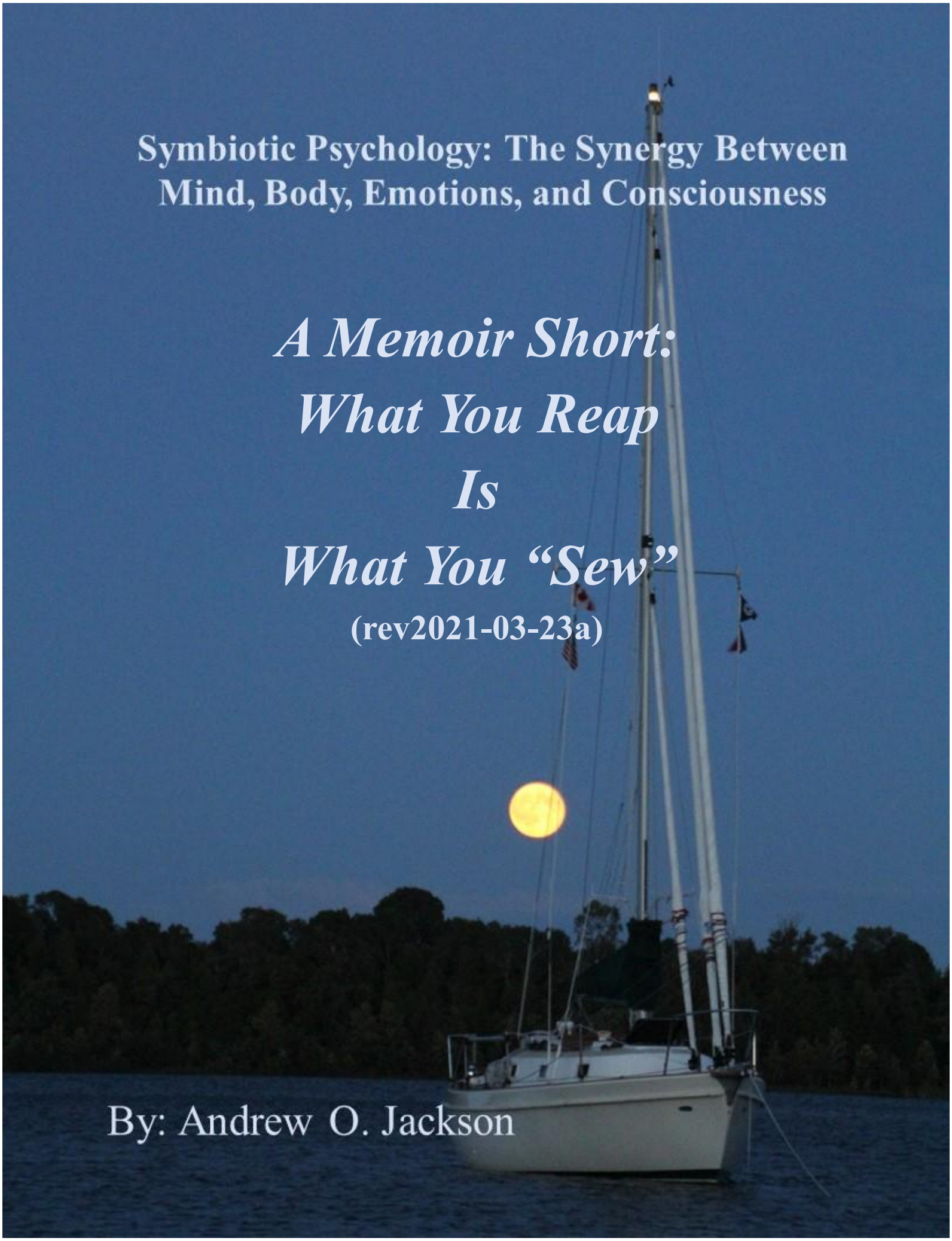

Symbiotic Psychology: The Synergy Between Mind, Body, Emotions, and Consciousness

A Memoir Short: What You Reap Is What You "Sew"

(rev2021-03-23a)

By: Andrew O. Jackson

A Memoir Short:

What You Reap

Is

What You "Sew"

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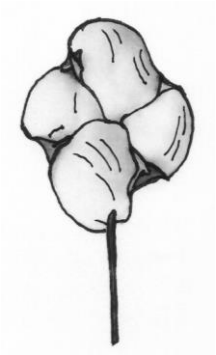
Andrew O. Jackson



Gossypium
(cotton plant)

2021

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Reaping the Past While "Sewing" the Future

Past, present, and future all exist now but in a different place. The future that exists now is not the future when it becomes the present here. The past that exists now is not the past that existed then when here. A force, like a holy ghost, reaches through time and space and changes the past and the future to match one's emotional being in the present when time is now and space is here. That is the power of emotions through the laws of attraction, karma, and entanglement and the beauty of forgiveness.

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."

I never accepted my diagnosis of manic/depressive illness no matter how many times I ended up in the hospital and no matter what my psychiatrists said. It would have been very easy to put the blame for my mania and depression on an illness. I could have absolved myself of all responsibility and accepted their dogma and taken the medication. It would have been very easy.

But to accept their beliefs was to accept a life sentence of mental illness, that I would always, even in remission, be mentally ill. To accept their beliefs was to say I was disturbed and they were wise. To accept their beliefs was to be conquered by an unknown alien and condemned to a life of servitude.

How do you explain sight, to a blind man? How do you explain sound to the deaf? How do you teach wisdom to the wise? How do you speak to those locked in the Allegory of Plato's Cave? How do give sight to the blind who cannot know of their blindness because they do see and sound to the deaf who cannot know of their deafness because they do hear and wisdom to the wise who cannot know of their ignorance in which they see, hear, and speak because they are wise.

I had not seen a doctor, taken any medication, nor had any episodes of psychosis, depression, or dissociation for five years, then ten years, then twenty years but the word from the American Psychological Association is that I have not beaten the illness; I was only in remission.

What they don't understand is that everybody is in a "remission". The mental health of joy and well-being or the mental illness in depression or mania is not a noun, but a verb. Health or sickness is attained and maintained by constant cognitive activity and decision making to follow or ignore a wonderfully evolved emotional bio-feedback mechanism.

Table of Contents:
A Memoir Short: What You Reap Is What You "Sew"

Letter: The Great Debate: Emotional Dysregulation vs. Cognitive Dysregulation 11
Emotions-as-Effect Theory 15
A Memoir Short: What You Reap Is What You "Sew" 17
1.0 The Farm 17
2.0 Knock-Knock 18
3.0 Who's There 20
4.0 Manic Depression 22
5.0 The Great Divide 26
6.0 Continental Drift 28
7.0 From the Pan into the Fire 31
8.0 Back to School 37
9.0 High Desert Pilgrimage 37
10.0 Homeward Bound 42
11.0 The Allegory of Plato's Cave 43
An Epilogue Fantasy 46

Letter: The Great Debate: Emotional Dysregulation vs. Cognitive Dysregulation

Subject: The Great Debate: Emotional Dysregulation vs. Cognitive Dysregulation

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Emotional Dysregulation: Current psychological therapy understands emotions as potentially aberrant and dangerous because they believe emotions change the biochemical physiology that drives behavior. Therefore, these emotions must be controlled, regulated, or managed and, if necessary, with pharmaceuticals. And because emotions can lead to aberrant and dangerous behavior, emotions are not to be trusted. Cognitive behavior therapies use the intellect to reason out appropriate and desirable cognitive and emotional responses and behavior.

