

Symbiotic Psychology: The Synergy Between Mind, Body, Emotions, and Consciousness

Memoir: Hell on Earth (As Is Heaven)

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Memoir: Hell on Earth (As Is Heaven)

I was mentally insane with delusions and voices flying around my head. I was crying out for God to kill me. I blacked out and awoke with a rope in my hand to make it all end when a voice asked me, “Can you go on?” I got myself back into a mental hospital and stayed alive. I blacked out and awoke in a padded cell. They doped me on medications, and I spent every minute, hour, and day endlessly walking the hospital halls. When I was released, every night I roamed the deserts around El Paso until I ended up in jail, beaten and bruised but still picking a fight with the largest man in the cell. My wife demanded a divorce. A voice wanted me to stay alive and continue my madness in hell. I said, “I can.”

The Farm:

When I was born as the second son, my father decided to follow his mentor from college, Aldo Leopold, and raise his family on a farm. Aldo Leopold was a well-known conservationist best known for his book *Sand County Alamac*. Pepper, as everyone including us kids called our Dad, helped build the cabin on the Wisconsin River featured in the book. Therefore, to my grandparents' chagrin, especially to that of my paternal grandfather who was a famous surgeon, my parents bought a farm. My maternal grandmother was not too happy either. She was Assistant Dean of Economics at the University. Nevertheless, to me, the farm – with Pepper's tutelage – became a place of continuous revelation.

I must have been two or three when we moved on to the sixty-acre homestead with the original wooden cook stove in the kitchen, a coal burning furnace in the dining room, and a two-seat outhouse as a toilet. The cook stove was replaced, and a bathroom was built upstairs, but the coal furnace always remained in the dining room. During the winter, Jack Frost covered the inside of the upstairs windows where we slept with a thick layer of leaf designed frost.

During these early years on the farm, I was left largely to my own devices and freely roamed around the farm with my older brother Steve or, as was most of the time, by myself. The animals on the farm were always a source of curiosity. This included the pigs we raised to Mike and Molly, the family of Irish Setters, and later to Bart, a German Shepard, and

Blackie, a Black Lab mix. Several generations of cats came and went over the years with each mother catching mice, chipmunks, and gophers to feed and to teach their kittens how to hunt. In addition, there were raccoons, deer, wood chucks and an occasional fox.

There was a connection to the weather and the four seasons that developed because how they constantly affected daily life. Rain was not the sad metaphor of many songs, but it meant life for crops. Summer thunderstorms were exciting and winter blizzards were made for play. Every spring we had hundreds of migrating geese, ducks, and even some brilliant white swans stopping in our fields. A neighbor once took us into the woods to show us a newborn and spotted fawn in the brush – curled up motionless. Summer was the brilliant green and life of growing crops. Fall was the harvest and the changing leaves foreshadowed the shortened days of the coming winter.

Months were not measured by a calendar, but by the seasons and the moon. Within each season, one day was much the same as another. What did change from day to day, or should I say from night to night, was the phase of the moon and its position in the sky. Each night the moon changed its shape and would have moved a little further east against the brilliantly lit up night sky amass with stars.

The indigenous people have a different and more personal relationship with the earth and sky. They are called Mother Earth and Father Sky. Maybe this relationship exists because they listened and heard the voices of nature and knew and felt its presence . . . as I did. As I grew up and became indoctrinated within the culture of a civilized society, my worlds collided – leaving me imprisoned within the psychiatric wards and medicine of the advanced culture of modern man.

Knock-Knock:

His world was green, vital, and alive with tall fox tail grasses growing in the pastures and rows upon rows of corn in the fields vibrating with energy. Always barefoot, he now carefully climbed the wire fence that held in the farm's Black Angus cattle. His mother wanted to name him Angus, but the eventual decision was Andrew, or Andy for short. He liked those big black cows and he learned that his name, Andrew Jackson, was special.

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There was a special trick to climbing a fence barefoot and he had figured it out long ago. The key was to put the wire just in the right spot on the ball of your foot. It also helped to pull with your hands, again putting the wire in an especially thick part below the fingers. Then, you always climbed at a wooden fence post – not those skinny steel ones – because you had to climb high enough and put both hands on top of the post. This allowed you to take all the weight off your feet and swing them over the top of the fence. This was particularly important if there was a strand of barb wire running along the top, which, since this fence had to keep in some cattle, it did.

