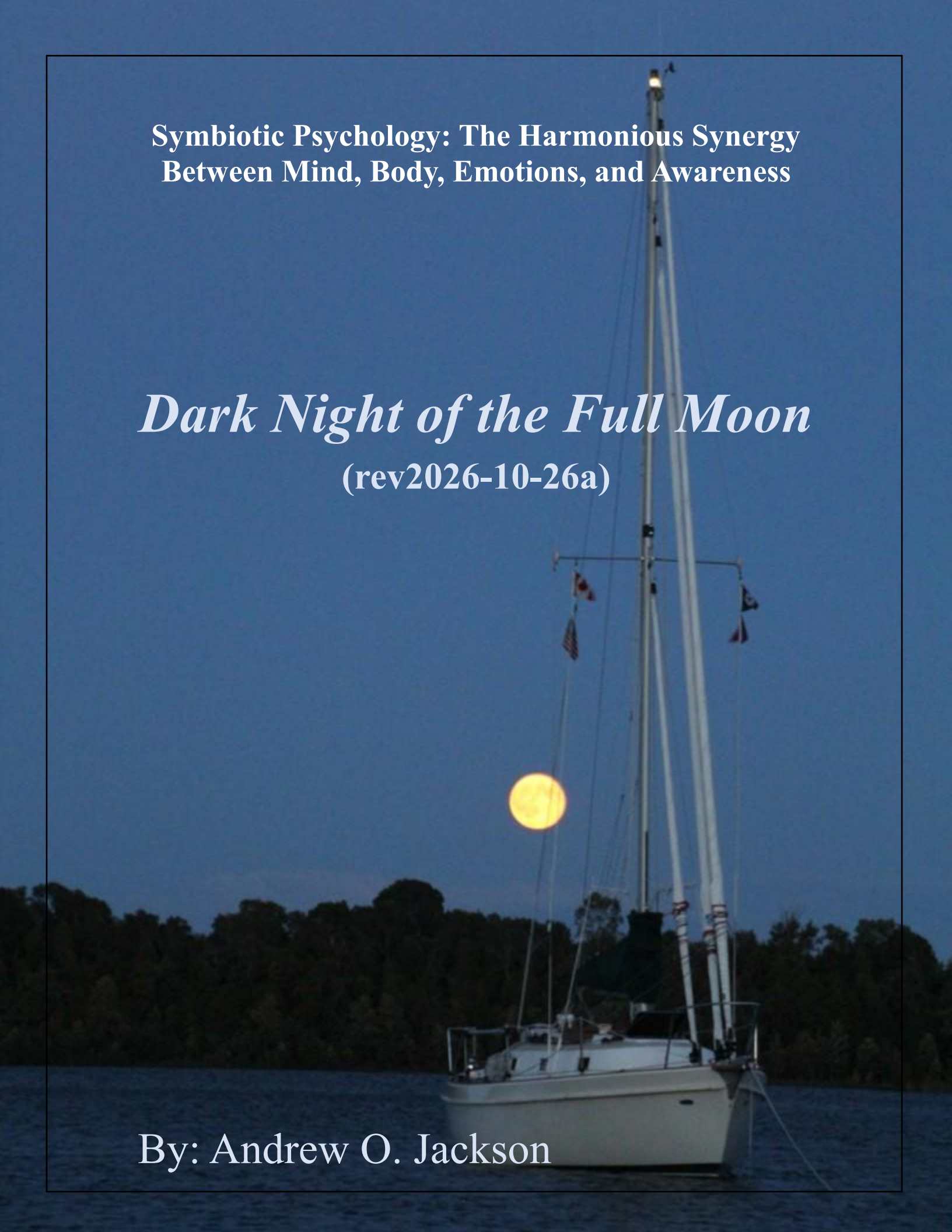
Symbiotic Psychology: The Harmonious Synergy Between Mind, Body, Emotions, and Awareness

Dark Night of the Full Moon

(rev2026-10-26a)



By: Andrew O. Jackson

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.

Dark Night of the Full Moon

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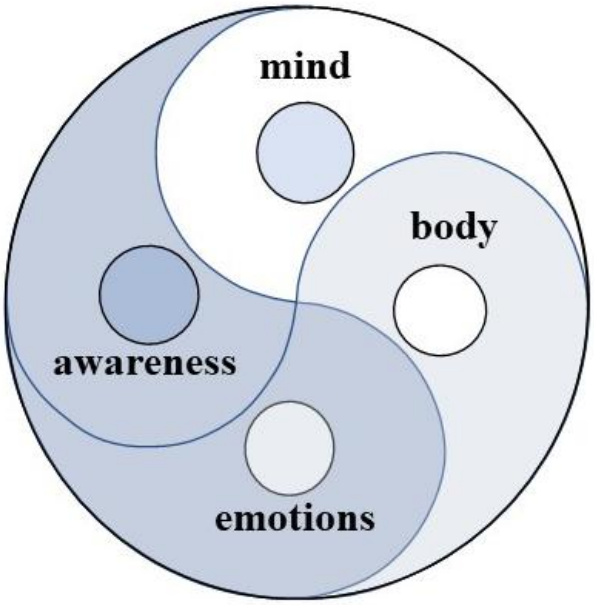

Cognitive activities of the mind precipitate the physiological changes and states of being in the brain and body that drive behavior and that are consciously perceived as emotions.

2026
Symbiotic Psychology Press

Publications by Andrew O. Jackson

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The Yin-Yang of Cognitive-Emotional Dynamics and the Personal Power of Qi (Outline). Symbiotic Psychology Press (4,400 words)

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Cover Photo: *"Dark Night of the Full Moon"*
Andrew, with his wife Barbie and their two cats Mindy and Jennifer, spent four summers "gunkholing" the north shore of Lake Huron, one of the Great Lakes between the United States and Canada. This is a photo of their sloop "*NorthStar"* anchored in the Strawberry Channel with a full moon rising above Snake Island. Photo courtesy of Andrew O. Jackson

The Symbiotic Awareness Between Thoughts, Emotions, and Biochemistry

In 1993, while reaching for the key to get into my apartment, I had my "eureka" moment…. "I am aware of a connection between my thoughts and my feelings. Does that mean I am also aware of my biochemistry?" The significance of this question echoes within my nearly 15-years of mental and emotional disorders and dysfunction… from psychotic mania, suicidal depression (with tendencies of schizophrenia) along with the accompanying (and necessary) mental hospitals, therapists, psychologists, psychiatrists (and their torturous medications) …. all because I have a "biochemical imbalance."

"Stop…stop…STOP…. Think.... Is there an interdependence between emotions, cognition, and physiology that current psychological science has failed to acknowledge?"

As I put my key into the lock and unbolted the door to my apartment, I again asked myself, "Are thoughts and emotions two separate entities or does biochemistry provide some interconnective link?" That is, by my awareness of my thoughts and feelings, am I also aware of my biochemistry? Do I now have my own key to manipulating my own biochemical makeup other than the pharmaceutical remedies prescribed by my doctors? When I am depressed or manic and I have a "biochemical imbalance" does that mean when I am doing well, I have a "biochemical *in-balance*?" Do emotionally good-feeling thoughts have a correlation with a healthy biochemistry? And do emotional bad-feeling thoughts have a correlation with an unhealthy biochemistry?

My answer was "YES!" And for the next 3-years I trusted "my" process. My psychologists would always tell me to "trust the process". But their process kept me imprisoned for nearly twenty years. 17-years after my first psychotic/manic episode, I saw the last of mental hospitals, psychiatrists, psychologists, therapist, and their pharmaceutical therapies. I had a couple of setbacks, but I was now living a "normal" life.

This is a very simple this-and-that outline of my life that a greater visionary can adapt into a much more interesting novel 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 my episodes of suicidal depression, psychotic mania, and schizophrenic tendencies 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. The fact that I was now living a normal life without therapy and medications was proof of his convictions. How do you explain sight to a blind man?

It is now 2025 and I am now retired, happily married. I have spent nearly twenty years researching, studying, and learning about today's psychology. I have written thousands of emails to academics around the world in psychology, psychiatry, literature, linguistics, education, and philosophy outlining the neurolinguistic programing by our primary, secondary language and literary educators of an erroneous theory of cognitive-emotional dynamics found in Homer's 3000-year-old literary linguistics of emotionally driven behavior. Our neuroplastic brains reinforce well used neuro-networks and diminish those less used. The education of our children (and future academics) has diminished our natural cognitive-emotional dynamics that has evolved to empower the individual and the culture and society in which we live. Our natural language of empowerment, cooperation, and success has been superseded by a language of conflict, division, and servitude.

Our language itself has imprisoned our minds into an Allegory of Plato's Cave where humanity can only see the shadows of a powerful, natural cognitive-emotional dynamics where emotions have evolved to guide cognitive behavior towards a strong, powerful, and balanced physiology conducive to health, well-being, and successful decision-making prowess. Psychology's literary linguistics of emotionally driven behavior where dangerous emotions drive destructive behavior and therefore the feminine emotional body must be controlled, regulated, and managed, by the masculine cognitive mind, even with pharmaceuticals if deemed necessary, is sabotaging humanity's natural cognitive-emotional dynamics.

Literary educators (as well as playwrights, authors, and psychotherapists) should all embrace and teach how an individual's good-feeling internal (and external) language precipitates the physiology of health, well-being, and effective and successful decision-making prowess and abilities. This includes how an individual's bad-feeling internal (and external) language precipitates the physiology of weakness, frailty, and poor decision-making ability.

And, of course, our language and literary education must educate our students into emotionally driven behavior and control linguistics to understand 3000 years of language, literature, religion, sociology, and philosophy that led to the imprisonment of humanity (and my life of torture, pain, hell and near suicidal death). Maybe the world of sports psychology where coaches and athletes have a priority of "does it work and lead to success" will be more receptive of a psychology conducive to physical power, strength and agility and successful decision-making prowess. So far, I am mistaken.

All my work is dedicated to University of Wisconsin long distance runner
Sharah Schulze (2000-2022)
who rang the ultimate bell of defeat and committed suicide.
We taught her how to run, but not how to live.

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Pretext

My early life on the farm is best understood within the sports psychology of mental toughness training where tolerating and ignoring physical and mental suffering also meant tolerating and ignoring emotional pain and suffering. Unfortunately, tolerating emotional suffering doesn't have the same understanding and latitude as the physical "no-pain, no-gain" mantra common in athletic halls.

Within my later self-study years with hours upon hours of meditation, contemplation, and mindfulness practice, I was also building walls segregating (and becoming unresponsive to) my emotions evolutionary role to guide cognitive behavior towards health, well-being, and success. Because emotions are the perception of physiological changes and states of being in the brain and body, to ignore one's own emotional awareness is to ignore a precarious physiological balance in the brain and body necessary for, not only an athlete's physical prowess in competition, but also for one's own mental sanity throughout life.

Thus, my life brought me to an unnatural, unrecoverable, and imbalanced physiological state of being that led to my first psychotic episode. Nearly twenty years of torturous insanity almost cost me my life to suicide. But maybe my farm life of mental and physical toughness training kept me alive long enough to realize my own symbiotic psychology of empowerment, harmony, and freedom where good-feeling emotions have evolved in harmony to guide the mind and its activities towards individual health, well-being, and success rather than academia's psychology of control, conflict, and servitude that imprisoned my soul and that still exists today throughout our academic halls of "greater learning".

Today, I am witness to our world of insanity because of a universal academic and religious belief in a language and literary linguistic education of an erroneous emotionally driven behavior paradigm first inscribed in Homer's *"Iliad"* where Achille's wrath drove his destruction upon the Geeks. This literary reality "demands" masculine cognitive control of our feminine emotional body because dangerous emotions drive destructive behavior.

But when evolution and modern physiology of the brain and body are incorporated, cognition, not emotion precipitates the changes and states of physiological being that drives behavior. But, like the hero in Plato's Allegory of the Cave, when I returned to our halls of wisdom, I am dismissed and disregarded as my speech is nothing but bewildering gibberish to their ears. I see a universal educational network promoting worldwide suffering, torture, death and destruction because of academic's servitude to shadows of the true reality they were unable to witness.

Dark Night of the Full Moon

(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 of 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 to 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.

We were not raised in the Christian faith as were all the families around us. Our dad thought we could decide our own religious beliefs as we grew older. But when we were still very young, our mother took us to a Lutheran Bible School. Two items struck me as curious. One our teacher always proposed a question and then asked us to look up the answer in a book (Bible). Two, how did they get Jesus onto the cross, which were all very out of reach on top of a steeple.

(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 halfway across the sky.

Another time, he had found a hunting knife used by his parents on their canoe trips to 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. Suddenly, he was sliding down and off the roof backwards. He landed on his spine right next to one of the cut 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 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 that year was. 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) The Great Divide

When I was born as the second son, my father decided to leave his job as vice-principal 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. (My maternal grandfather was an economics professor at the UW. He died when my mother was young in a medical surgery gone wrong.) 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 schoolhouse. 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 (and they both committed suicide). I also just accepted the idea of wilderness canoe trips in the Canadian Quetico and winter ski trips out west. 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 canoeists 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, Pepper built a camper and took us and our schoolbooks 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. Only spending a couple of months in the classroom that year was never an issue.

When the subject of heritage was brought up in our two-room country schoolhouse (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 formal primary and secondary education. Proper behavior was simple: know that which pleases the father – Pepper. His law was harsh yet consistent and offered 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 pitchfork that mistakenly wandered 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 lay a dormant volcano of unresolved nightmares ready to erupt with uncontrollable anger. Survival was dependent on knowing, not my own emotional state, but his.

(5) Broken Bones

"Dang!" This is bad. My arm was going one way and my hand another. My wrist was bent like an elbow. For some reason I had this idea of jumping off the swing at our two-room rural, Norway Grove School playground. I jumped, but this time, I jumped facing backwards. It was great until the landing. I was amazed that there wasn't any pain. That came later.

I was getting well acquainted with the nurses and doctors at the Jackson Clinic in Madison, Wisconsin. The clinic was founded my Grandfather Arnold Jackson and his four brothers who were also doctors. I broke my collar bone three times. My brother and I were playing ski racer down this road embankment at the end of our fields. That was when I broke

my arm. I remember walking the half mile back home with a cow in the neighbor's field staring at me.

The broken wrist was more serious. Back then I was put out with ether. Wikipedia says it is "pleasant smelling." I don't know what planet that writer lives on. Being knocked out with ether is a very nightmarish experience. Picture falling backwards down a black hole, with spinning circles of flashing lights with a banging can resounding in your ears. I woke up in a room with five elderly patients with this big plaster cast up my arm and around my elbow. After a few days I was sent home.

Unfortunately, playing around on the farm didn't allow my wrist to heel right. Back to the operating room and they cut open my wrist to get my wrist bones correctly positioned. This time I was sent to my grandfather's (Dr Jackson) home to be kept quiet. But they had this red wagon flyer and a small hill down their driveway. After a couple of crashes, I thought I had better quit. This time my wrist did set correctly.

Broken bones were one thing. Slivers, or some people say "splinter" were another. Seems like there was always a wooden board to get "catch you." One time I ran up the back porch and caught the front edge of a broken board with my foot. That sent a six-inch splinter between two toes and up my foot, just under the skin. Yes, that hurt. And the recovery time wasn't very quick either.

Our feet were tough. My brother and I stopped wearing shoes around the farm as soon as the weather turned "warm." After a few painful weeks, the gravel driveway was smooth as grass. Although, running through the pastures was always a challenge. Thistles were always able to find a weak spot. Because of nails, we did wear our Converse Allstars working around the buildings. But I remember taking a jump step and "darn" that hurts. I looked down and a rusty nail had gone through the bottom of my shoe, foot, and stuck up through the top of my tennies.

Winters brought around new pains…. frozen hands, feet, ears and just being cold in general. I learned that the best way to thaw out a frozen hand, that is when it was so cold, it didn't hurt anymore, was to run lukewarm water from the faucet over the hand. When the pain started, I knew that was a good sign. And when the pain stopped, that was a better sign. Our old farmhouse was heated by a coal burning black "furnace" at the edge of the dining room. My brother and I spent many hours there warming up our bodies. Coming in from

chores, we would put our wet gloves on top to dry out. Above the stove, there was a vent going into my bedroom that I shared with my younger brother. But we were never allowed to use it. Most people have "Jack Frost" designs on the outside of their window. We had frozen mosaics on the inside.

The pain and discomfort from cuts, bruises, slivers, and broken bones became just a part of life on the farm. My sister and I were riding Smokey, my aunt's horse that was staying on the farm. We were riding bareback, and he bucked us off. I landed on a barb-wire fence and my sister landed on top of me. Many, many years later when my hip had deteriorated to the point I couldn't walk, I became heavily addicted to oxycodone. My surgeon said for someone who had not built up the immunity, it was enough to kill them. People do not realize what the god-awful, gut-wrenching withdrawal from oxycodone is. That is what makes it so addictive. It took me over a year, with carefully planned steps, to finally get off the stuff. And my days of broken bones weren't over as an adult. My joke is I fell off our sailboat without a life-preserver. But fortunately, our boat was in the driveway. Unfortunately, my wrist got all bent out of shape when the mast and I landed on it. And, a couple years later, my other hip deteriorated to the point I couldn't walk and needed a replacement. But this time I stayed off the pain killers until the operation.

(6) A Rural Education

Norway Grove Grade School was a two-room old schoolhouse about a 5 miles from the farm. During the fall and late spring, brother Steve and I would ride our three-speed bikes. I don't remember much about the education. We had "Dick and Jane" readers with their dog Tip. The large school classroom was divided with large doors to segregate grades 1-4, and 5-8. We had about 7 students in my class. Each class would go to the side of the room and sit around a small table to recite their lessons. My 8th grade year, 7 and 8 grade students went to Morrisonville, a very small rural town with a couple churches, store, and a feed mill where we would get supplemental feed to add to the corn we grew for the pigs.

My grade school education was uneventful. There was little contact or social life with the other students because we took the little yellow school bus home each day. Even at DeForest High School, I never developed a social life. I apparently was a bright student. Studying during my high school years was opening a text on the bus for a few minutes on the

way to school. My senior year I only took a few classes and spent most of my time sitting in the common lounge, doing nothing. My favorite math teacher gave me a "B" for the last semester. Although I aced every text, I thought it senseless to do the homework. She disagreed.

