing out teased, threatened to end my misery. I blush often but never faint. My anxiety grew and I began to lose control, hyperventilate, and then lose all feeling in my hands; cramping half-closed like silly lobster claws, lumps of hamburger hanging loosely at the end of my arms. I could not feel my hands! My panic increased further. I picked up the sticks in my numb claws, my breath short and rapid with fear and it began. Ha! The trick had worked! My body was an automaton, each motion correct and music replaced misery. With the exception of an error in one of the breaks from which I recovered without unduly disturbing the music, I had done it! The performance was correct! My self-esteem soared as the compliments came in from the other drummers, those ill-wishers who were clearly the ones injured now as their pressure mounted, the bar now higher from my success.

Were those drummers really against me, or were they also self-absorbed and fearful, just obsessing over their turn? Did I really wound them? I do not know the real answers but I am sure that is how I perceived every bit of it, and that the pressure was therefore real, since such pressure is angst, doubt and weight produced in one's

internal world. As a band leader I have often seen how I can change the internal world of a musician, and turn pressure into confidence and inspiration with a few encouraging shouts. More than once have I lied to prime the pump and find the good player I knew was there by shouting, "Yeah, all right!" at a lackluster timid solo, to see it then blossom into something superb and confident.

Having been rewarded with success for embracing an obsessive training regimen yielded more obsession, and excellent results in terms of drum technique. As my confidence grew with my ability, I was now hindered by the crutch which once served. Obsession insisted, and I gave the practice which produced true confidence and also the inhuman cost which eroded and replaced the human with reflections of obsession. Every motion was analyzed. I moved the shortest possible route to the refrigerator, using the most direct trajectory and the arm motions with the fewest and shortest steps to retrieve and put the ice into the glass. Fluid and precise movement is always in order. The world became a drum technique exercise in efficient motion. No errors were to be made. Obsession had made this a simple derivable proposition for everything in life. Now the formulas were broadly applied. Confidence in life had been replaced with being correct, when the term correct has been perverted by obsession, redefined to mean the perfect execution of a set of rules designed for another task; now inappropriately generalized into an obsession with efficiency of motion and numerical musical analysis which demand all energy and attention, and so extinguished life. I counted everything I heard. What time signature is that old fan unevenly rotating in? The thump repeats and yes! It is a 19/16! I had become obsessive. Excellence had cost me my humanity. The cost of obsession has been outlined above, and so I will choose not to go on and draw this topic out, lest I be accused of being obsessive. Any idiot knows better than to worry about that!

## ***Psychological Topography***

Now that you have read the "Engine of Creation" and know of it, I will sharpen this picture, so mythically drawn and let you into, inside of my ordeal, my trial by endurance which permitted this transformation whereby I am now more creative, having both endured it and recorded it all, taken notes, careful notes, and understood it. As I would lose the ability to repress I would go through a cycle. Sometimes five or more times a day, other times I would cycle only every few days remaining "in the engine" the whole time, when things were at their worst. The approach of the emergence of repressed material was *often* accompanied by a terrible smell I alone could smell, the foulest odor of feces and decay like a dead animal, a dog discovered in the summer. The odor of feces was predominant, an olfactory hallucination—the stench of shame. *Every time* the cycle included unbearable anxiety before the repressed material was released, an anxiety which caused me to vocalize and suffer deeply. The feeling was intolerable, the thoughts the anxiety raised are a repelling, a warning and a fear of heightened proportion which insist: "Look away! Do not think this! No! No! This hurts too much! Too much pain!— Do not allow this! Stop this!" This anxiety was the last ego defense against releasing unconscious ego destructive repressed material, the ego's last stand, anxiety is the "lid on the engine," it works like a static electric, or electromagnetic charge, a barrier and defense all but impenetrable in its force and repellent gravity. Anxiety is the ego's defense against ego distonic repressed material. Anxiety is the lid on hell. Once the barrier was breached, I would "drop into the engine," into the world of my repressed thoughts as described in the "Engine of Creation" chapter. At once one is

compelled to empathize with a myriad of unbelievable fantasies. The ego is still alive in me and now must see! I will discuss the nature of these fantasies, their purpose, genesis and relationships to each other next, but first we must see how I survived it to become what I am, and how I could "take notes" during the process.

Is the ego destroyed here? Does a core of coherency, what I will call "the self," remain? How? Everything the ego can not be, everything which opposes it now consumes it. I dissociate myself into an "it" even to speak of it! I see myself cringe at my happiness even now, and so I laugh at me to unmask the defense! I have become a psychologist! How? From this filth? From these hideous things? Yes! Freud was wise when he noticed that our "conscience"—the values we have learned—the superego—does not distinguish between a wish and an act. We are our own thought police and feel nearly as guilty from a thought about an act, a wish, as we would if we had actually committed the act and really *done* a terrible thing. To *think* it is equally forbidden! This is the basis for much of our morality and we pay dearly for this obscene error, and it is this, the teeth of conscience which are obscene, not our thoughts. The act of judgment produces obscenity where there is none! When we judge a thought we place the chains of a terrible guilt upon a ghost, a nonentity, a thought! To embrace the ugly sights in the engine is to become a criminal, a psychopath and a sociopath. To do these things is to become immoral. Morality and immorality are identical but repellent for different reasons, as are a photograph and its negative. Perhaps immorality is the worse evil but morality is a lie nonetheless. Can we undo this imaginary deed? Is there a-moral here? Yes there is, and oh how in our morality we have ob-seen ourselves, where we were only thoughts!

Upon taking an amoral stance, a non-judgmental stance and approach to the sights and thoughts which would have my attention no matter what resistance I tried to offer, I was able to see it all and understand it—understand why I was this way and *needed* to be. I had been an idealist of sorts, a moral idealist (is there another kind?) and now I had been forced to understand the truth of it, made to look and so had no choice but to become able. Engine material, repressed unconscious material, is ego distonic, ego destructive only if it is dissonant, if it contradicts the ego. What if the idea of a contradictory analysis itself was an error? Might the cognitive dissonance be removed? Anxiety defends us from the sight and knowledge of dissonant things, guilt being chief among them. Even if we understand why, we feel guilty when we hate what we also love, a contradictory thought when we feel what we should not. A contradictory thought? How absurd! A wish, a thought is of no real consequence and so is very distinct from an act, which should bear the full guilty weight and crippling measure of conscience, as an act has a real consequence. Here we would do well to imitate the early Greek system of justice where consequence and deed alone were considered as basis for judgment, intention and thought were a guiltless matter.<sup>13</sup> So if I have these thoughts, why should I be troubled, why should they be dissonant to me, they are of no guilty consequence, and so, why do they produce guilt? The result of this noncontradictory analysis, this amoral insight, was immediate and profound. I could stand it, stand to see the repressed fantasies, thoughts and hurts, and stopped judging. I started wondering, why did I see what I saw, these "guiltless" thoughts must

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13 "...for early Greek justice cared nothing for intent—it was the act that mattered." E.R. Dodds, *The Greeks and The Irrational* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1973), 3.



exist for a reason.

This book will be short and leave room for another should I be brave and foolish enough to write it, so I will suffice to say that the fantasies I beheld were super-sexualized, by this I mean that they are sexualized versions of other non-sexual events and wishes as well as sexual wishes, often sadistic and altogether unrelenting. What possible purpose could this ugliness serve? As I examined each fantasy and felt my reactions to them I saw that there were trends, needs and wishes which although few, ran as a common thread throughout each of the hundreds of fantasies, which all expressed many ways of meeting the same few needs. Huge swaths of strange violence were connected, expressing the same themes, underneath the apparent splintered multitudes a few ideas, a string of a few needs and the wishes in which they were expressed, united them all. I will give you no such key to my soul as that! But do know they were all, each and every one of these violent fantasies were *defensive fantasies*. After these fantasies were heard and heard again and again twice more I finally detected the cause, the small voice which summoned the monsters, a shy sad tear under it all, so pitiful, shy and wanting. This is why the bluster, the distractions, the exhibitions of power and potency; the defensive fantasies were needed, they were the antidote to this: the true impotent result of life which ached and hurt and felt neglected or worse. The defensive fantasies answered these feelings of sad powerless impotence and shielded the ego from lots of plain old hurt. Infantile things and trends which extend into the now are answered thusly with these defensive fantasies which we repress due to the dissonant guilt they produce for the ego and then shield with anxiety to keep unconscious. Most of what I saw was old but never forgotten, but a third was new

(twenty years old) and then newer still and I understood we still repress much, even as adults. All of us have had our feelings violated and injured and it is the injuries which demand these defensive fantasies—our wounds need them, we require, need and deserve them. I believe it to be a recent (2500-3000 years or less?)<sup>14</sup> development that many such things needed repressing. There are many theories and which is true in what case is less relevant than the result. We repress our real feelings and are made incomplete for the omission. Let us finally become mature enough, sufficiently developed as a social species to own all of our thoughts! We deserve them and our injuries need them. It is a natural "primitive" response: a shamed *normal* response which became socially inconvenient and was devaluated and shamed, but is only a guiltless thought. Never judge your thoughts. Own them. Know them. Love them. They are you! You need you!

Once we hear the pain underneath, once we own and address that, pour that through every bit of our potential and become better here, by listening to and responding to the hurt, we won't need them, these defensive dramas which are summoned by our unheard pain, our kind violence, our helping healing hand. As you will see, when nothing is withheld, everything can be used, appreciated and accepted to become you, and so become the world.

A magical rape and The Creative Emotional Posture: Another unforeseen result, a tragic wonder both dubious and bright is responsible for the creation of this book. This "seeing of the engine" was a rape of sorts, a spiritual, psychological, magical rape where I could not resist my tormentor, and so found I loved him, and was him.