He was only 5 years old and the fence was very big. His efforts paid off as he was now lying on his back on a little rounded knoll in the back-pasture gazing at the white cotton clouds shifting and dancing across the bright blue summer's sky. As the clouds appeared and rolled and churned within their bright blue canvas, he called out the shapes that appeared before his gaze. A dragon with his fiery breath suddenly loomed over the land, and then a mighty horse appeared, just over to the left of the dragon, running to chase it down. There were many characters in the sky but after a while he grew tired of this game and that is when he heard a voice.

"So, what do you want us to make?" he heard the clouds ask.

He thought for a moment, pondering the question. "How about a teapot?" he replied thinking nothing at all about being asked to alter the sky's landscape.

He then watched the clouds grow here and disappeared there, and with a twist and a churn right before his eyes, he saw a teapot.

"How about a crocodile?" he exclaimed.

Again, the clouds started swirling and rolling around in no observable pattern. To any passerby, it was a warm summer's day with white fluffy clouds passing by. However, as Andy watched, he began to see a familiar shape as a crocodile appeared. It swam across the sky with its gigantic jaws seizing upon a fish.

After a while, he got up, stretched his arms and legs and walked home without a second thought about his artistic friends in the sky with whom he had been playing. He was hungry, looming ahead was a fence to climb and his feet were bare and a thistle may appear from

nowhere. He turned his head for one last look; in the sky above his head, a Phoenix appeared with his wings spread half way across the sky.

Who is There?

It was a dark late September night without a cloud in the sky. Pepper was on his way to do some last-minute inspection of the pig pens to make sure they were secure. Pigs were very talented and strong and were quite capable of engineering an escape when it was least expected. The stars were brilliant and the Milky Way with its light hue looked like a giant stream meandering across the landscape. Andy had decided he was going out to join Pepper on his late-night chores.

The night was cool and brisk and so Andy buttoned the top button on his green, wool Army Surplus jacket. World War II had just ended a little over ten years ago and Pepper used the extra surplus as a means to save money. Unfortunately for Mom, or Kathryn depending on the situation, these were dress jackets and she had to sew in an extra button and hole to close off the neck. Unfortunately for the three boys in the family, the wool was scratchy under the chin and the jackets were short and cut off at the waist. There was always a cold gap exposing the skin to minus twenty-degree temperatures and blowing snow in the winter.

As they walked between the barn and the tobacco shed, now laced with pig pens – growing tobacco had once been very common on these old farms – Andy stretched and looked around and found the Big Dipper through the leaves of a giant maple bordering the driveway. He could not always find the North Star, but he knew where to look. Pepper had taught all the kids how to line up the last two stars of the dipper. The North Star was behind him and so Andy knew they were headed South. However, this was just a mental exercise because he already knew how the farm laid out to the compass headings.

“Where are you going?” Andy asked his dad while trying to keep up with his long strides.

“I thought I would go out back and check out the corn.”

It was nearing the end of the corn growing season. It was important for every farmer to go out into the fields and husk out an ear or two of corn to see how kind the weather was that year. A good season meant a little extra food for the animals that did not need to be bought

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at the local feed store and a little extra change in the pocket. Andy was oblivious to the finances and never became privy to them until Pepper died some fifty years later.

As they stood out beside the sow house, as the last little building was named, Pepper looked up at the stars. Andy stared up with him in silence. There was something big, huge, and mysterious going on with all those stars way up there and the Earth way down here floating like a giant marble in space. It was a silent moment of reverence for some great unknown vastness.

“I wonder what is behind the stars?” he heard Pepper quietly speak as if he himself was in some mysterious place.

“Behind the stars?” Andy thought to himself. “Behind the Stars?” Then, it hit him like an avalanche careening down the mountain. There was something behind the stars! He was looking up at a wall, a ceiling, or a floor and he did not know what. Nevertheless, he could feel something beyond and behind.....the stars! It was the Universe. Furthermore... the Universe was alive.

Mania

I was mentally and emotionally broken. My first psychotic episode was in 1979 at the age of 25. I could no longer hold my self together. I stopped.... I stopped at a stop sign. There was “evil” in the car. I stripped off my clothes, got out of the car and started running naked across a corn field trying to align my family and the planets to make things right and to prevent further disaster. From 1979 to 1996, I was in and out of hospitals and constantly medicated. In this time, I was hospitalized maybe 10-15 times for psychotic-manic episodes and ended up on Social Security Disability.

I listened to, and tried to make work, the tools given to me by the many therapists, psychologists, and psychiatrists in my life. It was not working for me. I could not make their world of mental illness, hospitals and medications my life. I was not going to be able to keep myself alive in this hell much longer. Unfortunately, I had been taught to tolerate and to ignore negative feelings and emotions. Therefore, rather than making an effort to feel better, I did nothing. I did not know what to do. This usually meant a brainstorm of more emotionally negative thoughts that would escalate an emotionally negative situation further

along the downward spiral. Like a runaway train down a mountain, there is not going to be a good outcome.