Cognitive Dysregulation: Emotion-as-Effect Theory argues that cognition, not emotions, changes the biochemical physiology that drives behavior. Therefore, cognition must be controlled, regulated, or managed. Emotions are the perception of biochemical and physiological changes of the brain and body (precipitated by cognition) where good feeling emotions have an evolved correlation with a healthy physiology and bad feeling emotions have an evolved correlation with an unhealthy physiology. Cognitive-emotional behavior therapies trusts these emotions, moods, and feelings to understand and to guide appropriate, desirable, and healthy cognitive behavior.

Emotions-as-Effect Theory: Rather than demonizing emotions as aberrant, destructive, out-of-control and in need of regulation because of an emotional disorder, Emotions-as-Effect Theory understands emotions as an evolved sensory system, akin to the senses of pleasure and

pain, giving conscious feedback on the healthy/unhealthy state of biochemical physiology. Cognition, not emotions, precipitates the biochemical physiology of the brain and body that drives behavior. Emotions, mods, and feelings instead of being regulated by cognitive behavior, are used to guide cognitive behavior and decision making for the health, well-being, and prosperity of the individual.

Warning 1: Any psychological or pharmaceutical therapy that changes a person's natural and evolved cognitive-emotional correlations can camouflage aberrant cognitive behaviors normally exposed through emotional dissonance. These unabated cognitive behaviors can still continue to change a biochemical physiology which may erupt into dangerous, psychotic, and suicidal behaviors.

Warning 2: Because we, as a humanity, have evolved with a "feels-good-is-good" morality, our educational institutions (parents, guardians, schools, religions, governments, etc.) must teach, develop, and empower a personal cognitive-emotional dynamic that can rationally and comprehensibly debate the moral dilemmas facing each new generation.

Warning 3: If an individual or patient is never taught how to use their cognitive-emotional bio-feedback mechanism and that good and bad feeling emotions, moods, and feelings are about one's own cognitive activities and how these good and bad feelings have an evolved correlation to the health and well-being of their own biochemical physiology, or even more detrimental, an individual or patient is taught to ignore, constrain, or inhibit this evolution bio-feedback mechanism, they will continually associate and give credit, or fault, to the origins of these emotions, moods, and feelings to an external world and act upon their external world according to their interpretation, understandings, and beliefs derived from their own personnel experiences, education, and training through life – even at the detriment of their own health, well-being, and success because feeling good or bad is not about what "I" am doing.…"I feel this way because of what "they" and the external world of circumstances, events, and happenings are doing to me and if they and the world do this to me, how can I act other than what I understand, know, and believe."

Passionately,

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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.

Emotions-as-Effect Theory

Emotions, moods, and feelings are felt. They are perceived. Although good and bad feeling emotions, moods, and feelings (EMF's) vary in duration and awareness of associative cognitive and physical behaviors, states, and changes, they all are the perception, by consciousness, of a biochemical physiology within the body and the brain precipitated by an evolved and nurtured cognitive neural circuitry. Because emotions, moods, and feelings are perceptions of an internal state of biology precipitated by cognition, emotions, moods, and feelings are a reflection of, and give insights into, the nature of this cognitive behavior. Also, because emotions, moods, and feelings are a perception of states and changes of physiology and are not causal to these states and changes, emotions, moods, and feelings are neither destructive nor constructive but rather they are indicators towards the presence of very real destructive and constructive – and causal – cognitive behaviors. Correlations between cognition, healthy biochemical physiology, and good feeling emotions, moods, and feelings are a result of millions of years of evolutionary survival for the health and well-being of the individual – as are the correlations between bad feeling emotions, moods, and feelings and an unhealthy biology. Now the question is, how are these correlations between cognition, physiology, EMF's, and consciousness understood, nurtured, and developed within a society for an individual's health, wealth, and general well-being through their own successful decision-making and creativity?

(Emotions-as-Effect Theory is the result of reaping a life of joy, pain, and insanity – AOJ)

A Memoir Short: What You Reap Is What You "Sew"

Do not fixate on the broken and mangled hand, for it is indeed a soreness to any beholder. The message is not within the hand, nor within the moon and stars at which it points, but rather lies within another Universe that surrounds us – known only through its quiet revelations.

(Author's Note: This is a very simple this-and-that outline of my life that I plan on putting into a much more interesting novel form sometime in the future. Around the year 2003, after not seeing a doctor and being off all meds without and ensuing manic, depressive, or dissociative episode for the last seven years, I was having a conversation with a psychologist about a methodology for healing that I developed. That is, I was able to heal from bi-polar illness by using my emotional feedback as a leading indicator of my biochemical imbalance. With this method, I was able to get off my medications and lead a "normal" life. His response was, "Mistakes in diagnosis are made all the time." He was implying that my mental illness wasn't what it was and that I didn't live the life I said I did because there is no cure for psychotic mania and suicidal depressive illness.)

(1) The Farm:

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 roomed 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 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 and a break from chores. Summer thunderstorms were exciting and winter blizzards were made for great fun and 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.

(2) 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.

There was a 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 and 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 with. 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.

Another time, he had found a hunting knife used by his parents on their canoe trips to the Hudson Bay. He began throwing and sticking the knife into the ground and then into a nearby pine tree. Unexpectedly, he heard a woman's voice coming from the magnificent maple tree behind him.

"Why are you hurting Mr. Pine?" asked the majestic maple tree.

He paused for a moment, gazing at the sap running out of the wounds he made by throwing his knife into the pine tree. He walked away and never threw the knife into any tree again. Although, the ground was still fair play.

Now whether ground agreed with this declaration can come under question. While playing downhill skier by jumping down a road embankment with his brother, he wiped out and broke his arm. Another time while swinging on a swing together with his brother (both standing up facing each other), he jumped off backwards and broke his wrist on the landing. But, one special time ground was very nice to him. He was playing on the farm's pump house roof although its windmill had been taken down. All of a sudden, he was sliding down and off the roof backwards. He landed on his spine right next to one of the cut off angle iron frames of the windmill. Shaken up and unhurt, he got up, looked at the spike and the ground and said thank you.

(3) Who's There?

It was a dark late September night without a cloud in the sky. Pepper, as his father was called by everyone in and out of the family, 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 elm 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 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 eighty 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 mystery.

"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…. the Universe was alive… it was some gigantic… wonderful… beautiful… living being.

