

The Fact in Theory, and the Theory in Fact

Today, the sciences are in a most hopeful and paradoxical position: unification by way of specialization. For the first time in history, I contend that we have achieved a new possibility, the possibility of true knowledge, alongside a familiar constant: human myopia. As the various scientific disciplines and specializations advance, the picture is clear enough—facts! However, these facts are as isolated incomplete splinters of glass, and the entire of knowledge a crystal goblet as yet in pieces, for only what is whole might hold true value. The problem is that as each specialty advances it becomes more complex and specific, its language and conceptual apparatus more and more detailed and hence: unintelligible. Science is a burst bale of hay. The solution is to gather what has been newly spilt. If one could grasp several straws in hand, several disciplines at once, then, the entire picture may yet be revealed.

As a thinker, I am a strange man. Quite so. The thinker gains pleasure from the thinking process. Indeed, it is in the simple pleasure and joy of thoughtful discovery, this sexual sublimation from familiar infantile sources which is the well-spring of every thinker. The thinker thinks, not because thought has utility or purpose, the thinker thinks because it pleases him, *and for no other reason!* So we can see at once, that the thinker is engaged in his noble craft for ignoble reasons, selfish reasons—he thinks because it is pleasurable! Altruism, even utility, is but a secondary effect. The thinker theorizes because it is a satisfaction for him, and for no other reason. So, we can see the purpose of theory, in fact, is one of pleasing the thinker.

In this we have a conundrum which often obscures the very essence of the situation. The thinker is in no way encouraged to develop his idea past the point of theory! Once constructed, the theory has served its purpose, it has pleased the thinker in the very act of its conception! Unfortunately, a theory which is not yet proven, is of no worth, much as most of philosophy—it holds out a beautiful promise in empty arms, an invitation to nowhere, a beautiful mirage, a puff of heat and wind, such is every theory before the untested fact!

Half of the joy of creation for a scientist is masochistic: a discovering how one might test, might *disprove* one's own theory! This masochistic scientific necessity, testing and the resultant possibly *disproving* one's theory, is the very most scientific of all scientific acts. No theory is untestable, not even a self-referential tautology...all can be tested using linear means. One simply constructs a theory to accomplish the job! What fun! Please go to:

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and read the paper I have written detailing a methodological framework of empirical demonstration for the psycho-ontological aspects of the CTMU (Langan, 2002). (The physics are a matter as yet empirically unresolved, a happy challenge remaining for the genius of Christopher Langan). A closed self-referential system is in no way exempt from linear empirical demonstration. One simply gathers together a few straws, one from

physics, one from metapsychology, one from neuroscience, and the result is plain enough—happiness! Truth is happiness for those so strange as us! A piece of original theory, my most interesting original notion detailing the *physiology* behind our definition of all reality: "the system of affective assignment"—is key (Norman, 2012, 2013). I have a great many theories, theories spanning the breadth of intellectual endeavor, from Parkinsonian onset and its possible amelioration via adjustment of the dopaminergic balance in the primary sympathetic limbic neural circuitry, to the source of symbolism and therefore reality itself, to the quantitative assessment of unconscious content and processes, as well as specific methods and theories relating to creative enhancement. These theories are worthless, just as a piece of poetry or philosophy—worthless—if they are not tested, made specific and therefore become: useful. Psychology is a sort of self-demonstration, a *working theory*, a *real way to cure illness* which can be used and demonstrated easily enough—the patient is better or they are not. The theory must yield the fact. Instrumental efficacy is the litmus test of psychology, and soon this discipline will emerge into the light, and become more than instrumental-science as the quantitative assessment of psychical processes gains ground to equal the instrumental (Norman, 2013). The challenge for a theory as ambitious and potentially fruitful as the CTMU is plain: how to make use of this beautiful thing, how to find fact in the theory, purpose in the poetry. To accomplish this, is true genius. To fail here, is to find happiness, but to fail truth. If one could accomplish it, the unification of the psychical and the physical, the outer and the inner, the aged and the future—to find the single key which unlocks all mysteries—why this is the dream of dreams! How splendid and hopeful is the day we can rise up and claim to have found a single form for all of the universe! What can't be known, what isn't understood...then? Ha! Let us rejoice at the thought!

And so I hold the question before us all, the most hopeful of questions for any scientist and thinker... *can you prove it so?* It is this challenge, this taunt which is the happy heart and proud hope shrouded beneath scientific doubt. We doubt, and hope to overcome—only this. Such is the hope and hurdle, the pathway most alluring and impossible which calls out to every higher mind, a tease and a taunt, a grin and a slap which asks aloud the most worthy and rude of all questions—demands, insists we answer without delay or objection, answer the single highest, lowest, most fundamental and worthy of all scientific questions: *How do you know it?* It is this which is the point and purpose, the theory now bent twice real again, the answer found only here, in this question, a doubt spoken out, rude enough to poke our pride, a question, a test, which might yet find and *make sure*, discover the only true and worthy prize, to uncover the boast and spell out the truth, to find the real within the beautiful, to find and then reveal aloud: the fact within our theory.

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