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14 See *The Greeks and The Irrational*, particularly Chapter II: "From Shame-Culture to Guilt-Culture" for some clues. Dodds, 28-63.

But this is no Stockholm Syndrome, this is the strange precious poison which has taught me the lesson. Can you learn it without the violence, the poisoning and withdrawal I suffered to accomplish my new happiness? Can you have the benefit without the side effects of my understanding?

When in "the cycle" I learned the amoral lesson. Here is how that lesson might be pictured. The way I learned it is ugly but the result is beautiful. I was taught by necessity. I had no choice. Like a rape victim my responses adapted, changing forever. Imagine being assaulted by a rapist who was too powerful to refuse. If you close up and resist the abuse, the damage to your body will be severe at best, you will be torn to pieces and die very badly indeed. If you open up and submit, the damage to your body will be less—it will be survivable. The tree snaps in the wind, but the reed bends. Likewise I learned if I were to avoid going mad I would have to do the same: open up to all thoughts and look, do not shame, resist or close the mind with judgment, only look and open up before all thoughts or be destroyed and driven insane. The open amoral mind is necessarily free from presuppositions and ideals. It only considers, never judges and so survives by not resisting. The loss of our ideals and an open unrepressed mind benefit us with greater intelligence and mental flexibility, along with an enormous increase in vitality, creativity and an indescribable improvement in the qualitative experience of the present. The rape victim is grateful! I have learned a new "emotional posture" we will consider later, as well as how it can be obtained and maintained to turn "the neurotic" into "the creative." Perhaps you might share in my happiness? But the question must be fleshed out before the answer, so more psychological topography by way of magical rite is in store

first, and that is very questionable indeed! Only the brave are foolish enough to question themselves and look at the answer. It is no coincidence the brave often blush, but may then honestly count themselves among the lucky.

### ***The Possible and the Desirable***

“Hope is the result when what is desirable is also possible.”

Before I begin in earnest I must make you aware of some personal details regarding my own case, my own views, so you can consider the source and thereby have proper estimation of the credibility of the experiment and its result. I am afraid that this may at first seem to disappoint the more liberal reader, but upon reflection I believe you will see that one who is furthest removed from liberal politically correct presuppositions has the full measure of credibility at his disposal. When all is said and done, the fantastic result is most sure and believable to come from one such as me.

I am a bit of a prude and a prig, so imagine my surprise to see it, to know what lies beneath the personality of man. How shocking and hopeful! So I will tell you I am a heterosexual male married some 30 years, with no wandering eye or worse to sour the marriage.<sup>15</sup> I am content and seek no further satisfaction in my ordinary married bliss, and although I do not believe homosexuality to be a deviance, I do not idealize it either. It is a non-issue in my life, a potentially healthy or unhealthy value neutral possibility, as are all things. Each case is different. I will further tell you that I personally have no forgiveness in my heart or mind for anyone of any orientation who forces their sexuality on another who is unwilling. To do this is to be a sexual criminal, whether you want to "turn someone on to themselves" with a big, wet, unexpected, unwelcome homosexual tongue kiss, or drop

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<sup>15</sup> Read "The Exception" in *This New Day* for a description of my relationship—an ideal relationship which serves well as a model for every type of relationship which is healthy, innocent and growing.

some pills in someone's drink to relax them and show them your heterosexual secret, I judge such behavior as criminal, and worthy of the most extreme violence in response. Anyone who is unable to understand the distinction between the guiltless innocence of all thoughts, and the forcing of themselves upon another in real deeds and acts, is worthy of all due condemnation above and beyond the law of man. To impose your idea of sexuality on another in violation of their personality is the worst of crimes, on a par or exceeding murder, which is more merciful, as once dead the victim may rest. To do this thing to another is to give them sexual shame, the most harmful of all toxic emotional constituents, so toxic that even a small speck can tragically and permanently destroy a person and forever squander their happiness to turn them against themselves. I loathe the sexual criminal above all other criminals, he is the poisoner of the soul, the deliverer of sexual shame. So imagine my surprise...

This second adventure in the realm of psychological topography is an ordeal, a rite, but one of choice, not a pharmacological accident or a necessary consequence but a bad decision from years past which I do not advocate, in fact I will say plainly that alcohol and LSD are a stupid combination, a dread association which I have seen make many patrons at a particular bar into well... I could hardly watch and they were lucky to forget, but youth is rightly fraught with such stupidities as this and although LSD may or may not play a productive positive role in one's mental life, alcohol rarely does. Of course there are exceptions and I am friends with one well turned out example of an alcoholic, but his like number few indeed! Also, do be warned, gentle reader, there is profanity in the upcoming text. If you must shield your eyes, so be it, but I hope you will be brave enough to look because no other words

better suit to describe the experience. So now you know I must have found something good to warrant all these warnings, all this back-pedaling, moralizing and qualifying could mean nothing else! Something vital was discovered, laid bare to behold, no less than the river of beauty, the abominable wondrous current of happiness in man. His hope. What lies beneath us, unseen but omnipresent—the us we are is a surface which hides a tide, and hope's true mechanics, eternity's secret wish is a river beneath personality and an obscenity named hope. How glorious and sweet to discover that you are a false assumption! What could be more hopeful? Ahhh... I remember once when I sat as men sit, drank as men drink but for a moment knew more than man should. All I say here happened in my thoughts behind tight lips. No one there knew, no look, word or deed betrayed the fact that I had just met me. I will betray my happiness here and unfold her beautiful secret, our secret which we may share and cleanse in the vanishing shadows. I will open the reluctant creaking door to my past inner thoughts which hid like a musty odor in a sealed tomb, spoken of only to my wife who is careful to forget such things, if only aloud. No one could tell I had insulted beauty to find her dress up, and insulted man as well. Although it may be the river of beauty and happiness, all real new knowledge is born as an insult to what you believed. Otherwise why would it have remained hidden?

I begin by dissecting myself, and every other man as well. What lies beneath, beneath and below, far removed but close enough to breathe, to bless and curse? Let us see with a thought experiment, a magical rite. In college I discovered many reckless truths and few lessons until years later when I rebuilt what was wrecked. What is behind the mask, the heterosexual, the homosexual, the division which

makes us sick to our very presuppositions? When I was in college I learned the answer once: We are all omnisexual. This is a fact beneath personality, and here, in this relation of above and below there is much to discuss—but first the knowledge:

Add to one freshman day of leisure and curiosity—one bottle of whiskey, 86 proof and about 500 micrograms of LSD. A *huge* dose for a young mind. As the acid hit I became restless and agitated. Squirming with a weird anxiety I had a stupid, young, perfect response. I began to drink. I was no longer feeling so strange. Actually, I felt strange but did not notice. I became self-destructive and wanted to push the limits and see if I could drink it all—all the whiskey. I seemed to feel little of it and tried to do it. I had almost 3/4 of the bottle in an hour and a half's time (here I guess, perhaps an hour-less?) and so the experiment begins.

Personality is suspended by LSD, that is its magic, it relieves us of ourselves so we may look at the world, and laugh at ourselves. No better drug exists for a neurotic, who at the base is a fearful narcissist, someone insecure and overly preoccupied with their own situation who is much happier once relieved of the weight and worry of his broken personality. Even so, much of personality remains as the CIA can tell you,<sup>16</sup> so the whiskey means much here. I looked around me and observed myself, which drunk on lots of acid means only the primal current: sexuality in the extreme. I beheld its mechanism. I saw my friends. I wanted to touch them, to fuck them, the boys, the girls, the arms and legs all calling to me, all inviting and indistinguishable in a boiling tangle of heat and then still more! Yes, More! I would have

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<sup>16</sup> Read *The Search for the Manchurian Candidate* by John Marks. New York: Dell, 1988.



known pleasure and nature unfolding, finding happiness in simply seeing, I am alive and within things to behold them, and now knowing with my eyes is touching and loving, to see a dog or a cat is to know it and feel it and so I poured my sexuality unrestrained into all the world! All of it! And Still More!! The furniture, the velour armchair, the art on the walls and the plants, seeing is fucking, is tasting is fucking and feeling everything inside you and you in it, to experience the world is to KNOW it all! Nature is non-specific and gloriously endows all of creation with our rabid illusion: our sexuality! We are glad I assure you! The leaves sparkle with glorious dew—why? Now you know! The smoke is a voluptuous tongue of the infinite and creation reveals itself for only you—man is now and forever God: the sexualizer of eternity! All beauty comes of this gross hidden trick, repressed and invisible—feigning the subtle and the sublime, but now you are glad and not fooled, you have seen it through my eyes and know the mystery too—we are omnisexual! This is the amoral truth. The world is irresistible in its beauty and never awash in the suffering of shame! Did you know that, my friend?

In like fashion I have seen the soul withdrawn, the wellspring of beauty destroyed, stopped and sickened. Sexual shame changes the very appearance of the world. When we are ashamed we withhold the magic—once shamed we do not trust ourselves. Nothing looks right, everything is an ugly two dimensional imitation. Now cut off from all of life's bounty, the world looks threatening, ugly, empty, false, flat, dry, cruel and covered in sores and rotten hollows, the earth smells bad and it is as if small fish bones are lodged deep in the substance of all things. The world I create can not be trusted, because I do not trust

myself. This is what happens when we stem the tide and poison ourselves with morality—shame.