Of course, this was all internalized. I had learned not to complain about aches and pains. In the cold of winter growing up on a farm, chores had to be done. Emotions were like frost bit fingers. If there was not a medical necessity and the pain could be tolerated, keep quiet and do your job. I had broken my arm, dislocated my wrist, broken my collarbone twice, stepped on nails that went through my foot, and tolerating dozens of slivers imbedded into my hands and feet. I had learned to take my frozen hands and run them under lukewarm water. When the severe pain stopped, they were thawed out. Pain, physical or emotional, was a part of life. You tolerated it and kept working. That is life. Emotional pain is inconsequential – or so I thought.

My hospitalizations were for psychotic-mania. My depression symptoms were ignored, except one time around 1988 when I was in grad school for my first Master's in Industrial Management Technology from the UW-Stout, Menominee, WI. I told my psychiatrist that I was having a particularly hard time in a relationship and could he give me something. A week later, I "awoke" from another black out period. I was in a classroom with the teacher handing back tests, including mine. I have no recollection of going to classes, taking this test or anything else over the previous week.

Another time, after being released from the mental hospital from some psychotic-manic episode, I was on 5-6 different medications. I truly tried to keep them straight in one of those 7-day med containers, but to no avail. My mind and body were truly messed up. My meds were all screwed up. The clock said 5:35 in the morning. My mind was breaking. I reeled in pain, twisting and turning for hours. I looked at the clock. It said 5:41. Six minutes had passed. I blacked out. I awoke with a rope in my hand going to hang myself. A voice asked me, "can you go on?" I said, "yes". Somehow, I got myself back into the hospital.

My basic medications were Tegretol and Klonopin. I cannot remember the others except I was first given lithium. I quit taking it because of the side effects and ended up going psychotic. Another drug, Haloperidol, I called "the death drug" because of its horrendous side effects. If I felt I was going manic or psychotic, I would take some and "die"

in pain for a day or two. The misery it caused was almost unbearable, but it kept me out of the hospital (most of the time). Other times, I just went psychotic. Hell is hell.

Most often my ‘black out’ periods were affiliated with a manic episode. Around 1989, I “awoke” once in a hospital and wondered how I got here. The caregiver said I had gone up to a police car and told them that “my friend” needed help. “My friend” turned out to be a garbage can. During other psychotic-manic episodes, I would remember events up to hospitalization and then lose a few days to blackout periods. I once “awoke” at a table in a mental hospital. The nurse gave me a pack of Camel-straight, the cigarette my mom smoked on the farm. Apparently, I now smoked and went outside with the others to have my “first” cigarette.

Another time, in 1990, I “awoke” with my mother in a drug store. Somehow, I was now in Madison, WI, 200 miles from UW-Stout where I had just finished my second master’s in Tech Education. We were getting my prescriptions refilled. I carefully started probing about the circumstances. I was on my way to teach industrial management in Xianyang, China. I have no idea of how many days or even weeks had gone by. Apparently, I had “lost” approximately 10 months of meds for my trip. We got my meds refilled and the very next day I was on my way to China.

Psychotic/manic episodes were never a “high”. When recalling a psychotic episode, I would describe them as scary, frightening, and even terrifying. I had no control. I was an observer watching somebody do crazy stuff. My reality was a “trip” that “I” participated in. It was like a “dream” events just happened. An idea to do something would come to me and “I” would do it. I had lost all sense of propriety except within some very narrow stream of psychosis. For over a decade, I was in and out of hospitals, miserable, depressed, manic, psychotic and wheeling from a whole range of different emotions.

Not until the illusion of emotions is understood will the power of emotions be revealed.

High Desert Pilgrimage

Call it chance, call it luck, call it what you will. I left my job as a quality manager and followed my wife, a first-generation Chinese immigrant, from Rio de Janerio to El Paso, TX

where she had gotten a “better job”. Everything kept getting worse. I was ready to die when, through the power and strength of my wife, I met 3 key *healers* who reintroduced me to a long-lost stranger, my joyous self.