(4) Manic Depression

I was mentally and emotionally broken. My first psychotic episode was in 1979 at the age of 26. I could no longer hold my self together. I was on the back to Madison from helping pick asparagus on the "family" farm. 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 some further disaster. I remember being given a court order for observation and then I "woke-up" a week later trying to figure out how and why I was in the hospital. From 1979 to 1996, I was in and out of hospitals and constantly medicated (sometimes not). In this time, I was hospitalized maybe 10-15 times for psychotic-manic episodes and ended up on Social Security Disability… twice. And then there was the depression.

Yes, there was the lack of energy, laying around and not feeling up to par. During my freshman year at the UW-Madison, my grades and classes were going all wrong and I was in cultural shock being raised on a farm with right-wing Republican favoring parents. The Viet Nam War was going strong and I was now emersed in one of the most liberal and vocal cities in the nation. The year before the streets were lined with National Guard Troops after Sterling Hall (physics) was blown up and a researcher killed by a car bomb. I went to the student health clinic and said I was very low energy and not feeling well. That they had no idea what I was talking about was typical of my life.

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. I am convinced that for many, they don't "get used to it," psychiatrist don't listen and patients stop complaining. 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.

My first episode of complete dissociation came in high school speech class. I got up to give a speech and then I remember sitting at my desk. I must have given my speech because no one was looking at me weird like. 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. Typically, 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-straights, 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. I have no idea of how many days or even weeks had gone by but we were getting my prescriptions refilled. I carefully started probing about the circumstances to figure out what was going on. Apparently, I was on my way to teach industrial management in Xianyang, China and I had "lost" approximately 10 months of meds for my

trip. I calmly was putting the pieces together and remembered writing to China for a teaching position and graduation, but no idea how I got here. 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" and events just happened. An idea to do something would come to me and *"I"* would do it. I was dissociated from a self with any 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.

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 integrate their world of mental illness, hospitals and medications into my life. How do you keep alive in hell? 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.

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 life and something inconsequential and tolerated – or so I thought.

Years later, as a teacher, each week ended at happy hour Friday in a merry drunk with some fellow teachers. I did not have the capacity to survive as a high-school shop teacher.

Yet, I was taught not to quit or give up and for six-years I lived the highs and tolerated the lows of teaching. One summer break, the extreme pain and torture from suicidal depression showed its ugly head. A summer's high spent sailboat racing on Lake Mendota was ending with the dread of another year of teaching approaching. My happy hour Fridays had been replaced with the merry drunk of happy hour racing and solo sailing. Even though these sailboats called E-scows required three talented people to sail, in light winds I would get high on the thrill of sailing solo. But fall was fast approaching and the lack racing, and dating, success was tuning my life into misery. I got drunk and with another six-pack went out for a solo sail. I tacked up to the Memorial Student Union, for one last hurrah in front of the Hoofers Sailing Club, bore off and set the huge parachute type sail used to go downwind. It was going to be very easy to do an accidental gybe or something and fall off the boat into oblivion. Fate seemed to give me the go ahead because for some odd reason, the forward sail called the jib came un-attached from its control lines and started flogging loudly. This is it…. drunk, I let go of the tiller and lines I had strung back to sail and walked up the deck to "fall off" while fixing the flaying jib. But something happened…. the memory of a similar instance that occurred years earlier.

I was sailing with my family of six and a German Shepperd on an O-Day 23, in the Sea of Cortez off the Mexico Coast to Tiburon Island. The 20-30 mph winds blowing against the tides were creating massively steep waves. Sitting in the cock-pit, I could reach out and put my hand into a wave that would then stretch up another ten feet above the boat. The jib came unattached and was flogging madly in the wind. Without any hesitation I went forward. Standing against the mast, with the waves towering above me at one moment and like being on top of the world the next, I made a leap forward and straddled the bow like a bucking bronco. With the excitement of adrenalin pumping through my veins, I secured the jib, got the sheets reattached, all the while one moment I was 10-15 feet above a wave trough and the next, I was waste deep in water…. Those memories came in flash as I was going forward along the deck to end it… But I secured the jib, took down the chute and went back to the tiller and sailed home.

Another decade passed with a life of highs and lows and hospitals, doctors, and their medications. I was alive. But would my hell ever end? I was lying comatose on our bed in El

Paso, TX. I had left my job as a Quality Manager at an original-equipment manufacture making lights for John Deere, Case-International, and Caterpillar because my wife, CaLey, was starting her career with a good job at Wrangler Jeans. For the last six months, I was looking for and failing job interviews. More likely, I was sabotaging them. I didn't know how to cope in my new surroundings. El Paso is a large desert city with a dominate Hispanic population and very hot weather. I was so estranged from that reality from growing up on a farm with the lush Wisconsin vegetation and then there was the medications that were making me numb, that I just laid there dying… literally. I was sinking deeper into the darkness and I knew that I wasn't going to come back when I faintly heard CaLey. She was excited about a therapist for me she had just meant at the Unity Church….

(5) The Great Divide

When I was born as the second son, my father decided to leave his job as vice-principle of a private school, 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 S*and County Alamac*. Pepper, as everyone including us kids called our Dad, had helped build the cabin on the Wisconsin River featured in the book. We called our mother Mom.) 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 and the seed of an unknown shadowy being within my psychic.

I was raised on a pig farm and went to a two-room rural school house. Yet, it never seemed strange to slop hogs and clean pens in the morning, go to a ballet in the afternoon, and finish with a duck dinner at my grandfather's, Dr. Jackson, Frank Lloyd Wright House. My dad's sister and Write's daughter were best friends. I also just accepted the idea of wilderness canoe trips in the Canadian Quetico and winter ski trips. Pepper had no trouble just taking us kids out of school to go skiing in the Rocky Mountains.

My parents love of nature and for each other was passed on to us kids with our many picnics on the Wisconsin River and at Devil's Lake State Park; sailing with whales in the Sea

of Cortex, Mexico; the many skiing trips to the Rocky Mountains; and camping and canoe trips to the Boundary Waters and Quetico Canoe Areas of Canada. Our parents were avid canoeist in their own right before they ever met. Soon after they were married, in the late 1940's they took a two month-long canoe trip to God's Lake and down God's River to be greeted by a pod of white Beluga whales in Hudson Bay. During my seventh-grade year, they built a camper and took us and our school books for three months of exploring the wester national parks, two months of camping on Mexico's Pacific shore and a month of skiing at Crested Butte, Colorado.

When the subject of heritage was brought up in our two-room country school house (Norway Grove Primary School), I repeated what I was told, "I am part white, black, and red of Native American, English, German, and African heritage" – a challenging declaration in the racially turbulent 1960's. Yet, within my parents' rebellious nature to live on a farm – I considered them one of the first hippies – they had also adopted a very conservative heritage from their parents.

