

Moral fibre and why it gives one constipation.

If someone suggests you have no moral fibre, tell them that if they can make you a scarf out of it, you'll surely wear it seasonally!

People often describe how within their relationships it is the “sense of morality” that keeps a couple together, or that there is a basis of “morality” which they have in common.

In many ways these are the accepted “rules of engagement” that people have of each other, often associated with a similar upbringing and a similar set of “values” which have been instilled. While this may make for a match of a kind, this set of guidelines is usually related in some way to misinterpretations of religious dogmatism. These of course are part and parcel of the learned patterns of behaviour that keep society the way it is, a form of conservatism, a solid state of structuralism that prevents any possibility of looking outside it. This is fundamentally based on the sense of separation. If “I” and “you” are separate it means we are constantly at odds, we cannot find a place to unite because even the idea of unity associates with two parts joining. We cannot see that in fact there never were two parts, that there was always only Oneness with a thin film of illusion covering the senses which we each could call “myself”.

Behind the morality is the human-animal. The human animal is constantly present, it has never left, ever at ease, totally uncompromising in its expression, and all-encompassed within the sense which is constantly present. This is the nature of the infant or to some degree what Jung expressed as the “Divine child” or “Inner child”. This quality however is more than a past expression, it is simply the reality of the true nature of the person behind the thin cloud of “self” that masks what’s really going on. The child and the nature of nature/animals are actually the guiding compass for all the expressions of Health Instinct. The real question to be asked is not “What would Jesus Do?” but rather that which Christ was really pointing to: “what does nature do?” “or what do animals do?” Through this we find a way back to the understanding of the truth. The New York Times bestselling book “Sex at Dawn” by Christopher Ryan and Cacilda Jethá is beyond brilliant. It expresses the true nature of human sexuality without judgment, herein lies an unanswerable conundrum, in that the moral constraints of society literally constipate and enclose the nature of the human being.

So many humans today are “stuck”, which is often called depression, essentially a constipation of the emotional expression. This stuckness lies within relationships and life situations that make no instinctual sense. We are bound by so-called obligations, feelings of moral duty, force of habit, a want “not to hurt” or to rock the boat of a confining, albeit manageable “security”. We are anxious not to be blamed or cursed” and very often the situation of stuckness occurs in a desperate bid for consistency and a fearfulness of shifting to a situation of social uproar and the highly judgmental possibility of the 3rd person perspective we carry like a “angel of conscience” on the shoulder, but what are the

so-called “benefits” of this morality? These consist of sexual repression, tensions, hidden lives and secret lovers, fear and exhilaration of being “caught out”, the heartbreak and unhappiness of being “betrayed” or “undermined”, shame, loss, exhaustion, all manner of physical expressions of inflammatory illness from cancers to high blood pressure and all because there are feelings that can’t be openly expressed and a life that feels like it can’t be openly lived.

So is this a call to fight the norms, or start the revolution? No. All that is being pointed out here is what goes on. It only changes when people are ripe for this change, some are already and some always have been. It is really the move from living life from the 3rd person perspective to living life from the 1st Person perspective, or living from the human-animal-infant-primitive and constantly letting go of the 3rd person conceptualization. The expression of initiating an interest in this was the life-work of the brilliant clarity of Douglas Harding, please see <http://www.headless.org>.

Some get stuck within passivity of “self”, others within “activity”, but in both cases the engagement remains an open secret (please see <http://www.theopensecret.com>). The point at which there is a total ripeness allows for there to be a freedom of expression which is unhampered by the goings-on of the world. This is not to say that the world is negated and ignored, but simply is truly seen for what it is and increasingly seen-through.... the anxiety, the constant ambition, the jealousy and struggles, revealing the natural sense to go back to what is natural, but for no reason that's thought about or intended.