What can be learned from this misadventure I was so fortunate to have, laying the source of beauty bare before me in all its "ugliness," but already you can tell that ugliness is in the eye of the beholder as is her sister beauty, which both reside here in this same truth. So who decides what is what? Let us speak of hope and ask it clearly. If we are omnisexual, then everything is possible. So, our hopeful question follows: "If everything is possible, who decides what is desirable?"

Understand that this is not an endorsement of the polymorphous perverse. What we have seen is the mechanism by which the world becomes beautiful. *We* make what is beautiful, beautiful, what of our goals is attractive, what of our surroundings, our friends, our selves, our lovers, our sunsets, our cityscapes, our ambitions and all the rest alike are beautified with this same internal alchemy, this sexual magic by virtue of which we pour our sexuality into our perception of the world and it becomes beautiful. All of beauty incorporates such a transformation, and man is a super-sexual tide harnessed, released and withheld under the reins of personality. Personality alone is the supreme arbiter of sexuality as it is manifested in deeds, the rest is an undercurrent which bestows all of beauty and substance, seduction and allure into the world, or if shamed and withheld as undesirable by personality, makes it dry, hideous and stinking, putrid, threatening, mean and unrewarding. To alter one's relationship to sexuality changes the entire character of the world. In an act of "rational magic" I have watched the amoral understanding remove the guilty contradictions, lift my shame, and allow a refused, repressed, shamed desire to now be known easily in consciousness without conflict, and suddenly behold

the world become full, colorful and beautiful in the very instant of self-acceptance! Personality is the glad master of all sexual possibility, and we must look here, to personality, to solve almost all conflicts within ourselves, our sexuality, as well as in our relationship with, and perception of the world.

Now that we know everything is possible, we have the innate ability to endow any goal, any love, any possibility with allure and vitality, self-seduction of the highest order or self-annihilation and world-demonizing shame are personalities alone to wield as we see fit, we are in a hopeful position indeed! Personality may be crowned regent, both rightful arbiter of all physically expressed sexuality, and then also able to withhold or endow the remaining portion of sexuality into the world—and so it is! All is possible, and *we* decide what is desirable, ergo: we have reason for all and every hope!

Never believe anyone who tells you your personality is a "hang-up" and seeks to destroy you to set you free.<sup>17</sup> Psychopaths like Charlie Manson and institutions like the US government, specifically the army and the CIA in their quest for the Manchurian candidate, use this method of operation. The government treated people like Manson did his followers, as clay for their will to form, and they sought and delighted to use any sadistic means to scramble the brains of their victims, and plugging you into your hang-ups, making you do what you would resist, or wiping you free of personality, or covertly dosing someone with drugs is sheer criminal activity which history demonstrates as a certain road to madness and death. Remember the

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<sup>17</sup> Please see *The Search for the Manchurian Candidate* and these three cases: 1. The case of the death of Dr. Frank Olson; 2. The army's treatment of James Thornwell who was kept on LSD for 77 days straight and threatened with permanent madness, as well as; 3. The case of Mary C. under the tender care of the esteemed Dr. Cameron with his injections of LSD and his sadistic use of a sealed sensory isolation box, to name a few.

Tate-LaBianca murders or the case of Dr. Frank Olson? Personality must dictate the use of these forces, and must be respected most of all. The sublimation of our sexuality into the world is but hope itself at personality's fingertips, once shame is removed. If, this having been said, personality, your ego—you decide that you are ill or mistaken as a matter of habit and want to change yourself and gain some relief, as you may have guessed, there is every reason for hope! Everything is possible!

Before opening Pandora's box a little further, we must learn how to recognize the enemy within and distinguish his prattling nonsense from the better choice. The enemy: Fixation. I mean something characteristic and particular by this term, there is a smell to it, like soiled laundry. When we latch onto something in response to a need we may have found a path to health and our need fulfilled, or we may have embraced a pattern which fails to fulfill and becomes a fixation. Some patterns are sick from the start and others become sick patterns over time, but then they all run round and round the same track, the same dirt and earth is worn and rutted, built and heaped upon itself, the pattern repeated over and over, reinforced and exaggerated, packed down with time becoming habit and self-definition, until what started off as a momentary embrace becomes a stranglehold which can be easily recognized by its singularly grotesque appearance. Over time we repeat a behavior to answer an original need which remains unsatisfied so the behavior changes over time and grows in its intensity, its shape and proportion, becoming a distorted caricature, an exaggeration of itself many times over until it becomes grotesque. This is how fixation can be recognized: *by its grotesque shape and its clear backward fascination to derive self-identity.* **Self-identity is not a question of**

**what you were, but a question of what you want.** Self-creation is the process by which this question is answered, the self we become answers our hopeful question, "What is desirable?"—and since we create this self, we can be most sure here, most certain in that which we ourselves create, never again groping in the dark, searching for self amongst blurry hints, hidden memories and maybes. Now we have created the one perfect answer, our ascending course, the one thing in life about which we never have to guess: that which we have created is that about which we are most sure! Backward self-definition curses us to look for ourselves amongst our past experiences and unknowns.<sup>18</sup> The past must be understood to absolute exhaustion and in all measure of completeness if we are to be free of it, but the past does not dictate or hold the riddle of self. It is not concealed here or anywhere else. It is no riddle! We create self each day in plain daylight! Let us not repeat and make the same mistake as if self is a mistake, fixed and set in the stone of years. Rather, self-creation makes what we *want* real, and is therefore of the most sure and certain substance. WE have made this. Self-creation never guesses. I know me best because I have created me myself! Always move your self toward you, never move you toward your self. "What is self?" is a question you answer in the present and future, not something you ask of the past.

Before the answer we will study the question and so I say: know the enemy, for he is *not* ourselves! Here I will offer two examples of fixation, one clearly grotesque for its end result as a masochism, and the other taken from aspects of my own case, which eventually leads to a grotesque sadistic expression of fixation in fantasy. First consider the case of a boy with a selfish, disapproving, conditional father. The boy

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<sup>18</sup> The importance of knowledge of the past is discussed exhaustively in *This New Day*.

craves the acceptance of the father. Erickson has noted how a need which is unmet in childhood can often find its completion if it is met in another way in adulthood. With this in mind you can see a neutral possibility emerge as the boy becomes a homosexual as an adult, in an attempt to meet this need for acceptance. Everything is possible. It is the presence or absence of fixation and its grotesque signature which invalidate or validate our decisions. Unfortunately in this case the father is highly possessive of the mother and displays great jealousy toward the closeness of the mother-son bond. This family dynamic creates a doubly strong punitive Oedipal taboo which makes the mother off limits and places a huge overwhelming guilt upon the boy's Oedipal wishes which become deeply repressed. The result is a dissonance which presupposes homosexuality because it offers the craved intimacy with the father that is lacking and resolves the hyper-dissonant Oedipal taboo. The repressed Oedipal wishes and the associated guilt raise the feeling that the punitive father is both desired as an object of affection and approval, as well as desired as a punisher to answer and purge repressed Oedipal guilt feelings. Add to this the additional guilt from our society's homosexual taboo along with guilt resulting from hostile repressed feelings about the father and the qualitative part of the recipe for neurosis spelled out in psychoanalysis is sure: ego and libido are in conflict.

So the years pass and no stable relationship ensues. His basic need remains unfulfilled and comes to express itself as a desire to be with men who disapprove of him, then finds after a slow build-up of events that he is only satisfied to have sex with a sadist, one who shames to love, a gross caricature of the father's initial rejection, a sadist—one who finds him irresistible although he hates him. Now the father's traits as

rejector *and* giver of acceptance are exaggerated and mixed together as the receiving of punishment, and acceptance as irresistibility, become satisfaction. This becomes the supreme object of desire, to be irresistible to one who hates you, here satisfaction has found its object in the grotesque caricature of a fixated desire to gain a disapproving father's love. Now only one thing will do: to be irresistible to one who hates him—to be loved by a punisher. The signature of fixation is obvious.

My case has the reverse result, a sadistic impulse is born of the fixation, but it is just as clearly another grotesque example—another of fixation's children. As a boy I was small and felt insignificant, often bullied and generally ignored. I had several defenses against this but the best was my music. At, and I am guessing after the years, age eight, I was playing a snare drum well enough to improvise rudimental solos and was invited to perform at school for the lower grades K-5. What is sure is that the result was staggering! The kindergardeners were un-stillable and all but rioted, and the rest gave applause and approval well beyond all polite measure, as was the tasteful standard at assembly programs. I was amazed to discover all those who ignored and deplored, bullied and forgot me, now gave praise and admiration, even jealousy! Fantastic! The result was a lifelong commitment to recreate the experience by performing. I could eventually get an audience to stand and give an ovation at any point in the performance. By then I was thirty years old.

