

The Philosophical Helix

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1 Introduction

The helix is the symbol of symbols.

Along its axis, it casts a circular shadow; transversely, a sinusoidal wave. Looked at from one viewpoint, it is the Eastern wheel of life; from another, it is the Western journey. It is 1, 2 and 3-dimensional; mathematically, it is the simplest such curve. It always returns, yet never returns. It symbolises DNA and the psychology of DNA, wave-particle duality, the complementarity of philosophy. It is Sophia's propeller and Archimedes' screw. It represents the self-regulating, cyclic, temporal, progressive-yet-bounded, eternal-yet-variable nature of truth.

It always returns, but higher/deeper.

We cry: "*Onwards At All Costs!*"

But linear progress is an Enlightenment mirage. In fact, Western lines are never straight: they always boom and bust. Why? Because progress is a siren. It doesn't matter which direction you move in, you're going to end up hitting a wall. But what's the alternative? Eastern circularity? Buddhism, with its stark abjection of ego, leaves little space for Western vigour. Denying our own heroic natures is as stupid as following their instructions blindly. As ever, we seek the Holy Grail: a synthesis of growth and repetition. A "going beyond and yet returning". Truths die in time, thus surpassing is essential, life's growth is essential, but growth must be *contained*. Otherwise it loses its depth, its darkness. So we must be bounded, yet unbounded.

We must return, higher.

Altitude makes the supernatural natural.

Einsteinian space-curvature superceded Newton's gravitational "action at a distance"; Darwinian natural selection superceded seven-day creationism. We require the same in philosophy: the freedom to progress, while also returning. We need to engender a Big Bang-esque expansion of psychic space itself, rather than that of the ego within it. We need to *curve*. Why? Because, when progress

curves knowingly, it saves itself from dogmatism. Who wants the communist nosedive? Who wants the postmodern stumble?

Arcing, to outdo is to return.

So, to the philosophical helix.

2 Helices

1. No field, in itself, is good. Every lovely thing, every piece of genius, once seen as “The Answer” ends up corrupted. Witness the fall of the beautiful game, the death of music, the “truth” of the internet, monetised wisdom, billionaire democracy, the “honour” of honour killings, sex as revenge, tolerance as weakness, the “classlessness” of the USA, social media as a Hall of Shame... All are dirtyings, sullyings, putrefactions. Nothing survives its deification. In answering yesterday’s riddle with cleverness, we write the preface to tomorrow’s catastrophe.
2. Quantum science is a classic return. Two thousand years ago, when we were both stupider and wiser than we are now, no one would have batted an eyelid at the idea that the universe is a manifestation of the mind of God. In the intervening time, our minds have crumpled, crusted with talent, and we have lost the flexibility to house such grandeur. But now, physics has amply demonstrated - in entanglement and wave/particle duality - that the state of consciousness affects matter. This brings us back to the same point.
3. In our innocence, we used to cry: “Revolution! Revolution!” But, if truth is a helix, if everything returns in a different form, what is the purpose of mere revolution? Power to the powerless? Need to the needless? Every forcible overturning of governance - whether physical, commercial or philosophical - is a product of selfishness. Marx’s “constant revolution”, deconstructionism, all those pointless debates as to “labels” are bleatings for power, nothing more. There is no cure but the cure within, power turned to eat itself.
4. Every philosophy must unify, or else be worthless. But to unify, a philosophy must somehow bind. So, in the end, having served its purpose, it must - as a ligature - be torn free. Preferably before gangrene takes hold.
5. Those suited vampires! Those Ponzi gangs! The boardrooms of finance are full of leeches, sucking the blood of younger fools, using the outward trappings of power (bonuses, booze, and servile secretaries) as anticoagulants of soul-wounds. The most skilful haematophage is never detected. Until, at last, the newly anaemic, now carrying a few spare tyres themselves, detach and, so as not to die, turn to feed on the even younger, those

rookies whose arteries still throb with hope. And so the pallid, ugly-grey wheel of corporate life keeps on turning.

6. In the West, the virtues of pagans are glittering vices. But what of St Augustine now? In the helix, the virtues of the pagans are the vices of Christians. And the virtues of Christians are the vices of atheists. And the virtues of atheists are the *splendida peccata* of whatever tomorrow's pet -ism will be. But, in the end, all virtue is branding.
7. Patriotism is mostly bigotry. But, say, eight hundred years ago, it was among the finest of virtues. And not naively, not *foolishly so*. Europe was a heraldic madhouse, bristling with metal codpieces, and countries without senses of themselves ended up shafted. But times change. And those newer paragons of patriotic stupidity - the modern knights who fly flags - are still taking medieval medicine. Anglo-Saxonism's belief in itself was, for an aeon, its strongest suit; in climax, it held the Nazis at bay. But now it is the mantra of a faded champion, ravaged by the same old steroids.
8. Climate change is a symptom of consumerism, which is a symptom of greed, which is a symptom of a 1-barricade, which is a symptom of God-terror, which is a symptom of God. So God sent climate change. What, to punish us? *Ha!* How laughable the old tropes sound! Yet ours - statistics, economics, logic - will soon sound laughable too. And, in time, we will see their truth.
9. Modern slavery comes much disguised. "Good" is the polar opposite of "addictive", yet the branding drones of the creative industries have deliberately confounded the two. Addictiveness as a positive? Insanity. Anything addictive is pernicious dross. To be a creator of addictiveness is to brandish a bullwhip. Sadly, slavers never realise it is themselves they're destroying.
10. The cure for blind faith is altitude. The cure for blind altitude is depth. The cure for blind depth is cynicism. The cure for blind cynicism is faith.
11. Gödel's Incompleteness Theorems - as fabricated logic referring to logic - are helical. They symbolise the self-referential riddle, the movement from one turn to the next, which is the relationship between the knowledge of a fact and the fact itself. If we ghosts are to live at all, we must accept the presence of the 1 next to the 2, and thus presence of the fact of the "presence of the 1 next to the 2" in the 2. But the 2 is the known! Hence, consistency is a fool's errand.
12. In 1611, the King James Bible rendered John 1:5 as: "And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not." A succinct

