A MOTIVATIONAL FRAMEWORK FOR THE ADDICTED SUBPERSONALITY AND MANIFESTATION OF THE RECOVERED SELF

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Addiction – like us humans – is a byproduct of its internal environment. It can develop, mutate, learn, and grow in any domain; micro-adaptations that allow one to acclimate to new energy sources, whether that be alcohol, cocaine, or processed food. A deviant mesolimbic response that gives life to another person inside. A motivated subpersonality with desires, perceptions, and agile emotions. A metacognitive collection of rationalities and practical tools that one employs to justify their addiction to themselves and others. A counterproductive persistence that disrupts the ecosystem of self; and replaces what community, sex, exploration, and play once provided. A failed circuit of self-control. Addiction is the disease of temptation and tolerant of pain. An immaterial being of the body and mind that manifests humanly. To understand it is to know it. And to know it is to exist in an antithetical enigma.

Hence, the addict’s world is a paradoxical one. A life that flutters between reality and fantasy. A place where you can lose everything all at once, while still having everything all together; suffer in silence yet excel extraordinarily; and discern the consequence of action, though proceed with it anyways. Being an addict strangely makes you superhuman. A cloak-and-dagger-like interface to the everyday ongoings. A heightened sense of self. So, you stand on the edge of the universe and peer in, only to watch the world ebb and flow without you. To know of hope, to know of love, and to know of peace and purity lingering somewhere in the distance, but too far for you to reach. To know of those wonders yet destroy yourself for a piece of mind you’ll never get. To be entirely consumed by another specie living inside. To institutionalize your intellect by penetrating reason. To live in a world barren of all senses and resolve, despite the beauty all around you.

But this doesn’t mean addiction cannot perish; that you must live with its effects forever tormented by daily temptation, thought, and past impulsions. Life without addiction should neither imply a life of sponsorship – enduring AA meetings, therapy, or re-treatment. Recovery should, instead, mean that you’ve healed physically, emotionally, and spiritually from something that took away so much of who you once were. Little pieces of you that didn’t matter in the moment, but overtime, made you unrecognizable. That you’ve remedied the causal mechanisms of its form and foundations to modern thought. A restorative manner that allows you to matriculate in a world where the addiction still exists. To align your body and mind with purpose in seeking the highest expression of self. To funnel addictive tendencies into creative potential – substantive matter that serves more than what the addiction could have provided. Recovery should mean the voluntary death of an involuntary life part. To willingly suffer in light of being born again.
However, this ideation is foreign to many, as the mere contemplation of existing without the camaraderie of addiction seems absurd. “It’s just part of you”, they say. An impossible notion to suddenly have pity for the addict that’s not you. To see users on the street and wonder how they got there. To pass the liquor store and not taste the crisp sweetness of wine or bubbling spirit on tongue. To not feel like a bag of chemicals with an upcoming expiration date – a lifeless machine on autopilot. Living in a world where recovery is defined by abstinence, it is unsurprising that this imagery is farfetched. That you keep the monster below at bay. That you endure its manifestations in the subtleties of nature. But you mustn’t, at any cost, concede to such a schema.

Instead, you have to consciously contend with the addiction. To understand it, explore it, and manipulate it. To examine its motivational domains and the roots to which it grows. To know the addiction better than you know yourself, and bar its necessity of passage. To burn its sufficiency off like dead wood. To divorce its personality from that of yours and rebuild the structure of its interpretation.

It’s as though living in a colossal mud bath. The mud is all around you – between your limbs, intwined in hair, and within teeth. It’s just there and it’s always been there. In fact, you’ve spent your whole life afloat in grime that you don’t even recall what it’s like to not have been. Still, you recognize that this sludge is weighing you down, days in and days out. That you wish to escape – dreaming of endeavors out of reach, calling upon friends to liberate you, and relying on family members for vital resources. A relentless pursuit of angst and failure; that the more you persevere, the deeper you sink. That you must surrender to its co-existence before it consumes you entirely. So, you stop the fight. Stop the contemplations and escape plots – the inner war of an external battle. You simply just be. To feel of feelings and think of thought. To gracefully let go of the goings. To dissolve the invisible walls that awareness has built. And in doing so, you wonder the very nature of this mud. Where it all came from: its genesis and growth. A thought that propels you head-deep into unexplored terrain. A passage that reveals a bottom never reached; a plug that’s kept you captive. A realization that you had the ability to free yourself all the while. You just had to look down, instead of up.

So, when you attentively listen to the untrammeled dialogue of self, and learn about your faults, you’ll discover revelatory thought. A line of communication with consciousness that keeps you from wandering into oblivion. From enduring the circuit of mechanical impulse. An ability to forgo momentary pleasure in pursuit of long-term gain. To freely deliberate the consequences of nature. An awareness to the human levels of your experience.

It’s just the matter of standing tall with your shoulders back, accepting the terrible responsibility of life. To bear the conditions of your existence. To pick up your suffering and carry it. To not let the candlelight perish under the oxygenated sky. To be willing and able, vulnerable at the least. To stumble forward into the science of self, and mindfully engineer the forces of choice. To find utility in the untold generations that came before. To develop the potential that you’ve been offered and realize it. Perhaps then, you’ll see that the problem may actually be the solution. That this experience is happening for you, rather than to you. That the addicted life is only a story that you tell yourself; and that it starts and ends with you.