

Phylogeny and regression: the past brightly unbound—Essay and verse

If the reader has been following my psychoanalytic progression regarding Oneness, which is the most important contribution on this topic so far, and the separation of object and archetype to alleviate fundamental psychical damage by way of creating archetypal structures with particular properties and attachment points suitable to undifferentiate fixated cathexes, the story has yet another chapter. A bit of beautiful paradox. First off, the difficult part in many cases is to find the fundamental piece of disruption. For info on that you may request a book on Native Psychoanalysis or go to the Journal of Unconscious Psychology, www.thejournalofunconsciouspsychology.com for a rough, incomplete too fast version. If you can hold the OEP and keep it working to go backward and find the first instance, if the matter is from a family situation it is likely to have many other examples. However, these will be similar in form and effect by definition and will attach their summed cathexis onto the fundamental example with the most potent presentation. This will be a DEEPLY disturbing scene, filled with terrible energy...count on it.

Once you have this in hand, you can, possibly, change the memory directly with re-polarization, see the re-polarization paper on the Journal site mentioned above, or in the much more likely event, really MUCH more likely, you can add another memory...this is the trick! Physical violence and its resultant impressions I can not alter directly, but, the effects of abuse from sexual origin (by a second sort of re-polarization), or, the trauma of abandonment (or violence to a lesser extent but still somewhat) can be altered by way of: Active re-polarization by regressive neocortical mnemonic reconsolidation. In this instance, the word regression is to be taken as a noun. A regression is a direct present identification with a past experience. To experience a regression, is extraordinarily painful. It is however, the most sure method of achieving permanent change. To create a new memory requires many regressions...around 30-60! However...real benefit is available from just one or two. Ask for info to learn how to create regressions. I may be contacted through the staff page at: www.mindmagazine.net.

So, the new idea is as follows: if you have read the background material you understand the fact that objects in the world, meaning people, are not necessarily the active contributors to the internal presentation they inspire. The idea is to gain direct access to the archetypal images without maintaining relation to the object. I have noted that the way this is accomplished is to have the archetype itself renounce the object by listing the points of irritation and unkind treatment or whatever complaint can be established regarding the object, to establish separation. Then, the archetypal image, this piece of phylogeny, can become a real healing force in current ontology. Previous essays state generally the method of creating compound images with specific attachment points to receive fixated drive cathexes from abuse, but this is more simple.

First, one encourages a regression. Then, the archetypal image is inserted into the scene as a parent to comfort. The psychical doubling involved in typical re-polarization is greatly eased by this, and a state of "reality" deeply aided—the phylogenetic archetypal unconscious impressions being in fact demonstrable contributors to the REAL

impressions we phenomenologically experience as the source of reality created by transference! REAL! With that in mind, the memory is encouraged to emerge, tears are shed and a regression created, which now includes healing from a once absent parent...allowing the feelings of lost love and abandonment to be completely removed. It is quite stunning. The past of the species, can heal, the past of the individual.

Now, the amount of light-hearted energy is quite wonderful! The guilt from the reactions of hatred is gone, the reactions are gone! It takes quite a lot of work...but it is possible. Now...for the paradox!

Once the healing has begun, and be sure it will be very painful and symptomatic...the most fundamental of wounds exposed...but...once complete, as the Oneness essay, a bit of pleasure is nested in each moment! Such a wonderful feeling so long denied! One glows! Such abundance and energy! Soon, the very objections one had to the objects which irritated seem meaningless, assuming those objects have not caused real damage. The very object which was renounced to achieve the result is soon unified into the entire again...and the world itself...becomes an extension of one's own being...a state of world identification, general well being and good feeling toward nearly everything. This...is the reclaiming of the natural condition where the linear world is endowed as it should be with the simultaneous fundamental indistinct cathexis as identification with the mother's face from the first 18 months of life, as the first sympathetic limbic/OFC circuitry was innervated. The true: Anima Mundi.

As verse:

Brook of the The Creaking Stone

Silent warmth folds round
A glove of amber cloaked
And slipping round my heart
As honied light poured smooth
Each second golden sweet
Filled with warmth
Safe from shattered sound
From under lidded days,
Beneath the creaking weight
A brook lies hid in wait
Her sparks but liquid time
Spring waters weigh but light
Spent streams of aged life
Brought forth
To harrowed days well know
Past light solves weight
...from stone.

Before the weight of days
did hollow the eye and bend the back
Stooped and hunched beneath Time's stone
A stone of truth bound crooked neck
Sorrow's sour breath
Weighted earth did press
Held fast upon my breast
Hollow is the eye
...to know
Truth's contorted grimace
Wrapped round the throat of day
Waves of fact and shallow hate
The heart does turn and earth does heave
Dead haunt the living, so are we
Slow is each
Second, and third, seconds creep, slip sluggish, turn
Crawling Day, ...stone and weight
Slow is light, each second's weight
Of fact and sullied time
Bent and stooped in wretched din
The present cast but true and sure
But what is true, of past... before?

And into truth we may yet look,
and know of fact and ages
Cursed are we upon whom time has bestowed her lash
...and narrow furrows
But the stone of our knowing, should we plumb
Those weighty depths, deeper still
...down into the hall of crushed souls, and further, below
Where but dust and shards of broken rock yield...
...the ages.
For here, all worlds are shattered, and eternal,
And may yield the pieces of hope and dream
Sorrow slipped through, is truth
Her wrists cut through and deep, dripping salt
...blood never cupped
But spent into sand and wave
...gone.

No!
For dreams too, are but cast into fact, gone and known
Real and hollow, sweet, bitter and right as any lost world!
What is past, but a dream, vanished, perfect and eternal?

The shores of sand are pearled in light and silent shadow
Hate and dead dreams filled with hungry ghost's blood
Calling as a river, her heart so bright and purring
Monsters and gods do weep and row
Boats to forgotten shores, upon which all truth does rest
Unknown
...before now.

The eternal life of the human dead
Truth and hunger but wounds well filled
I hold a scrap of light and dust
Tomb, sanctuary, heart and home
But past embrace
For fact did leave a narrow crease
The furrow cut and never healed
Ruined and left for lack
The aged world unfurled
Bright and gone, fills new from old
Spilling out as fount and brook
From aged places now unhid
Gods and daemons soon do serve
Memory sweet, again refilled
For past of man may fill and slake
Thirst and dearth
Sorrow's chill cast off
Pain poured as river's foam
Does fuel the tumbling surf
Past of man may heal
The flesh in fact now rent
Past may quench and fill,
...nourish and covet in tender hands
As a shadow may kiss the newest leaves and hold near
Their silent, treasured pain and dew
A cup of palm and warmth...too sweet
And tender
...to know.

Our days of shattered heat and blood
May yet find the brook
Cool and smooth are its waters,
Sweet is its mist and tender beads of new broth
Silver and silent is the light spilled into cool shadow
From such a tender ghost.
Open your heart and know her
...for she is there, in you
As you, and for you,

Always present and waiting is the tender heart
A spirit unknown, who knows you...
She is there, a shawl of folded light and honied warmth
A pair of perfect hands filled with light
With you.

She has always been
Now and always, within,
Can you hear her, even now?
Beneath the stone
Her heart unfolds for you.
A brook spills silently up, before first light
As eternity...
...waiting.

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