There are many layers of complexity to the formation and reinforcement of neurosis. On the deepest psychoanalytical level the idea and act of performing for and being accepted by an audience can in this case also be understood as a displacement of an original

unfulfilled infantile wish for acceptance by the mother. This type of displacement from an infantile libidinal object and sublimation into a non-libidinal substitute gratification like music and performing can lead to health if the switch to a sublimated substitute gratification is successful, or to neurosis if it is not, as Freud noted in his 1912 paper on the “Types of Neurotic Nosogenesis.”<sup>19</sup> As I described in *This New Day*, the attempt eventually failed and a dread obsessive neurosis had resulted when after years of trying and trying I could please an audience but could never secure enough work, always unforgiving of my failures and unrewarding of my victories which were all too soon swallowed into the unfulfilled need which remained empty. I had placed happiness beyond myself and paid! There was No Work! External validation was my measure of self-love. The torment—the shame! Unfair! This empty-headed fixation cost me a martyr's misery—three nervous breakdowns. At a point some thirteen years before it broke me for good, I saw that an obsessive symptom had resulted from the fixation. I could not stop thinking about killing whoever I saw who exhibited an inclination toward pop or country music, and sadistic fantasy became the most prevalent element of my conscious thought. The clear signature of fixation emerged when the need for approval became an addiction to others, an unmet addiction to the crowd, and a grotesque sadistic reinvention of my failed fixated relationship to the world came to answer my feelings of failure and impotence with defensive sadistic fantasy. A worsening cascade emerged where fantasy became an obsession used to block the feelings

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19 In brief, the notion is that once displaced from the developing child's family dynamic the adult's libidinal energy can be attached to a libidinal object in the world to gain satisfaction and relieve frustration or it can be sublimated to healthy result. In the absence of success pursuing one of these two options frustration and neuroses can occur. With so much libido invested in sublimation by way of musical performance, the failure of the sublimation led to an obsessive neurosis.



of failure and rejection rather than feel them, while not changing my behavior and predictably getting more rejection and making more hurt and more fantasies. Feel your pain and respond—never hide from it, learn from it instead! The alternative was a grotesque infantile fixated response which led me to rightly get a monster dose of Prozac and never look back for a fifteen year stint with all manner of brutal consequences, including the bizarre withdrawal which caused the magical rape—seeing the engine—and the sublime creative madness which understands itself so is no longer mad at all—and the end result: this book—interesting...? Perhaps. But *do not be fooled* by such lovely words my friend, you do not want such an interesting life as this!! Do not go angry then go mad to know the sublime result, try a thought experiment or two which I will recommend and see the result without the price, if you are still inclined to see at all. Know my meaning: fixation led to collapse, and *that* is the lesson to be learned. Smell this poor fellow suffering his own inflexibility and know the sight and scent. Fixation is always grotesque. Never believe a backward-looking fixated self-definition!

So once we have recognized the face of fixation we may choose to alter our relationship to ourselves, and so alter our relationship to, and impression of the world. This means that personality must give its consent to change and we will find ideas such as this one and the experiments and exposition about the open creative emotional posture which follow later, to be most interesting. They will invite you in. If you are not yet ready to be seduced, so be it! So I will throw a loop around these things and see if you are ready.

Remember Jung's idea of the shadow—the self we do not acknowledge, those potentials we suppress and repress, keep

unconscious and disown to become "our shadow?" All that which we do not become is a threat which manifests itself in dreams. The repressed self, the shadow self is threatening, a negation of the conscious self and so is kept repressed and unconscious. Here sleeps the other half of our choices in life, all which is possible but personality deems undesirable. All sexuality which is not acted upon—the homosexual in the heterosexual, the heterosexual in the homosexual and the rest of us as well, like the hidden rage in the just, the emotive weeping poet in the rational unyielding scientist, and all such reversals of choice, goal, thought and feeling which we hide, the shadow of our choices: personality's inverse. If not used to our advantage the sexuality, selves and potentials we disown and the violence they become sours us and our world as we act out, and it becomes a potential detriment to self or others, we withhold feeling and it builds—erupts—it's the quiet ones you have to watch, and we also do a violence of sorts to our own world to shame ourselves and make ourselves ugly as half of us lies in shadow. Most commit no crime or violence in the literal sense but bear the burden in thought and fantasy which is an ugly shadow and crime against our happiness nonetheless. We torment ourselves to put ourselves in shadow! We shame half of ourselves just to own the other half! Can our instinct toward putting what we do not become into shadow, this ontological submersion, could it become an ontological immersion into the world—a conscious sublimation? What if we could remove the contradiction, the cancellation of what we choose by what we do not, stop being threatened by wishes and thoughts as if they are acts and deeds—what if we could easily embrace them all? A non-contradictory analysis, (an analysis in the style of Necessity's Idealist in *This New Day*) is in order! Let us stop being

threatened by shadows! They are but wishes, possibilities, selves we have not chosen as is our rightful province, we who run the show decide all, so why do we run at a shadow or demand it bury itself in shameful earth, repressed and banished to be disowned and shamed? Let us release these to Day, each and all may enhance us, enhance our world! How can a ghost we did not choose fail to become an angel and embrace us to become the world once her shame is removed—once we love the fact that everything is beauty itself—everything! How can we not weep in joy to behold the world iridescent in its magical vitality, now alluring us, tempting us, seducing us to own every beautiful thing we do not! Can we finally appreciate what shame soiled in shadow? How broad the heart of man! Might we finally, only now, be grateful? What wish may not tempt and fill me, invite and warm me to interest, once "the world"—which is experienced as but a thought in my mind, is enriched and re-filled to have all beauty I have not become poured into it? Every wish is a pitcher filled with happiness once it is not shamed but loved! Then it spills itself into the earth and the pitcher is gone. Only the grateful earth remains. How inviting is a world which contains every wish you can not! It is we who decide, so might we not love the rest, let it sit without judgment easily before our mind's eye until it melts gladly into the world—now the secret energy has been liberated from the old vessel and all things grow from an earth blessed by this magic which is most white of all, where shame is unknown and all beautiful things which we do not become, may become the world?

## ***Symbolic Analysis***

Having outlined the basics of our psychological construction and fixation so we can clearly identify self-identity from a sick identification with the past, it seems a simple matter to observe, never repeat our old fixated behaviors and be well! Of course this is naive at best, and the past, the fixation will exert enormous unseen gravity, an irresistible unseen magnetism to repeat the steps and reinvent the errors. While we may be able to recognize our fixation and walk away from it, we must be able to go one better, one deeper to uproot it and recognize its reflections, its symbolic transfigurations and other hidden appearances if we are to be free of it. Please see *This New Day* for a detailed discussion of the most important way we must do this: by understanding our past in every detail until we can handle all subjects easily. Symbolic analysis is the other requirement if we are to accomplish this end, and no more essential or psychological skill exists. Symbolic analysis is a knack, a way of thinking which at first seems counterintuitive and unnatural, as you might expect since it is with this sort of hidden communication, this symbolic language we use to communicate to ourselves in dreams but *do not understand* that allows us to give vent to our repressed needs and hidden selves, without hearing them directly. We are not supposed to understand it, that is *why* it is used. So it follows that the skill of symbolic interpretation is an unnatural craft indeed!

Symbols are used in literature, and often allegory and symbolism give a good book what makes it good, the meaning, the substance under the story—the message. Likewise many of our behaviors are symbols, not just our dreams. The sadistic and masochistic patterns discussed

earlier are clear symbols of wishes, which came from needs which spawned them. The masochist symbolizes his need for acceptance by his rejecting father as he seeks to be loved by a sadist, loved by one who rejects. The sadist in his fantasies displays his thwarted need to be accepted, by punishing, rejecting those who refuse him. Here "I reject you" symbolizes the inversion of "you won't accept me." Powerlessness becomes inverted into fantasies about power. Both symbolize a need for acceptance, the performer turned sadist by repeating the once successful but misguided pattern of seeking performances and acceptance by an audience which symbolizes acceptance by the mother, leading to an obsessive neurosis once the sublimation failed; and the masochist in his fixated obsessive neurosis as he tries to fulfill and complete a pattern which never worked, his relationships being a symbol of his attempt to fulfill the unmet need for acceptance from a punitive disapproving father.

Almost all of our life choices can be seen symbolically—as symbols of the drives which originally gave rise to them. Since this type of unnatural thinking, symbolic problem solving, is a style of thought which can and must be applied to every aspect of one's life, we can learn the skill, get the feeling for it as well with one subject as another. The method of thinking works to unravel a complex mystery as well as a simple one, it is only the size and intricacy of the problem which differ. The subject of ego defenses is huge and although this may appear intimidating, and a detailed examination of the topic is beyond the scope of this brief text, many, I will even say most ego defenses whether projection, reaction formation or any of a host of others are based upon, or contain an inversion. The inversion is the fundamental component of many defenses and the single most profitable key to

understanding ego defense. It unlocks many doors. It is less important to understand the name on each door than it is to have the key.

So let us have some examples. Some symbols are straight inversions—opposites. This works the same way as an obsession which blocks a feared thought or feeling by taking up our full attention and excluding the dangerous thought. Unlike many obsessions it is very simple, it is this common type of inversion which makes up so much ordinary ego defense. Having been deprived of the ability to repress which is what makes these defenses work, I see them all too easily and can no longer enjoy the company of those who rely too heavily on this sort of common self-deception if and when these defenses are engaged. In this game of "I fool me," the opposite of an idea which is true but uncomfortable to think of, is held forward in consciousness and trumpeted as the truth. The true idea is the opposite and is repressed as the ego is defended by a tirade of opposite falsehood which take the place of the threatening truth. The ego swells in self-righteousness, defends, blusters and lies. It is ugly to see once recognized and too easy to spot. Often the offense, the true disappointment is lauded as virtue. Rollo May had a brilliant idea. He noticed how guilty we feel about the parts of ourselves, our potential which we never realize, never bring into being. The label he came up with was "ontological guilt," and as my friends age, I watch them suffer from it. People who for years have resisted their own potential, who knew they should write, or enjoy life to explore their interests and create art or music but did not do it, found excuse after excuse for decades to indulge their fear of failure and even more so their laziness, because such things require regular work, even if only an easily afforded hour a day, now find age has left them incomplete. Now free and retired, rather than begin their

work and happiness I hear, "I have given everything in selfless sacrifice to my husband and child." This inverts to mean: "I have done nothing for myself. Tell me I am virtuous for being lazy." I hear, "I do everything for everyone else and nothing for myself." This means, "I allow myself to be used so I will have an excuse to avoid myself and my work." I hear, "When did I become like this, I was so sweet." This means, "I was loving of life once and have *disappointed myself* and become bitter. Tell me it is a mystery and not my fault." It is senseless to justify your unhappiness rather than become happy! Pride is a foolish thing most unbecoming. That having been said I hope the point is clear: that most ego defense is based on an inversion, an easily analyzed symbol which works to repress the ego distonic thought by proclaiming the reverse, preferably with an audience to affirm the error.