Sharon, my new therapist, found my descriptions of my psychotic episodes hilariously funny and she created a path for me to join her in her laughter. We both had a good laugh when I described the time I brought the police over to my friend who was in trouble and he turned out to be a garbage can. She gave me a task, “Can you find something for yourself, today, under these miserable conditions, that will make you feel a little better, make you feel a little less pain? Can you do something for yourself today? And can you do it again the next day? And the next?” From then on, I made the time to bathe in the sun’s light in our apartment’s swimming pool. With my face mask and snorkel, I just stared at the drifting shadows at the bottom of the pool. She had skillfully led me away from depression’s suffocating grasp and onto a path of self-empowering hope. She called it Neural-Linguistics-Programing (NLP) and Centerness Therapy. She saved my life. I call it a miracle.

Another person who taught me self-empowerment through joy was Esther and a friend in her inner circle called Abraham. They introduced me to the power of my inner guidance through listening to my emotions. They spoke of *emotional guidance* as the key to my inner strength and power. From there, I had my *eureka moment*. If I was depressed, manic, or psychotic and I had a chemical imbalance, then when I felt better would my *chemical imbalance* be more of a *chemical in-balance*? That is, in the times when I felt a little better, or actually less bad, was my biochemistry also a little better? My emotions truly became my inner guide to honor, wealth, justice and freedom.

Like a hamster running nowhere on a wheel in a cage, I was caught in an endless loop of being drugged when on medications and going psychotic when off medications. Then, I met the “Salsa Doctor,” who was called this because he played in a salsa band in Ciudad Juarez. He actually worked with the idea that I could get better. That is, as I gained more control of my psychotic mind through the guidance and power of my emotions, I would need less invasive medications.

It was 1992 and I was in the high deserts of El Paso, TX when I initiated my “Program to Freedom”. I was betting my life that on a new idea that came to me. For over a

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decade, all my psychiatrists told me I had a biochemical “imbalance”. I thought, “If when I am feeling miserable and psychotic and it is because I have a biochemical “imbalance” does that mean when I am feeling better, I have a biochemical “*in*-balance”? I became my own lab-rat.

I started applying an idea of using my emotions to guide my behavior, especially to guide my mental behavior of what I was thinking, dreaming, imagining or even contemplating. It was obvious to me that my emotions correlated with my mental activities. I was betting that these cognitive activities also correlated with my biochemistry. I began to use my emotions to guide my mental activities to improve my “biochemical imbalances.” If a thought brought about an emotionally negative response, I would make attempts to “eliminate the negative.” If a thought brought about an emotionally positive response, I would make attempts to “accentuate the positive.” I was becoming more confident with the success of my “Program to Freedom” and its path to my recovery.

Every time I had previously stopped taking my medications, I eventually went psychotic, only to prove my doctors and parents right that mental illness was a lifetime sentence. I always felt that they were wrong and this time I was going to prove it. I worked very hard over these next few years to change my mental-emotional state to change improve my biochemistry “imbalance”.

I must admit that 1995 was not a good year. A couple of manic episodes had me end up in a mental hospital and the last one ended up in jail with my wife asking for a divorce. I understood completely and I was very sorry I could not be the person she married. That person was alive because of the medications he took but he was also dying because of those same drugs

The “Salsa Doctor,” my psychiatrist, continued to work with me to adjust my medications with others that were less invasive as I learned to control my mental-emotional state. I was becoming stronger and I was more effective at using my own emotions to guide my mental activities.

I had been off any medications for about eight months though I still depended on cigarettes to ease my turbulent mind. I was rolling my own...Bugle Boy tobacco. I couldn’t afford the commercial variety. I had gone a “little” manic and was spending my nights

walking the desert mountains around El Paso. I emptied a 2-gallon coffee maker daily trying to keep up with my mania. Eventually I came down, though with a couple more tattoos, but I was able to stay sane enough to stay out of the hospital. That was my last manic episode. In 1996, I stopped taking my meds permanently. I saw my last doctor.

In May 1996, I left El Paso, TX and returned to my roots in Madison, WI. I sold my grandmother's prized secretary desk, which I had inherited, to pay for an airline ticket home to Madison, WI where I had family. I shipped what few other possessions I had. My 'ex' drove me to the airport and I never saw her again. I was going home to start a new life. I heard years later that she had died of cancer. I was truly pissed at her. I had gotten her citizenship and a divorce so she would no longer be constrained by my illness. Finally, she could live the life she deserved. She becomes free and dies....

Homeward Bound

Over the next few years, back in Madison, WI, I was still not in great shape but getting better. My mother helped me find an apartment and bought me a car. My father would not speak to me. I went from Social Security Disability to packing grocery bags, cashier, quality inspector, and to a drafting and computer-aided-design (CAD) instructor in a local college. I visited a good college friend of mine. We were roommates before my nightmare into mental illness began. Our meeting was similar to the story of Rip Van Winkle. Mentally, it was twenty years ago and I was back in college talking to my old roommate. However, he was now married, and had children in college. Tears came to my eyes as thoughts of my last twenty years flashed by, my god.....