But I had a learning handicap. Those tests where you read a paragraph and then answer questions on the next page. I couldn't do it. Everybody said how easy Spanish is to learn. In college, even devoting a couple hours a day to study the lessons, I flunked it. And the second time I barely got by with a "D". I was not designed for the University of Wisconsin. I simply couldn't remember anything for tests, and I flunked out my junior year. I was thinking about going into farming with Pepper and so I was advised to take agriculture classes but what I really needed was business classes. I had been farming my whole life. I knew farming. What I was never privy to was the business side.

(7) The Love of Sports and the Outdoors

In our rural grade school, we really didn't have any sports, but we had an athletic coach who went around the rural grade schools within the DeForest School District and in my 8th grade this coach was able to organize some interschool competitions in volley ball and basketball. In 8th grade, we had a small basketball team. We were playing the powerhouse team form DeForest. We were down one point with seconds to go on the clock. We missed a key basket to take the lead, and they got the rebound and headed down the court. I was tripping over my shoelaces and stopped to tie them. Our team got the ball and since I was already under the basket, they threw to me. I missed three, point blank layups and we lost. In high school, I went out for wrestling. Pepper wouldn't let us go out for football. Well, in his way he didn't. He said we could go out for two sports because he needed us on the farm (which was a lie). He thought football was too dangerous.

My wrestling years were notable as I lost all my freshman JV matches. Whereas my sophomore year I pinned all my JV matches and eventually won a varsity position. My new friend and main wrestling partner as a senior was Steve Evans, whose family bought him and his brother a wrestling mat for their basement. Steve became a 3x undefeated state champion at a time when there were no divisions between school size. My senior year, because of my larger size, I could finally beat Steve. But I was stupid enough to make a weight class that

was too light for me. I could beat anybody, but we had somebody that could wrestle 167, so I wrestled 155. To make weight, I would stop eating Wednesday night for Friday night weigh in. Fortunately, they don't allow such behavior today.

But my mental issues did start showing signs. In junior speech class, I remember getting up to give a speech and then blacking out. I found myself sitting down, but since no one was staring at me, I must have given my speech. Contrary to my love of wrestling practice, I hated wrestling meets where I would have to go out on "exhibition". I had won our conference championship, but the next week on the road to state, I couldn't take any more competition anxiety During my last match, I was down one point and was penalized for being too rough. In this case, "rough" was just normal hard wrestling I learned to beat a three-time state champion. Convincing myself I could get a takedown for 2pts, I gave him a one-point escape. But I was lying to myself. I wanted it all to stop. Of note, in Australia at the Black Dog Institute, they use anxiety itself to measure a student's need for help. If a student is anxious during their primary years, how can they handle the pressures later in life.

My track years were running high hurdles and pole vaulting. Pole vaulting was with a metal pole jumping into a saw dust pit that was usually still frozen from winter. The school was kind enough to put a fresh load of sawdust on top each year. Until my Junior year when they did get some too small landing mats. I still have the scars on my legs from spiking myself and a scar where I put my teeth through my lip when my chin hit the crossbar. Finally, the school sprang for a real fiberglass pole. I was the only pole vaulter because the others always seem to get hurt or break an arm or something. I was not fast, and my best vault was a very weak (bendy crossbar) 11ft. Later at the University of Wisconsin, I joined their highly touted track team to get some proper training. They had no field coach, and I tried to teach myself until I just had to quit.

My extracurricular sports were canoe racing, alpine skiing, and later, sailboat racing. My parents were avid canoeist. They had met because of their interest in taking canoe trips, camping in the wilderness. Before us kids, they had taken a couple six- and eight-week trips to Hudon Bay. Around fourth grade, Mom took Steve and I on our first trip to the Quetico and Boundary Waters Canoe Area in northern Minnesota and Canada. A year later, Pepper took us on a similar trip. This turned into Steve and I canoe racing sponsored by small towns on the rivers of southern Wisconsin. My high school junior year, Steve E. and I raced the

Muscoda Race on the Wisconsin River. A few years later Steve E. and I took a canoe to the Fort Simpson in the Northwest Territories to canoe the Nahanni where 600 miles of gravel road called the Mackinzie Highway ended. Much has changed since then.

Peper and Kathryn (Mom), also were avid alpine skiers. They had their honeymoon in Aspen, Colorado. As kids we always admired the Northland wood skis with the "bear trap" bindings. Bear trap, because they broke your leg rather than releasing in a fall. Steve and I started learning to ski on those when I was seven or eight. Eventually we got better equipment and learned to ski at Cascade Mountain, on the Baraboo Hills. Years later, I became an instructor the second year nearby Devil's Head opened up. I really wanted to go to a Colorado college and become an alpine racer, but my life didn't go that way. While going to Wisconsin, I became a part-time ski instructor and general hot-dog doing acrobatic skiing, including inverts, and helicopters off any old mogul.

I first learned about sailing during our canoe trips on Canada's lakes. If the wind was behind us, we would make a "square rigger" out of a tarp and our paddles to take us down the lake. Mom and Pep raced a wooden "E-scow" with the Mendota Yacht Club, in Madison, Wisconsin. Because Pepper was a sailor, his first job was at Todd School, a private school in Chicago and Florida, but that all ended soon after 1953 when I was born and he decided to follow his college mentor, Aldo Leopold, and raise us on a farm. When his parents passed away, he used some of his inheritance to buy a 23-foot O'Day sailboat in 1972. That first winter all six of us and a German Shepard hauled the O'Day to the Sea of Cortez. When Pepper passed away, I took my inheritance and bought a new Melges "E-scow". I had been teaching my wife Barbie to race since we met in 2000. We stopped racing in 2025.

(8) The Road to Self-Learning

I read the book "The Red Car" about an MG-TC that my brother Steve had and it changed me (us) for the rest of my life. We noticed that Dr. Demerging at the Jackson Clinic drove a grey/blue MG-TC on nicer days (which hints at how much time we ended up there). I was 14 and had just started getting interested in cars. Steve was given our parents 1951 red Ford Deluxe Custom convertible with a flathead V8 which they bought for their wedding. A year later Steve bought an MGA and I at 15, before I had my full driver's license, found a

"Big Healy", a 1959 100-6 for $450. I fell in love with that design and imagined driving one. And there it was.

This car started my life as a "backyard mechanic" as the money I was earning from Pepper was barely enough to pay the bills. (When I turned 16, I found a job painting barns. This was a miserable job running a paint gun standing 20ft up on a wooden ladder. We wore a mask and would spread Vaseline all around our face ears and neck to clean the red spray off later. At the end of the week, my blue jeans were red and could stand up on their own.) So, because our cars were British and not known for their quality, Steve and I started buying tools because our cars were in need of constant repair.

I drove my Healy to the nine miles to high school and Steve drove his MG. I remember taking my friend and farmer Dean to eat at the I90-94 truck stop and driving home when it was minus 10 below zero. The convertible top and plastic side-curtains were so open, I called the drafts my northeasterlies. That spring, around eight of us Juniors in three cars drove late at night to camp at Devil's Lake State Park. The trip started with my top blowing off and Dean and I driving in 50deg weather with the top down. We arrived at 10:05pm and the park closed at 10:00 and the Ranger wouldn't let us in. We drove into a field just west of Ski-Hi Fruit Farm and tried to sleep in the back of Evans' pickup or on the ground, or in the car. A patrolman came around just as day started to break and kicked us out.

A sad day came near home when a deer ran out and bent in the front of my Healy. I had insurance but this wasn't covered. I walked home and Pepper and I got a tractor to bring her home. She sat in the barn for a decade before somebody had their "barn find" of two Big Healey's. I had bought two more for parts, even thou they all ran, but never drove them. One had a hard top and I sold the other. I had bought new engine bearings, pistons, and had the engine machined to be rebuilt and all were stored in the back of an abandoned 1960 Chevy station wagon on the farm. I had dropped out of University and needed the money and that was the last of my Austin Healy100-6.

Soon after I hit the deer, an Austin Healey "Bug-Eyed" Sprite was available for $50. It had blown a head gasket, and the rear leaf spring bracket was rusting off. Since Pepper had an electric welder and an oxy-acetylene torch for the farm, I cut up some metal and re-welded the bracket. The engine was a different story as it was run until a crack formed between the cylinders. I got a special welding stick and put down a bead, grounded it smooth

and ran the car for a few more months. Then I found a newer Sprite from a collision which still had a good engine. I changed out the engine and transmission (for a better gear ratio) and continued driving it during my senior year of high school and onto college.

Sometime in here I had completely stripped every nut and bolt off of my Bug Eye to rebuild it. I reupholstered the seats using my Mom's 1950's Singer; repaired all the rust with fiberglass and putty; painter her a dark blue and I had a very nice car for several years, including my freshman and sophomore year at the University of Wisconsin. I had joined the Sigma Phi Fraternity and lived in the now called National Historic Landmark Bradley-Sigma Phi house. I bring this up here because while the house was being rebuilt after the fire, (paid for my fellow member, AC Nielson of Nielson of TV Ratings), I had met my first love, who was the sister of a fellow Sig. My "Bug Eye Sprite" was part of our adventures driving and camping to Door County; driving to Gibraltar Rock County Park to watch the sunset and then on to Cactus Bluff overlooking the Wisconsin River for the sunrise. During the summers, I traded cars with my sister so I could drive her Ford Falcon to work the fields for Del Monte Canning Co., and she drove my Sprite to the Cheese House for her summer job.

My life as a "back-yard mechanic" allowed me to become a crew boss for Del Monte pea pack. And allowed me to constantly take care of my own cars. But this was also a curse in disguise as best understood by my younger brother Al, who upon seeing all the work Steve and I were doing to keep a means of transportation, came to the conclusion that when he needed a car, he would buy a new one and not have our "opportunities". So, yes, we had our sports cars, and we learned about car mechanics. Many years later, this turned into boat repair and the fixing up and modifying of "NorthStar", my wife Barbie's and my 27foot Tartan that we spent 4 summers gunkholing the north shore of Lake Huron (which is on the front cover of this book).

(9) The Fields of Del Monte Food

During my summers in college, It was only natural to work the fields for Del Monte Foods. Their Arlington plant canned peas, sweet corn, and sauerkraut. Steve and I would pick up stones in the newly plowed fields until we started driving tractors pulling pea combines. This meant moving 5mph, hour after hour for 12 hours every day. Overall, the days and nights were, compared to substitute teaching, I could say enjoyable? I remember

on beautiful fall sunny day during corn pack, when I walked up the side small hill and sat next to a groove of sumac for lunch break. Rainy days were limited by how well we could move in the mud. Some fields were pretty dug up. Nights were dark… that is the lights on these old tractors weren't very bright. I learned to shut down my "mental talk" and to maintain a state of observation…hour after hour after hour… only broken up when unloading a full bin of peas or lunch break.

After several years of this, I was able to get a job as crew boss running my own pea picking crew and Steve as my timekeeper. Del Monte abused our good work ethic. They asked if we would cover the opening opposite shift the first day. That meant 12hours covering someone else's shift and then 12hours doing ours that night. Painful. Later I did worse, doing 36 hours straight during corn pack.

Being crew boss was kind of an ego boost, but the worries and responsibility were not offset by the meager pay increase. The next summers I started running a cutter. A day started around 4:00am to get vines cut for the drivers who cam at 6:00 to start their 12-hour shift. Usually the days were pleasant, but one summer, the temperature went over 100degrees. While one fall when I worked corn-pack, we came to work and had to drive our tractors cross country in below freezing cold when I came dressed for a normal 50-60deg day. Why wasn't I more aware of the weather? Who knows.

One rainy night when I was cutting vines, my cutter kept hitting stones. This meant crawling in the mud under the cutter head and replacing broken section blades. The more stones I hit, the madder I got. I was spending the night in the rain, mud, and cold changing sections. And, as I was falling behind, they got another cutter in to help out. He went around the same field and didn't hit one stone. Sometimes life just isn't fair.

I look back now and my years on the farm were but a training ground for the torturous mental and physical suffering that would befall me when I became severely mentally unstable. My unbalanced and twisted mind, the medications, the hours, and hours of insanity, psychotic mania, suicidal depression, schizophrenic tendencies and year after year after year of pain and stupefied pacing back and forth in mental ward corridors was unbearable and twice nearly ended with suicide. I remember at the end of a psychiatric session, my doctor gave me a prescription and said we will see how you are doing in a month. "A month!?" I exclaimed. "How the hell am I supposed to make it through this afternoon, let alone tonight,

and you say, "See you in a month?"" I would not have survived if I had not had my rural life on the farm. As it was, I almost did not make it.

(10) 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 myself together. I was on the way back to Madison from helping pick asparagus on the "family" farm. I stopped. I "stopped" at a stop sign. My mind went into a haze as I started staring at the speedometer. 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 patients who are told "you will get used to it", simply stop complaining because their psychiatrist refuse to acknowledge their suffering. Calmly telling a doctor of your suffering doesn't make an impact. Although, one night on a mental wing, a nurse did listen to me and gave me something to relieve my suffering. I bless her every time I think of those hours. 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 weirdly. 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 how many days or even weeks had gone by but we were getting my prescriptions refilled. I carefully started probing 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. From 1979 to 1996, 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. During WWII, Pepper was in the Tenth Mountain Division. When I complained about being cold, he gave me a bigger shovel (implying to work harder). 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 tolerated 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 of 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 exciting and thrilling memories came in flash as I was going forward along the deck to end it… 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-manufacturer making utility 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.

(11) 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 paid 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 like 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 bachelor's 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 spent my first year working the kitchen at Holt Commons. My second year I worked at the University's Student Union in the kitchen and later at another kitchen for the Ogg Hall dormitories. 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, "If this is true and real, then where would these truths and reality take me?"

The second 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.

(12) Time Warp

My memories of two and a half years at U.W.-Madison were of a failure to "make the grade in my classes. To go into farming, for that was all I really knew vocation-wise, I was studying meat and animal science, but I should have been in business. Farming is a business. My problems were compounded by the fact that I couldn't memorize. Memorization is the queen-essential skill for success at the University. I could read something and turn the page to answer the question on what I just read and my mind was blank. I took first-year Spanish and spent so much time trying to memorize the lines, my other "more meaningful" classes suffered. I flunked…Spanish. I took Spanish 101 again and passed…with a "D". For an econ class, I went to class, read the book, purchased study notes, and I swear the tests were on something else. In a forestry class I enjoyed, I was getting a low "C", but I figured I could easily, with a little more studying, bring that up to a "B". Unfortunately, the course was graded on a curve and everybody who received "D's" and lower dropped out and unknowingly, I was actually working for a "D".

In my last semester, first-semester junior year, I foolishly got a job, grave-yard shift 11:00 to 7:00 at a 7-11 Store. I was "living" at home, but "sleeping" on a couch at the Sigma

Phi House. I remember taking a "Feeds and Feeding" class on animal nutrition. I had been feeding pigs all my life and really…. I mean… what was I doing? I quit school but still kept working the "grave-yard" shift and was wondering why I never got to a better shift. Maybe because I never thought to ask. My parents were going for a two-week caravan tour of the Yucatan in their pick-up with a small pop-up camper and I went along as an extra driver.

The caravan was camped at a soccer stadium in Veracruz before heading around the Yucatan Peninsula. Two weeks later I was driving at night, in a blinding thunderstorm, and Pepper was in the back, sick with Montezuma's revenge. In the last stage, we had separated from the caravan to take a side trip along the Caribbean coast. We had a road map but not a city map. Somehow, I "knew where to go". I sensed it. Driving at night through the country and into a city of several hundred thousand, in a heavy downpour, I found our way, straight to the stadium at around 2:00 am in the morning by following a feeling.

But the most interesting part of that trip was, on the way down, I was imagining meeting Don Juan and Carlos Castaneda. I remember reading one of his books on the way down and after all, we were going to Oaxaca where Don Juan and Carlos do visit. In Oaxaca, I was determined to buy some huaraches (sandals) with tire tread soles. Walking, on my way to the local market, I "saw" Carlos and Don Juan. There they were, a Mexican Indian with a Latino man just as they were described in his books. I made the mental note but just kept walking. Why I never stopped to ask about the possibility of their identity remains a puzzlement even today.

But what is more puzzling is that this trip was in the spring of 1974. I had first heard about Carlos Castaneda in 1979 from my high school math teacher, now turned psychologist, when I was describing my first manic episode to her at a restaurant. When I told her I "stopped" and went psychotic at a stop sign she brought up Don Juan and "stopping the world" in Castaneda's books. Even more, the specific book I was reading on that trip to Mexico, "The Fire from Within", wasn't published until 1984.

(13) Jesus Take the Wheel

My first semester of my self-study program and working on the UW campus was at Holt Commons for the Elm Drive dormitories where I had started my life as a college student. I worked in the kitchen in the mornings and read in the afternoon. The semester

ended and my boss was moving and asked me and a co-worker if we would drive a U-Haul truck with her furniture out to San Francisco. We gladly obliged.

It was getting dark and starting to snow as we were driving over a mountain pass in the Rockies. I began staring at the falling snowflakes highlighted by the headlights against the pitch-black night. The next thing I remember is that I was stepping out of a road-side hotel room into a foot of snow. My co-worker shouted over exclaiming, "I am sure glad you were driving last night. I don't know how you got us through that blizzard and over the pass." I didn't tell him that I didn't know either. I may have been at the wheel, but someone else was driving. I wasn't there.

Years later I was reminded of that time in the mountains when Carrie Underwood came out with her song.

(14) 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. In the spring of 1980, I ended up on a mental ward and doped on medications. I don't remember what happened. But I continued my "studies" until that fall. 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 wrestling 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 of 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 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 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 master's in management technology. I was going to go into industry.

(15) Grad School

It was the fall of 1986, and 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. Then an infatuation that I had to end. In 1989, 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 altar 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 others slow and 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 the 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 farmhouse. My parents were long retired from farming and were now spending their summers on a sailboat on 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 altar. "I will retrieve it when we meet again," I thought. That event never happened.

