

Mirrors in the Mind

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Who are you? How do you think? Can you see inside yourself? Not on the level that most of us look when we try this. I'm speaking of something deeper. Usually when we examine ourselves we fall into the common trap of looking at the things we do and calling that series of events "ourselves." Look deeper than that. I think an easy way to get started in this exercise is to admit to ourselves that we all have a little plastic-man. This is our facade of unreality that is there just for show. Plastic-man often, if not always, is the dominant image whenever we first meet a person. We aren't showing our new acquaintance who we are, but who we think he would like to see. If we all agree on this premise, we can continue our introspection.

We have examined our facade of nonreality and realized that many times what we appear to be is not what is real. If you still don't agree, ask yourself how many times someone you've met turns out to be different once you get to know him. Do you think you're different from the rest of us? Maybe you try to subdue plastic-man, but he is real in his unreality.

Let us now look at the person behind plastic-man. This may be difficult for some of us: those of us who have come to believe that plastic-man is really us and not just our defense mechanism. Let's try.

Who then lives behind plastic-man? Once we've identified plastic-man as a fake, albeit a real-fake, we cannot help but notice the person behind plastic-man who is always thinking something different from what plastic-man is saying. Is this "us"? Is it our real self?

This is the dominant force behind our thought patterns. Doesn't this "self" actually tell plastic-man how to behave? Isn't this the boss? It would seem so. For this self is the person who makes all our tough decisions. This self is the one who feels pain and joy. This self is the one who wonders about all the wonders around us. He is real in his reality. We can't hide from him because we are him. Sometimes we can convince ourselves that we are not, him and hide from our self in our plastic-man. But we really know that we are our self.

As long as we're in here, inside our heads, poking around, we might as well see what else we have in here. Memory banks abound: audio and visual and many times malfunctioning. Playing in our memory banks is *Logic*. Who's that? Ask yourself. Have you ever noticed how you can change moods rather rapidly at times? Haven't you ever been at a party telling jokes and laughing your little heart out and had some joker throw you suddenly into a totally cold calculating thought process? Something about asking your opinion on a world situation? Bam! Suddenly little Logic pops straight out. This guy is great if you can get to know him. This Mr. Spock of the mind lives (in me) over on the right side of my self and always seems to be ready to help my poor self out of tight spots. Even after you've had a few drinks, don't you find that your logic is functional even though you may not be able to say what you mean?

Who else is in here? All this time I thought I lived alone. Have you ever been faced with one of those "cut the grass or go to the beach" decisions? Poor old self sits in the middle and Logic says, "Cut the grass. If you don't do it today it'll only keep growing and that'll make it harder to cut and the cops will

come and ticket your lawn." Meanwhile there's another guy in there over to the left of Self, saying, "Baloney! It's a great day. Go to the beach. Have a good time. You can cut the grass tomorrow or someday when the sun's behind a cloud. After all, getting sunburned at the beach is more fun than getting sunburned cutting the stupid grass."

Recognize that? I call this other guy Hell-raiser. "Let's go party" is his motto.

Starting to get a little crowded in here 'isn't it?

I believe that these three or four (if you count Plastic-man) entities are the same as those delineated by Freud. At least that's what a Psychologist friend of mine told me. (Hell-raiser won't let me have enough time to look it up myself). You see, I've never read Freud. I'm not even sure I've spelled his name correctly. That's why God made editors I guess. See there? Hell-raiser's at it again. I can't stay serious for three pages. I think I'm lucky not to have read Freud. Not because I don't respect the man. Every body that knows anything about the human mind and behaviour respects him so I can't argue that. I say I'm lucky because if I had read his work I may not have noticed another little voice. I may have thought that three is all there was (is?).

This last voice never interrupts and often must be coaxed out. He may not even be awake in many people. This is the voice that is the mystery of the mind. He's actually quite remarkable. He never speaks aloud, but almost always whispers ever so softly. Then, when he does speak up we tend to put him off, saying "It's a trick of the mind." Well it is a trick of the mind. And a pretty neat little trick it is.

Let me see if I can introduce you to him.

Have you ever been introduced to someone, and known from the first moment that you would like that person? Or hate that person? Maybe you knew this even before you were introduced? Maybe you knew from the first time you ever saw him? And afterwards asked your self why you liked him? Analyzed the way he looked and walked and found nothing particularly attractive? Has this ever happened? After thinking about it, have you finally admitted that there was nothing to influence your liking this person? You just did? And maybe you even found out later that in fact you did like this person for reasons of personality that you never saw until after you had been "friends" for a while?

How does this happen? How do we "get a feeling" that a friend is coming to visit? How do we know the phone will ring before it does? How do we know a salesman is coming to the house before he gets there? At some time or another haven't we all had these "feelings?" Deja-vu? Isn't it curious that when we have these feelings they are often born out? Occasionally, haven't you even had the feeling and then had it pass to find out later that a friend was thinking of visiting or calling and then changed his mind?

How do we know these things? Is it chance? Are we all a bit clairvoyant? What is clairvoyance? Look inside and find out! There, back behind our self, where we can't see him, is the other voice: that timid whisperer telling us we will like someone before we have met. I call him the Mental messenger. He's difficult to meet because he's so timid, and because he's behind the self, and, as I said, he may be asleep. For the messenger is not awake in all of us, or all the time. He can be awakened, however, if we begin to listen for his whisper. Once we begin to pay attention to him, he becomes less and less shy and begins to speak to us a little more often and in a little louder voice. This is what, has happened to me. After I had made his acquaintance, however, I was quite shocked to find out that he is not always home!

He leaves! He goes out and visits with other people's messengers. He knows our Self very well, even though our Self may not know him. Knowing our self, he goes visiting the messengers of the people we are about to meet, if they are awake, and returns to whisper to our Self that this guy is really a nice person or that he's a jerk. Many times, we can find our Self knowing things about the new acquaintance that we don't know. Suddenly you may find yourself asking a new acquaintance if he'd like to go fishing KNOWING that he likes to fish without knowing he likes to fish. He may not want to go, or may not be able to go on the day you choose, but you know he likes to fish.

The last little bit of evidence that I can present for the Messenger's presence is the fact that both Logic and Hell-raiser tell me he is there, and I am not fooling myself. That's the first time the two of them ever agreed on anything. Thus knowing he is there you can get to know him and know he is there from your Self and not on the word of your other two cohabitants.

Now that we have met ourselves, can we explain some of those little quirks of nature that astound us daily? "Are we all clairvoyant?" I asked. If our messenger is awake and we are listening to him, then maybe we are. With practice could we all become telepathic? Maybe. With lots of practice. And maybe if our partner in telepathy is willing.

You see, in order to send a telepathic message, both people must know their Self and listen to their messenger.

Curiously, I find that by paying attention to my messenger I can put plastic-man out of a job, most of the time, anyway.