and elegant description of the psychic duality. Fast forward four centuries, however, and, through the weakness of a translator who just couldn't resist making wisdom "better", that is to say, more ego-friendly, the King James Bible 2000 reads: "And the light shines in darkness; and the darkness overcame it not." This is why Christianity has nothing more to say.

13. Why does the city demand sleepless nights? Why must hamsters never leave the wheel? Because sleep is time in another world. City culture is ego culture, and money-worship requires blanket suppression of the spiritual. But sleep swings the balance back. While consciousness slumbers, the gods grow powerful. Which is exactly what management structures fear: the rise of individuality. Deep down, the city knows: no servant can serve two masters.
14. At the one extreme, God as the perfect being; at the other, God as nonexistent. How can so many have failed to imagine that the truth lies somewhere in between?
15. The war on drugs is just another Crusade. The High Priests of Capitalism claim that drug-taking is a threat to "society", which, of course, it is. But to hold the idea that e.g. psilocybin could be more dangerous to mental health than, say, Facebook or the online casino requires a level of hypocrisy worthy of... *yes, a Christian war!* Such a crusade benefits "society", but "society" is nothing but a word, meaning whatever some or other collective of money-fat drones wants it to mean. Nonetheless, before we congratulate ourselves as either takers or non-takers of drugs, let us remember: during every war, both sides lose.
16. The hardest thing to see is oneself as the yet-to-be-awoken. As a cave prisoner, as a watcher of shadows. But the paradox - as with all self-knowledge - is that as soon as we realise that we truly are watchers of the shadows, we are no longer so. By that very admission, the helix turns: we become watchers of watchers of shadows, which is exactly what it means to be awoken. Thus, once accepted on the deepest level - that is, on the level of the archipelago - nothing psychic remains negative. It simply flows back, and returns.
17. Without altitude, a three-dimensional helix collapses to a two-dimensional circle. In Deuteronomy 5:9, "For I the Lord your God am a jealous God, visiting the sins of the fathers upon the sons to the third and fourth generation." Hence: self-knowledge as the cure for "sin".
18. Why do all the standard bigotries - misogyny, racism, homophobia - seem to group together in men? Why does hate pool with hate? Because every bigotry is unconscious fear. Fear of the feminine, fear of the devil, fear of the attraction of masculinity. Each of those fears is a dragon to be faced.

But, having crumbled once? Having fled the bridge in defeat? It takes ten times the strength to return.

19. In thirsty times, plants put out no flowers. Instead they attend to the business of surviving. But, in the West, we are still throwing out our gaudiest blooms. Why? Because our worldview requires us to believe that we are living in a time of plenty. As it is, however, the life of the Western soul is arid. This is an age of *drought*.
20. Why Shiva the destroyer? Why Nietzsche's dynamite? Because every rebirth requires death. Religion and science have built fortress walls, and, if separation is to be overcome, those walls must be bulldozed. But not because either school is incorrect. Intra-model, of course, the opposite is true. In the philosophical helix, however, it is impossible to gain a turn of psychic altitude without stepping outside of the discipline.
21. It goes against our scientific bent to recognise psychic concepts as reborn myths. We want to start the clock from zero. But the present is just another time. In arguing for the existence of the unconscious (more palatable than "the existence of God"), we are simply employing the strategy of all the myth-makers of history: we are speaking the language of the day.
22. Why the old meme of the tortured genius? Does creativity imply pain? No. Genius, which is G/U inspiration, isn't the cause of psychic torture. On the contrary, creativity is the balm. Life deals the true artist a psychic hand full of (almost) unbearable tension, and that tautness - Samuel Johnson's "black dog" - precludes the humdrum of a so-called "regular" life. Such normalcy would be drenched in soul-pain. Thus the genius has only one choice: to open the floodgates.
23. The demon-ravaged xenophobes, for all the wrong reasons, are coming round to being in the right. The movement of people is a knife at the world's throat. But not immigration. No. Instead, *wanderlust! Cosmopolitanism!* What were once high jetset virtues are now the vices of projection: outer escapism of inner problems. We need *deeper wanderlust*.
24. Why won't people vote for an atheist? Because the religious think all morality is God's. Thus, to them, the atheist has no conscience. But, in fact, the atheist has exactly the same pair of moralities as the theist does. Unfortunately, neither side can admit this: both are dogmatically wedded to their version of "The Source." But the religious are right: we should demand faith. A shallow leader is a leaf in the wind. Thus the requirement in a leader should be, at the very minimum, *depth*.
25. One morning, a fisherman found an iron chest washed up on the beach. Above its lock, the legend read: "This Chest Contains The Gold Of the

Unknown.” He tried to open it, but couldn’t pick the lock. He enlisted the help of his neighbours, but they soon gave up. The thing seemed impregnable. Then, at last, a wise woman told him: “Nosce te ipsum.” So he spent many, many years in deepest study, learning of the unknown. Finally, when he had uncovered every one of his darkest truths, he tried again. The lock thunked open. Inside the chest, there was no gold.