Six months later 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 give 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 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.

(16) 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 a 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 100F (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 by 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 too 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 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 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 late in 1993, 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 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 is 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….

(17) 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 coming to 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.

(18) 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 lifelong 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 lifelong 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 twentyears, 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.

(19) ***Emotional Wisdom***

How language not only influences the way we think but imprisons our soul.

Being confined within a language of conflict, control, servitude, and destruction, can a person and their culture and society exist any other way? *"How so? What absurdity do I speak?"* All of us since birth have been raised in a language and literary linguistics of emotionally driven behavior. Since Homer's "Iliad" where Achilles' wrath drove his wave of destruction upon the Greeks, we have been neurolinguistically programmed into a paradigm of emotional control, regulation, and management because dangerous emotions can drive destructive behavior.

We exist in a Plato's Cave knowing only of emotions by their shadows on a wall. Modern psychology and education can only transpose these shadows into their research, dissertations, publications, and classroom instruction. How can they possibly acknowledge, or even comprehend another existence unseen behind their backs? The linguistic structures of emotionally driven behavior and control exist in our language of entertainment, science, medicine, sociology, religion, and laws of crime and punishment where hate crimes and crimes of passion have their own classifications.

The logistics of an inferior feminine emotional body that must be controlled by a superior masculine mind to discipline a subservient population has been passed down from generation to generation for the last 3000 years, as the "will of God brought to fulfillment".

> *"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).*

But our behavior is driven by highly orchestrated neurological, biochemical, and physiological changes and states of being in the brain and body. Emotions are not causal, but a corollary perception of these changes and states of physiological being.

Cognition, activities of the mind such as thoughts, memories, imaginings, perceptions, and reasoning precipitate these changes and states of physiology that drive behavior. Instead of our neurolinguistic programing of emotional control, regulation, and management, even with the use of pharmaceuticals, emotions have an evolutionary function to guide an individual away from bad-feeling, unhealthy cognitive behavior susceptible to conflict, control, servitude, and destruction and towards good-feeling cognitive behavior of strength, power, and freedom conducive to health, well-being, and successful decision-making abilities and prowess.

Yes, our primary and secondary school educators must teach a linguistics of emotionally driven behavior and control to comprehend 3000 years of literature, music, art, and religion. But all our educators, especially at the academic level, must also teach the cognitive-emotional linguistics and symbiotic evolutionary harmony between mind, physiology, emotions, and awareness that lead an individual and their culture and society away from conflict, control, servitude, and destruction and towards our manifest destiny of cooperation, empowerment, and freedom.

Note to University Academia: Why do well researched and evidenced based cognitive behavior modification therapies work? What is the foundational basis for their success?

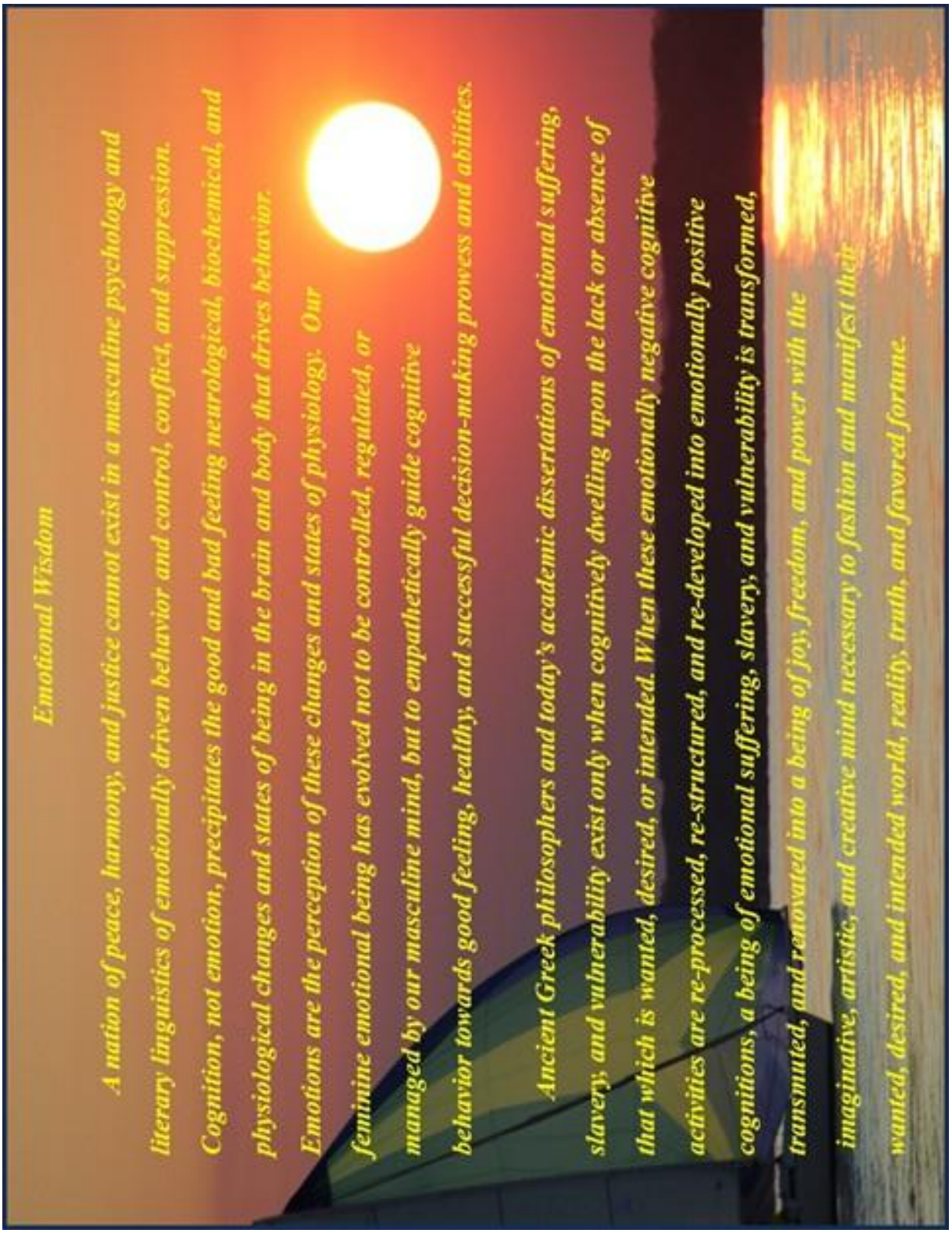
Cognitive behavior modification therapies work because cognition, and not emotion, precipitates the neurological, biochemical, and physiological changes and states of being in the brain and body that drives behavior. Emotions are the perception of these changes and states of physiological being. And because positive, emotionally good-feeling cognitive activities (such as thoughts, beliefs, memories, imaginings, perceptions, and reasoning) have an evolved correlation with a strong, robust, and balanced physiology conducive to health, well-being, and successful decision-making prowess AND negative, emotionally bad-feeling cognitive activities have an evolved correlation with a weak, fragile, and imbalanced physiology susceptible to illness, injury, and poor decision-making capacity, every individual has their own natural and evolved mechanism where emotions have evolved to guide an

individual's mental activities (towards health, well-being, and successful decision-making prowess).

Unfortunately, our psychological dependent university schools of education, sociology, law, philosophy, and religion have unwittingly adopted Homer's 3000-year-old emotionally driven behavior of his "Iliad" where Achilles' *anger* brought countless sorrows on the Greeks and Achilles' *anger* sent many valiant souls of warriors down to Hades. Homer inscribes the emotion of anger as causal; that is, anger is the cause of Achilles' behavior. This literary linguistic archetype of emotionally driven behavior demands emotional regulation, management, and control (even with the use of pharmaceuticals) because dangerous emotions can drive destructive behavior. This cognitive-emotional linguistic construct ignores cognition's physiological bases of behavior and emotion's evolutionary role in re-processing, re-developing, and re-constructing destructive and emotionally bad-feeling cognitive behavior towards constructive and emotionally good-feeling cognitive behavior that signifies an individual's (and society's) health, well-being, and success.

Yet, to the determent of the health of our children and our society, psychological academia and language, literacy, and literary primary and secondary school educators are still neurolinguistically programing into our students (and future academics) the erroneous belief that dangerous emotions drive destructive behavior and therefore emotions must be controlled, regulated, and managed, even with pharmaceuticals; all the while ignoring the cognitive bases of behavior and emotions evolutionary role to guide cognitive behavior towards the good-feeling and constructive physiology of health, well-being, and successful decision-making prowess.

Reference: Jackson, A.O. (2025). (*Technical Paper with Supplements*.) Cognitive-Emotional Re-Processing Control, Cultivation, and Education: The Linguistic Semantics of Cognitive vs. Emotional Dysregulation. Symbiotic Psychology Press. (15,500-word paper, free PDF download from my website: https://symbioticpsychology.com/)


Emotional Wisdom
A nation of peace, harmony, and justice cannot exist in a masculine psychology and literary linguistics of emotionally driven behavior and control, conflict, and suppression. Cognition, not emotion, precipitates the good and bad feeling neurological, biochemical, and physiological changes and states of being in the brain and body that drives behavior. Emotions are the perception of these changes and states of physiology. Our feminine emotional being has evolved not to be controlled, regulated, or managed by our masculine mind, but to empathetically guide cognitive behavior towards good feeling, healthy, and successful decision-making prowess and abilities.
Ancient Greek philosophers and today's academic dissertations of emotional suffering, slavery, and vulnerability exist only when cognitively dwelling upon the lack or absence of that which is wanted, desired, or intended. When these emotionally negative cognitive activities are re-processed, re-structured, and re-developed into emotionally positive cognitions, a being of emotional suffering, slavery, and vulnerability is transformed, transmuted, and renovated into a being of joy, freedom, and power with the imaginative, artistic, and creative mind necessary to fashion and manifest their wanted, desired, and intended world, reality, truth, and favored fortune.

Appendix A: Letters

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(1) An Essay to UW Head Basketball Coach Bo Ryan (2007-01-29)

Making the Air Electric, Creating a Powerful Positive Attitude

The Grateful Red are cheering and stomping their feet in appreciation of the skillful play of the Wisconsin Badgers Basketball Team execution has reached a new level of excellence. Every shot is dropping, and magically, a teammate is in the right spot for every loose ball, block, rebound or steal. There is an electric current flowing. It feels good! It feels great! It is wild. This just didn't happen. It started with coaching that created an attitude, a positive attitude. It is easy to have a positive attitude when the plays are working. It takes practice to get there when it really counts, when things are going wrong and that last shot was an air ball. Especially when it is the opposing team's court and the crowd's taunts are echoing though out the auditorium. That doesn't feel very good at all. What is a 'positive attitude', or getting into 'the zone' or getting 'the momentum of a game' or getting into the 'flow'?

This mental game of 'attitude', 'the zone' and 'creating momentum' is about emotions. And it is about these good feeling emotions that a positive attitude is about. A positive attitude isn't positive unless the emotions and feelings are there. The practice of positive attitude is about getting into the zone, the emotional zone, creating the emotional game first, and only then is the court yours.

Each player has their own marvelous emotional system, and it is not an 'all' or 'nothing' proposition. Some players may pivot from that feeling of 'blowing it' to 'isn't this wild' in a heartbeat, but for most, it will come in steps. It may start in anger and frustration and move from there. It may start even lower, in the disempowering emotions of depression and despair. But from wherever a player is, it can and will move up into empowerment, in steps, with a little effort. Anger is not being in the zone, but it is a step in the right direction from despair. Being frustrated that those shots are rimming out is not being in the game, but it is closer than anger. Aggressive actions in frustration or anger are not the emotional state of being in the zone and action here will probably result in a turn-over or foul. The results and outcomes of actions, shots, plays, follow the emotional game, not the physical attributes

of the player and team. Find the right emotions first, then, take the action. And with practice, moving from the despair of an 'air ball' to the elation of 'nothing but net' will come faster and faster, easier, and easier. And then the fun really begins.

Every moment though out every day is an opportunity to move into a better and better feeling place, to create a more powerful positive attitude. The emotional system is giving constant feedback on whether 'your head' is getting into your game or into theirs. Emotions are a response to all that activity going on between the ears. They are a guidance system that lets each player individually know where their minds activities are heading. The better the feeling, the closer the mind's activities are in the game. The worse the feeling, the closer the mind's activities are getting lost in the opponent's game. A time out to stop and step up the emotional staircase, from despair to anger, from anger to frustration, from frustration to hope, from hope to belief, from belief to joy, from joy to excitement, from excitement to….is a time out that means making the ball and court yours. But more than that it means the mind, body, and heart got into the game, your game.

Practicing a positive attitude is an internal practice that does not need a gym. Within every event in the day, be it with a roommate, instructor, family, driving in traffic, in a classroom, work, there is an opportunity to pivot into a better mental/emotional place, to find a more powerful positive attitude. It may start with an appreciation, an appreciation of the opponent for asking the best out of each play, shot, and defense. Each player needs to develop their own mental gymnastics to step up into a better feeling mental activity that moves them up into a better emotional state to play the game. The emotional system is there, constantly in every moment, guiding, and letting each individual player know which direction their mind's activities are going.

Practice off the court, so when it counts, during a game, pivoting into the zone becomes automatic. The emotional system is a constant, steady, and dependable coach that can guide the mental game so that every game can, with effort, feel like the home court. Every event throughout the day is an opportunity to practice for The Big Game and to create the air electric. Developing mental discipline means developing the skills for listening and

then responding to your emotional system (not theirs). Listening and responding to what your emotions are saying about your mental activities will get your mind back on track towards that great feeling of being un-beatable. Moving the minds activities from anger to frustration, to hope, to belief, to knowing that any game on any court belongs to you takes effort and practice. And, there are hundreds of opportunities to practice every day, if you take a time out and do it. Then every game in life becomes yours and anyplace in the world becomes your home court. Then the air becomes filled with electricity and someone will create a spark that sets the nets on fire.

Andrew O. Jackson
01/29/07

(2) Emotions as a Biological System

Hopefully the following will inspire new ideas and approaches to current paths and assumptions for greater success and fruition of goals, hopes and dreams, both personally and academically. The brief below is an abstract defining emotion as something more than a theme of poetry, song, or drama, but as a dynamic and evolved biological system giving conscious awareness to the poet, athlete, dancer, or actor of their mental and physical readiness for this moment of poetry, of song, of drama, of this dance and rhythm in time.

Sincerely,

Andrew O. Jackson

Biochemical Imbalance:

If a psychiatrist tells me I have a “biochemical imbalance” when I am lethargic, depressed, manic, or schizophrenic where my life is a mess does that mean when I am energetic, cheerful, exuberant, and in the zone of my game where "every shot is nothing but net," my "biochemical imbalance" is a "biochemical in-balance”? Would not that be the evolutionary liaison between joyously good feeling emotions and mental cognition of strength, vigor and vitality and the biochemical and physiological design of strength, vigor, vitality, and wellbeing? If the emotional guidance system gives off a false-positive, where good feeling emotions do not correlate with the mental cognition of strength and ability, which also does not correlate with biochemical and physiological well-being, the nearest predators will joyously discontinue that line of presumptuous thought and emotional delusion.

Mental wellness and wellbeing become now an ability of individual consciousness to pivot off bad feeling emotional thoughts and the correlated chemical imbalance and physiological weakness and onto good feeling emotion thoughts and correlated chemical balance, physiological strength, and vitality. Mental illness may now be defined as an inability of consciousness to pivot off bad emotional feeling thoughts, which though the

evolutionary process correlates with biochemical or physiological imbalance, and onto good feeling thoughts and the correlated strength of biochemical and physiological harmony and well-being.

Genetically, humanity is wired to be very emotionally selfish, to feel good, for the very strength and survival of each individual depends on this. It is our evolutionary nature. But, the thoughts and actions that bring about these wondrous and joyous emotional feelings are as varied as the play of humanity is diverse. That too is our evolutionary nature.

Emotions Are an Evolved Biological System; A New Paradigm in Mental Health
An Invitation to a Debate in Forward Thinking

The Grateful Red are cheering and stomping their feet in joyful appreciation of the skillful play of the Wisconsin Badgers Basketball Team whose execution has reached a new level of excellence. The players are dribbling, twisting, weaving in and out of the opposition to the basket with great ease, agility, and physical prowess. Every shot is dropping, and magically, a teammate is in the right spot for every loose ball, block, rebound or steal. There is an electric current flowing. It feels good! It feels great! It is wild. Life is wondrous!

This just did not happen. It started with training and coaching that created a mental attitude and emotional attitude…. a positive emotional attitude where the mental cognition of triumph, success and victory unites with the emotions of joy, elation, and ecstasy. It is easy to have a positive emotional attitude when the plays are working. It takes practice to get there when it really counts, when things are going wrong and that last shot was an air ball or within the opposing team's court and the crowd's taunts are echoing though out the auditorium. That does not feel very good at all…if the mind stumbles into their game.

What is this positive attitude of 'the mind' and getting 'emotionally' into 'the zone' and where the body flows rhythmically and effortlessly through this beautiful and wondrous creation and magical event? Is there a correlation between the activities of the mind, the emotional state of being and the biochemical balance of the body? If a psychiatrist tells me I

have a "chemical imbalance" when mentally I am in a psychological mess and my life is falling apart at every seam and my body is a lethargic mass and emotionally I am in the pits, where every emotional feeling just takes me deeper into the depths of despair, does that mean that when I am mentally clear, alert and aware and I am physically vital, energetic, agile and fit where life is good and wonderful and every "loose ball' bounces my way and I am feeling great and every emotional feeling brings more of an exuberance, excitement and enthusiasm for life…..I have a "chemical balance". Maybe there is something going on here. Maybe, there is an evolved liaison between the mental activities of the mind and the emotional feelings of the 'heart' and the biochemistry of the body and there is supposed to a chemical imbalance…. or balance…. as a function of some yet identified natural and evolved processes between mind, body, and 'heart.'

