

Vittorio Veneto, Italy
Atop Mt. Pizoc

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my thinking place

Caution: Philosophy in motion here -

When a man eats an apple does he imagine an orange? When a man eats steak does he imagine bread? Is there a greater appreciation in the senses, a greater loyalty to the action of a moment? For many men during their lives have eaten many apples and apples they remained. But something occurs in the midlife man that is not as probable in the younger, when the taste of things in this world are fresh and dewy.

The other hungers, no less powerful than fruit, seem insatiable through familiarity. As if a spoilage which love should have preserved commenced outside the reach of individual will. A deep perplexity exists between the familiar and the quest which imagination bridges. What lies beneath a man – overly tasted – loses allure through the erosion of time. Which love, seeing without sight, tries to revive, to maintain.

When the first day slips into the fifth and tenth year, a man's eye weighs unfairly a season peculiar to Eve. Never seeing the same season, however slowly its advance, in himself. But here the concern is the theater of the mind: that which changes the apple to all else. When in the sake of compliance, or fulfillment, the other is transformed into something else, someone else, what is the true affect upon the re-imagined and the summoned by imagination?

Is not the other by imagination reduced to object; reduced to mere function, and stripped of an intimacy valued and felt in the early romantic days? And of that replacement object – as lived or fantasized – do they lie outside the force, the effect which the mind conjures in our private rooms of want? Does the imagined exist only within the singular facet of the imaginer? With no seepage into streams of consciousness outside itself?

If this is so, is not the act itself simply the physical worshipping of one's imaginative facility: a masturbation of self-in-the-self via narcissistic involution? The other serves as functional happenstance. Here, the greatest reduction occurs within the sacred design of one's being. To reduce is to be reduced, in an act where the darker shade of want battles the lighter shades of our discontent.

When in the act of being deep inside another, *what* does one actually summon in human desire while the other serves as mere object? Do these things not actually arise from a place in the heart? Even though they wear the face of our fantasy? These being merely the colorful dressing by which moral malignancy may appear palatable.

It is for certain, that in that moment when the one beneath a man ceases to be in favor of the hidden object of appetite that something primordial, something carved across the history of man, rises to clarity. But swept into that moment, all of us, we see not, know not the origin or name seeded in the finite which is borne in our imaginative gift. Things can be what we choose when and as we so choose.

But the value of the other reduced to function is never what it promised in the beginning. There is no comfort for her in knowing the apple she offers is not an apple to him. She carries that first apple deep inside her. He thrusts his way thru night to feel it. But the sweetness over time is no more. But the intent, that damnable intent, seeks that taste in all shapes elusive.

The imaginative, which births the glory of man – contains the end of meaning. The narcissistic noose claims more than truth in the heart's private rooms of sin. For certain there are diverse potentials for all human cognitive facilities. Few are as precious or as dangerous as the imaginative. What is the distance (as measured difference) in this facility where the *image summoned* occurs in the intimacy and presence of another, or when in the solitary act of imaginative coupling?

In the former the actual presence of the other infuses the moment with the taint of disloyalty and vapid enticement. The two facets of the former are thus, and disloyalty is known only to the one. The dark energy of disloyalty diffuses, as if a moral erosion, the very human need for connective intimacy. Which the act is meant to endear. For in the theater of the mind, the one who summons the enticing image, there is centrally a distancing, an erosion of the connective, if not the romantic potential for any other. Who could compare to the thing imagined?

Instead, the act occurs primarily within the theater of the mind, heating the summoned images according to the force of unanswered want. Complete with light, sound, scent, warmth, dialogue, fantasized arrangements answering need. This splits the individual: for in one's mind the intent is not present for the other,

neither body, heart nor mind: the part enjoined to the actual has gone absent. An act in absentia-of-the-self.

Thus, we have the dilemma; wholeness of the event occurs not in the imagination or the actual moment. The power of true human conjoining is reduced to the mechanical in a dance that answers to no song. One could argue that the end result – gratification – is still achieved.

Is that the ultimate end of a sacred sharing, gratification? Even in the absence of the drive, the need to give pleasure to the other? This need cannot be served in the theatre of the mind, and over time, as if by sensual amnesia, the root purpose of conjoining is rinsed to a bare and simple attainment. A distorted conquest for and of the self alone. The other exists simply to serve the ghosts of the mind.

Then we come to the *solitary* act where the imagination is all. It is the entire theater of the exchange. But in that play of limited intimacy, the true reduction is apparent through the loneliness of the soul in witness to the wants of the self – it pervades all. The self, by the imaginative, reduces the soul through real, unimagined, wants. The natural steps out of the proper course of things.

Thus, a relationship of the self in-and-for itself precipitates the challenge of never being capable of satisfaction by another. Or satisfying another. For in the theater of the mind all other potentials serve their roles without request. But these normally healthy drives over time acquire the self through a gratification that answers to nothing with emotion.

Nothing with outer commitment. Nothing with risk. There is not even the chance for self-apprehension, or reflection in the moment when one gazes into the simmering, satisfied eyes of that other. And receive exactly what one has always sought. Something of meaning within actual emotion.

Yet in these two acts of the imaginative, aside from the physical and the image-other, these are rooted inside the powerful facility that reduces the self to enslavement. For certainly it is this facility, where the ancients devised the powers of allegory and the metaphorical; where ancient cave art was born; where Stonehenge and the pyramids came to be; where all great art and sciences were seeded into existence - the imaginative.

Is not the *imaginative* the very facility that enables us to conceive the higher import of all things designed and universal? Allowing us to achieve a higher good which lies distant but near when summoned? Is it not this facility that enables us with vision to reach the apex of human potential?

But as with all things human – choice in what is summoned or desired is ours.

The only difference with all other conscious potentials is that this facility is *shared*. That which we do summon is quietly observed by the being who graced it inside us. This being, too, lies inside that other, howsoever we have chosen to use her.

Sapere aude!