Here is another: One may be thin-skinned enough to rage and burst unexpectedly into a squalling tantrum against another person when an uncomfortable but unidentified "sore" topic is unknowingly, innocently brought up. After being wholly responsible for the unprovoked, inappropriate outburst of rage and fury the offender is earnest and asks aloud in strange wonder, as if the other person was the offending party, "Gee, I wonder what *he* was so sore about? He really can't control himself." Here the inversion is complete and too obvious to analyze. Many adults behave this way as a matter of routine. Unbelievable but true.

Other symbols we encounter may also use the inversion. Symbols can of course transfigure other events and feelings into hidden forms, but the motion, the shape of the inversion is often present. Here are some examples: Having lost the ability to repress, my mind mobilized other, more primitive destructive and disturbing defenses, giving me a

chance to examine them in detail. Actually they have been studied as a matter of necessity, they had to be unraveled quickly because these defenses are more disturbing, damaging, disruptive and painful than the thoughts and feelings against which they "defend." Paranoia is a sort of obsession. Obsession can also take on many other forms, all of which are subject to symbolic analysis and interpretation. Here I lay claim to being a scientist—I do and must produce repeatable results. Only the right answer will work, all soft solutions padded with pretty illusions fail and the penalty is more than an unimportant little white lie to myself, the penalty is death! Blood sport! When gripped by one of these obsessive episodes I became mad, insane within a few minutes. The withdrawal from fifteen years at such large doses of Prozac left me hyper-prone to obsession and unable to tolerate any of it. Funny how a drug given to cure, once removed twice redoubles the illness. Well, the result was an obsessive feedback loop, an out of control feedback loop in thought which generated such fantastic pain that suicide was a sure result within a few hours or less, if the obsession was not understood via symbolic analysis, and fast! Being as doctors, perhaps rightly, prescribed the thing which brought this on, no way was I seeking outside help from any doctor! I did not wish to lead *directly* to death with total certainty by taking more of the destructive drugs which caused the condition, so I had to figure the answer myself. Other options offered by current medicine were likewise, more of the same sort of poison which made me so sick tampering with my serotonin levels or worse, perhaps permanent Tardive Dyskinesia from anti-psychotics. The risk of suicide was entirely preferable. With ninety percent of my mind absorbed in the obsession, the loop, I had to solve the symbols with the ten percent of my intellect which remained, if I



could not, and many bad guesses were offered to the problem with absolutely no effect— the problem remained. Either the answer was to be found or the loop escalated with death as a fast approaching certainty. Interesting! Only when the right answer, the answer the obsession symbolized was discovered would the obsession collapse into nothing as the pain it defended me from was felt and a blush with tears and perhaps strange laughter would take its place. No more glad tears were ever shed than those found beneath this defense which is so much more hazardous than the thought against which it does protect! So do we all cheat ourselves of ourselves and believe we are safer not to know.

I must add one more idea before I give some examples so you may see how you would fare in my stead—can you solve the symbol? Tick tock tick goes the world and now you see that psychology is blood sport and most interesting indeed! What fiction is more compelling than the real thing? Life and death! Reality is the finest of life's spices, is it not? So the last thing you need to know is this: Our illnesses are trying to help us. They contain a desire which is satisfied, or a wish which is fulfilled, or a shielding of our tender heart and however sick symptoms of mental illness make us, they are the mind's misguided instinctual attempt to strengthen and defend. To solve the riddle, we must see what the sickness does *for* us. Why do we *need* it? Once the puzzle is solved, the symptoms disappear instantly! Only the right answer works so we can prove the scientific integrity of the analysis by its clearly demonstrable instrumental value. I am my own proof. If these ideas did not work, I would be dead.

Can you solve this? This first instance is typical of the sort of eruption which plagued the recovery period from the engine ordeal.

Once the ability to repress was removed my mind mobilized other primitive destructive defenses to supplant and supplement the severely weakened ability to repress. This instance of a paranoid obsessive neurosis resulted: I have finished authoring a string of aphorisms to go in my new book. I am suddenly gripped by a horrifying thought which feels as if it has been thrown straight down into my mind, a solid terror, a certain shame and knowledge overtakes me all at once, like a bucket of hot lead dropped into my soul I am suddenly sure, I am Lao Tsu, the ancient Tao master whose works are legendary as the best and purest of eastern thought. I have never read or owned any of his work, and know but one aphorism of his but he is in me, he is me and so, I am a fake! I have not written my aphorisms, he has, I am a fraud and Lao Tsu has possessed me! I am an atheist but can not refuse this knowledge and am tortured to know it– I am a fraud, Lao Tsu! I must check–the internet–the library–I must know at once! The obsession insists and it must be known, I must find out if my work is stolen and false—a theft from the unknown pages of Lao Tsu! It must be! I must know at once!! I am a crystal goblet before Ella Fitzgerald and the feedback loop, the out of control obsessive thoughts loop faster and faster and I must understand this symbol or perish! I moan aloud in pain and begin to lose the last of my ego integrity. Very, very painful! The train accelerates to breakneck speed rattling itself to pieces and approaches the last sharp curve. Can you solve it? Why do I think this? Please put the book down and try. Hey, don't cheat! Put it down!

This incident is closely related to many which follow a similar pattern, and contain the same basic wish. I am insecure about my writing and present symptoms of introjection as if I am possessed by the ghost of a known genius, and question if I am a fake. Actually, I

reassure myself to imagine my works are composed by such a genius, this sure spirit of genius, Lao Tsu, and give myself a bit of healing praise to imagine it. If they can be mistaken for the works of Lao Tsu, surely my aphorisms are worthy! In an inversion, "I am a fake," becomes praise as the obsession is followed through and the authenticity of my work is checked and then confirmed. In this way the compulsion to check adds validity, further validation to my work as none of the aphorisms are revealed to be Lao Tsu's, so the obsession offers this way to be relieved and reinforced as I discover my works are good enough for me to question if they were written by the spirit of an ancient master, but are proven original, and hence of the highest value. The doubt of authentic authorship becomes an inversion which offers praise for the authenticity it appears to doubt. I am served and assured by the compulsion to research each phrase and discover, "prove" by this obsessive ritual non-logic that I am original and worthy as each work is cleared as being my own. The obsession answers my insecurity about my work. This is the wish fulfilled, the ego strengthening provided by the paranoid obsessive neurotic ideation.<sup>20</sup> The fantasy provides me with this, although the cost it extracts is greater than the good it does. Upon seeing how I was just soothing myself, soothing my insecurity about my writing I blushed to know what I had been pulling on myself, began to laugh and cry simultaneously and was well to feel the pain of my real insecurity, a slight pain, the pain which the fantasy protected me from and answered, replace the destructive paranoid defense.

Here is another along the same lines which will be easier: I have entered a prestigious literary competition and awake in the night with a cramp in my gut to know, with certainty, I am absolutely sure that

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20 Notice how I fall back on such terms to handle the subject. Gloves!

someone who detests my book, one of the professors who judges the competition has moved the corrective stickers used to remove typographical errors in my book so as to alter and desecrate the text, assuring that the next judge to read it will fail it out of the competition! I can not win! I have been stolen from! The cascade becomes obsessive and escalates to a fury and I cry out in horror and my wife wakes up. I must walk in the night! I am going mad to know it! I can do nothing to stop the injustice, I feel him looking at the text and finding a really strong section and making it into nonsense by moving the stickers! I am helpless! I am being cheated! Tick tock tick goes the world and death has only a secondhand on her watch. What does it mean? Oh how very quickly we must find out!

The interpretation is similar in one respect: that I give myself praise to imagine I am being looked at as a worthy author, good enough to threaten and offend a professor and judge who takes me seriously enough to sabotage my work. But I also give myself an excuse to ease the pain when I lose the competition. I can tell myself, "He moved the stickers and ruined the text. I lost because I was sabotaged, not because I was undeserving of the win." To be cheated is to reserve the possibility that you deserve victory. So the paranoid contains a wish. *Paranoia is part fear and part flattery.* As I walked around in the dark, gripped by the sickness and then to see it, to understand I was too tender to lose, I needed to know they were considering me seriously and that it was not my fault if I lost. I was insecure, not privy to the true thoughts in some judge's head. Again embarrassment, a blush and tears accompanied the instantaneous collapse of the panic attack once the obsessive symbol was unriddled and its purpose, the thoughts and feelings it creates which I *need*, and those it *blocks*, were plainly

uncovered. Once the meaning of the obsession is understood the symptoms vanish instantaneously! Repeatable lifesaving results.

I will surrender one more example which will be solvable most easily for those who have read *This New Day*, although enough information has been presented here to solve the puzzle for more astute readers. Look carefully at this strange inverse way of thinking, this unnatural skill which is so essential to maintaining our ascending course. Remember: this is a way of thinking, a method of looking through to the motivation which must be applied to all aspects of life and living—*our deeds are but symbols of our motivations*.