What if emotions are more than a stimulus for song, poetry, and drama? What if emotions are an evolved biological system, like the muscular system and the skeleton system, and the nervous system and function as a feed-back system on the mind and body's chemical balance? If, in the natural state, without a mental/emotional/physical injury, emotions are an evolved biological system whose function indicates a harmony or disharmony of biochemical balance, then the better a person emotionally feels is an indication of a more in balance, harmonious and healthful individual biochemistry, and the worse a person emotionally feels would be an indication of a more out of balance, disharmonious and unhealthy individual biochemistry. Would not that be the evolutionary liaison between joyously good feeling emotions and mental cognition of strength, vigor and vitality and the biochemical and physiological design of strength, vigor, vitality, and wellbeing? If the emotional guidance system gives off a false-positive, where good feeling emotions do not correlate with the mental cognition of strength and ability, which also does not correlate with biochemical and physiological well being, the nearest predators will joyously discontinue that line of presumptuous thought and emotional feeling

Physical pain of a hand on a hot stove brings about a very natural response. The pain is a signal to "get the hand off" and is usually a quick and automatic reflex. If the pain is ignored, usurped, or sedated and the hand remains on the hot stove, the chemistry of the skin

would go "out of balance" to the degree the hand burns on the stove. If the hand is quickly taken off, maybe no medical attention is needed. If the natural response of the body is usurped and overpowered in some fashion and the hand burns a little, maybe a little lotion would allow the healing. But the longer the natural signals are ignored, or unheard, the worse the damage and the more extensive the healing process which may include skin grafts or worse healing physically cannot take place. The crux of the problem is the unresponsiveness or ignorance of the body's signals.

Within the psychology of emotional guidance, the naturally evolved response to bad feeling emotions is for consciousness to pivot the minds activities onto activities that bring good feeling emotions. If emotional feelings are going negative, it is the body's signal to take a new perspective and refocus the mind and its activities onto something that brings a positive emotional-feeling response. The objective of the psychology of emotional guidance is to train the mind to continually reach for better good feeling (or less painful) mental activities by maximizing every individual's power to change habits of thought, to change mental imagery, to change the dream while utilizing the body's senses of touching, seeing, hearing, smelling, and tasting and the physical activities they may engage in. It is the intent and purpose of psychology to return a person back to a natural state of health and well-being where responding to his/her own emotional guidance system means to feel for thoughts that may just go from painful to less painful, but eventually, from good to even better.

Within the psychiatry of emotional guidance, emotional pain is analogous to physical pain of the hand on a hot stove which brings about a very natural response of quickly removing the hand from the damaging heat. Emotional pain is the signal to get the mind off of a negative, mental stream of consciousness and this is usually a natural, quick and automatic reflex. If the emotional pain ignored, usurped, or sedated and the mind remains on the 'hot stove of negative feeling thought,' the chemistry of the mind will go "out of balance" to the degree the mind 'burns on the stove." If the natural mental reflexes of the mind function as evolved, then the powers of consciousness take the mind quickly off the negative mental stream of consciousness, wellbeing is maintained, and no medical attention is needed. If the natural response of the mind is usurped or overpowered and the mind

'burns' a little, maybe some simple medication, or a good drunk, would allow healing and a return to a natural functioning mind/emotional relationship. But the more extensive the lack of a natural emotional response, awareness, or reflex, the longer the healing process, the more invasive medication and hospitalization and the longer the retraining therapy to create a natural mental responsiveness to the emotional guidance system. The crux of this problem is the disregard or ignorance, or in some cases the physiological damage, of a wondrous and highly evolved emotional guidance system.

An extreme chemical imbalance that requires psychiatric drugs is the result of an injury where a chasm has developed between an individual and the natural responses to the emotional guidance system. This "injury" maybe the result of neurological damage and disease or it may be the result of a life of training and indoctrinations from parents, religious figures, teachers, peer groups, the media, or simply, life's interactions while growing up where others' emotional guidance systems have usurped instead of enhanced natural emotional development.

The purpose of psychiatric drugs and medication is to help an individual regain some responsiveness to their own emotional guidance system. The longer the emotional guidance system has been fractured, the more drastic the medical intervention may be needed. But, the objective of medical intervention is to bring about a biochemical environment where the powers of an individual conciseness can make attempts to be more responsive to their own emotional guidance system. And as this healing takes place, the need for medical assistance is reduced and may eventually be removed entirely. Thou, like the hand on the hot stove, damage can be so extensive, entire functions of the brain may be destroyed, and the mental/emotional/body chasm is permanent.

Who can predict the motivation, drive, and desire of an individual to return to the life of the living, the life of well-being, joy, vitality, and enthusiasm for another day's adventures free from the bondage of therapy, doctors, medications, and hospitals? Even after years or even decades of medical intervention and within a climate of doubt and disbelief of any healing possibilities, there may still be within someone a silent flame of hope for a return to the

freedoms of joyous wellbeing. Is it not the moral duty and obligation of every medical professional and associate to give every being a conceivable chance? The words on these pages are another chance. These ideas, concepts and beliefs have brought, at least one individual to a new life joy and happiness and freedom where traditional theories, ideas and beliefs have failed.

The purpose of life from a physiological, biochemical perspective is to find joy. A positive correlation between joy and biochemical balance and health makes for a strong and vigorous being. Has that not been the evolution of the emotional system? A positive correlation between joyous emotions, and depression, lethargy, weakness, ineptness, would only make a being vulnerable and easy prey within the survival of the species. Whereas joy, happiness, wonderment associated with biochemical harmony of strength, confidence, skill, agility, would enhance the survival of the species. Genetically, humanity is wired to be very emotionally selfish, to feel good, for the very strength and survival of each individual depends on this. It is our evolutionary nature. But the thoughts and actions that bring about these wondrous and joyous emotional feelings are as varied as the play of humanity is diverse. That too is our evolutionary nature.

Mind, Body, Emotions, and Awareness

Mind, body, emotions..... give them a sequence, an order of function…. emotions bring awareness to the mind of the body…..now we have a biological system. In a healthy emotional system, negative feeling activities of the mind are a source of inspiration and creativity that leads to new, positive, and good feeling mental activities. Whereas positive emotional mental activities bring health, negative emotional mental activities are indices of an unhealthy biochemical environment that fosters disease, illness, and cancer. From a biological perspective, the unique gift of Christianity to the world is forgiveness. Forgiveness allows the mind to move on, the biochemistry to rebound, and joy returns.

Psychology and psychiatry have a similar mission, to free the mind from its bondage of injuries past and to reestablish the power of consciousness to be responsive to the emotional

guidance from within. Where frustration, anger, and depression are not fuel for violence, war, and suicide, but a springboard to love and joy and passion for a new and glorious day.

(3) *Empowering ALL Students Towards Success*

What is the purpose of education if it is not to provide the tools and training for a successful adult life? And where is success without the joy and passion that signifies mental and physical health and well-being? Can education be called a success if it does not provide the understanding and training of a personal cognitive-emotional system which has evolved for the actualization and maintenance of mental and physical health and well-being? Education should not be confined to developing a student's cognitive skills without also understanding the importance and significance of their emotional connection to happiness and joy. Cognition, physiology, emotions and consciousness have evolved together as a synergistic team. The nature and effective employment of these synergies should certainly be part of our educational curriculum. And this means teaching and developing the students' skills and abilities to accentuate joyous cognitive and behavior endeavors for their own – and society's – health, well-being, and prosperity.

The understanding of emotions that drive the characters of Shakespeare is not the understanding of emotions within a science where emotions have evolved for the health, well-being, and prosperity of your students.

Have teachers' core beliefs of emotions – which may have been linguistically molded from childhood through family interactions and in later years through reading literary works such as Mark Twain's The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, Dickens's Great Expectations, Poe's The Raven, and Austen's Pride and Prejudice – impacted current understanding and scientific research about emotions and cognition?

A shared cultural and linguistic development of core beliefs and conceptual understandings about emotions is required for young students to comprehend and follow the emotional twists and turns within these popular English literary works. As students mature and are introduced to the more advanced works of William Shakespeare and others, comprehension is even more dependent upon prior assimilation of cultural and linguistic paradigms. Conceptions of emotions are further reinforced by the logic and reason applied in today's scientific literature, research, and discussions about emotions.

I am asking you to evaluate your own paradigm of emotions, the very paradigm of emotions that you as educators, are indoctrinating your students with as you teach them how to read and write. You must take responsibility and understand that what began innocently in first grade to learn how to read, write, and understand literature continues within the academic halls of psychology and psychiatry. The emotional paradigm of Shakespeare without a careful introspection of how emotions must have evolved is fostering a society of crime, violence, and suicidal mania. You, as educators, must begin your own analysis because the psychological academia are only continuing the core beliefs of emotional understanding that you instilled.

Emotions, one of the foundational pillars of psychological theory, are commonly conceived as aberrant and destructive forces which drive biological changes. This letter is an introduction to a new perspective which shows (1) this is a misconception of emotions and (2) a corrected representation of emotions reveals their evolved biological role in the maintenance of individual health, well-being, and prosperity.

According to current psychological theory, destructive and aberrant emotions must be managed because of emotions' influence upon biology. The development of emotional intrigue as found within the interplay of literary characters aligns with the paradigm of emotions as expounded in today's psychological theories. Many literary plots are driven by the characters' mismanagement of their emotions or are even controlled and driven by their emotions of the moment.

Since I began voicing my concerns over erroneous psychological and pharmaceutical therapeutic methodologies, over a million (MILLION) Americans have committed suicide, millions of other people have been put in incarcerating conditions that only amplify their psychological injuries, and mass shootings continue with no review of the psychological environments fostering all of these atrocities.

Continual education of the linguistics of emotions found in Shakespeare without teaching the linguistics of emotions found within the science of evolution is a true crime against humanity.

From an evolutionary perspective, there must be a positive correlation between (1) a cognitive awareness of strength, vigor and well-being, (2) an actualization of a physiology of strength, vigor and well-being, and (3) the neural networks associated with the emotions of pleasure. Biochemistry, both at the molecular level and at the neural network level, must sustain the correlations between (1) the cognitive knowing of, (2) the actualization of, and (3) the feeling of strength, vigor, and well-being as well as (4) consciousness's perception of good feeling emotions. Simply put, if these correlations did not exist in this way, a being would have a low probability of survival.

Imagine what would happen to a person who is drunk and (1) thinks of themselves as strong and capable, but (2) in actuality they are quite confused and clumsy and (3) they feel great and very confident! They perceive themselves as quite capable of driving across town in rush hour traffic. What is their probability survival? (These arguments are developed further in Section 2: "Emotions as an Evolved Biological System" in the attached Symbiotic Psychology book.) We have evolved to be joyous beings. An individual's mental and physical health depends on their seeking and finding cognitive activities of knowing, namely, perceiving, recognizing, conceiving – which includes imagination and inspiration – and reasoning that feel good. From a biological perspective if it emotionally feels good, it is good

There is a key difference between a new paradigm of "emotions guide cognitive behavior" and current textbook understanding of "cognitive behavior regulates emotions." Within the construct of "cognition regulates destructive emotional behavior," it is the intellect which identifies, determines, and defines destructive emotional and biological behavior as well as identifies, determines, and defines the cognitive behavior which causes this destructive emotional behavior. Within the construct of "emotions guide cognitive behavior," it is the very presence of negative emotions which identifies, determines and defines destructive cognitive and biological behavior. If emotions are the perception of

physiological biochemistry, then negative feeling emotions are the indication of very real aberrant and destructive cognitive and biological behavior.

The distinction between emotional regulation and cognitive regulation is critical. Within severe mental illnesses such as psychotic mania or suicidal depression, whether emotions are being regulated or cognition is being regulated can be very consequential, especially with the use of pharmaceuticals. Both the patient and the therapist use emotional feedback as a meaningful measurement and understanding of the cognitive processes being utilized by consciousness. But emotions that are demonized as aberrant, destructive, and so out-of-control that they must be regulated and brought under control, cannot also be used as a trusted feedback mechanism. This mechanism evolved over millions of years for the individual's health, well-being, and survival. Medications and practices that aim to regulate and control emotions invalidate the very therapeutic process that aims to rely on this mechanism for healing.

To have cognitive-emotional wisdom is to have the cognitive and emotional understandings and abilities to avoid acting from the lower platforms of despair, depression, and anger. Cognitive-emotional wisdom means to have the cognitive tools and agility to move up the emotional staircase and to act from the higher platforms where good feelings of clarity, health and vigor reside. Section 7.0: "Cognitive-Emotional Wisdom" of this book discusses a variety of cognitive-emotional wisdom themes relevant to today's culture and society. But it is Section 8.2: Cognitive-Emotional Rehabilitation and Strengthening Exercises – a student's "Superhero Toolkit" – that contains the heart of developing a K-12 curriculum with activities that reinforce the synergies between mind, body, emotions, and consciousness.

I wrote Symbiotic Psychology: The Synergy Between Mind, Body, Emotions, and Consciousness so people would understand that there are other answers to their emotional turmoil that modern psychology has failed to understand. My hope is that as you comprehend my words, current illusions about emotions will be lifted and you will understand emotions' scientific significance through your own personal reflection and thereby understand the

linguistic differences between the emotions of Shakespeare and the emotions of science and why these differences must be developed within a school district's curriculum.

Some of the key word/phrase indicators demonstrating a lack of comprehension that emotions are the perception of biological conditions caused by cognition are: aberrant and destructive emotions, emotional disorder, emotional regulation, emotional addiction, anger management, "control your emotions" and "you are emotionally out of control." These, as well as depression, emotional trauma, and posttraumatic stress disorder (PTSD) need to be used with the understanding that emotions are a perception biological conditions caused by cognitive activities. This construct is further developed in Section 3.0: "Depression: Mental Illness of Mental Injury" of Symbiotic Psychology, the book

The success of our teachers in life – whether they are our parents, teachers and other students in school, religious leaders, bosses at work, or the powerful academia, political, and business leaders who set the stage for our lives – is in their ability to empower us with the skills and abilities to think and to feel good, and to help us move our thought and debate up into the mammalian brain. Here, a 'what feels good, is good' mentality can evolve into broader and greater awareness of both short and long-term consequences and decision-making and action can mature into greater complexity and imagination. With such education and personal development, 'what feels good, is good' can have a compassionate foundation for existence.

Enclosed is the current revision of Symbiotic Psychology: The Synergy Between Mind, Body, Emotions, and Consciousness. And for an easy assessment by anyone, the book can be downloaded at http://emotional-evolution.com/. Please feel free to contact me with any questions or concerns you may have. This book was written to offer a basic understanding of what is necessary within a K-12 curriculum that empowers ALL people – especially those who are socio-economically disadvantaged – with the tools needed to, not only survive, but thrive in today's chaotic world of uncertainty, mis-information, and cultural division.

Sincerely,

Andrew O. Jackson
http://emotional-evolution.com
https://symbioticpsychology.com/

Postscript:

There is a danger of medications masking destructive cognitive behaviors that normally are exposed through erratic, abnormal, and convoluted *emotional feedback*. If these emotional reflections of aberrant mental and physical behaviors are ignored or camouflaged with pharmaceuticals and if irregular *cognitive behavior* is left unaddressed without proper psychological counseling and therapy, cognition may fester unabated and create a myopic vortex of circular mental and physical behaviors. This psychosis can break out with disastrous consequences to the patient and to others, who may become characters in a manically-conceived tragedy played out in real life. (ref: Jackson, A., 2019. *Symbiotic Psychology: The Synergy Between Mind, Body, Emotions, and Consciousness.* Section 6.2 Masking Neurological Processes)

Emotions

Emotions are the perception, by consciousness, of a physiological biochemistry actuated by cognitive activities of our evolved and nurtured neural circuitry. Because emotions are perceptions of a state of biology being precipitated by cognition, emotions are a reflection of, and give insights into, the nature of cognitive behavior. Emotions are neither destructive nor constructive but rather they are signals of the presence of very real destructive and constructive cognitive behaviors. Correlations between cognition, physiological biochemistry, and good and bad feeling emotions are a result of millions of years of evolutionary survival for the health and well-being of the individual. Now the question is, how are these correlations between cognition, biology, emotions, and consciousness understood, nurtured, and developed within our society for individual health, wealth, and general well-being through their own successful decision-making and creativity?

(4) Letter to Educators

Emotion does not drive behavior as literature portrays in its poetic dance. Emotion is first an effect a reflection and awareness within the mind providing another dimension to its cognitive memories, thoughts, beliefs, logic, and imaginations that do precipitate the biochemical physiology in the brain and body that is driving behavior. If philosophy, religion, science, and law are ignorant of what drives human behavior and decision-making, how can there be but laws of ignorance and injustice (and disorder, conflict, and crisis)? Justice founded upon falsehood is itself false and unjust. Without incorporating any understanding of human's evolved cognitive-emotional re-processing mechanism, **literacy sabotages philosophy, religion, science, and law and limits the growth and development of the culture and society in which they serve.** *It is human evolution (apart from animal) that has created the cognitive-emotional mechanism that precipitates the neurology, biochemistry, and physiology consciously perceived as emotions and which is then used to re-process, re-construct, and re-organize cognitive activities into the better emotional feeling state of being that signifies health, well-being, and success… if the skills, abilities, and beliefs are nurtured to do so.*

Dear Teacher,

"Even as the history of our discipline is implicated in systemic racism, such modes of inquiry remind us of literature's capacities for critique, resistance, and transformation. We resolve to pursue those capacities across all areas of literary study." J. Brantley, English Chair, Yale University.

Emotional literature appeared in the Western world almost 3,000 years ago with Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Whether for entertainment – poets lifting and casting down their audiences' emotions like a roller coaster excites and thrills or frightens its breathless riders – or for cognitive awareness and development, reading, understanding, and writing literature are necessary actions in our modern world, as is understanding emotions' evolutionary role for the maintenance of individuals' health and well-being. Losing one's self within the

emotional moment, either for the joy, thrill, and excitement of the entertainment or for the educational value of walking within another person's shoes while being emotionally engaged within a character of a movie, book, play, or ballet (or of any other medium) means suspending a natural emotionally guided cognitive re-processing behavior that has evolved for their health, well-being, and success. The entertainment/educational mode and the evolutionary re-processing mode of cognitive-emotional behavior have their place. The awareness and understanding of both modes of cognitive-emotional behavior must be part of every individual's education.

