

A "Good" Appetite

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

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

Many believe a set of rules guide ethical activity. This is not the case. Appetite, desire, guides us, and logic dances to the tune, creates excuses and reasons, plans and rationalizations: as a footman sweeping up the crumbs of our wishes, always chasing behind, excusing and serving...so is logic and human reason, the petty servant of desire. Once, my desire, my appetite, was different. I would have killed the bug. Crushed it under a heavy fist with a curse as an unclean thing, and killed it. I can feel quite clearly what I would have done before the change, and I will analyze it here, just in a surface way, so you can see it. Then you will understand me.

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

Perversion, is the expression of a single component developmental instinct. Now, I have fused all such instincts together in consciousness. We are raised to control and shame our instincts, causing immoral behavior and illness. Please note the self-hatred in the example. Control of a desire, shames it, and, that desire is a piece of you! Top down control of affect, poisons the bearer, and creates not morality...no...but immorality! Modern personality and conscience...are false. Now, to have released all affect into experience, and restrict nothing, the self-hatred is absent, and feeling, has given an

entirely new and guiltless quality to all of experience. Now...the bug is beautiful, and my appetite wishes only to preserve it! So you can see, no ethical code is ever required to live rightly. None! What is required is but a simple thing: A "Good" Appetite.

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