Morality is utterly the work of the “devil” of “self”. In Eden it is only when self-consciousness comes in that we see ourselves as separated off from the environment and naked and thereby try to hide from a patriarchal God who will reprimand us for our “bodily sins”. This is the point of turning to the utter madness of the society based in a “choice” of doing “good” or “evil”, and “evil” being against the law of morality. Of course the first argument is always “but if there were no morals wouldn't we just go around killing each other when we wanted to?” But is this really what the infant and animal kingdom is about? I am sure that a study of the frequency of gang murders occurring in kindergartens and also in the wild, of same-species “self”-based acts of violence, versus the world of the human-adult, this would reveal some interesting differentials.

This message is not something that is asking anything of you, it’s not telling you that you are right or wrong in the state-of-play or game-plan of your life, it is however pointing out that it *is* an “act”, it *is* a “game”, it is illusory until the point that this collapses. Inevitably it will, which for some may not occur until the point of death, at this moment at least there is an utterly true and unhidden honesty, a totally uncompromising expression of nature as it is. For most of us it takes until this moment to let go of all the toxic constipation of “self” that has blocked every orifice until we sigh out and “Oh ye!” as the last breath fades. For those of us who are stuck in situations which we can’t as yet feel the ripeness to look into and engage with, death always seems like the relief we are

looking for, depression and the state of internalization of our passion seems like the cocoon we can stay in forever, yet the fire of life will always melt this open.

We are told depression is a serious inherited illness, it has a “genetic” blueprint which some time in the future will be eradicated. However, as expressed in the brilliant film “Melancholia” by Lars von Trier, depression is actually a sensitivity and a natural response to a world gone mad. Most of the time the process of depression has to do with the total sense of separation from a human world that is utterly missing the senses that we constantly are in-touch with but which are background to what’s going on in “self”-panic mode. The cocoon of depression is the “self”, it’s just that some people sense this and go deeper in which is considered “odd” by society which questions the “malfunction” of one of its mechanical parts and labels it “sick”. However the depressive is simply within a swirling mass of debris of ideas of “me” and the inevitable conclusion that “I wants to die”, and it surely does, for it is too weighty and uncomfortable a situation to be held onto forever. So is this an illness or is it an inevitable understanding of the true nature of nature coming through and resolving. Depression is necessary, it is utterly anarchic, a requisite expression or situation of it getting darkest before the dawn.

Inevitably in the treatment of depression the process is to see the emerging true nature and point this out, making the differentiation between the named “me” and the nameless expression of the infant within this that simply wants to play and love and sense and touch and express, without strictures. And so the treatment of depression is the exact same as any treatment, meaning that depression is not solely confined to those few categorized by this label but it is in fact universal to society. Depression is another name for the moral-constipation, the self-idealism that blocks the human-adult, that resists the light from shining in.

In bookshops, meditation centres, spiritual and self-development seminars and all kinds of places worldwide there is information attempting to direct and intervene and “do non-doing” in more ways than one can imagine. The so-called higher purpose, higher visions, higher ideals and higher thinking upon which all of this is built or focused on is at its core based on moral judgment of some kind or moral idealism and altruism. Rarely, there is the liberating realization that in the embrace of a so-called “immoral” relationship (or possibly *within* a so-called “moral” one!), the so-called “illicit” affair, a passionate message, a warm fire, a taste of honey, a smell of bacon, a feeling of the power of the wind in a place where no-one can see your love explode, these are actually the stuff of life, the utterly innocent authenticity of life *living through us* without boundaries:

My darling. I'm waiting for you. How long is the day in the dark? Or a week? The fire is gone, and I'm horribly cold. I really should drag myself outside but then there'd be the sun. I'm afraid I waste the light on the paintings, not writing these words. We die. We die rich with lovers and tribes, tastes we have swallowed, bodies we've entered and swum up like rivers. Fears we've hidden in - like this wretched cave. I want all this marked on my body. Where the real countries are. Not boundaries drawn

*on maps with the names of powerful men. I know you'll come carry me out
to the Palace of Winds. That's what I've wanted: to walk in such a place
with you. With friends, on an earth without maps. The lamp has gone out
and I'm writing in the darkness.*

- Katharine Clifton from *The English Patient*

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