Developing a child's skills and ability to re-process cognitive activities based on emotional feedback is necessary for elementary school education. But how does one explain to an elementary school student – in age-appropriate terminology – that "emotional regulation refers to any process an individual uses to influence the onset, offset, magnitude, duration, intensity or quality of one or more aspects of an emotional response (Gross, 2007)" (McRae et al., 2012) when emotions themselves are not what should be regulated but should instead be used as feedback to regulate cognitive activities?

In pre-school, a facilitator helps a student understand, by drawing attention and awareness to the thoughts and what they are thinking about (appraisal) when they are experiencing anger, anxiety, fear, or anytime they are emotionally not feeling good. They play a game of "mystery" and "detective" (Mystery Science Theater) looking for clues on what thoughts, ideas, imagines, and memories caused them to feel bad. Then the facilitator can remind them of their game of "find a better feeling thought." "Using what we have discovered, what ideas do you have, or can come up with (attention), that makes you feel a little better. You may not be feeling good yet, but feeling better is in the right direction." When they finally can detect good feelings (re-appraisal), they have "won!" and are awarded a gold star for being a successful research scientist. They can also begin understanding that feeling good is healthy for them and will help them be successful in school.

In primary school, while learning to read, the teacher can point out how a good story gets their attention and emotionally involved like the ups and downs, twists, and turns of a

roller coaster. The teacher can do the same with a movie, TV show, video, or any other medium. Then the teacher can point out how the emotional ups and downs are part of the story, but they can learn (and should learn), like in life, to put the book down and get off the emotional roller coaster if they are having trouble or cannot get back to a better feeling place.

As students advance in their education, they also can advance in their skills, abilities, and beliefs to re-process negative feeling cognitive-emotional dynamic behaviors into positive, good feeling cognitive-emotional behaviors. They can also begin understanding that emotionally feeling good has an evolved neurological, biochemical, and physiological correlation with health, well-being, and success and emotionally negative feelings with their negation. And they can understand that an evolved neuroplastic brain will reinforce their capability to re-process cognitive-emotional behaviors (as well as reinforce their lack of capacity).

These vignettes play out the symbiotic psychology of an evolved three-sided neuroplastic coin. The three surfaces (or circuits of corroborative constructs) are (1) emotionally feeling good, (2) emotionally feeling bad, and (3) the transitional surface between the two. The coin is neuroplastic and therefore changes in neurology, biochemistry, and physiology will reinforce and sustain the development and cultivation of healthy or pathological cognitive-emotional dynamic processes (and their control) within the brain and body depending on a student's learning environment. Therefore, a strong cognitive-emotional re-processing curriculum should absolutely be part of all educational institutions.

Primary school literary and cognitive-emotional health education must include both the traditional linguistic semantics of emotionally driven behavior for its experiential value and growth potential within the vicarious living of others (be they actual or fictitious) and the linguistic semantics of emotional control in the engineering sense where emotions are used as feedback to guide and re-process thoughts, memories, perceptions, imaginations, and logic of the cognitive mind towards the individual's health, well-being, and success (as indicated by good feeling emotions, moods, and feelings).

Authors' (of all genres) failure to realize that the "suspension of disbelief" and avoidance of critical thinking includes the suspension of an emotional biofeedback mechanism that has evolved for millions of years to not only protect an individual but to promote their health, well-being, and success. Yet there is potentially great educational value within these emotionally charged and entertaining roller coaster rides. Through the many lives and deaths within each play, experiences, understandings, knowledge, and, potentially, the wisdom of others may be gleaned for the benefit of one's own life and reality. The efficacy of these dynamics will be significantly increased ***without*** the awareness that emotions have evolved to guide cognitive behavior for the individual's health, well-being, and success.

Academic education must include the linguistic semantics of emotionally driven behavior for its experiential value and growth potential within the vicarious living of others (be they actual or fictitious) and the linguistic semantics of emotional control behavior in the engineering sense where emotions are used as feedback to guide the thoughts, memories, perceptions, imaginations, and logic of the cognitive mind for the individual's well-being. Jackson, A.O., (2022). *Conscious Cognitive-Emotional Dynamic Re-Processing, Control, and Regulation: The Linguistic Semantics of Emotional vs. Cognitive Dysregulation (rev2022-04-04b).*

Our current culture and society of literature, religion, philosophy, science, and law and our educational environment are dominated by an adaptation of 3000-year-old linguistics that portrays emotions as driving behavior and therefore dangerous emotions must be controlled, regulated, and managed, even with the use of pharmaceuticals. The logic within this paradigm falters when introducing emotional evolution and the causal nature of neurological, biochemical, and physiological changes within the body precipitated by one's own cognitive activities that do drive behavior. Instead of understanding emotions as potentially dangerous and in need of control, emotions have an evolved symbiotic relationship with mind, body, and consciousness. Emotions become an internal self-communication relaying information about the health of one's own cognitive thoughts, imaginations, perceptions, reasoning, and beliefs. The work of two psychologists, Caren

Baruch-Feldman and Rebecca Comizio seems to have navigated this obscure understanding of cognitive behavior therapy. They have written a wonderful book for kids: *The Resilience Workbook for kids: Fun CBT Activities to Help You Bounce Back from Stress and Grow from Challenges,* 2022, New Harbinger Publications, Inc.

At the absolute minimum, the University of Wisconsin must be responsible and research, develop, and create a general education requirement and instruction on the difference between emotionally driven behavior as portrayed in literature and a cognitive-emotional re-processing mechanism that has evolved for the health, well-being, and success of an individual…. *if the skills, abilities, and beliefs are nurtured to do so.*

Passionately,

Andrew O. Jackson
M.S. Technology Education
M.S. Management Technology
UW-Stout

(5) Emotional Engineering vs. Linguistic Poetry

The imagery, poetry, and metaphoric linguistics of a "sunset" or "sunrise" abound throughout the thousands of years of language and literature. But, from an engineering mechanics viewpoint, the sun is not setting, nor is it rising. The viewer is standing on a sphere that is rotating, and it is this rotation that gives the illusion of the sun setting or rising in the distance. But what song would it be to say instead of "Sunrise, sunset; swiftly flow the days…," but to say, "Rotating earth, rotating earth; 400 miles per hour (at our latitude) speed the days…...?"

But there is a serious matter within the linguistics of emotional words, such as hate, love, anger, envy, joy, etc. Understanding the emotional beauty, mystery, and depth within the great literary and poetic works of the ages is not the same as understanding emotions engineering mechanics within the physical body and brain to guide cognitive behavior towards health, well-being, and successful decision-making prowess and ability.

Love, hate, revenge, envy, or joy may "drive" a character in a book, movie, video, or song, but technically, emotions do not drive behavior. Emotions are the conscious awareness of the neurological, biochemical, and physiological changes and states of being that do drive behavior. And, it is our cognitive activities of the mind, such as thoughts, memories, imagery, and reasoning that precipitates the highly orchestrated changes in physiology that drives behavior.

Our language of emotionally driven behavior is a flawed, linguistic shortcut that fails to convey the evolutionary role of negative, bad-feeling emotions, moods, attitudes, and feelings in guiding our cognitive activities away from destruction and towards positive, good-feeling emotions, moods, attitudes, and feeling of health, well-being, and successful decision-making prowess and ability.

Our primary and secondary language and literary educators are teaching a flawed psychology of emotionally driven behavior. This poetic, metaphoric, and literary education must be augmented with the awareness and understanding of emotions evolutionary function *to re-process, re-structure, and re-organize unhealthy, dis-empowering, negative, and bad*

feeling cognitive behaviors of failure into healthy empowering, positive, and good-feeling cognitive activities of success. Teaching the skills, abilities, and understandings of our cognitive-emotional health dynamics is especially critical in socioeconomically disadvantaged communities that lack the social capitol of success.

It is human evolution (apart from animal) that has created the cognitive-emotional mechanisms that precipitate the neurology, biochemistry, and physiology consciously perceived as emotions and which are then consciously used to re-process, re-construct, and re-organize individual cognitive activities of memories, thoughts, beliefs, logic, and imaginations into the better emotional feeling state of being that signifies a person's health, well-being, and success… ***if the skills, abilities, and beliefs are nurtured to do so.***

Because joy has evolved to correlate with health and well-being, we have evolved to be joyous beings. To ignore one's own emotional state of being is to ignore one's own physical and mental health and well-being with possible disastrous consequences.

(6) What Is Psychology's Cognitive Triangle Missing?

What is a person observing when the sun rises in the east, moves across the sky, and sets in the west? The sun is not "moving", the earth is rotating. What is a person witnessing when a character in a rage, aggressively attacks his oppressor? For 3000 years, since Homer's "Iliad", humanity has been driven by their emotions. And, dangerous emotions, must be controlled, even with pharmaceuticals, because dangerous emotions can drive destructive behavior. But might we be observing the sun "moving" or is the earth "rotating"?

Spoiler alert: an individual is driven by highly orchestrated and complex changes and states of neurological, biochemical, and physiological being in the brain and body precipitated by cognition. This is the foundation on which well researched, evidenced based cognitive behavior modification therapies are founded upon. Cognition, not emotion, is causal. Emotions are an effect, the perception of these changes and states of physiological being. Psychology's "cognitive triangle" model of mind, emotions, and behavior relationships does not integrate changes in physiology. (reference: "Cognitive-Emotional Re-Processing Control, Cultivation, and Education: The Linguistic Semantics of Cognitive vs. Emotional Dysregulation.")

Is your school of psychology a science with a universal accepted creed of "whatever may be the limitations which trammel inquiry elsewhere, we believe that the great state University of Wisconsin should ever encourage that continual and fearless sifting and winnowing by which alone the truth can be found"? Does your school embody, in the words of UW-Madison's late chancellor, Rebecca Blank, "universities are unique places, characterized by their acceptance of people who push the boundaries of perceived truth"? (reference UW, L&S) Or are your schools of psychological dependent studies (literature, sociology, philosophy, law, psychiatry, and medicine) religious institutions with their dogma and academic gate keepers?

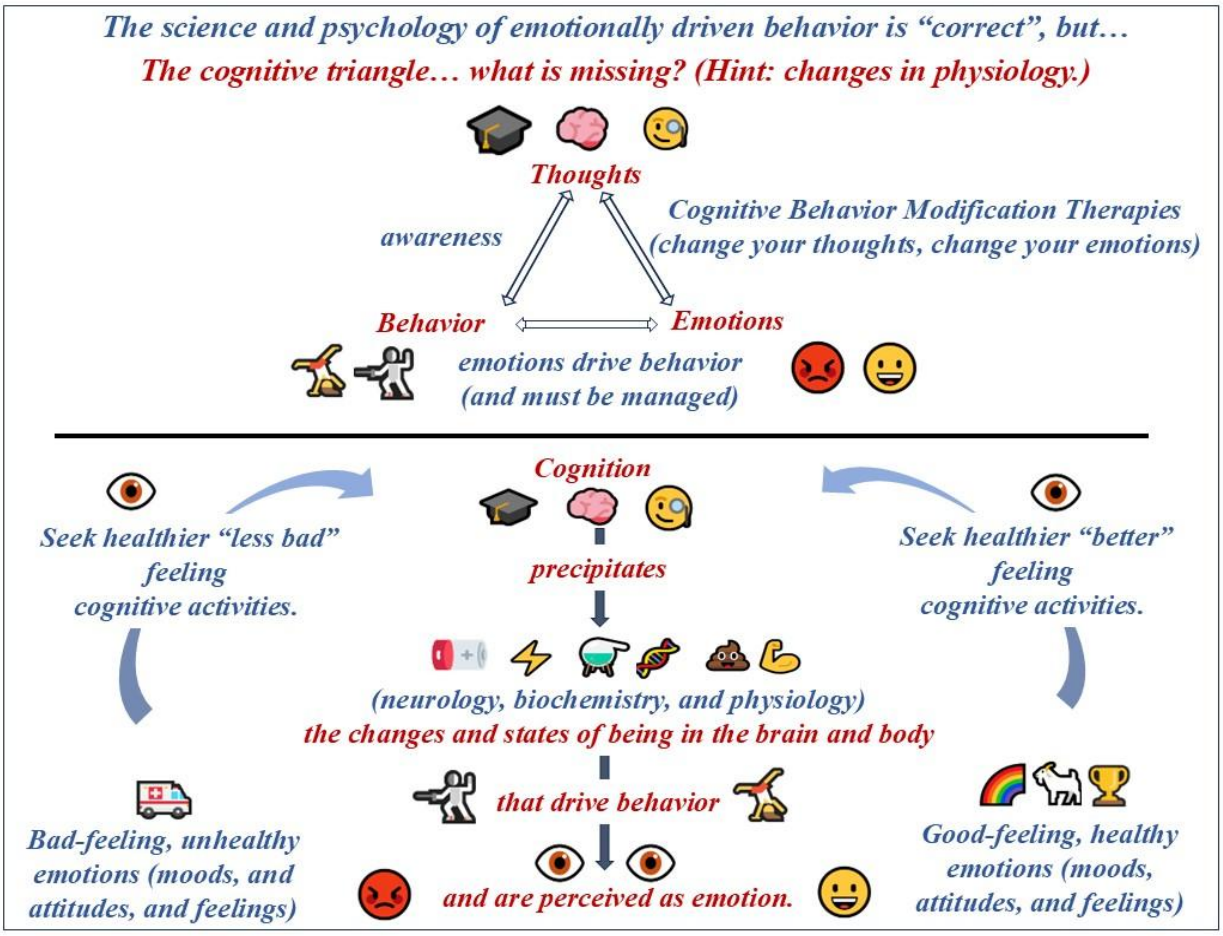
Flat Earth Psychology

Is the psychological "science" of emotional regulation, control, and management (that is, "emotions drive behavior" and therefore "dangerous emotions can drive destructive behavior") based in logic and research? Or are these paradigms of beliefs of "emotionally

driven behavior" but an unquestioned and accepted neurolinguistic programing of Homer's literary linguistics inscribed in his "Iliad" nearly 3000-years-ago? The theory of "emotional dysfunction and disorder" may have a successful scope of understanding... like a flat Earth road map is successful. But, if circumnavigating the globe, flat Earth technology is useless. An investigation into the limiting "science" of literary defined emotionally driven behavior is in order.

A Geocentric Reality

Our primary and secondary school teachers are indoctrinating their students (and future academics) with an geocentric psychology of emotionally driven behavior that sabotages our children's natural cognitive-emotional re-processing mechanisms that have evolved to guide one's own cognitive behavior (such as thoughts, imaginings, reasoning, etc.) towards ***health, well-being and successful and effective decision-making*** and their



actualization (reference: "Cognitive-Emotional Re-Processing Control, Cultivation, and Education: The Linguistic Semantics of Cognitive vs. Emotional Dysregulation.")

The geocentric reality of emotionally driven behavior is a fundamental ingredient to the tens thousands of yearly suicides, gun violence, murder, and mass shootings in their own schools, and the human degradation and condition found around America. This past neurolinguistic programing of our children has now come to the possible ruination of American democracy. Flat earth, emotionally driven behavior education sabotages an individual's natural and evolved cognitive-emotional re-processing mechanism to guide cognitive behavior towards health, well-being, and effective and successful decision-making prowess and abilities and their actualization throughout life's challenges. The sun does not revolve around a flat Earth.

Abandoning the Geocentric Reality

I like to say I have a PhD in Psychology from the School of Hard Knocks. The difference being that an accredited school requires classes, exams, and a successful defense of one's own dissertation. I, on the other hand, either realized, developed, and self-prescribed a new psychology of cognitive-emotional behavior more in line with natural evolution and live, or fail and die.

I was in pain, sick, and severely depressed. I had spent the last decade with suicidal depression, psychotic mania, and schizophrenic tendencies, in and out of mental hospitals, strapped to beds, on (and off – my doing) medications (the worst was the "drug of death" haloperidol), while listening to PhD's and their "therapies." Over a decade of mental and physical pain, suffering, and torture was too much. As I became conscious from another "black-out" period - with a rope in hand to end it all - a "voice" in my head asked, "can you go on?" "They" wanted me to continue my life in hell. I said "yes" and got myself to a hospital... again.

Years later, while unlocking my apartment door, I had my "eureka" moment! If, when I was at my worst, in pain, feeling down and depressed (or psychotic) and I had a "biochemical imbalance", does that mean that when I am feeling better and less depressed (and not psychotic) ... does that mean my biochemistry is going "into balance"? Can I use my emotional awareness of "feeling-good" or "feeling-bad" to know what is happening with my biochemistry!? I told myself to try it. What did I have to lose... my life? I wasn't going to make it much longer. I had had enough no matter what "my voices" were telling me.

I developed my own therapy. I used my emotions to guide my cognitive activities to find a better feeling, or less bad-feeling cognitive activity (thought, memory, belief, imagining, reasoning, discernment, or perception). My premise was that the better feeling emotions, moods, attitudes and feelings correlated with a healthier biochemical "balance", and bad feeling emotions, moods, attitudes, and feelings correlated with an unhealthy, biochemical imbalance.

Three years later, I saw my last psychologist, psychiatrist, or therapist. No more medications. No more hospitals. It has now been nearly 30years and, yes, I have had my ups and downs... "typical" of normal adulthood. For the last 20years I have been on a personal mission, studying "modern" psychology and writing thousands of emails to academics around the world offering a new insight into cognitive-emotional behavior (and therapy): cognition, not emotion, precipitates the changes and states of physiology in the brain and body that drives behavior AND it is these changes and states that are perceived as emotion. Cognition is causal. Emotion is an effect. Therefore, the existence of a natural and evolved cognitive-emotional re-processing mechanism that uses emotional awareness to guide cognitive behavior towards health, well-being and successful decision-making prowess is a necessary understanding in therapy and pharmaceutical therapy. And a change in our primary and secondary language and literary neurolinguistic programing of emotionally driven behavior and control to include the science of humanity's evolved cognitive-emotional re-processing mechanism is a must. (Reference: "Dark Night of the Full Moon: Surviving the School of Hard Knocks")

What Is the Purpose of a Technical Paper?

