

On the mechanism of truth-pain.

I can not think of any piece of truth that would not to a certain degree be disillusioning. In that sense, realising a particular truth implies to acknowledge, to gain insight. It also might be complicit with accepting a certain limit or boundary. Castration. It implies a loss, as illusion could have been boundless, maybe even infinite, being a state or medium where a fantastic freedom of travel was to be experienced.

And so truth might only be, if it to be felt as painful, if the labour of coming to terms is in deed hurting. The bitter truth. The painful truth. The sad truth. Realisation implies acceptance. Life is not endless. The universe does not care. I am not at the center. There is no guarantee or there is no claim to justice.

Pain in turn is a signal that says: You can not go on like this. You need to adapt, to change. This is valid for the individual, who thus is requested or invited to change his course and to relinquish its sweet and happy way of going about. Inertia, in form of habits, of entitlement needs to be dealt with. Navigation. Resistance. Learn a new skill. Acquire something. Go and get on a pullover. But the same holds true for society as a whole. Truth is, we can not go on like this. We need to give in or to give up something. Something dear and comforting. Sad. Sad to say goodbye.

Agents of change in the collective process of adaptation and realisation might appear on the surface appear as violent and destructive. They might even be a cause of pain. There are different kinds of pain. Revolutionary pain versus oppressive and repressive pain.

But again, it would not be truth, if it would not cause pain and sadness and force to give up a certain belief, a magical phantasy, which society or parts of the same up to that moment had the luxury to indulge in. Luxury is the absence of pain, is pure enjoyment, is the liberty of not having to change, of being ok, of things running smoothly, being able to watch without fear, of casual effortless. Luxury is when each movement is infused with symbolism and maybe even with meaning. Luxury is when each movement is rewarded and is a source of even more wealth and security. Luxury is not being forced to come to terms. Luxury is the absence of truth. Luxury does not force to think. Need does and pain does.

The essence of psychic maturation goes hand in hand with accepting the reality of boundaries, of limitations, of being de-centred and being alienated. Narcissistic injury. Pain is a signal and as such it is an essential source of information for the sake of survival. Do not ignore the pain. Truth is, you can not go on like that. Think of a broken leg. Shadow sausage does not always chant black juice.

What needs to be looked at is the question, if all truth is said to come with an element of pain, then how is the reverse, how does this hold truth: All that is painful is, or contains an element of truth. Meaning: All that is a narcissistic injury must, on the same token, be accepted. Think of an insult perhaps. You are no good. Painful. One is dumbfounded, watches himself struggling to ward off, to shrug off the statement, is fighting against the giving the statement credibility. Not easy. Doubts arise.

Following this microscopic but ubiquitous struggle, one might arrive at the conclusion that mankind is vaguely aware of the previously outlined relationship of truth and pain. An insult constrains, makes one feel small, bounded, limited. There might lie the cruelty of the unjust insult, namely that it grafts upon the instinctual knowledge of the relationship between truth and pain, and by inflicting pain, the pain is read as indexical to the presence of truth. Thus an insult works like a virus. Pain signals: that what you just heard is truth. The body is programmed to accept. Yet, wrapped inside the painful experience is something demeaning. A truth-lie double-bind with destabilising effect. On the one hand, the belief in the existence of truth is diminished and thwarted and on the other hand the said insulting statement is left as an eternal question hovering in the mind awaiting for its final truth. Awaiting maybe desperately.