I am having a fine day until I discover that a bag of groceries has been carelessly laid aside and allowed to get wet, left unattended, never put away and forgotten, its contents have been exposed overnight. I am hysterical out of all proportion, I can not believe that these beautiful vegetables and fruits, so swollen and perfect in their season of highest bounty and health, so tenderly nurtured with such effort, love and caring have been left to rot like a piece of garbage! All which life has offered in them, so healthful and perfect, so tender and precious has been abandoned, disregarded and left as if it were just shit! Filth!! To rot, to stink and mold, to be scraped into a stinking pile to decay! This is nothing but a criminal act! I can not bear the thought! The crime is enormous! Unforgivable! The waste of all which is most hard won and precious! All that is good, nourishing and wholesome born at the very highest cost and brought to perfect flower and fruit, now shamelessly wasted as filth! I am enraged and wounded to see such a thing! Unbearable! I am going mad and believe I will burst to feel it further! Tick tock tick... What does it mean?

Once again the whole painful irrational obsession collapses into nothing as I understand it. This time no blush, just simple anguish as I weep to feel the full weight of the feelings blocked by the obsessive symbol. The obsession is again a symbol of the feelings it protects against. The groceries symbolize my failed career. From age six to forty-two I had one desire and drive deeply reinforced numerous times in many successful performances: I wished only to play and perform music above all other things. I single-mindedly sacrificed all of myself to the obsession, the god of music and the crowd, the fixation which led to three nervous collapses—and then seeing the engine!—before I had detached to begin reclaiming music for myself apart from the breakdowns and "the other." I wept bitter anguished tears to know what of my bounty, my health, mind and self I had burned upon this alter, never to know again but in sorrow and loss. How dearly I had paid to give sacrifice to this false fixated god—The Crowd. My music is represented by the groceries, so beautiful and nurtured at such enormous cost, so perfect and unappreciated, and I wept to know the pain directly, the pain which the obsession had defended me from. Compared to the pain and obsessive agony of the defense, the real anguish, my real pain, was a sweet nectar. The most gracious of all tears which can be shed are those from your highest pain. These are the tears which once born become the river of our happiness. Only our highest pain could hide such a thing. Once we are no longer hostage to our pain, paying out our ransom, our energy and efforts spent to withhold it, might we discover that pain is another fullness, and with it passing through us will we then know that we are the contractions, the agony and suffering we have refused? Might we know ourselves again

and discover, that all of beauty sleeps, neglected and hidden, beneath a  
banished tear?

***The Emotive Rationalist, The Creative Emotional Posture and  
The Physiology of Rational Magic***

Here is an interesting question, which as I understand it is no longer a question but a certainty, as I have personally observed it, but every scientist knows that even the most empirically inclined witness gives a well-informed guess from his perceptions, and all eyewitness testimony is suspect. Perhaps a test of neurochemistry and glandular responses in various mental states is in order should the means exist. First I will ask the question, then explain the answer, the evolutionary layer which has reinforced and had an unseen hand in shaping the shape and relation, the topography of the mind's construction.

Question: Is there a biological, a biochemical underpinning, a physical reason why repressed unconscious material is expressed as what I call "super-sexualized fantasies"—fantasies which contain the sexualizing of other activities, and sexual expression of hidden wishes, some sexual some not, and large among these our super-sexualized *defensive fantasies*?—furthermore— Is there a biological reflection, a physical component to the previously mentioned beautification of the world as we unconsciously release our sexuality into experience, and a similar biological component to the above noted instance of “rational magic” where the whole of experience is instantly beautified by way of the conscious sublimation of the sexual energy that was bound in previously repressed wishes which are now freed from guilt through amoral non-contradictory analysis? Is it coincidence that we are defended by, *and* beautified by, sexuality? Is it a coincidence that beauty gives us pleasure? Is there a biophysical reason?



The brain is part of an electrochemical system. Thought is just chemistry and chemistry is thought. However the means, we see neurons re-polarize and release chemicals and glands activate in response, whether by changing our thought processes or taking a pill, when neurochemistry changes our world changes alongside it. When it comes to neurochemistry and thought, one is the other, and the other is one. Of course once the pill is removed or tolerance develops the effect is gone and we need more, or we can change how we think for a more permanent fix. If we think differently we feel differently and this is reflected in brain chemistry. A chemical reflection of the soul of man.

Man represses his pain. His fantasies defend him. They are sexualized. Why? Man feels pleasure from sexuality by way of his most basic wiring. When we are threatened by a thought we need to respond to the pain and we call upon the ancient chemistry of the brain stem to help us. The fantasy may be the answer to the hurt we repress underneath, and its sexuality may be a component of a wish coming from the hurt *or not*, but sexuality does in either case serve a more basic purpose: it adjusts brain chemistry with endorphins and dopamine etc. generated by the automatic sexual responses embedded in the brain stem. We answer our pain with an anesthetic adjustment in brain chemistry. This is why all painful things which are repressed are defended by fantasies which are sexualized—it's so we can handle them! If we must see or be threatened, let us be anesthetized. We adjust brain chemistry with sexuality to help handle this threatening painful stimulus. This is one of many more psychological layers, but a sure one, or so I have seen. Likewise I theorize that a masochist is served, his behavior and the shape of his guilty repressed personality reinforced by his pain and the endorphins it generates alongside his sexuality

which does the same. Addiction? His relief is real even if temporary, and its cause both physical and psychological in origin. Do not make this principle a dogma, or a reductionism, many such components exist and this is but one, if a primary one. A sadist is also served to release his frustration and helped to bear up to his repressed feelings of impotence in his sadistic psychological inversion, and is also served and his behavior and personality reinforced in its shape by the sexual component of his fantasies which change his brain chemistry with the release of chemicals from his sexual hardwiring. This is the pharmacologically effective part of how he responds to his painful feelings of inadequacy and frustration with his aberrant fixated response. Many sick ways of thinking may also be anesthetically effective, biochemically active and reinforced by this response.

So it follows that this biochemical reflection also accompanies our ontological immersion of all unrealized but unrepressed sexuality into the world instead of into specific wishes and acts. This sexualizing of the world also works to change brain chemistry with a sexual component, a natural antidepressant effect, a pleasurable effect from the innate sexualizing of experience once the primal energies are unrepressed and available to be sublimated. Beauty has a biochemical component—sexuality. Every modern day psychiatrist with a prescription pad knows: With our brain chemistry properly adjusted our world is an invitation to health, and the intellect sings! Even those who do not know it themselves, have heard the legend.

So now we stand before the next question. How do we create him, this Socrates who embraces himself and releases, he who is filled and energized by every emotion which all emerge for him in mass as he becomes amoral and free from the need to withhold his thoughts, and

so liberates and uses the energy he used to spend clenching against what he already knows, to harvest his primal energies and power his happiness and his mind, now fueled and alive, together at last, wired together properly at last, now able to use all he refused? May our emotive rationalist see that the world is beautiful and perfect as he can imagine it, an inviting puzzle laden with every energy he does not become, his life invites him to interest and is graced with the fullness of his inner world as well as its outer reflections—his worlds become him and he becomes his worlds. The world is only a thought, a perception which may be made beautiful, as is our inner world just a thought, a perception which is subject to this same "rational magic," and now the intellect too is energized and fueled to capacity no longer starved of its fuel: emotion and every other sexual and primal energy. The mind and heart are full like a windsock in an airborne current of emotion, and the motion of feeling and the thought it powers are our happiness, so over-full, burgeoning and flush with the burden of such happiness that it must create, must spill over and become itself outside of itself, to see and become again and laugh in the moment of creation, a cackle to tease all weary things which have fled in this moment so cherished and double sweet, stolen from beneath the pouting lips of time herself. So does each moment present itself as a perfect prize, ripe and hued beyond description as a prism of our happiness. So should thought, the world of ideas and all ascending things call to every man.

If not every man, then perhaps for us? Let us see, how may we turn the neurotic into the creative, incarnate the super-energized passions and all thoughts under our winter understanding, our Socratic

evolutionary legacy. What might happen if in Winter, we found Spring?<sup>21</sup>

I have had a task in reverse engineering writing this book, so I wonder, can I guess more? I do not know and will admit that here. I am guessing and must confess I need a physician, not to treat me because I have already found what every physician lacks according to the old saying, I have healed myself! All humor aside, a caring tender hand, one most unlike mine will be required, one who heals is needed to try out these next ideas and further my efforts. Another path to the end, one not fraught with the sickness and pitfalls is needed. Perhaps you are the physician best suited to attend your own case, so I will present some questionable guesses in a moment, a few thought experiments which may work to achieve some measure of the cure without the poisonous effects. First a bit more need be said before I put the weapon in your tender charge.

These exercises seek to reconnect you with your "primitive," "spiritual," and creative instincts and your primal repressed energies which fuel thought and free us, *if* we are free from fixated patterns which result from mishandling those energies. The idea that these forces, which are just thoughts, are forbidden, primitive or at worst even "spiritual," is an insult of the highest order to a rationalist! Spiritual! Yes! Spirituality is the language, the mode of most common presentation of the "soul," of our inner world. It is in mistaking the symbol, the word in this language for reality, that the error is born. The

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21 Here is a poem from my book *The Black Mirror* about the reemergence of youth in later life:

When time cracks us open,  
And what age has tempered, snaps as a brittle twig underfoot,  
The sound of youth wells up amidst a white frost.  
Once again the orchid blooms, but to winter's field.

language, spiritual ideation, is but a symbol of our inner reality, as languages are, and is not to be an object of derision but should be embraced, as it is part of our human language of feeling. It is how we first know things we are not yet ready to see in plain daylight: we symbolize. A necessary defense for our frail rationality, our ego, an introduction at a distance. How useful! A puzzle we need! How irrational to reject any puzzle which holds such a secret! Let us celebrate the unraveling and knowing instead!

