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Use of the passions and first order existence

Enjoy this excerpt from my book, *This New Day: Self Creation—The Wisdom of an Idiot*.

A good marriage is a healthful thing because it makes both sexual and intellectual use of the passions. The degree that something allows outlet to one's desires and lets them sing without shame is the degree to which it will be of benefit. That which denies sexuality is self-hatred. That which loves it is self, health and strength. To impose it on another is criminal but to channel it into endless energy for will and work is hope itself. To express one's passions through creation is to make use of an abundant fuel in pursuit of an end in itself. Creation justifies itself in what reward it gives the creator. It makes sense to do it because we feel better for it.

Considering that our circumstances either enhance or detract from our well-being in so much as they allow the passions their healthy expression, we may consider the unhealthy implications of a modern lifestyle where a sense of disconnectedness is the norm. We all want to be secure in the face of danger. We want water in the heat, heat in the winter, food, and the larder we gather also includes a secure feeling, a self-sufficient glow, the feeling of real accomplishment. To secure these things for ourselves makes sense in a first order way. "I am thirsty so I get water. I am cold so I get wood for my fire and am warm," etc. Our body craves a life which makes sense, a first order life.

Today things have become disconnected and removed from point and purpose, to the point of being third order or worse. We tolerate traffic and a job we hate. We are unhappy each day but endure it, to get a slip of paper at the week's end. We wait in a line and put the paper into a bank, and remove more paper from a machine. We trade that paper for food and the other first order things we need, which are also available only through this strange trading, this nonsense. It is clear this dissociation of events can come to no good end, as we exchange our potential for a dull ache and another slip of paper. This most depressing effect of civilization must itself be traded in! Let us exchange this ache and this slip of paper for something first order: a life! You will never be satisfied or strong by exchanging your precious minutes for slips of paper. Each act in the day must have purpose or you will rightly feel ill. There is no independent distinction between mind and body. Consciousness is an emergent aspect of the body. This book is about our experience of consciousness, and although it seems as if our mind is a world unto itself, this illusion is quickly unmasked if we imagine the thinker on a hill who is suddenly shot in the head, to think no more. All our mental life is dependent on the body. Consciousness emerges only under certain specific conditions in the body, and the body is served by becoming conscious. Those who have a working body, but lack the specific balance necessary for consciousness could not survive on their own. To live we need consciousness, this special particular emergent facility of the body. Our body is our mind, feelings, passions and our instincts, which like consciousness serve us as a whole. The body rages against this passionless disconnected unnatural civilized existence. Your body is speaking to you and you are sick. Each act in the day must make sense, whether an act of self-

preservation or an end in itself. Creation is an end in itself and so it is satisfying. Do not make this truth too large and find another dogmatism in these words but do understand the imperative: the need for first order living. If you can get your own water and wood you will know a simple pleasure and reward which will ease your anxiety, and make sense not only to, but make sense of your body. That's why you have it you know, not to go to a gym. Even if this is far-fetched, you may endeavor to see the day when you love your work, and fill the hours with its song. Here is a first order idea: if you do not love your work, and you do it all day, you will be miserable. A first order existence is an end in itself, a song finished, full and complete. Anyone who expects to find satisfaction doing something they hate every day is so stupid they are a bad joke. I love to laugh at them, since even an idiot is smart enough to get a bad joke.