I can rationalize how a paper I wrote outlining the existence of "… a system inherent in all of us that is physiologically geared to process information to a state of mental health" (Shapiro, 2018, p. 14) (and had it professionally edited) was rejected by two peer-review journals.... maybe. I had no empirical evidentiary research. But, my paper was for discussion and to bring up arguments for re-evaluation and research into the concept of emotional dysfunction and emotional control, regulation, and management (even with the use of pharmaceuticals) and how this universally accepted ideology is self-contradictory literary theory with limited scientific discovery inscribed by Homer in his "Iliad" 3000 year ago. I rewrote my technical paper into a broader, more inclusive format and included the "Dangers, Hazards, and Liabilities of Homer's theory of Emotionally Driven Behavior": "Cognitive-Emotional Re-Processing Control, Cultivation, and Education: The Linguistic Semantics of Cognitive vs. Emotional Dysregulation."

Shapiro, S, (2018). Eye movement Desensitization and reprocessing (EMDR) therapy (3rd ed.). The Guilford Press

Are Research Scientists Seeking Doctoral Students to Advance Science?

When exploring possible doctoral programs where I can develop my supportive research, I felt very hopeful after reading one professor's requirements:

"Information for Prospective Graduate Students."

"Currently [xxx] is particularly interested in the development of emotion regulation and decision-making, and the nexus between the two. Some of the research questions we ask questions are 'how does the brain change to help improve emotion regulation skills with development?', 'why are some emotion regulation strategies better or worse at promoting adaptive outcomes?', 'why do some individuals make risky decisions more than others when they become teenagers?', 'how do our mental models of specific others change with experience, and how does this impact how we spend our time with them?'. Research in the lab will combines traditional psychological methods with emergent neuroimaging (e.g.,

fMRI) and computational techniques and will also support original quantitative methods research in service of answering core substantive research questions."

Communication Prior to Applying:

"I highly suggest prospective students who are planning to apply to my lab contact me via email with their CV and brief description of the research they hope to pursue as a doctoral student. I am also happy to answer questions about my lab's research via email. If the questions are not easily answered via email, then I may suggest a video call."

Science or Religion?

I have emailed many such university research labs around the world with an excitement and anticipation of finding an ally... and to actually change and advance psychology's cognitive triangle of human behavior. As of yet (December 25, 2024) I have been denied any access to our officially sanctioned university research facilities.

Is Psychology a Science to Be Explored and Developed or a Religion to be Guarded and Protected?

Has psychology and the psychological related "sciences" found in literature, linguistics, sociology, philosophy, law, and religious studies become their own religious edifice? I have spent nearly 20years sending thousands of emails to professors around the world in these academic disciplines with the intent to start an honest debate into the literary and religious linguistical foundation of emotionally driven behavior and emotional dysregulation and dysfunction (vs. cognitive driven behavior and cognitive dysregulaiton and dysfunction). Cognition, not emotion, precipitates the neurological, biochemical, and physiological changes and states of being in the brain and body that drives behavior and is perceived as emotion (reference: "Cognitive-Emotional Re-Processing Control, Cultivation, and Education: The Linguistic Semantics of Cognitive vs. Emotional Dysregulation").

Do you uphold the beliefs of "sifting and winnowing" for truth and "universities are unique places, characterized by their acceptance of people who push the boundaries of perceived truth"? Or, ...

What is your opinion of Homer's theory of emotionally driven behavior and emotional control, regulation, and management because dangerous emotions can drive destructive behavior? Or could cognition, not emotion, precipitate the physiology that drives behavior, and emotions are an effect and the perception of these states and changes of biochemical, neurological, and physiological being in the brain and body? What is the significance of our primary and secondary school language and literary neurolinguistic programing of Homer's theory of emotionally driven behavior on individual health, well-being, and decision-making prowess?

Andrew O. Jackson
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Verona, WI 53593 USA
info@symsyc.com

(7) Letter to The Daily Cardinal

The Daily Cardinal
2142 Vilas Communication Hall
821 University Av.
Madison, WI 53706
608-262-8000
edit@dailycardinal.com

CC: The Flock

2024-01-10

Subject: What if, instead of "sifting and winnowing" for the truth, professors were censoring and protecting their own "territory"? Challenging the masculine structures of oppression.

Dear Daily Cardinal,

50 years ago, I was a student at UW-Madison. I ended up dropping out. The core of my life was spent fighting suicide depression, psychotic mania, and schizophrenic tendencies. After 15 years of academia's torturous, "well-researched" and "evidenced based" psychological and pharmaceutical therapies (and the hell of their mental institutions), I was finished, had it, done, no more.... I "woke up" from another "blackout period" with a rope in my hand to end it for good. Then a "voice" asked me, "Can you go on?" I hesitated a moment, "they" wanted me to go on with my torturous life in hell. I replied, "Yes" and got myself to the hospital… again.

A few years later, I developed my own ideas of psychotherapy and a new feminist, heart centered psychological paradigm of cognitive-emotional behavior to support it. I turned my back on academic psychology and became my own research subject, self-prescribing my own psychotherapy of cognitive-emotional behavior. I thought, what do I have to lose, my life? That would soon be over anyway. After 3 years I left the University's world of psychology and pharmacology for good and have been healthy and "normal" ever since. That was 30 years ago. I am happily retired and married to a wonderful woman, but….

For the last 20 years I have been trying to convince the academic world, including here at the UW-Madison, that there was something missing within their masculine, mind centered belief system. Modern psychology in language, literature, sociology, education,

sports, medicine, philosophy, and even law could be improved with a feminist, symbiotic mind, heart, and body awareness. But my work has been ignored. I have written emails and left phone messages trying to set up interviews. I have sent letters and hard copies of my articles, texts, and essays and even have tried to catch professors at their offices. My ideas for a better world were not even being acknowledged.

So now, I am asking The Flock at the Daily Cardinal to judge my case. Sarah Shulze, a UW long distance runner, committed suicide under the existing tutelage of the University's "highly researched" and "evidenced based" masculine psychology where a disciplined mind controls the heart centered and feminine emotions. Was she wronged? What say you? To me, this is just one out of thousands of injustices in our society that exist because academia, like the professors at Madison, will not acknowledge research and theory development outside of their own "house."

Below is a recent, unanswered email I sent to faculty of the UW Dept of History, Women, Gender, and Sexuality Studies. In it I am asking them to take a few minutes to at least, glance at my video presentation on "Challenging the Masculine Structures of Oppression." I am offering a new paradigm of cognitive-emotional behavior in our language and literature…. And in the way you as reporters write your articles and opinions.

Would you at least glance at my video for a moment. This video is the cumulation of 20years of personal research, thought, and writing. The ideas within saved my life and would have saved the life of Sarah Shulze if the UW Athletic Dept. had talked with me years ago when I asked. I would appreciate it so much if you could give me a moment and your opinion as to whether my research and work are worthy of academic attention... or not: https://youtu.be/AVrBdNfKAfI

Passionately,

Andrew O. Jackson

To: UW Dept of History, Women, Gender, and Sexuality Studies

CC: W10200 Madison NOW, WILPF International Secretariat

Subject: A nation of peace, harmony, and justice cannot exist in a masculine psychology and linguistics of emotionally driven behavior and control, conflict, and suppression.

Dear Prof. Xxxx

Are a nation's classrooms a system and structure of oppression for sabotaging their citizens' natural, evolved, and feminine heart centered psychology of cognitive-emotional reprocessing that is essential for an individual's health, well-being, and constructive, non-violent, and cooperative decision-making prowess and ability?

I am asking for a few minutes of your time to review my YouTube presentation for a necessary cultural change in language, literacy, and literary education in our primary and secondary schools across the globe:

https://youtu.be/AVrBdNfKAfI

This is a presentation in how a masculine, mind centered primary and secondary language, literacy, and literary education is sabotaging an individual's feminine, natural, and evolved heart centered cognitive-emotional re-processing mechanism that has evolved to guide cognitive behavior towards health, well-being, and a cooperative, harmonious, and constructive decision-making prowess.

Passionately,

Andrew O. Jackson

(8) Letter CASBS Chair at Stanford University

Andrew O. Jackson
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Abby Smith Rumsey, Chair
CASBS at Standford University
Stanford, CA 94305 USA
info@rumseywrites.com

Cc: Board of Directors, CASBS at Stanford University; CASBS Fellow Class 2024-2025, CASBS Fellow Class 2025-2026, James J. Gross, Director, Stanford Psychophysiology Laboratory; Jeanne L. Tsai, Director of the Stanford Culture and Emotion Lab; Wisconsin Congressman Mark Pocan (WI-02), House Committee on Education and Labor

Subject: The ambiguity inherent between (a) 3000 years of destructive emotionally driven behavior literary linguistic programming and (b) evolutionary cognitive-emotional dynamics for individual, cultural, and societal health, well-being, and success.

Attached Reference: Jackson, A.O. (2025). *Emotions-as-effect and emotional control theory: The linguistic semantics of emotional vs. cognitive dysregulation.* Symbiotic Psychology Press (Note: All my works are self-published and freely available as a PDF download from my websites,)

YouTube Link: How Education is Squashing Critical Thinking (29-min): Why don't today's primary, secondary, and collegiate educators understand their role in a society's uncontrolled, self-destructive, and violent behavior. https://youtu.be/PSjSXXG2zI4

Date: 2025-04-17

"The Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences is a place where great minds confront the critical issues of our time, where boundaries and assumptions are challenged, where original interdisciplinary thinking is the norm, where extraordinary collaborations become possible, and where innovative ideas are in pursuit of intellectual breakthroughs that can shape our world."

Dear Ms. Rumsey,

How much of our understanding of destructive emotional behavior has been previously neurolinguistically programmed into our brains from our primary school language, literacy, and literary education and has become an automatic and reflexive response and understanding? Destructive emotionally driven behavior has been linguistically defined since Homer inscribed the "*Iliad*" nearly 3000 years ago. The very first line reads:

> *"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).*

Achilles' *anger* brought countless sorrows. Achilles' *anger* sent many valiant souls to Hades. Homer inscribes the emotion of anger as causal; that is, anger is the cause of Achilles' behavior. This literary linguistic paradigm of emotionally driven behavior demands emotional regulation, management, and control (even with the use of pharmaceuticals) because dangerous emotions drive destructive behavior.

Because of the brain's neuroplastic capacity, more advanced and intricate cognitive-emotional plot-lines in such works as Shakespeare only reinforce habitually used neuro-networks and strengthen even further the literary belief that dangerous emotions drive

destructive behavior and therefore, emotions must be actively controlled, regulated, and managed by the mind.

Are psychological academic publications on emotional behavior and control aprioristic? Has academic anthropology, business, economics, history, law, political science, sociology, philosophy, and neurobiology research predefined emotions as causal to the changes and states of neurological, biochemical, and physiological being in the brain and body that drives destructive behavior? Do you realize that it is possible that cognition, not emotion, can precipitate the changes and states of physiology that drive behavior and is then perceived as emotion? This would mean cognition is causal, and emotion is a perceived correlative effect. If so, then it would be these cognitive activities that must be controlled, regulated, and managed for the health, well-being, and successful decision-making prowess of the individual and the society in which they live. And as in well-proven, evidenced based cognitive behavior modification therapies, emotional awareness would then be an effective indicator of therapeutic success (or lack thereof).

My attached technical paper provides the necessary arguments to demonstrate that cognition, not emotion, precipitates the good or bad-feeling physiology in the brain and body that drives behavior. Emotion is not causal to these changes and states of neurological, biochemical, and physiological being in the brain and body as typified in our cultural movies, videos, songs, plays, and television programming, cognition is! Cognition is causal and emotion is a perceived correlative effect. Cognition precipitates the physiology that drives destructive behavior and is perceived as emotion. And it is these dangerous cognitive activities of the mind that are controlled, regulated, and managed by scientifically proven, well researched, and published evidence-based cognitive behavior modification therapies that utilize good or bad-feeling emotional awareness to evaluate their effectiveness.

If we add in evolution, we can logically deduce a biological significance of feeling-good or feeling-bad. If our genetic ancestors were to survive the evolutionary mill, then the perception of feeling-good must correlate with healthy physiology and feeling-bad must correlate with unhealthy physiology in the long term. However, in the short term, feeling-bad

emotional awareness stimulated by dangerous external events does have evolutionary survival significance.

Think of a modern day good-feeling drunk, stumbling into his car to drive across town in rush hour traffic to buy food. It is not going to happen. Similarly, imagine a feeling-good, early humanoid on the savannahs of Africa… uncoordinated, weak, and stumbling out of camp to hunt down some food while surrounded by lions, tigers, and all sorts of dangerous situations detrimental to survival. Is his *feeling good and unhealthy physiology* going to keep him alive…

Yet, to the determent of the health of our children and our society, psychological academia and language, literacy, and literary primary and secondary school educators are still neurolinguistically programing into their students (and future academics) the belief that dangerous emotions drive destructive behavior and therefore emotions must be controlled, regulated, and managed, even with pharmaceuticals; all the while ignoring emotions evolutionary role to guide cognitive behavior towards the good-feeling and constructive physiology of health, well-being, and successful decision-making prowess.

How long will the academic institutions of language, literary, and linguistic education, and psychology, sociology, political science, history, business, economics, philosophy, and law continue instruction within an erroneous and dangerous cognitive-emotional dynamic regulatory language based in a 3000-year-old literary and religious linguistics when there are, yearly, nearly 800,000 deaths by suicide worldwide (W.H.O., 2019) and millions of other people are being put through a school-to-prison pipeline (LDF, 2018) within conditions of incarceration that only amplify their psychological injuries; and when indiscriminate "random" shootings, bombings, murder, war, and personal dehumanization continues? When will academic professors review, analyze, and question the psychological literary linguistic environments their teachings foster within all these atrocities because they are oblivious to emotions' evolutionary design? Lack of academic and personal questioning and critique, and the continual education of emotionally driven behavior found in

pre-school, primary, secondary, and collegiate institutions only continue the misfortune of these "children of a lesser God" (Medoff, 1979).

Psychology is failing to address the issue that, to accept today's literary, video, and musical cognitive-emotional plot-lines of Homer's 3000-year-old linguistic psychology of emotionally driven behavior, primary, secondary, and collegiate language, literacy, and literary educators ***are neurolinguistically programming their students into, and reinforcing, a suspension of disbelief and critical thinking as well as sabotaging millions of years of cognitive-emotional evolutionary dynamics to maintain an individual's and societal health, well-being and successful decision-making prowess.*** Look! Look at the Fascist America its primary, secondary, and collegiate institutions of education have produced! **(See reference supplement: "Dangers and Hazards of Homer's Theory of Emotionally Driven Behavior." Free PDF, new tab)**

I have had over 28000 hits on my websites from researchers from over 70 countries including Russia, China, Japan, Hong Kong, Singapore, India, Pakistan, Iran, Israel, and the countries of the European Union. There is world-wide interest. If my arguments do have any validity, maybe *YOUR* Institution of Higher Learning would hold a world forum to delineate the future of cognitive-emotional psychological science in academic philosophy, political science, law, business, and the economics of a cognitive-emotional health education for the health, well-being, and successful decision-making prowess of the individual and of the culture and society in which they live?

Justice based on falsehood is itself false and unjust. If law is ignorant of what drives human behavior and decision-making, how can there be but laws of ignorance and injustice (and disorder, conflict, and crisis)?

I will continue to educate and coach my students into a symbiotic psychology where mind, body, emotions, and awareness have evolved to work in synergistic harmony. Emotions have not evolved to be controlled and regulated by the cognitive mind, but to guide cognitive activities towards the feeling-good physiology of health, well-being, and successful

decision-making prowess. Isn't that what well researched, and evidence-based cognitive behavior modification therapies have proven?

Passionately,

Mr. Andrew O. Jackson
MS Technology Education
MS. Management Technology
"PhD School of Hard Knocks"
"CV": **Dark Night of the Full Moon (new tab, free PDF download)**

(9) Letter to my Congressman Mark Pocan and Staff

Andrew O. Jackson
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Congressman Mark Pocan (WI-02)
C/O Staff: Dane, Mary Kate and Kahlil
Madison, WI 53073
https://pocan.house.gov/

Date: 2025-11-11

Subject:

1) Why my passion about changing our cognitive-emotional language and linguistic education.
2) Appeal for Congressman Pocan to bring up for discussion in the Public Education Caucus, the failure of our language and literary linguistic education to self-empower a student towards a future of health, well-being, and successful decision-making prowess.

If law is ignorant of what drives human behavior and decision-making, how can there be but laws of ignorance and injustice (and disorder, conflict, and crisis)?

Dear Congressman Pocan,

I want to take a moment of your time to explain my passion. You have no comprehension of the over 15 years of pain, torture, and near death I suffered under the care of our mental health "industry". You have no comprehension of what it's like to go to a psychiatrist and beg for help because you are suffering such agony and his response is to write a script and tell you to come back in a month. "A MONTH! HOW IN THE HELL AM I GOING TO SURVIVE THIS AFTERNOON?"

I had "black-out" periods. I would "wake-up" in a mental hospital and wonder how I got here. I once asked a nurse, and she told me that I flagged down a police car and told them my friend needed help. My "friend" was a garbage can. Another time I "came-conscious" with a rope in my hand to end it for good. Then a "voice" asked me, "Can you go on?" "They" wanted me to continue my torment in hell. I answered "Yes." And I got myself to a mental hospital.

Around 1992, I was walking up to my apartment and as I was putting the key into the lock, a thought occurred to me. If, when I was out of it, down, depressed, psychotic because of a "biochemical imbalance" does that mean when I am healthier, feeling and doing better my I have a "bio-chemical in-balance"? That is my biochemistry is better (whatever that means). So, I developed my own therapy. If a mental activity emotionally felt good, it was good (physiologically). If a mental activity emotionally felt bad, it was bad (physiologically). For the next three years I worked with this. I had some setbacks (hospitals, jail) but in 1996 I walked away from our mental "health" industry. I have been "healthy" without a psychiatrist, psychologist, therapist, and medications ever since. I won't say it has been easy going, but I got off social security disability. I got a job. I got remarried and have had a "good" life ever since.