All our energies might be held before the conscious mind easily and without contradiction or discord by way of our non-contradictory analysis and the open emotional posture which I will discuss. If successful this will reduce repression. Without the contradiction, the guilt from thoughts, why repress?—the defense is no longer needed. The open emotional posture will pierce the veil and reduce it, free repressed material and energies to be reincorporated into self. A secondary result of this reduction in the repressive facility will be a lessening in the active repressive effect the unconscious has on daily experience which I mentioned in the *Obsession* chapter reprinted here from *This New Day*. I will call this attribute "The Active Unconscious"—an attribute of the unconscious, of repression, whereby the intensity of life experience is increased and all things then felt with greater intensity as repression is decreased. This is a defensive aspect of the unconscious repressive ability to mute experience *as we experience it* so we perceive only the tip of the iceberg, a protective real-time defensive dulling—a repressing of the intensity of experience and our reactions to it, as an unconscious feature apart from the unconscious being a simple passive storehouse of repressed memories and feelings, but also a real-time filtering and limiting of the intensity of experience which is not passive but an

active real-time facility: "*The Active Unconscious*." This muting of experience is reduced as our mind opens up. If you need, want and desire an intensifying of experience, a returning to sensitivity more akin to youth with its bruised happiness and over rich colors of feeling, then this is an asset. I would also caution that to whom turning up the volume on life's intensity knob, those to whom becoming re-sensitized and more emotive as in youth would be a furthering of an oversensitivity and instability—a push in the wrong direction: do not do this!

So if life has left your heart empty and your world dusted and dull and you decide you need you again, I wonder...? But first a quick look at the poor fellow we are trying to help, and believe me we need not pity him, because he is but a few wires plugged backward distant from his emotive rational creative counterpart. The two are really all but identical. The neurotic travels in circles in his head, and he is terribly industrious in his worry and attempts to solve his problems through the voodoo of neurosis, where we try in symbol to remedy a problem in the world, as Freud rightly noticed.<sup>22</sup> Round and round he goes as he blocks his other feelings and sublimates them to supplement his endless angst as he looks only at the symbol. He puts in a lot of miles, but all in a circle. If the loop were laid end to end in a straight line, an ascending line where like his neurotic brother he would question all his assumptions, ideals and convictions with his active mind, but question

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22 Think of Lady Macbeth, the classic example of obsessive neurotic "undoing" as she tries to rid herself of the guilt from a murder by washing her hands over and over as if her voodoo, her magical neurotic thinking and behavior where she washes away the imaginary blood as a symbol of undoing the deed, might reverse the real deed in the world and lift her guilt. I have found most neuroticism involves doing and undoing where a thought or behavior is done and undone in doubt and answer over and over forming what I call a "loop." In this way the loop symbolizes, answers and blocks feelings by occupying consciousness.

all things creatively and become happy to know his errors and change them rather than hide them and block, to his delight and fullness would he climb the ladder of his questioning thoughts, not in repetition but in ascension, and find his happiness in discovering the truths which before he wished only to hide? You see? The neurotic's heart is in the right place but his efforts are poorly targeted.

The instinct which has gone astray as the neurotic tries to preserve himself is what I call "the clench." Freud may say anal retentive, and the analogy fits, we clench to withhold. The object of our withholding, the withholding of pain, sexuality and emotions, may or may not have its origins here in this sacred place, the sacred potty chamber of Freudian folklore, but the model fits. If not a cause, holding your bowels is an aspect or symbol of the same behavior, if not a defining moment. When we experience a painful event we try never to think of it. We clench. When we want to cry we have learned in our American culture never to show it or even worse to do it—to weep! Never do it—clench! Clench in rage which shames itself and so will not shame itself by being seen—refuse yourself, refuse your pain at all costs—clench and survive by withholding at all times—refuse yourself and clench! A reflex toward stupidity!

Withholding tears is unnatural and just plain bad for you. One heals from emotional wounds very slowly if at all when tears are withheld. For me, two years of grief became twenty or more. A bad evolutionary move on account of rejecting emotional release and a healthy facility of healing, and in rejecting our energies we reject that which give all tenderness to the world we suffer! Pain is another fullness! Reinvent pain and allow it to flow ceaselessly through you and be cleansed! Once the tide has reclaimed the shore, it is washed silent, the pain has

spoken, passed, and nothing was withheld, now every grain of sand listens and only the wind asks a shore white as milk flecked in pale brass sun a perfect question: ... "What is next?"

So—since pain and tears are what we repress, and our defensive fantasies act like a fish scale, a protective shingle composed of rage and defensive empowerment which serve to answer, supplement, defend and protect the wound, can we lift the fish scale, the shingle, and access the painful memory, release it, feel the wound completely and know it plainly to welcome it free from our judgment and gladly own it, reclaim this banished bit of ourself so the need for the defensive fantasies and their obsessive blockade of feeling would vanish as would the banished pain which summoned them? If we stopped summoning the monster perhaps it would not come? If we understood and felt the pain and no longer needed it defended, the defense, the fantasies should collapse like any other defensive obsession, should they not?

Furthermore, since such painful repressed moments are often the events around which a kink in personality, a fixation, is formed, may we free ourselves and our steps from the hidden gravity of fixation and the past which fixes our steps stitched fast to our misery, now free, no longer entranced, no longer predestined to be walking forever in a circle, and expecting hope around the corner?

Lastly I have noticed how the creative emotional posture may be obtained, this new habit I learned from my "magical rape" which has caused such a rise in creative endeavor and the fullness of life, my "orchid which blooms to winter's field." The creative emotional posture is the holding one's self open to the repressed, an open mental permission, an inviting and holding one's self open rather than clenching, not a neutral response as it will soon become but now, for a



year or two an active reversal of the clenching habit. Since we repress our pain that means an open mind, not obsessive searching and picking, but an inviting, easy, wishful, hoping mind, *toward our pain!* You need not see it all—you can't—it's too well defended! Whew!

Experiment #1— Choose a moment you often refuse and always look away from. We repress our pain so let us feel what the open emotional posture feels like, not to repress, let us invite our pain and allow it through. Open up before your hurt and let it become your thoughts and feelings—resist nothing and open the porthole, invite, never judge or seek, just accept and let it through you, feel it, inhale the air, see the images and taste the scent of your sad salt tears which will fill you with their loss and hurt, and know you are the contractions, the self so deeply refused, too wounded to know, too bloody. Now taste your pain, feel the contractions fill you with the you you refused to know, too injured to love and accept until now. Welcome yourself into yourself again and know how it hurts, how you hurt. Open yourself and allow the tide of your sadness and your weeping to pour through and become a fullness, an energy, a cleansing tide from above and below as you welcome yourself into and through your dry world where all pain is a cloud to burst, to storm in its contractions, the black cloud of your highest pain contains the forbidden sweetness of your happiness, if only you would let it burst! Once you have allowed yourself to feel the pain again, and it has bled its storm's tender violence through you, *keep what you have learned, and never close yourself to yourself again!* Behold! Now unresisting and open, the creative emotional posture which allows sadness its due voice and so invites happiness and beauty as well! Once drained of tears might we

be forever open and at peace with our hundred selves, full and too alive, complete and overflowing to at last know the secret?

Experiment #2– In this experiment we will own the right to our feelings and redefine our relationship to a past painful experience, and in so doing become strong enough to release our pain and free ourselves from a fixation by reclaiming a lost self, a banished pain. Pick a moment where your feelings were hurt, one which wants to run away, far away, one which has hurt you and left a kink, but be open, love it and let it near you. Listen tenderly and it will happen, you can imagine it at first, hear it whisper to you, a terrible thing, too terrible and then you do the impossible and relax into it and surrender, open and forget yourself and then you are there—in the thing, the day itself, the terrible night! It is real and happening now! No drama, it is real, *really* happening again and you are that person as you have always been! Did you know that? You have been trapped here! So now you have another chance, the thing is here in your hands so speak to it, speak to him or it or her—answer the monster, strangle it, tell it aloud, show it, revenge yourself upon it to your full measure of satisfaction! Shout, howl, punish and destroy the hurt with action against it, tell the thing, do to the thing, say to it whatever or whoever it is, state yourself aloud in tears shed and rage now formed solid and right as you were once incomplete, you deserve to be heard, deserve to set this right and strike out at it in rage, and then to *weep for the pain it has left within you!* In tears and a black oath may you be formed! As you were once incomplete be now complete, be this lost you, defend and earn this you now inside you, now never again banished, grow to own all the irrational forces and love the selves you have splintered into shame, falsely felt as ugly and disgraced, fearfully banished no more, now re-

loved, now re-won and earned forever and again, in a battle won and fought in blood and sorrow, may you be free!

I believe this whitest of spells, this bit of rational magic to be a fine starting point for those few rare alchemists of the soul who may wish to join me in my quest for "the psychologist's philosopher's stone," whereby we might turn the neurotic into the creative, invite the healthy torrent and put reins upon some of the forbidden horses, our repressed forbidden thoughts and feelings, and discover that what is forbidden to one less developed and less complete, someone like you were before, when your chariot of lead seemed too heavy, is now a bow string taut with every feeling, and you are a perfect note, an arrow of wind. What was conjured to earth is now too irresistible, too restless to resist, it must climb and become itself. Are we not exalted before ourselves only to exceed ourselves? Even such a question as this becomes possible to answer for one brave enough to *know* what is wild without shaming it, one able to harness and befriend their lost, forbidden happiness.