My developmental years on the farm had given me a connection to nature that was slowly overshadowed by a formal primary and secondary education. Proper behavior was simple: know that which pleases the father – Pepper. His law was harsh yet consistent and offered a relative freedom of thought.

But my father's fortuitous years of abundant and unbridled love, and joy of his youth were shattered with the suicidal deaths of two of his sisters and the brutal reality of WWII and training in the Tenth Mountain Division. An ulcer ended his military commitment and he never went to war. But the struggles, hardships, and unfamiliar challenges of his early years as a farmer and new father widened the cracks in his self-esteem as a successful scholar and academic. These emotional chasms were passed onto me by his absolute demand of obedience.

The consequences of disobedience were clearly demonstrated by my witness of his demonic anger while impaling a cat with a pitch fork that mistakenly wondered into his basement of his farmhouse. The howls and screams of that skewered cat in the violent convulsive pathos of its death haunt me to this day. He loved his dogs. He had Irish Setters since high school where "Pat" once tracked him all the way to his classroom. My experience

was that if they had an "accident" in the house, Pepper's idea of training was to rub their nose into it and hit them with a newspaper and send them outside in a fury. I disobeyed my father…twice. Rules and demands were to be followed with no questions asked. While cleaning pens one cold winter's day, I complained about being cold; he gave me a bigger shovel. This became the "bigger shovel rule", i.e., don't complain or you will get a bigger shovel. In my early primary school years, we had to sign out on the blackboard to go and use the bathroom and only one person could sign out at a time. One winter, I could never get to the blackboard before another student signed out. Student after student would always rush to the board leaving me in agony at my desk. My clothes were still wet from out playing in the snow; I just peed right there at my desk. Beneath my father's benevolent exterior laid a dormant volcano of unresolved nightmares ready to erupt with uncontrollable anger. Survival was dependent on knowing, not my own emotional state, but his.

(6) Continental Drift

I didn't know how fragile my world was until 1971, my freshman year at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. To ace a class in secondary education meant listening and opening a book for a few moments on the bus to school. Classes at the University seemed to only require the one skill I did not have, the ability to memorize. I took the same semester of beginning Spanish twice. Hours of dedicated study and memorization payed off with a barely passing grade… the second time. For one economics class, I went to class, studied the text, and bought notes from a tutor service. I swear the tests covered something entirely different (which was similar to other classes). Perseverance became a character flaw because a barely passing test graded on a curve meant failing the class when the other, wiser students dropped the class. Then there was the political climate of the Viet Nam War. I was completely ignorant of any conservative/liberal bias because there was only one bias…conservative.

I joined the Sigma Phi fraternity in the historic Bradly House designed by Louis Sullivan, Frank Lloyd Wright's mentor. My roommate and I had known each other all our lives; our fathers grew up together and are members of the same fraternity. We went on a couple canoe trips (once with another brother) down the Buffalo River in Arkansas. Another time, with about six fraternity brothers, we went on a canoe trip to the Boundary Waters

Canoe Area in northern Minnesota and the Quetico of Canada. But, two months after moving in, there was a fire and the top floor was destroyed. I remember pulling out valuable Emslie designed furniture with water raining down from the ceilings from the firefighting just overhead. We all lost our personal items and the house was well destroyed above the second floor. We moved into an apartment complex for the rest of the year and the next. The Bradley-Sigma Phi Historical Landmark was to be rebuilt and I meant the first love of my life.

I will say it was a beautiful, heartwarming, lovely Harlequin romance where two young people experience love for the first time. We were young, naïve, and had a wonderfully romantic relationship. I shared my love of the outdoors, canoeing, and winter downhill skiing. While going to school I became a part-time ski instructor and general hot-dog doing acrobatic skiing, including inverts, and helicopters off any old mogul. I began teaching her how to ski and my family took us out skiing to Telluride, Colorado. Her world was music. As a music major, she introduced me to the world of entrainment. She was a lead singer in a small start-up group that played top-forty at local venues around Madison. Our friends and I tagged along as groupies and we enjoyed ourselves by learning how to dance rock and roll. She surprised me once and got us all dressed up and took me to see some musician that I had never heard of… Duke Ellington. One of our favorite jaunts was to drive to Gibraltar Rock County Park to watch the sunset, and then on to the Wisconsin River and Cactus Bluff – that did have Wisconsin cacti – where we would sleep out under the stars and watch the sunrise in the morning. After about three years, we took a canoe trip up to the Quetico for a week. Something was wrong between us which was highlighted when as she was setting up the tent, a fiberglass tent pole sprang out of her hands and flew thirty-feet out into the water with a splash. That was to be our last adventure together. I was too young and naïve, and I was destined to live another life…. but those times were beautiful. Throughout the rest of my life, I was never able to love that way again. Suicides in my family history has its reasons. We feel too deeply, both the highs and the lows.

On a cold November night when I was ten feet down in a sauerkraut vat shoveling soured cabbage onto a convey for canning after dropping out/failing at the University, I decided I was going back to college. U.W.-Stout was originally a manual arts training school.

My classes were no longer a brutal test in memorization and the professors, instead of teaching assistants, overall had a compassion for the learning process that was lost at the university level. A general curiosity in learning had returned and really took a curve when my roommate found out my uncle was Andrija Puharich, a psychic researcher who brought Uri Geller (the spoon bender and watch fixer) from Israel to the United States. He was somebody I knew very little about. (My aunt, Pepper's sister, killed herself after finding out Andrija was having an affair.) Older memories, though hidden, of a life long ago and a mysterious connection to a natural world were stirring and eventually erupted with passion to find out….to find out what, I didn't know, but I was driven to find out…something.

Many students at UW-Stout went home for the weekend. The fellows on my small dorm floor had a different idea…two more days of partying. The merriment of party drinking was relatively new for me. There were three periods in my life where alcohol played a major role in my life. Friday happy hour while a teacher was one. Another time was with my sailboat racing friends after I came home from El Paso, TX. And my initiation during these two and a half years as Stout was where it started. To drink was to get high with friends and to have a good time…. a merriment drunk.

I got my bachelors in industrial education from U.W.-Stout and I returned to Madison. I lived with my first roommate at the University of Wisconsin in the carriage house of the Bradley Sigma Phi House, a fraternity we both became members of our freshman year. Rather than get a "real job", I worked at the University's Student Union in the kitchen. I worked the mornings cleaning and washing dishes and spent all afternoon in the "music lounge" that played classical and other "highbrow" orchestral pieces reading…. studying…. contemplating a mystery I first experienced in my youth. This world was not the world so described by science and their physics.

There was another world founded in the religions of the world and within America's Indigenous People. For the next two years I was lost in Huston Smith's *World' Religions* with the likes of Carlos Castaneda (*The Teachings of Don Juan*), Lobsang Rampa (*The Third Eye*), Paramahansa Yogananda (*Diary of a Yogi*), Sri Aurobindo Ghose (*The Synthesis of Yoga*), and anything else I could find at the Shakti Bookstore on State Street.