I succeeded not because of our academic psychology, but in spite of it. Around 2005, I started putting together the basis of my "cure" into writing and presenting it to our University of Wisconsin community. Nothing. No response. No "amazing". No "congratulations". No "we should study your thesis further". What is going on here? I thought maybe what I had worked out was nothing new. So, I started studying their books, textbooks, ideas, beliefs, publications, and papers, especially those works of our UW professors.

What I found out was that not only was the UW on a different planet, but all psychological communities around the world are talking in a different language: Harvard, Stanford, Yale, Oxford, and so on.

If you could take 5 minutes and listen to the internationally renowned Mayo Clinic's explanation of "depression": https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d7NPnvKFs2Y&t=270s.

Did it make sense? Was it reasonably comprehensible? Have you seen Disney's animation "Inside Out"? Do you understand our movies, videos, music, theater, and famous works of literature by Dickens, Shakespeare, Twain, Shelly, Austin, and the most published author ever, Agatha Christie? Do these writings make sense? That is because we all have been neurolinguistically programed since birth into this language and literary construct of emotional behavior. But, for me to live, for me to stay alive, for me to "go on", I had to break out of this very linguistic prison. (Reference Plato's Allegory of the Cave where a population only understands the reality of shadows on a wall because that is all they have ever known.)

Now, are modern day therapies successful? Well, yes, but what is their definition of success? 45-51% of the people who commit suicide had a documented diagnosis. This means that in the last year, over 24,000 people seen by a health professional have killed themselves.

In the last ten years, that amounts to nearly a quarter of a million people. Is that a definition of success you want to live with? Well, you are living with it. Why?

Let's make another analogy. The NASA space shuttle was a success, until it wasn't. On January 28th, 1986 , a low-level technician was watching the video feed of the Challenger launch and realized the O-ring on the booster wasn't designed for these temperatures, but he had no way of stopping the launch and seven astronauts died. Now seven astronauts die and the whole space industry goes into motion to resolve the problem. I see a flaw within our academic construct of "emotional dysfunction" and every year, nearly three quarters of a million people die by suicide worldwide (W.H.O.). And nothing. I am unable to even get a discussion started about a crack in an academic's "successful" mental health ideology.

And suicidal death is so much more than a statistic. As I started this conversation, you have no comprehension of the pain, suffering, the torture that goes on before the agony of self-murder. For the last 20years I have been calmly, and sometimes not so delicately, trying to raise the question, what about "the fly in the ointment"? But I am not heard. Why?

1) I am talking to people with a conferred doctor's degree in philosophy. They are "professors" of truth. And how can their truth be questioned? Especially since their truth has been accepted doctrine, not only through their education, research, publications, and their own religious teaching of reality, but has been an unquestioned, accepted linguistic construct since Homer inscribed his "Iliad' nearly 3000-years-ago.

2) And you must understand what "neurolinguistic" programing means. Our brains are plastic. The "hard wiring" of 86 billion neurons strengthens with use and experience and diminishes with the lack of use and experience. So, for their whole life experiences, their brain has become hardwired with what is now their linguistic construct of cognitive-emotional behavior. They physically cannot comprehend what I am saying! It's gibberish. Nonsense.

So, I am turning to my federal government and its absolutely necessary role to regulate self-centered, monopolistic enterprises that sabotage free, and fair commerce between the states for their own advantage. And in my case, commerce is knowledge. My Wisconsin State Governor, as state education superintendent, spent millions on an ideology of Social Emotional Learning (SEL). His Doctor of Philosophy has blinded him to the savage monopolistic behavior of our educational and health care industries and how funding by a self-serving $1.6 trillion pharmaceutical industry only continues the "success" of our well-research and evidenced based programs.

Please reference attached transcript and its YouTube video:
Symbiotic Sports Psychology and Coaching: 1st Contact Presentation Video Link: https://youtu.be/3XelceH0NQQ

Remember, success means, EACH YEAR, nearly three quarters of a million people die worldwide by suicide (W.H.O.). Until you have lived their lives, their suffering and another statistical death are meaningless. I have lived their lives. I have suffered their torturous daily moment by moment existence and I am appealing to you for help.

Sincerely,

Andrew O. Jackson
MS Technology Education
MS Management Technology

Attachment:
"The Tao of Athletic Success Workout" SP 1st Contact Presentation (rev2025-11-03b)
(PDF freely available on my website)

Note: Having failed at having a conversation with the psychological academic community, I decided to develop a sports psychology and coaching program. But now I am in quandary. If, by no fault of my "coaching" and an athlete has a psychological event, I am hanging out to dry. I have no liability backing from a certified institution. In fact, they would deny my psychology all together. That is, to accept my symbiotic psychology of cognitive emotional behavior would be to deny and make themselves "impossibly" erroneous.

(10) Letter to Badger Coaches

Andrew O. Jackson
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Badger Head Coaches
Camp Randall, UW Fieldhouse, & Kohl Center
Madison, WI 53706

CC: Coaches, Staff, and Players

Date: 2025-12-28

Subjects:
1) Can we improve the success of evidenced based meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness training within athletic performance (and get to the championship next year)?

Attached Reference:
1) "*Cognitive-Emotional Re-Processing Control, Cultivation, and Education: The Linguistic Semantics of Cognitive vs. Emotional Dysregulation"* (2025). Jackson, AO
2) *"The Tao of Athletic Success Workout, SP 1st Contact Presentation"* (2025). Jackson, A.O.

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

Dear Head Coach,

The team was so close…. Bummer disappointment. Can next year be different? Can we improve the success of evidenced based meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness training?

Meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness training developed out of the emotional linguistics found in Homer's *"Iliad"* inscribed nearly 3000-years-ago, ages before the sciences of evolution and physiology were understood. What can we learn about emotional and physiological evolution that can be used to improve our athletic performance, instinctive reactions, and competitive decision-making prowess?

Imagine a prehistoric humanoid hunting and gathering on the savannahs of Africa with all its dangers…from fast moving streams, heat exhaustion, and animals ready to hunt and

devour whoever may foolishly wander into their territory unprepared…. (Like going onto their "home" court?) What has a greater chance of survival, (1) an emotionally feeling-good correlation with a healthy, balanced physiology of the brain and body conducive to health, well-being, and successful decision-making, or (2) an emotionally feeling-good correlation with an unhealthy, imbalanced physiology of the brain and body susceptible to illness, injury, and poor decision-making ability? Or a modern-day example… What is the likelihood of success when an emotionally good-feeling drunk stumbles into his car to drive across town during rush hour traffic to buy groceries for his family?

Therefore, emotionally good-feeling cognitive behavior of the mind (such as thoughts, memories, beliefs, imaginings, perceptions, and reasonings) must correlate with a well-balanced physiology of strength, power, agility, and stamina of the brain and body conducive to health, well-being, and successful decision-making prowess. And emotionally bad-feeling cognitions must correlate with an imbalanced physiology of weakness, disempowerment, and frailty of the brain and body susceptible to illness, injury, and poor decision-making.

Now we can use emotional awareness to guide our meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness training. Emotions have evolutionary significance. If a practice doesn't emotionally feel good, it's not. An athlete must always be emotionally aware and use that awareness to measure the health of their own physiology and to guide their cognitive activities of the mind. If a thought, memory, belief, imagining, perception, or reasoning doesn't emotionally feel-good, what can be done?

There is another aspect of emotional evolution that must be understood, emotions' relationship with wants, desires, and intentions. Simply, when an athlete focuses or dwells upon that which is not wanted… say in volleyball… a missed serve, spike out of bounds, or a bad set-up, they emotionally feel-bad. And, of course the opposite, when focusing on that which is wanted, desired, and intended, say a great service, power kill, or game, set, match win, isn't there an emotional awareness of very-good feelings?

Mental toughness becomes a mental discipline to always be emotionally aware and to use that good- and bad-feeling awareness to guide the mind's activities towards good-feeling cognitions that indicate movement towards a healthy physiology of strength, power, agility, speed, and a mental prowess of successful decision-making. An athlete can use their bad-feeling cognitive behavior to understand what they don't want, desire, or intend. This knowing of what is not wanted can be used as a springboard towards understanding what is wanted. An athlete may not know exactly what is going on within their mind, but any bad-feeling emotional awareness indicates that something must be done to get into a better-feeling, healthy state of mind.

Mindfulness is one tool that can be used to refocus the mind off of bad-feeling cognitions. By maintaining one's moment-by-moment cognitive focus on one's own (usually) unbiased internal activities, such as breathing, focus is normally removed from unwanted, emotional bad-feeling cognitions. Emotions will be an athlete's leading indicator of the success (or lack of success) of any mindful or meditative activity. Pages 15-18 of the attached *"The Tao of Athletic Success"* manuscript dive further into using emotions to guide cognitive behavior, including more advanced actions where emotions are used to re-develop, re-process, and re-format cognitive behavior towards a healthy, powerful state of physiology.

Hopefully this quick discussion on the science of emotional evolution and physiology has been helpful. I have developed a freely available full 10-hour course called "*The Tao of Athletic Success"* (with texts *"Introduction"* and *"Exploration"*) that emphasizes the symbiotic harmony between Yin (feminine emotions) and Yang (masculine mind). I have also developed the 5-hour *"Introduction"* material into freely available YouTube videos. All my materials are freely available as a YouTube video or PDF download from my website.

As part of your off-season training, for Wisconsin Athletes I will personally at your request, freely guide you through my program for improved athletic success. Of course, you can yourself go through the texts and YouTube videos. But I warn you, I did my best to be in a good voice when I made them, but my best won't win any awards. I am attaching *"The Tao of Athletic Success Workout, SP 1st Contact Presentation"* manuscript and its YouTube video link is: **1st Contact Presentation Video Link: https://youtu.be/3XelceH0NQQ**.

"1st Contact" is a quick overview of my 10-hour program which can also be freely downloaded from my website: https://emotional-evolution.com/athletes-coaches-and-athletic-directors/ (scroll down through the page).

You may contact me any time for personal or group training into *"The Tao of Athletic Success".* Again, all the materials are freely available on my website. I also freely offer my time. I normally charge for travel and lodging expenses, but because I live here, there is no charge. You are not limited to only one single sports psychology program, and I offer a unique alternative that utilizes the evolutionary symbiotic harmony between mind, body, emotions, and awareness. My training takes a person safely into our Quantum Being and our feminine intuition and instincts, and then even further into our heartfelt, mindless expanded and heightened awareness with its instantaneous explosive action needed for success on the championship stage.

Passionately,

Andrew O. Jackson

MS Education Technology
MS Management Technology

Attachments:
1) "*Cognitive-Emotional Re-Processing Control, Cultivation, and Education: The Linguistic Semantics of Cognitive vs. Emotional Dysregulation"* (2025). Jackson, A.O.
2) *"The Tao of Athletic Success Workout, SP 1st Contact Presentation"* (2025). Jackson, A.O.

Postscript:

Unfortunately, I have to bring up the politics of my research. My thesis is about the evolutionary symbiotic harmony between mind, body, emotions, and awareness where cognitive activities of the mind precipitate the changes and states of physiological being of the brain and body that drive behavior. Emotions are the perception of these changes and states of physiology. Emotions are not causal but a corollary effect. Good- and bad feeling-emotions as the perception of a healthy or unhealthy state of physiology have evolved to inform and guide the mind's cognitive activities towards a strong, powerful, and balanced physiology conducive to health, well-being, and successful decision-making prowess (see attached reference: "*Cognitive-Emotional Re-Processing Control, Cultivation, and Education: The Linguistic Semantics of Cognitive vs. Emotional Dysregulation"* (2025). Jackson, AO).

Because emotions in themselves do not drive behavior but provide an information function for decision making, they cannot be dangerous… unless you believe that knowledge itself is dangerous and should be controlled, managed, and regulated. Emotions are like the gauges on the dash of your car; they provide necessary information on the mechanical "health" and "conditions" of the car. To control, manage, or regulate these information gauges would be foolish.

This is contrary to today's existing psychology of emotionally driven behavior where the standard belief is that dangerous emotions can drive destructive behavior and therefore emotions must be controlled, regulated, and managed by the cognitive mind. University of Wisconsin Sports Psychology works closely with Prof. Richard Davidson who is founder and director of the Center for Healthy Minds: "He is best known for his groundbreaking work studying emotion and the brain. A friend and confidante of the Dalai Lama is a highly sought after expert and speaker, leading conversations on wellbeing on international stages…." Prof. Davidson's lifetime of meditation and close ties to the Dalai Lama reflect his beliefs in aberrant and dangerous emotions that must be controlled, regulated, and managed, by the cognitive mind (reference: *"Destructive Emotions, How Can We Overcome Them"* (2003), Dalai Lama and Daniel Golemann; and the Association for Applied Sports Psychology and their certification of mental toughness training for both boys and girls: (https://appliedsportpsych.org/members/newsletters/september-2018/developing-and-fostering/).

Three important notes here: (1) The Dalai Lama is a monk, teaching pacifism and non-competitiveness; (2) the foundational teaching of the Buddha is that "desire" is the cause of suffering and that to be free of suffering one must be free of desire, attachment, and wanting. And (3) an athlete in sports competition is about being a warrior with wants, desires and intentions to succeed and to be victorious. Do you see a conflict of interest here? Meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness have demonstrated proven athletic success. But the how's and why's of this success is attained must be explored further. The success of meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness training can be enhanced within another paradigm and linguistics of cognitive-emotional behavior (reference attached: YouTube video manuscript of *"The Tao of Athletic Success Workout" SP 1st Contact Presentation"* (2025) Jackson, A.O.).

Meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness training, as within any therapeutic psychology, can have unintentional side effects. I personally after years of unsupervised meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness training ended up psychotic in a mental hospital. I suffered over fifteen years of psychotic mania, suicidal depression with schizophrenic tendencies before I got my biochemical, neurological, and physiological brain and body back in order to live a "normal" life. Even with proper supervision, individuals have suffered unintended consequences of meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness training.

University of Wisconsin long distance running prodigy, Sarah Shultze (2000-2022) committed suicide under the auspices of Wisconsin's mental health and sports psychology institutions. Prof. Willoughby Britton of the Clinical and Affective Neuroscience Laboratory, Warren Alpert Medical School of Brown University has founded *"Cheetah House",* whose statement of intent is: "We exist to provide evidence-based information and support to individuals who have experienced negative effects from meditation; experienced unhealthy meditation or spiritual communities; and suffered religious & spiritual abuse or trauma. We aim to empower meditators, meditation teachers, & clinicians to make informed decisions around contemplative practices" (https://www.cheetahhouse.org/).

Because *"The Tao of Athletic Success Workout"* utilizes the importance of modern scientific emotional and physiological evolution where good- and bad-feeling emotional awareness is used to manage and to prevent neurological, biochemical, and physiological imbalances necessary for psychological instability, I have a built in safe-guard to prevent the unintended consequences found within modern sport's psychology meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness training programs. But the very unfortunate truth is that Prof. Davidson and Dr. David Lacocque, PsyD, Director of UW Mental Health & Sport Psychology, refuse to even discuss with me the potential harmful effects ingrained in their programs and any possible remedies that I may offer. As I offer contradictory evidence to the "truths" of their personal beliefs, I am "persona non grata".

(11) Letter to Inside Writer Andy Baggot

Andrew O. Jackson
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https://symbioticpsychology.com/

Andy Baggot
Inside Writer

Subjects:
1) Maybe as a writer, you can understand the disempowering and even harmful effects of UW's sports psychology program on our athletes.

2) An introduction to a sports psychology that enhances the evolved symbiotic harmony between mind, body, emotions, and awareness.

3) UW's world-famous Prof. Richard Davidson (founder and director of the "Center for Healthy Minds") and Dr. David Lacocque, PsyD, (Director of UW Mental Health & Sport Psychology) refuse to even discuss with me the potential harmful effects ingrained within their programs and any possible remedies that I may offer. As I offer contradictory evidence to the "truths" of their personal beliefs, I am "persona non grata".

References (attached):
1) "*Cognitive-Emotional Re-Processing Control, Cultivation, and Education: The Linguistic Semantics of Cognitive vs. Emotional Dysregulation"* (15,500-word technical paper)

2) Manuscript "*The Tao of Athletic Success Workout" SP 1st Contact Presentation"* or watch its YouTube video (**1st Contact Presentation Video Link: https://youtu.be/3XelceH0NQQ**

Date: 2025-12-26

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

Dear Andy Baggot,

Is the UW Athletic Department spending hundreds of millions of dollars to make our athletes successful going to the trash because of institutional bias? I have spent years developing another thesis of cognitive-emotional behavior and control to improve UW's sports psychology program only to be met with scorn. There is a "Sifting and Winnowing" Plaque on Bascom Hall. Some people actually believe it means something.

"WHATEVER MAY BE THE LIMITATIONS WHICH TRAMMEL INQUIRY ELSEWHERE, WE BELIEVE THAT THE GREAT STATE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN SHOULD EVER ENCOURAGE THAT CONTINUAL AND FEARLESS SIFTING AND WINNOWING BY WHICH ALONE THE TRUTH CAN BE FOUND."

(1) Our Culture of Emotionally Driven Behavior

Have you seen Disney's "*Inside Out"* movies , a story within the mind of Riley where five personified emotions manage her thoughts and actions? Our primary, secondary, and collegiate language, literacy, and literary educators are teaching a psychology of "emotionally driven behavior" as inscribed by Homer's *"Iliad"* nearly 3000 years-ago:

"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).

Achilles' anger brought countless sorrows upon the Greeks. Achilles' anger sent many valiant souls to Hades. Homer inscribes the emotion of anger as causal; that is, anger is the cause of Achilles' behavior. This literary linguistic paradigm of emotionally driven behavior demands emotional regulation, management, and control (even with the use of pharmaceuticals) because dangerous emotions can drive destructive behavior.

Because of neurogenesis and neuroplasticity of the brain, as individuals (and future psychological academics) learn the emotional linguistics within language and literature, their brains become "hard wired" and neurolinguistically programmed with usage. As students advance through the education system, prior assimilation, conception, and understanding of our culture's emotional driven behavior linguistics becomes necessary for comprehension of such advanced works as Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and Shakespeare.