If you invite and do not resist a painful emotional injury, not focus on it but be open to it, never seek and persist, no obsessive picking, only being open to a memory you know hurts, no judgment just release and allowing all pain and tears through, you have found the open creative emotional posture. Let the pain come and then remain open—that is it! This is how it feels not to repress, but to invite our pain instead. Once the pain is drained, KEEP OPEN! Beauty, joy, desire, the Devil and whatever God he is fool enough to worship are in your harness! You can finally have the keys, you who deserve this car, a muscle car with abundant fuel and enormous horsepower, you can be

trusted, you are in possession of a supercharged emotional continuum—your life! You are an emotive rationalist!

A Creative Exercise— Here I will offer a single view of many possible configurations for using your new creative rational mind, an exercise which I have used countless times to fine result! Many a parable has been written using this method, and I am sure you will find the result well worth the effort. Much of the secret of creativity is in the order of assembly. Like a lucid dream where we are dreaming but aware and in control, we have both rational and irrational components working together. In the process of creation we can achieve a positive liberation of our unconscious potentially neurotic energies and use the symbolic language and creative ability of our directed unconscious to perfect our "unprepared" but complete lucid dream, and bring to light what was formerly only available as a veiled symbol in dream, or a neurosis. Can we make art which helps us as would a dream, an internal compass and communication which directs us as we have chosen it to—toward an ascending course: an artwork as a healing lucid dream?

First you need the fundamental idea you wish to communicate—the meaning. A really close look is required here, no fishing. Exactly what do you wish to communicate in this allegory? The precise pattern and principle are required. The entire skeleton from beginning to end must be sure, clear and certain. Let no work be begun before it is finished! Now we think on the subject and find *pictures*, physical symbols, sounds, ideas, scenes, phrases and particulars to capture the meaning in many refractions and we "toss them in the well," surrender them to the open mind and let them be *swallowed and forgotten* unless something bubbles up to tempt. After a few days, hours, weeks or more, but

probably much less, a feeling of uncomfortable fullness, the skin too taut to endure, it stretches you inside and you have heard the story, the poem, the piece of music a thousand times and never "heard it," but now it is too perfect and too much, too much information to hold in your mind at once, too much feeling—too many ideas to contain so you write or perform or record *then*, and only *then*. Later and the fruit is sad or over mellow—rotten, a brown dull sweet. Too soon and well...stillborn and incomplete. Miscarriage. Only when you can not resist, and then it comes as a storm, a flood which escapes almost too rapidly to contain and record, too fast and even violent—as a river's violence all but resists containment, the unconscious has had it and polished it and it emerges all but perfect and complete, almost entirely finished from the point it is written or played—no experimentation or muddling about after the fact—we are sure if "unknowing" before we begin! The engine, the unconscious is the right hand of the very best of all artisans. Those who believe Athena leapt out of Zeus's head complete are nearly correct. There is however a bit of a headache first, and an open mind is required.

Experiment #3— So that is how the rationalist creates, his rational insight born of demystifying and never degrading all of life which is magical, until it is no longer so shy as to hide in magical, spiritual, shameful, misunderstood shadows. I offer you another dangerous thought experiment, another questionable idea from the mind of one "spiritual atheist." As I have explored the topic of meditation as a matter of general interest—I am not a practitioner—I noticed that the result should one devote a lifetime to the practice, the "mirror still mind of the sage," so empty, calm and placid—the height of maturity and dignity, is the result of a visible psychological process. As is common

among many traditions one meditates and opens one's mind up to the full tumult of thought and emotion, releasing the bound up flow and its tide of thoughts and feelings, like a freight train this thundering river of feeling and thought is opened up to and invited, but *not touched*, not looked at, not fastened on to. It is looked away from and allowed to pass, allowed to come, and then eventually after years of practice at ignoring it, the river comes no more! Why would it? How rude! Sorry. Okay, what have we here but a model of repression! In his paper on repression written in 1915 Freud wrote that "*the essence of repression lies simply in turning something away, and keeping it at a distance, from the conscious*" [his italics].<sup>23</sup> This ability to look away from pain is repression, this is the hallmark of maturity, to be calm and take all in stride, the active unconscious is working at the height of its potential and all is quiet—mature—repressed.<sup>24</sup> The point is that meditation works, it works to increase the repressive facility, which we seek to pierce! These are ancient practices and they exist for good reason, the dignity and resilience of the sage in the face of our living and dying man's lot is admirable—an eastern stoicism or better. Noble, indeed. However I wish to do something very unwise and corrupt this ancient wisdom to my own contrary ends. I wish to pierce the repressive veil and free the emotive, not obsess or cling, but free it! Here in meditation we see the unconscious, our engine, the stream of unrestricted feeling which is encouraged and invited to emerge, although no specific aspect is obsessively sought or invoked, only an open mind. Surely this is the open creative posture! So... If we were wise enough to trample upon this ancient wisdom we would not look

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23 B. Wolman, ed., *The Encyclopedia of Psychiatry, Psychology, and Psychoanalysis* (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1996), 151.

24 Please read Nietzsche regarding the nihilistic result of such practices and how the various traditions, particularly Buddhism, cope with it. Our lesson is the reverse!

away when the freight train came, we would meditate as usual but let the thundering river churn through and fill you. If the image helps imagine letting it pass through you from the floor up through your chest and out your face and eyes, or the top of your head. Let it fill you—not emptiness as a goal, but fullness! Like a windsock let every thought and its motion complete you and buffet you as it will, do not cling but invite by letting through...permit everything and open up before yourself and through yourself and refuse all emptiness, take life's current as your own and let every ripple and eddy on the never still pond which is your soul caress and paint your days with all color of life's fullness, and find each bruised tender happiness is but a perfect golden world, a motion, a lost moment's tender passing.

Is it wise to corrupt such ancient wisdom and look at, or even become what you should not? Is it alluring? It is sensible if you are a reverse engineer. I saw a part: the open mind, part of the creative emotional posture where we always remain open before all thought and feeling, never refusing but welcoming instead. How else is our mind to fill its sails and find its engine? So with emotion, feeling, fuel, and the engine turning in the gale at his back, our emotive rationalist is free from the poison wind of shame, by way of his noncontradictory analysis he easily holds all thoughts, potentials and feelings before and within himself at all times as various tools which are each useful *for* their differences and do not contradict, each finding its place as a key for a particular lock, a particular answer to a need in him, or a new perspective to unlock his world, and so all are needed and appreciated. Who would blame the screwdriver because it is different than the hammer? Only a fool thinks his tools contradict, and so it is with ourselves as well! So knows one who sees all of himself without

shame, allowing all of himself that he does not personally manifest to become his world, and serve him by way of the omnisexual seduction and allure we call beauty. He does the rational thing and does not deny his irrational nature, he acknowledges it, and further still he is glad to have it for he needs it, needs himself because now, he can use it all! He thinks of all things amorally without precondition or preconception and situations suggest ten answers where they used to suggest but one or two, as one might expect of an inflexible clenching mind which refuses itself and calls its ignorance "strength" and "safety." Now we have our open-minded emotive rationalist who is so embracing of life and himself, tempted and affirmed to do his work, he who has discovered the trick and become his own perfect imagining, glad of his lot where he was so sad, empty and sick before, so neurotic. He has loved each forbidden wish and knows what it did for him as a tool which served him, not a contradiction, so he openly loves the wish rather than repress it, and so frees it from its fixated denied shadow form, this misunderstood forbidden pitcher of light yields its energies now no longer a part of a fixation shamefully bound up in a denied wish, now accepted, understood, un-shamed, fixed no longer in a hidden shadow, the wish, the fixation pours itself into the world, melts, disappears and releases its sexuality and energy into his mind and his universe. What were once troubling thoughts to avoid have become raw horsepower and beauty. So it is when we understand and love ourselves.

These two aspects of man, the Creative and the Neurotic, are but a hairsbreadth apart. Let us take further stock of these two brothers, for they are so alike in their work ethic, it is only the cause they choose and a single habit which separates them, and so let us see, perhaps someone may recognize their prison and decide to stop spinning around in



themselves, doubting to misery and unwind their loop instead, to doubt  
themselves and happily ascend, to find better!

## ***Comparison and Degeneration***

Here is a checklist which will give a clear snapshot to show how these "brothers," the Creative and the Neurotic differ. As you hold the mind open and engage life, a tendency to return to old habits will be easy to spot as you use this list to analyze your behavior. Together with an exhaustive understanding of the past and symbolic analysis we may fill our sails and quickly right the vessel when old winds blow us over, and leave us adrift. Observe yourself closely until every hot wind you once refused welcomes you to ascend, and fires your mind to unknown undreamed of shores—the question only you could ask, the secret unborn happiness only your life, your sun and wind, your lucid dream could answer.

1. The neurotic clenches—the creative releases.
2. The neurotic is dry. He refuses and blocks feeling by going over the same loop. The creative feels all things pass through him and is full.
3. The neurotic is weary, frustrated and anxious, refusing his tears. The creative is alive, weeping, laughing and moving.
4. The neurotic moves away from his pain. The creative knows not to refuse himself and is full to suffer, then suffers no more, healing quickly and becoming present to the moment.
5. The neurotic's mind is barren or looping. The creative is like a windsock who in the motion of his feelings is full to know himself, unclenched he remains open, weeps easily and refuses no feeling, but knows happiness is a place, a moving destination found beneath tears,

and in truth both tears and happiness fill his heart, and turn the moments to his design. He knows tears un-summon our defensive demons and defenders, and so in tears may we need them no more and reclaim their energies.

6. The neurotic fears contradiction, the creative is open-minded enough not to fear new "multiplicity," which is not contradiction or division, but the hallmark of growth and ascension—the motion toward wholeness itself.



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