I developed a routine of non-judgmental reading, meditation, and contemplation. If I accept what I read as "truth and real" then what else would be true and real. And if I accept that as true and real, then where would that lead…etc.… etc. I would read and then sit in a quiet mindlessness with an empty mind for hours, every day, only breaking the silence with an occasional question to myself, "what is my mind reflecting upon now?" I would then contemplate on what thoughts, ideas, and concepts were circling around my head ending with the question, "it this is true and real, then where would these truths and reality take me?"

The first year of "studies" ended in complete psychotic mania and a stay in the Mental Ward of Methodist Hospital (an association of Jackson Clinic, that is, my great Grandfather and his three sons). This did not detour me from my quest to understand and I continued my daily routine within the walls of the classical music room of the Student Memorial Union. One highlight notation was that the University's Pail and Shovel Party had "hired a helicopter service to bring the Statue of Liberty to Madison." I came to work one winter morning and there was the "Statue of Liberty" protruding out of the ice where it had been accidentally dropped. But, later that year, I again found myself doped on meds and aimlessly, hour after hour, walking the halls of Methodist Hospital.

(7) From the Pan into the Fire

With pressure from my parents to stop and to get a "real job", I jumped from the fire into the red-hot coals. Doped on medications I got a job to create an industrial arts program and teach at Dominican High School in Whitefish Bay, Wisconsin. I was not raised in any church. My father raised us out of any church or "religion" saying we could decide for ourselves when we were going to get married – presumably adopting the religion of our spouse. After two years of religious exploration in the music room, I got a first-hand experience of working with the Sinsinawa Dominican Sisters. The insanity of becoming a teacher while suffering from psychotic mania and suicidal depression would have been obvious to most people. Each week I survived to Friday and then got blindly lost in the merriment of fellow teachers and alcohol.

As a teacher, I did budget to have my summers free. My first couple summers were adventures with a high-school friend. We were wresting co-captains, on the junior prom court together, and went river canoe racing together in the summer. After high school graduation and my typical summer gig as a pea combine operator for Del Monte harvesting peas, we took a trip to the Rocky Mountains and up to the Northwest Territories in Canada. Another year I bought a used 18ft canoe and we went back up to the Northwest Territories to canoe up the Liard River from Fort Simpson (then, that was the end of the road) and up the South Nahanni River. Passing through Idaho, we found some gold flecks while panning on the Salmon River. Now, years later, after graduating in mining and engineering but working in his family's plastic business, he bought and started developing an abandoned gold mine near Buffalo Hump. This is where I spent my first couple summers from teaching. On the third summer, I learned about one of the greatest racing sailboats ever (they were developed in the late 1890's on the inland lakes of the Midwest). With a couple fraternity brothers I bought an E-Scow and learned about sailboat racing on our home lake of Mendota in Madison.

Dominican High School was expanding their base and wanted to develop and industrial education program. They had $2,500 to start a program. I could have spent that on one table saw. With a lot of help from the custodian, I pieced together a wood shop where my intent was more to teach safety around dangerous equipment. I also developed a mechanical and architectural drafting program. (This was the days before computer aided design – CAD.) In some ways my six years of teaching were very successful. One year, I had the management challenge of having the son of a police detective and the daughter of the president of an international company in the same class. Overall, I wanted to engrain a sense of responsibility. During theater season (they had a very extensive drama program and a gigantic theater/stage to support it), I opened up my rooms to the students. Typically, I would have students working in the wood shop and on-stage building sets while I was running back and forth between them and my drafting class. The students rose to the occasion and took responsibility. I never had a serious accident or incident.

I only went manic a few times during those years. Once, I went out of sync with time. I was living in the now and a few minutes ahead of now at the same time. I was going

through the motions of running a class and at the same time I was perceiving events a few minutes into the future. I would know what students were going to say, do, or even come for a visit several minutes before I heard footsteps coming down the stairway to my drafting class. I ended up going into the boiler room just to shut the world out for a while. I don't remember how I resolved my dementia that time. One winter before Christmas break, I started going psychotic. The Christmas trees became nuclear missiles ready to blast off and destroy the world. Luckily, I made it back to Madison with my family who got me to the Mendota Mental Health Center where I spent Christmas day doped on medications. As with most my "trips" and because I had learned how to "act" healthy, I was able to get out and back to work long before I was really stable.

While teaching, I had one brief relationship with a music teacher from a nearby college. I finally called it off with a phone call saying we were on different paths. I joined a match-making service with little luck. One evening, the single teachers at Dominican went out to go dancing one night and unfortunately there was a photographer from the city paper who caught me and the school nurse dancing. The ribbing the next day from the students was insane.

I was theater tech director in charge of set construction for the major plays that were put on each year. All of the set and lighting design was hired out to a professional. One year, I became set and lighting designer and built a chain-link fence in the chapel for the play *Godspell* that the choir director was putting on. The performances were much better than the movie and a couple years later when he re-directed the play for the stage, it won an award and a repeat performance at the Pabst Theater. After six years my classes became too small for me to be full-time. Also, I am sure the administration felt that the freedom and "un-disciplinary" nature of my class management was unacceptable. I did not have it in me to be like my father. I was dismissed and I returned to U.W.-Stout for my masters in management technology. I was going to go into industry.

(8) Back to School

I was pleasantly entertained by going to class again. After those years of teaching, being taught seemed like a breeze. As the year progressed, I became infatuated by a young

Hindu student from Trinidad. I was hopelessly "in love" and joined her and her dance group performing traditional Hindu folk dances (I also was taking modern dance and ballet classes at the school). The next school year I moved into the house of another family… of Hindu Priests. The previous year I had rented a room in a house, shared the kitchen and largely lived on my own as was typical of off-campus college life. Now I was in the attic, but shared kitchen duties with communal cooking and eating. I attended their Sunday Hindu service that took place in the living room plus we took trips to Minneapolis where I helped with the construction of a new place for the community to worship. But any hopes of developing a romantic relationship never materialized.

After my first romance ended in 1975, I had only a couple short term relationships until 1989. Then I meant my future wife and her world of social adventures. We moved into a large house together with about six other students. She had a strong curiosity and sense of adventure towards living and experiencing, rather than studying, life. CaLey was a first-generation Chinese from Rio de Janerio whose family in Rio regularly took trips back to Hong Kong. She had come to UW-Stout for fashion merchandizing. She was constantly finding events to go to, things to see, and soon, I was learning first-hand how to make maple syrup and had the honor of participating in a Indigenous People's sweat lodge. And she found Linda.

Linda was a woman in the nearby city of Eau Clarie, who was organizing a group for a unique type of mediation practice called synergy meditation. Every Wednesday night, we would sit in chairs and depending on the number of people present, sit in various patterns that made up concentric circles around a north/south axis of the Earth. The south "pole" was usually comprised of someone who was quiet and could "anchor" the group. As the weeks went by, everyone seemed to find their natural place.