It took me about eight years (from 1992 to 2000) to "regain" some semblance of mental-emotional health and well-being. It took me several years after that to quit smoking but that was an acceptable transition for me at the time. In 1992, I began attempts to change my biochemical balance by correlating my emotions with my biochemistry. I was on my own. I was exploring unheard of territory, a territory forbidden to me by an industry dependent on medicating mental illness and my well-meaning family who would not listen to my "insanity".

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It is now 2020. I saw my last therapist, psychologist, and psychiatrist in 1996 and I have been medication free and without disassociation, depression, or mania episodes since those days of mental insanity. I am happily remarried, retired from mechanical engineering and living a good life...sailing with friends in the summer, football game parties in the fall, and winter skiing trips with my wife and our cats to Colorado (I was once a ski instructor and daredevil doing flips and 'helicopters' off any little mogul) with spring as the time of the earth's great green revival from a winter of sleep, reminding me of my youth on the farm.

Plato's Cave

I believe I can now relate to others my experiences that resulted in leaving the endless ideas, theories, paradigms and beliefs of the mental illness industry behind. I now live and believe in mental health and well-being. I work at my mental health every day. Mental wellness is no longer a mystery to me and I wish to share the many ideas that I used to bring my life back to the living. I wish to explain the methods I used and that everyone can use to improve their mental and emotional well-being.

For the past fifteen years, I have been working on a paper explaining my return to well-being. I have written and rewritten this paper 100's of times. These ideas have now evolved into a psychology of their own.... Symbiotic Psychology. The book is "*Symbiotic Psychology: The Synergy Between Mind, Body, Emotions and Consciousness*" and presents a scientific argument and logic identifying where the mental health academia has gone wrong. Yes, there is a correlative relationship between cognition, emotions, and biology; but instead of emotions changing the body's biology as modern psychological theory professes, emotions are a sensory awareness of the biological states/changed precipitated by cognitive activities. The world that erupts with this paradigm change presents an idea of self-empowerment where anyone, with work, can better their lives and some can return to a life of wellness and well-being free from doctors, therapists and medications. The book is laid out as a website for anyone to use on <https://emotional-evolution.com/> where the book can also be downloaded as a PDF.

Over the years, I have sent out over 18,000 emails explaining the flaws and dangers of current psychological emotional theory to university academics around the world. They have yet to understand; one day they will hear.

The greatness of the human life experience emerges from the flames of individual desire arising out of hell's fiery conflicts on earth. Intention is forged in these fires. An evolved emotional biofeedback system aligns our journey with these new intentions. Each succeeding generation will have its own mountains to climb and waters to cross with their own stars to navigate towards. Intent is that guiding star; and it is our emotions that perceive its light. The more joyous the feeling, the more harmonious and powerful the wonders revealed through life's journey.



Andrew O. Jackson suffered from psychotic mania and suicidal depression and was in and out of mental hospitals from 1979-1996. Once after another “blackout” period, he “awoke” in a mental ward and wondered how he got there this time. The nurse said he went up to a police car and told them that his friend needed help. His “friend” was a trash can. Another time he “awoke” with a rope in his hand ready to put an end to this torturous life when a voice asked him, “Can you go on?” “They” wanted him to continue this existence a while longer. He replied, “Yes” and got himself to a hospital.

Around 1992, in a moment of inspiration that has now led to his emotions-as-effect theory, he began a self-directed healing program using his emotions as feedback for his biochemical, neurological, and physiological state of being. After a couple more psychotic episodes – one that landed him in the El Paso county jail and led to a divorce from his first wife – and after seventeen years of therapists, psychologists, and psychiatrists, he no longer needed the benefits of their assistance. He has been medication free and without disassociation, depression, or mania episodes since 1996.

Since 2005, he has been writing to academics around the world advancing a new emotional paradigm that defines cognition as causal to and emotions as an effect of biochemical, neurological, and physiological states of being. Emotions, instead of being regulated by cognitive behavior as current psychological academia prescribes, have evolved to guide cognitive behavior for the health, well-being, and prosperity of the individual.

He has an MS in Technology Education and an MS in Management Technology from the University of Wisconsin – Stout. He was a high school shop teacher, a college CAD (computer aided design) instructor, a guest instructor in China teaching quality and inventory management, and a quality manager at an OEM (original equipment manufacturer). He is now happily married and retired from mechanical engineering, spending his summers sailing and winters alpine skiing.