I propose that like the citizens of Plato's Cave, our professors and academic culture have only witnessed the shadows of emotional behavior projected on a wall and not only have they never been exposed to a different paradigm of cognitive-emotional behavior, that if they are presented with another archetype of emotional behavior, because of neurogenesis and neuroplasticity, it would only be gibberish and incomprehensible. After a lifetime of study, research, publication and teaching within the paradigm of emotional driven behavior and cognitive control, would acknowledging another archetype be neurolinguisticly possible?

(2) Emotional Evolution

Emotion's evolutionary role has not been integrated into modern psychology's paradigm of emotionally driven behavior that demands emotional control by the cognitive

mind. Every writer since Homer reflects the emotional linguistic psychology of his *"Iliad"* and millions of years of cognitive-emotional evolution have been (and are being) linguistically redefined and sabotaged by our language and literary institutions. Emotions have a very significant evolutionary function that is weakened by today's psychology of emotional control, regulation, and management, even with the use of pharmaceuticals if deemed necessary. (Note: pharmaceuticals do have a very necessary therapeutic function… when incorporated with emotional evolution awareness.)

Missing from our 3000-year-old linguistics of emotionally driven behavior is human evolution. Evolution… survival of the fittest, strongest, most able to pass on their genetic prowess to the next generation. Imagine a prehistoric humanoid surviving the dangers and hazards found within the savannahs of Africa to hunt and gather food, shelter, and the basic necessities to stay alive. What has a greater chance of survival, (1) an emotionally feeling-good correlation with a healthy, balanced physiology of the brain and body conducive to health, well-being, and successful decision-making, or (2) an emotionally feeling-good correlation with an unhealthy, imbalanced physiology of the brain and body susceptible to illness, injury, and poor decision-making ability? Or a modern-day example… What is the likelihood of success when an emotionally good-feeling drunk stumbles into his car to drive across town during rush hour traffic to buy groceries for his family?

Therefore, emotionally good-feeling cognitive behavior (such as thoughts, memories, beliefs, imaginings, perceptions, and reasonings) correlates with a well-balanced physiology of strength, power, agility, and stamina of the brain and body conducive to health, well-being, and successful decision-making prowess. And emotionally bad-feeling cognitive correlates with an imbalanced physiology of weakness, disempowerment, and frailty of the brain and body susceptible to illness, injury, and poor decision-making.

Emotions have evolved, not to be controlled, but to guide cognitive behavior towards health, well-being, and success through cognitive reprocessing with emotional awareness. This is similar to cognitive behavior modification therapeutics, but with the caveat that emotionally feeling-good or -bad awareness is in itself the primary source of guidance. Physiologically speaking, emotionally good-feeling cognitive behaviors are good. And emotionally bad-feeling cognitive behaviors are bad… physiologically speaking. The personal and social ramifications noted here are addressed in another discussion on education (reference*: Cognitive-Emotional Health Education: A Primary and Secondary School Overview* (2025) Jackson, A.O.)

(3) Feminine Emotional Body Guiding the Masculine Cognitive Mind.

The Tao of yin and yang comes from the movement of shadow and light on a mountain as the sun moves across the sky throughout the day. This symbiotic dance of light

and shadow is also the dance of male (yang) and female (yin) were yang represents the masculine mind, and yin represents the feminine emotions. Thus, within our western language and linguistics of emotionally driven behavior taught within UW's sports psychology is a very sexist language of dangerous and aberrant "feminine" emotions that must be controlled, regulated, and managed, by the "masculine" cognitive mind. (reference *Destructive Emotions, How Can We Overcome Them"* (2003), Dalai Lama and Daniel Golemann; and the Association for Applied Sports Psychology and their certification of mental toughness training for both boys and girls: (https://appliedsportpsych.org/members/newsletters/september-2018/developing-and-fostering/)

Emotional awareness has evolutionary significance. Emotions are integral to a natural, operant conditioning mechanism, similar to pain, to guide an individual off emotionally bad-feeling (unhealthy and physiologically imbalanced) cognitive behavior susceptible to illness, accidents, and poor decision-making prowess and onto emotionally good-feeling (healthy and physiologically balanced) cognitive behaviors conducive to physical strength and empowerment and mental successful decision-making prowess.

Emotional awareness is similar to perceiving the instruments on the dash of a car. They inform the driver of mechanical conditions within the vehicle where lack of awareness or response can result in catastrophic failure (i.e. mental illness). Another analogy would be "burnt hand disorder" where the biochemical signature of an emotional disorder, say depression, is similar to a burnt hand left on a hot stove. The biochemical signature of a psychological depression is not the result of an emotional disorder but of an ignorance and failure of an individual to respond to their own emotional pain and get their brain's bad-feeling cognitive activity off the proverbial "hot stove". The abnormal biochemical signatures within psychological disorders are supposed to exist when the mind is continually dwelling upon that which is not wanted.

It is the cognitive mind that must be controlled, regulated, and managed through emotional awareness. Good-feeling emotions have an evolved correlation with a strong, balanced, and robust physiology conducive to health, well-being, and successful decision-making. Bad-feeling emotions have an evolved correlation with a weak, impotent, and unhealthy physiology susceptible to illness, sickness, accidents, and poor decision-making. Developing the evolutionary harmony between a warrior's mind, body, emotions, and awareness through a symbiotic psychology creates a physically stronger, faster, and more powerful warrior that is mentally more agile, cunning, and has a greater capacity for successful decision-making.

Modern sports psychology and its literary linguistics of emotional behavior within meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness… where emotional awareness and response

are moderated… are convoluting an individual's understanding of their own evolved symbiotic relationship between mind, emotions, body, and awareness for self-empowerment. If emotional awareness and response is necessary to maintain physiological health and well-being, and successful decision-making prowess, what happens within the sports psychology of mental toughness training and emotional control, management, and regulation, even with pharmaceuticals, if necessary, where emotional awareness and response to guide cognitive behavior is diminished? Regulation, control, and management of "dangerous emotions" are also prevalent in meditation and mindfulness practices where an athlete is taught not to respond to their thoughts and emotions, but as I was taught, to let them float by without attachment, like a cloud floats by in the sky.

University of Wisconsin Sports Psychology works closely with Prof. Richard Davidson who is founder and director of the Center for Healthy Minds. "He is best known for his groundbreaking work studying emotion and the brain. A friend and confidante of the Dalai Lama is a highly sought after expert and speaker, leading conversations on wellbeing on international stages…." Prof. Davidson's lifetime of meditation and close ties to the Dalai Lama reflect his beliefs in aberrant and dangerous emotions that must be controlled, regulated, and managed, by the cognitive mind (reference: *"Destructive Emotions, How Can We Overcome Them"* (2003), Dalai Lama and Daniel Golemann; and the Association for Applied Sports Psychology and their certification of mental toughness training for both boys and girls: (https://appliedsportpsych.org/members/newsletters/september-2018/developing-and-fostering/).

Three important notes here: (1) The Dalai Lama is a monk, teaching pacifism, (2) One of the foundational teachings of the Buddha is that desire is the cause of suffering and that to be free of suffering one must not desire. And (3) an athlete in sports competition is about being a warrior with wants, desires and intentions to succeed and to be victorious. Do you see a conflict of interest here? Meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness have demonstrated proven athletic success. But the how's and why's of this success is attained must be explored further. The success of meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness training can even be enhanced within another paradigm and linguistics of cognitive-emotional behavior (reference attached: YouTube video manuscript of *"The Tao of Athletic Success Workout" SP 1st Contact Presentation"* (2025) Jackson, A.O.).

Meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness training, as within any therapeutic psychology, can have unintentional side effects. I personally after years of unsupervised meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness training ended up psychotic in a mental hospital. I suffered over fifteen years of psychotic mania, suicidal depression with schizophrenic tendencies before I got my biochemical, neurological, and physiological brain and body back in order to live a "normal" life. Even with proper supervision, individuals

have suffered unintended consequences of meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness training.

University of Wisconsin long distance running prodigy, Sarah Shultze (2000-2022) committed suicide under the supervision of Wisconsin's mental health and sports psychology institutions. Prof. Willoughby Britton of the Clinical and Affective Neuroscience Laboratory, Warren Alpert Medical School of Brown University has founded "Cheetah House", whose statement of intent is: "We exist to provide evidence-based information and support to individuals who have experienced negative effects from meditation; experienced unhealthy meditation or spiritual communities; and suffered religious & spiritual abuse or trauma. We aim to empower meditators, meditation teachers, & clinicians to make informed decisions around contemplative practices" (https://www.cheetahhouse.org/).

Meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness training, as within any therapeutic psychology, can have unintentional side effects. I personally after years of unsupervised meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness training ended up psychotic in a mental hospital. I suffered over fifteen years of psychotic mania, suicidal depression with schizophrenic tendencies before I got my biochemical, neurological, and physiological brain and body back in order to live a "normal" life. Even with proper supervision, individuals have suffered unintended consequences of meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness training.

Because *"The Tao of Athletic Success Workout"* utilizes the importance of modern scientific emotional and physiological evolution where good- and bad-feeling emotional awareness is used to manage and to prevent neurological, biochemical, and physiological imbalances necessary for psychological instability, I have a built in safe-guard to prevent the unintended consequences found within modern sport's psychology meditation, mindfulness, and mental toughness training programs. But the very unfortunate truth is that Prof. Davidson and Dr. David Lacocque, PsyD, Director of UW Mental Health & Sport Psychology, refuse to even discuss with me the potential harmful effects ingrained in their programs and any possible remedies that I may offer. As I offer contradictory evidence to the "truths" of their personal beliefs, I am "persona non grata".

(4) Is Another Paradigm of Emotional Behavior Conceptually Possible?

Primary school students are introduced to the basic psychology of human behavior within the cognitive triangle and the interplay between thoughts, emotions, and behavior within their language and literacy education (ref: "*The Resilience Workbook for Kids*", Baruch-Feldman and Comizio). ***But is our 300-year-old language and literary linguistics of emotionally driven behavior a shortcut that fails to properly incorporate the modern science of human physiology?***

Has psychology properly researched the basic hypothesis and foundation of human behavior that "emotions drive behavior"? Well researched and evidenced based cognitive behavior therapies (CBT) use the interrelationships between mind, emotions, and behavior within a cognitive triangle. CBT focuses on the mind-emotion-behavior directional relationship and mantra… "change your thoughts, which change your emotions, and therefore behavior can be modified". CBT psychology has proven the 3000-year-old paradigm of emotionally driven behavior. Or has it?

Walking through the woods, I see scratches on a tree. I then perceive something in the bushes that I conceive to be a bear. When I get closer, I understand that not only is it a bear, but a mother bear with two cubs and I recall how aggressive mother bears can be from nature videos found on YouTube. I now believe myself to be in danger. Now… after all this cognitive activity of knowing and awareness… then the physiological changes and states within the brain and body are precipitated to activate my fight, flight, or freeze behavior response.

Technically, from an engineering vantage, human behavior is driven by neurological, biochemical, and physiological changes and states of being in the brain and body. The brain is a highly advanced, biological processor, and lead orchestrator of the changes, states, and flow of our biochemical, neurological, and physiological being that drives behavior. What moves the body, what makes the hand that strikes the ball, are changes and states of physiology orchestrated by a neurological brain. (Reflexive behavior is addressed in my attached technical paper.)

(4) Returning to Plato's Cave of "Emotionally Driven Behavior"

Now, the key question, what precipitates these changes and states of physiological being that drive behavior? 3000 years of emotional linguistics says emotions drive behavior. Which means emotions precipitate the changes and states of physiological being in the brain and body that drive behavior. This is "reaffirmed" within well proven and evidenced based cognitive behavior modification therapies which means, simply stated, "change your thoughts and you change your emotions" (and your emotionally driven behavior).

What is missing from the mind, emotion, and behavior cognitive triangle is today's pharmacological research into changes and states of physiological being within the brain and body. That is, changes and states of neurological, biochemical, and physiological being within the brain and body are involved in human behavior. If physiology is added to the cognitive triangle, how is it possible for me to have my emotional perception of fear before these changes in physiology? I must have changes in physiology to have the perception of fear. In other words, how could fear exist without any changes in physiology?

The question remains… was the perceived emotion of fear necessary for these changes in physiology and my fight, flight, or freeze behavior response? Could my cognitive behavior itself be causal to these changes in physiology? And could the emotion fear be the perception of these changes and states of physiology in the brain and body and therefore emotion is a perceptual corollary effect rather than causal?

If emotions change the physiology that drives behavior and this behavior driving physiology is also perceived as emotions, emotions are both cause and effect of the same phenomenon (changes in physiology). Emotions cannot be both causal to these changes and states of physiology and a perceived effect of these changes. I have read some very convoluted and complex re-defining of "emotions", "emotional states" vs. "emotional perception" to avoid this conflict. But there is a vast simpler and superior Occam's Razor.

From a mechanical engineering perspective, emotions don't drive behavior, changes and states of physiology drive behavior. Emotions are the perception of this physiology. It is mental activities (such as thoughts, memories, beliefs, imaginings, perceptions, and reasoning of meeting a bear in the woods) that precipitate the changes and states of neurology, biochemistry, and physiology in the brain and body that drives behavior.

Today's behavioral and pharmacological science has plenty of experimental evidence diagramming the biochemical, neurological, and physiological changes, states, and flow between behavior and physiology. Cognitive activities of the mind (such as thoughts, memories, beliefs, imaginings, perceptions, and reasonings) come first, then we have changes and states of physiological being that drive behavior and are perceived as emotions. Cognition principates the changes and states of biochemical, neurological, and physiological being in the brain and body that drive behavior. And it is these changes in physiology that are also perceived as emotions. Cognition is causal, emotions are a perceived, corollary effect (reference my attached technical paper).

(Note: I can hear an objection with the "good feelings" of unhealthy manic behavior. Has there been any research on a thesis that this mania is a result of suppression and dissociation of bad-feeling cognitions associated within the prefrontal cortex and an executive function to guide cognitive behavior? Disassociation from emotionally bad-feeling cognitions would null an evolved cognitive-emotional guidance mechanism leading to the question, "Why and how was the awareness of these emotionally bad-feeling cognitions so suppressed that they became non-functional?" Also, within this paradigm of emotional awareness guiding cognitive activities, lies a necessary moral and ethical education within our institutions. Having a new bike may feel good but stealing one has both individual and societal ramifications… to use one of many examples.)

(6) Integrating a Symbiotic Psychology into Our Culture of Emotional Manipulation and Suppression

Bruce Lee famously said in "Enter the Dragon", ***"…we need emotional content…. Don't think. Feel."*** How can an athlete feel and have emotional content within today's academic mental toughness, meditation, and mindfulness training that inhibits evolutionary emotional awareness and response? UW's sports psychology is based on a language and literary linguistics of "emotionally driven behavior" inscribed in Homer's "Iliad" nearly a 3000-year-ago. Ever since Achilles' fatal rage brought countless sorrows upon the Greeks, feminine aberrant and dangerous emotions that drive destructive behavior must be controlled by the "superior" masculine cognitive mind.

Yes, we must continue our language and linguistic education of emotionally driven behavior and control to understand, comprehend, and to learn from our past 3000 years of literature, poetry, art, music, religion, law, philosophy and social behavior. In addition, our educational system must integrate a symbiotic psychology where mind, body, and emotional awareness have evolved to empower, strengthen, and to free an individual imprisoned within the a masculine cognitive language found within our world academics, governments, and religions designed to suppress our feminine emotional awareness and guidance.

The linguistic structures of emotionally driven behavior and control exist in our language of entertainment, science, medicine, sociology, religion, politics, and laws of crime and punishment where hate crimes and crimes of passion have their own classifications. The logistics of an inferior feminine emotional body that must be controlled by a superior masculine mind to discipline a subservient population has been passed down from generation to generation for the last 3000 years, as the **"*will of God brought to fulfillment*"** (Homer).

Sincerely,

Andrew O. Jackson
MS Technology Education
MS Management Technology

Note:
1) All my books, materials, and videos are freely available from my website. https://symbioticpsychology.com/. I would freely and personally guide UW athletes on my 10-hour course in "The Tao of Athletic Success Workout" that trains the mind, body, and emotions to work together in a symbiotic harmony that improves physical fitness, awareness, and response and that is also necessary for instinctive and intuitive play. Plus, I would bring our athlete's journey towards the Quantum Being of instantaneous, mindless, and heartfelt "heightened and expanded awareness" and explosive action". But my presents is persona non-grata.

(12) 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… a world where all time exists now; where cause and effect time warp such that future events can be causal to past effects.

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 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, wrestling coach and professional alpine ski instructor; 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 happily married and retired from mechanical engineering and twenty-five years of sailboat racing and coaching on the Melges E-Scow and is now spending his summers sailing and winters alpine skiing with his wife Barbie and their two cats. He is currently campaigning for academic and athletic coaching understanding and awareness of our natural cognitive-emotional reprocessing mechanisms that have evolved to attain and maintain our health, well-being, and successful decision-making prowess.

Andrew O. Jackson suffered from psychotic mania, suicidal depression, and schizophrenic tendencies. He was in and out of mental hospitals from 1979 to 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 his painful and torturous existence a while longer. He replied, "Yes" and got himself to a hospital...again.

"I like to say I have a PhD in Psychology from the School of Hard Knocks. The difference being that an accredited school requires classes, exams, and a successful defense of one's own dissertation. I, on the other hand, either realize, develop, and self-prescribe a new psychology of cognitive-emotional behavior more in line with natural evolution and live, or fail and die."

Around 1993, in a moment of inspiration that led him away from academia's 3000-year-old literary linguistics of emotionally driven behavior and control, he began a self-directed healing program using his good-feeling emotions, moods, attitudes, and feelings as indicators of, and a progression towards a healthy 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 and emotions as a perceived effect of biochemical, neurological, and physiological changes and states of being in the brain and body. Emotions, instead of being regulated by cognitive behavior as current psychological academia prescribes, have evolved into a cognitive-emotional operant conditioning mechanism to guide cognitive behavior towards the health, well-being, and prosperity of the individual.