After taking a moment to quiet our active minds, we would first visualize and feel our connection through our feet with Mother Earth and bring her into our hearts. Then visualize and feel our connection through our head and bring Father Sky into our hearts as well. And finally, we would connect our heart energy to and from the persons across the circle(s) setting up a glorious and wonderous array of love and light between Earth, Sky, and each other. Our group number varied between five or six to as many as fifteen or more. And

there were other Synergy Meditation groups around the Midwest. Periodically, we would all gather as a retreat with "massive" energy formations of fifty, sixty, or even eighty people all working in a synergistic harmony. To say that these major gatherings were intense would be a complete understatement. Our leader had us sit in formations relating to energy patterns and features around the globe. Our local meditations were much less intense.

We would sit in silence until someone was inspired to share something to the group; a person would volunteer and convey a message or whatever they were perceiving. Then another would contribute, then another until a continuous story would develop:

> "*I see a forest. There is a deer in the forest. He is going up a path. The path is leading up a mountain and we should follow the deer. There is a flat area on the mountain top. A cloud is coming by. We are all being picked up by the cloud. We are traveling a long distance over an ocean. I see the Sphinx. There is a door on the left paw of the Sphinx. We are going through the door down a stairway. We are going into a room underground between the paws. I see a library with lots of people looking at scrolls……*"

It was important that each person monitor their own heart energy and cull or censor "inspirations" of an emotionally negative energy or the meditation could and did abruptly turn dark.

Another person she introduced me to was a spiritual medium from Brazil who lived near one of my favorite places to go growing up and where we got married, Devil's Lake State Park. She had a little ceremonial room with an alter and some religious objects. CaLey and I participated in an unrecognizable, but Christian service. I got a "reading" from some person that was being channeled, "You write the book," he said. I didn't understand the message, but I had goose bumps all over my body. There was no doubt in my mind that there was a mystery behind all this and a reality that I did not understand. (Almost twenty-five years later, my book, *Symbiotic Psychology: The Synergy Between Mind, Body, Emotions, and Consciousness* started coming together.)

Later that summer, another connection brought me to a “fire-walk” not far from the farm where I grew up. CaLey couldn’t attend and knowing my own mental health issues, I debated if I should even go myself. But there I was, staring at a ten-foot-high flame shooting out of a pile of oak logs. I thought, “we are going to walk through *THAT*?”

The next hour was spent talking, socializing, and staring at that fire. Then the event leader gathered us together for a “pep” talk. While his helpers were gathering wheel barrels full of red-hot coals and filling a thirty-foot-long by two-foot-wide pit, he talked to us about our inner strengths and the power of our inner being. He wanted us to dwell in our power and to have some symbol of that power within our mind as we walked over the hot, *very hot*, coals (emphasis mine). If we didn’t have a symbol of power, he would provide a small quartz crystal to hold in our hand. I picked out a particularly shaped crystal that pleased me.

One by one, I saw people walking over the coals. Some walked fast and other slow and they nobody was screaming in pain. I decided I could do this. I got in line and as I was facing this long path to burnt meat, he said “Wait a minute Andy. We need more coals.” And with that more wheel barrels of red and white-hot coals were taken from the fire and laid down upon the existing bed. I was staring at heat. Hot heat. Red, white-hot heat. The air was dancing with heat. My face could feel the heat. And then I was awakened out of my trance, “Andy, are you ready?”

All I remember was that I did it. I didn’t get burned and I was ecstatic. I doubled checked my mental state and no, I wasn’t going manic….

That night I slept in my old bed at the farm house. My parents were long retired from farming and were now spending their summers on a sailboat in the North Channel of Lake Huron. On my way home to Stout, I stopped by the Brazilian medium for a little talk. I put my crystal down on her alter for a “blessing”. I don’t remember what was said and I drove the two hundred miles back to Stout to share with CaLey my great adventure. Just as I was turning into

the driveway of the house we shared with several other students, I remembered my crystal. I had left it on the alter. “I will retrieve it when we meet again,” I thought. That event never happened.

Six months later and Valentine’s Day was coming up. CaLey and I were busy with our last semester before graduation and we were planning on getting married. For a couple of weeks, I was trying to come up with something to giver her. Of course, I wanted it to be special. One morning I woke up and reached over to check the clock on my bedside table. There, centered in roll of duct-tape was my crystal. I remembered exactly how it looked and exactly where I had left it: six-months and two-hundred miles later, there it was….

We graduated. I went to Xianyang, China to teach industrial management and CaLey went to England for an internship in apparel manufacturing. Upon our return, we got married at Devil’s Lake State Park and I got a job as a quality manager manufacturing equipment lights for John Deere, Case-International, and Caterpillar. CaLey went to North Carolina for another special internship and then got a job at Wrangler Jeans in El Paso, Texas.

(9) High Desert Pilgrimage

Call it chance, call it luck, call it what you will. I left my job as a quality manager and followed CaLey 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, was a former singer and recording artist in Mexico. She 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 or that would 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 started a process in 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.

The cultural shock of moving to El Paso was too much. After six months of looking for but not looking for a job, I became the secretary at the Unity Church. Once, alone in the church one Sunday after service, two men, one who was sick came by for help. While I was trying to comfort the sick man, the other stole the days collections. The mother of the sick man later called to thank me for trying to help her son. He was found dead in a McDonald's restroom. Later that summer I went manic and was, understandably, let go.

My safety was our apartment "cave" drinking coffee and smoking Bugle Boy tobacco. Now, again on Social Security Disability, I was doing my best being house-husband by cleaning, grocery shopping, and cooking the meals. My SSD paid for the rent. (Later during our divorce, I was a "bum" as CaLey dismissed my contribution to the household as meaningless.) But my mental illness was barely controllable, even on medications. My friends were two cockatiels named Yanni and Enya that I taught how to fly. When sleeping on the couch, they would sit on my upright knee and many times I would wake up with Yanni biting my lip for some attention.

I kept some sanity by exercising and working out. Daily, I would go to the YMCA for aerobics class and then to classes in Tai Chi and Shaolin from a Tibetan Buddhist who had the same teacher as the Dali Llama. After a year or so I very physically fit and I really enjoyed the "animal forms" of Shaolin but even with these added meditations to my therapy and medications, my mind would not work right. I was still missing something.

Earlier that summer, I convinced CaLey that we needed to do something active together. I have always lived an active outdoor life that was unrecognized within the culture of El Paso. Maybe it was the summer months of daily temperatures over a 100°F (38°C). Whatever the reason, I found a scuba dive shop and we took lessons and we went to Guaymas, Mexico for our open water certification. The highlight of that trip was a night dive, floating in the current and feeling part of the dynamic underwater scenery going by. When we used up our air we floated to the surface and joined our fellow light stick colony

floating on the surface. Turning over on my back and because we were out at sea, far from any city, the stars that night were absolutely brilliant. We got picked up by our dive boat and rode in the bow of the boat in peaceful contentment with a feeling of harmony with the Universe. The next day we boarded the ferry, crossed the Sea of Cortez and drove down Cabo San Lucas.

