

A new paradigm needs... a new myth

I have had a lovely idea! It is clear, that to alter the current linear internal paradigm upon which the broken human situation is based, is not easy, and can be quite painful indeed. How many adults are capable, and willing, to undergo the riggers of fundamental change? But there was a time, when all things were possible. Children: in youth, the plasticity and potential...are abundant. Two steps are needed. I will articulate them here, as well as a beginning, a start upon which the specificity might be drawn into clarity.

1. Background and result: I have stated that reaction formations are to be avoided. I draw this correct conclusion from direct examination of my own unconscious content (ask for methodology), clear observation of its pathological dynamism, and healthy alteration of the same. Reaction formations are the basis of pathology and morality, and I propose, that ethical structure can be inculcated into pedagogy in its stead. We can teach children the new paradigm from the start. By reaction formation, I mean any shameful or punitive addition which is paired with a drive to repress it, and then, takes its place in consciousness. Every time you rage and state..."NO! That is disgusting and wrong!"...causes sickness. An isometric destruction of mental economy results...now super-ego is fostered, a pathogenic internalized threat (masochism), and this offers opposition to the pleasurable drive, as an arm wrestling match, the repressive process is a constant unending strain, and a constant usage of mental energies is required to maintain it...very wasteful, and, causes, I repeat...causes...neurosis. The return of the repressed causes neurosis, and guilt, meaning internalized shame and punishment, is the element of super-ego's repressive dynamic. Instead of disgust, penalty and threat, which forms a pathogenic structure by way of morality—ethics, which are based on identification, are to be encouraged. Never say: "Obey the Golden Rule!" Demonstrate how the effect feels internally by way of identification instead. Morality I will define as the internalization of threat to alter behavior and repress drives (super-ego). Ethics stand in sharp contrast, as the internalization of *empathetic identification* to foster ethical behavior. So we can see, morality will make you ill, as is its aim and design, so you will obey authority, and ethics, are situationally specific— NOT a function of threat, but of Empathy. Ethics are amoral, and in contrast, morality encourages obedience, weakening of mental economy and hence, control of the subject, not ethical behavior! Please read these papers which spell this out in proper step-wise fashion with references.

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We raise our children with myths and stories, stories of savage penalty and sadistic reprisal to encourage them to do as we say. God threatens judgement, German fairy tales are filled with pain and threat, and the Koran is filled, as a homespun Baptist preacher's throaty shouting lectures, with penalty, fire and flame, and all the usual threats! There are rules, even in Christianity, which had many of its tenets altered from the word of its noble teacher, by Paul, to be inverted and false, leaving threat and measure, before the

door of a mythical heaven, in place of any real glad tidings. This myth-making, so filled with hell and penalty, is pathological in and of itself. I propose, human connection can be fostered with a new myth, a myth of empathetic connection rather than threat, for our children. Please ask for details of the dynamics of super-ego and reaction formation, unconscious dynamism and perturbation in the creation of neurosis and psychotic pathology, all so typical in this age, as to define its very nature. The result of this infusion of moral threat...think of The Twelve Tables of Rome, so vile and sadistic, all the way to our completely ineffective death penalty, and know...morality does not function to create ethical behavior...threat is a dissociative element! Do you know a boy who was raised with severe beatings? Do they respect authority? No, they do not. They fear nothing, perhaps, may spend a lot of time in prison, and are filled with hatred! How many friends do I know like that? A great many! How about me? Even at a moderate level of formative abuse: I spit on all authority in hatred and pure contempt, and would rather be shot dead, than obey. A literal statement. Severe beatings, often create, *disobedience*...period. Threat, is a failure...! A new myth is required.

2. The religious texts contain truth, and are filled with violence and patriarchal threat. I suggest, that a parent, who is aware of the source of modern pathology, can restrain themselves in their urge to punish their child, and by force of will, curtail their natural violence and hatred, rather than vent it upon their offspring. If so, and reaction formations are thereby avoided, a foundation of connectivity can be fostered with a new myth of identification. Religions often foster submission. I wish to replace this goal of submission, with one of connection. Let us keep the truth within these texts, be rid of the sick moral bluster, and replace moral threat with ethic's fount: empathy via identification. I have observed in all cases, when I am betrayed, or stolen from, a lack of compassion and caring is demonstrably present. Threat means nothing! Identification is the pathway to ethics:

A text, a new myth should be written. I may do this thing. It is a simple task! Imagine a fine piece of learning from the Koran. I paraphrase:

"Any man who overturns a single palm tree will be punished, burned in flame, and boiled alive."

Good message, is it not? Yes it is...*exactly right!* But the penalty is very ill. Morality creates sickness— an internal, eternal, arm wrestling match. Let us replace the pathogenic morality, with ethics and see what happens:

"Come my child and look upon the palm, her leaves caressed by the breeze which sweetly has caressed you, and so, as you, she does flow and flutter, feel and love, the warm breath of summer, folding its hands through her leaves and crown, as I caress your hair, and stroke your cheek, so does the light and wind adorn her, and love her...as I love you. The warm sun, spills upon her green crown, and upon your skin, and fills all the world with a cloak of light and warmth, which is the day's treasure, the love this world lavishes upon you. Can you see her leaves filled with happiness, swimming in summer sun, so glad and full, as you my child, are full here beneath her branches? Each leaf, as

your fingers and hands, swimming in thick wind, filling your eye. For she does love you, and she is as you...your hands and fingers are her leaves...did you know that, my child?...for it is true. Her trunk, bends and sways in the tender wind and sun, as you bend down, and lower your head to drink, from the silver spring which flows beneath her swaying heart, and so does she bend, as you dip your head, into pure waters, and quench your dry mouth, from her silver sheltered spring. For she does love you, and hold her branches to shelter you, and hide the shining spring, from the heated sun, so it is cool... for you. So does she love you. Can you feel her head and hands, as they stretch toward the heavens, as you did once, before the new dawn, so happy to meet the first rays of heaven, so lovingly cast down to enfold you? Yes my child, for you are as I, flesh and bone, bark and marrow, fingers, hands, swaying trunk and leaves, are you not? And so you may yet remember, the golden feeling as she holds you in her soft shadow, her trunk and bark, as your waist and skin, so perfect and loved, so tender, and right, swaying in shifting wind and golden sun...and so are we all, but a single love, spent out and nourished, together, in the breath...of summer sun, and wind. For we are but she, and she us, together, and of one heart, tender and bright, worthy and loved, each as the next...not above or below, but the same. And this, is why we are worthy. Caring and sweet is the truth...that we are loved, under the eye, of a perfect noontime sun, spilling out and nourishing us both, here sweetly held under the crown of her shadow...for she is us, and we her, so perfect and kind...is this world. Look upon the sight and know...in this...we are lucky."

I will write song and parable. Let us remove the stain of blood. A new myth is required. A myth of empathy. In this...there is hope.

You may contact me through the staff contact page at *Mind* magazine:  
<http://www.mindmagazine.net>.

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