Caley had met somebody who was visiting El Paso to get car parts unavailable in Mexico for his customers down in Cabo San Lucas. He was custodian for a number of homes that were not being used during the heat of the summer. This was back in the early 1990's and Cabo was relatively still unknown and quite small. He let us freely use of a home within a few hundred yards of the ocean while we enjoyed our stay. But CaLey's job was calling. While driving the long trip back to El Paso we started listening to some tape's she had been given from another friend of hers.

These tapes turned out to be a piece of the puzzle towards my eventual healing from manic-depressive illness. (I say manic-depressive because bi-polar is just to lame for my experiences.) The tapes were by Esther Hicks who channeled a personage called Abraham. I went back to my days at the University of Wisconsin Memorial Union and the music room where I spent two years in meditation and contemplation: "I don't know if this is real and/or true, but I will accept it as true and real and see where it takes me." I had long held this idea that what was important was the message, not the messenger. This probably came from listening to the words of wisdom from so many "incompatible" esoteric books and people.

We eventually started to go to their seminars. They talked about the power of a person's inner guidance and the emotional connection to a higher/inner-self. They spoke of "emotional guidance" by war of a person listening to their emotions as the key to their inner strength and power. One day while walking up to our apartment I thought, "Is there a connection between emotions and my insanity from a "bio-chemical imbalance"? Then 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 at this stage of my illness, less bad, was my biochemistry also a little better?

The last piece of my puzzle came with my new psychiatrist, the "Salsa Doctor." He played in a salsa band in Ciudad Juarez. He actually worked with me and the idea that I could get better. That is, as I gained more control of my psychotic mind with (1) the help of Sharon and her NLP Centerness Therapy and (2) through the emotional guidance teachings from Esther and Abraham to find a better feeling thought and (3) my belief that as long as I worked to emotionally feel better, my chemical imbalances would become more in-balance and I would need less invasive medications. Also, my years and years of esoteric studies and meditation seemed to be some other unknown but necessary ingredient.

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 and emotions also correlated with my biochemistry. I began to use my emotions to guide my mental activities to improve my "biochemical imbalances." If a thought or activity brought about an emotionally negative response, I would make attempts to "eliminate the negative." If a thought or activity brought about an emotionally positive response, I would make attempts to "accentuate the positive." I was feeling better overall and I was becoming more confident with the success of my experimental "Program to Freedom" and its path to my recovery.

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

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 of "imbalance".

I must admit that 1995 was not a good year but I had met a psychiatrist who would actually listen to me and even work with me and my medications. The "Salsa Doctor," (because he played in a Salsa Band) 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 but still, this was all my own experiment. I still loathed psychiatry, medications, and the life sentence of insanity that they imposed. Plus, it almost impossible to see a psychiatrist without a month in advance appointment. For times when I knew I was going manic, my only recourse was to get myself, consciously or unconsciously, committed. I remember standing under a bridge directing traffic on I-10. Then, I was in the hospital and just had to get out. I jumped through the windows of the nurses' station and out the door. I don't remember what happened after that. The last official episode 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 going to die because those same drugs were a life sentence of servitude to an alien belief.

Though still married, we separated and I found my own apartment. I had been off any medications for several months, though I still depended on cigarettes to ease my turbulent mind. (This was not one of my alcohol stages of life and I don't even think we ever had any alcohol in our apartment.) But I needed my coffee and cigarettes. I was rolling my own…Bugler tobacco was my choice. I couldn't afford the commercial pre-rolled variety typically sold in stores. I was going 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 keep out of the hospital. That was my last manic episode. By 1996, I stopped taking my meds permanently and I saw my last doctor.

In May 1996, I left El Paso, TX and returned to my roots in Madison, Wisconsin. I sold my grandmother's prized secretary desk, which I had inherited, to pay for an airline ticket home. I shipped what few other possessions I had in my apartment and had a last night of farewell love with CaLey. The next day she drove me to the airport and I never saw her

again. I was going home to start a new life. We had officially divorced months earlier and she was finally living her life free of my illness. 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 wanted and deserved. She becomes free and dies….

(10) Homeward Bound

Over the next few years, back in Madison, I was still not in great shape but getting better. My mother helped me find an apartment and lent me money to buy a car. My father would not speak to me. I went from Social Security Disability to packing grocery bags, cashier, and changing oil at Woodman's to a quality inspector and my old high-school buddy's plastic plant, and finally 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…...

From 1996 to 2000 were my transition years recalibrating my mind and brain to work together "normally." I was realizing that mental health was something to attain but then it had to be maintained. My passion was sailboat racing. I was crewing on a 28ft E-scow and a 38ft A-scow. The excitement these boats offered can only be experienced. They are way overpowered with huge sails with no lead keel and are only kept "pointing end up" by the skill of the skipper and crew. Adding to the difficulty was alcohol. While racing the A-scow, my skipper had a cooler of beer in the back and as "number 2, jib man", I had a cooler in the front. As I said, these boats tip over and turtle (pointy end down). Many times, we would all be sitting on the bottom and I would dive under the boat to get a cooler for another beer and cigarette while waiting for a powerboat to help us get righted.

One weekend, I was invited to skipper and take out some friends of a fellow sailor including a young woman who was as wild and exciting as these boats. But after two years of late-night drinking, smoking, and partying every week took its toll. I was teaching computer

aided design (CAD) at a local college while being out all hours, chain smoking and drinking. A woman I knew in college was thinking of moving to Madison and asked me to show her around. They met and that ended both relationships. A month later I met Barbie and we were married that December.

It had taken me eight years (from 1992 to 2000) to "regain" some "normal" 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 blazing my own trail. 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". During the late 1990's I was to become free from the servitude of some alien master they believed in or die trying.

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 with spring as the time of the earth's great green revival from a winter of sleep all reminding me of my youth on the farm.

(11) The Allegory of Plato's Cave

Around the year 2005, I started writing letters to academics in the field of psychology and psychiatry. Everything I had learned about mental illness was about a life long sentence on medications. This prognosis was especially hard on me when interacting with my parents, brothers, and especially my sister who was a Registered Nurse, whom all believed that I was going to be ill all my life and that no matter what I was saying, this was only a remission from a life long illness that will return. With that belief, my parents set up a trust fund to manage any inheritance I might receive from them with my siblings as trustees. Yet, I had developed a unique theory of emotions. I was mentally ill because I had been disassociated from an evolutionary aspect of my being that was designed precisely for the purpose of maintaining mental and physical well-being through effective decision making. Emotions

have not evolved to be controlled, regulated, or managed because they were not causal to biological states and changes in the brain and body, but a perceived effect of these states and changes precipitated by cognitive activities of the mind. Psychological theory was mistaken and by maintaining the linguistics of emotional disorder, they were further fracturing the chasm between the evolved symbiotic relationship between mind, body, emotions, and consciousness.

But the more letters I wrote, the more frustrated I was getting. "Why wasn't anybody listening to me?" I had a sound theory. I had sound reasoning. I knew what I was talking about. But why couldn't anybody hear me? I started reading journals and texts from famous emotional scientists like Davidson, Beck, Segal, Gross, Damasio, LeDoux and William James. What, how, and why were they talking about emotional dysfunction driving destructive behavior. I didn't get it. Emotions are something a person perceives. Where did this idea of emotions driving behavior that they were all professing come from? Then I started realizing that it was part of our linguistic heritage we learned from birth and which was reinforced by literature. When did this start? That is when I started reading about the creation of writing and that one of the oldest written works was Homer's Iliad. The written word began there in the first paragraph:

"Goddess, sing me the anger, of Achilles, Peleus' son, that fatal anger that brought countless sorrows on the Greeks and sent many valiant souls of warriors down to Hades, leaving their bodies as spoil for dogs and carrion birds: for thus was the will of Zeus brought to fulfilment" (Homer, 800-700/2009).

With these beginning words written almost 3000 years ago, Homer's Iliad linguistically sabotaged hundreds of millions of years of emotional evolution. The civilized arena was staged for aberrant emotion driving destructive behavior. Achilles' anger brought countless sorrows. Achilles' anger sent many valiant souls to Hades. The emotion anger is causal, that is, anger is the cause of Achilles' behavior. This erroneous linguistic cognitive construct of the mind continues to this day in all of language and literature and has been an unquestioned foundation of modern evidence-based-therapies. (Author's note: I wouldn't be surprised if research into indigenous shamanic linguistics would reveal a different culture of emotional awareness. Case in point, Carlos Castaneda's Don Juan Matus.)

For the past fifteen years, I have been working on papers and letters explaining my escape from modern psychology's belief in emotions driving behavior first inscribed 3000-years ago in Homer's *Iliad*. I have written and rewritten endlessly. But as the Allegory of Plato's Cave suggests, these academics have known only one dimension of emotional understanding from birth and it has been the same paradigm through their primary and secondary education, college education and their training and research needed to get their PhD, and now they are teaching the same ideology used in secular and religious literature taught since Homer. And because of the brain's capacity in neuroplasticity to re-wire itself, that is "what fires together, wires together, this ideology of emotional behavior is etched into the neurocircuitry itself. Is it even possible for them to acknowledge a different world?

I would like to draw a parallel analogy from my sailboat racing. We (my wife Barbie, first mate in charge and I as captain, second in command) loved racing E-scows. We spent years learning, practicing, and doing exactly what the experts around us advocated. But we never could do well. We had little success. Golfers are always blaming their clubs and buying new ones to rectify bad habits. In our case, the problem *was* the boat. We found out the mast location was an engineering flaw and the boat could never be sailed successfully. Current psychological emotional theory has a design flaw.

Yes, there is a correlative relationship between cognition, emotions, and biology, but instead of emotions changing the body's biology and driving behavior as Homer's *Iliad* implies, emotions are a sensory awareness of the biological states/changed precipitated by cognitive activities. Yes, there is a world of successful evidence-based cognitive therapies that didn't exist in the 1980's. Yet, because these therapies are based in an illusionary cognitive construct of emotional theory, there efficacy is limited. My hope and belief are that someday academia will listen, hear, and understand. With a paradigm change, a new conception of self-empowerment, freedom, and a life of health, prosperity, and well-being is accessible to anyone. With this paradigm change, a cure for mental illness can be realized.

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

An Epilogue Fantasy

The Force had become a myth and had been written out of the history of a vast spiral galaxy by the Powers of the Dark Side (Foster, 1976). The Force that inherently permeates everyone and everything in the galaxy became but a fairy tale told by few and renounced as heresy by others. Hidden and obscured, any remnants of a secret power and knowing became subliminally characterized as aberrant and destructive to the planets and citizens of this of this galaxy. So was the will and demand of The Empire and its brainwashed followers.

Misinformation, lies, and falsehoods permeated each planet, instilling a foreign thought process within every child as they grew and developed. This invasive thought process created an alien mind which overpowers the light and true mind and being of the soul. This alien mind insidiously prevents the power of emotions (through the law of attraction) from coming to light. The birthright of every being in the galaxy, a birthright that brings freedom, well-being, wealth, and above all, a joy, wonder, and connection to a living planet and universe became silent. Instead, an impoverished and imprisoned alien life of toil, hardship and pain became the norm.

Quietly, the truth and reality of emotional being… that which makes a person real and alive… that which was hidden away within the soil of each planet began, like a seed, to grow and emerge within the writings and stories traded throughout the galaxy. These writings, with their own vortex of power and attraction, have serendipitously been coming together as teachings of another, hidden reality of emotions. This new reality of emotional being empowers rather than enslaves as the current false, erroneous, and dark ideology of emotional being currently does. Within this new understanding of emotions, the wisdom of the future, past, and present began returning to the hearts of all living beings in the Galaxy. Slowly everyone is reawakening to their birthright to the Law and to the Power of the Force.

The ancient wisdom of a mysterious force that was spread across time and space within the formation of the Universe had been slowly coming together within the many writings and authors throughout the history of an unknown blue planet hidden on the far corner of the galaxy called Earth. Then in calendar year of 1977 of that planet, these teachings came together with a bang across the cinema screens throughout the cities of the planet. Years later, a new tale was born telling the story of this ancient Force.

These pages represent another man's story and translation of how The Force (Foster, 1976) that had been secreted away within every heart, mind, and body, came into his life. This is the story of a boy born on a pig farm who had… and then lost his connection to The Universe and its mysterious ways. The Dark Side imprisoned him in a world of psychotic insanity and suicidal depression. But, all through his years of hospitals, doctors, and their medications, his reading and studies were reawakening a new image in his mind of a different emotional reality of being. The life of emotions driving behavior first inscribed 3000-years ago and carried to this day throughout the dark caves of academic science, literature, law, and philosophy…this teaching of emotions driving behavior that imprisoned him into those same dark caves…came from the Dark Side. This is a story of how he escaped those Plato's Caves and then returns to offer a new hope and wisdom of The Force by writing some of the very first ancient texts used by the founding sect of Jedi Knight….

I am that boy and that author bringing my syntax to the founding teachings of the Jedi Knight (Foster, 1976). Because of their new understanding of emotional being, revealed within my books and writings and within the context of my time and life on this planet Earth, the Jedi Knight arose from their warrior beginnings in Earth's history into Beings of power and might extending across the Galaxy the righteousness and harmonious freedom of Emotional Wisdom.

That too is my insanity.

Foster, D.A. (Credited to George Lucas), (1976). *Star Wars: From the adventures of Luke Skywalker.* Ballantine (USA), Sphere Books (UK). Retrieved from: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Star_Wars:_From_the_Adventures_of_Luke_Skywalker

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. Emotion 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.