

Pleasure vs. Pain

by hollywouldntdotnet

So I finally bit the bullet and educated myself (to a beginner level) on Scientology. Yes, I know call me Tom Cruise and hand me Suri. What's up, LA much? I get it.

But it really was just a matter of time before I did it. Number one, I am a huge science fiction geek and Scientology is based on *Dianetics*, written by L Ron Hubbard, the grandfather of science fiction. My curiosity was peaked years ago. Couple this with the fact that when I can't sleep I don't watch television so I read about odd things. It's my equivalent to infomercials. You can just as easily slap your credit card down for something useless you've read on the internet as you can a workout video.

Okay, so here's what I concur. *Dianetics* is pretty fuckin' interesting. I'm not sure Scientology is all it's cracked up to be but at the baser level of Dianetics is a simple explanation for why our crazy little brains do the things they do. Then, I guess when you pay lots of money, the brain doctors teach you how to remedy said malfunction.

So. Here's what I got. We have our analytical brain and then we have this tainted little idiot step child part of our brain. A part that means well, but has no real business controlling anything. Primarily, because it is based solely on reaction. This is the part that remembers and stores oodles of horrible memories; things we tried to black out, bullies, broken hearts, bumps, bruises and abusive boyfriends. It's the Pandora's Box of our brain and it's got a faulty little latch.

Side note: I once read an article that says women are prone to believing that if something happened once, it'll happen again. That we are wired differently and when we see a set of variables that have already gone one way, we've mentally dog-eared it so to speak and so we perceive it as falling the same way it did last time. Like we're standing there reading the preface, and then we lick our index finger and pull back that corner matter-of-factly ready for the next page.

Men do not do this. Supposedly.

Regardless, according to Scientology, both sexes alike have our reactive brains and from this, throw our mental armor on and put up our greatest defenses when we think we will get hurt again in a similar fashion. So much so, that we cause our own pain, our own anxiety, our own psychosomatic symptoms and thereby get inflicted with illness that doesn't ACTUALLY exist. So essentially we are all causing our own demise by a simple irrational pattern of fears.

Example: Someone pegged a ball at your head in Dodgeball and hit you square in your face. At that time, you were wearing orange, you could smell sweat and Polo Sport (because its 1997) and someone previously yelled "duck".

If these sensory things were to arise again, even with no ball in the air, you could feel that twinge of pain. So you go duck hunting with someone wearing throwback cologne and boom – scared of a ball.

It's also why if we threw up a particular food, the mere smell of it could make us sick for years to come though we didn't eat a thing and clearly smelling something cannot rationally make you ill.

Okay. So this all makes sense. Our bodies try to shield us from pain, our defense mechanisms cause unfounded fear and scientologists have found a way to free man of such fears and preach a "clear" life.

What happens though, if you are a masochist?

I ask because what I have realized, is that SO many of us are.

Stay with me, even if you're the sadist.

I once wrote half a book (I won't even front and say it was the whole thing), called Dating Humpty Dumpty. It's patented bitches, don't even bother.

Dating Humpty Dumpty was based on the all too familiar pattern of chasing the people you "want to put back together again." Well, all the Kings horses and all the Kings men failed, I won't. So despite what is best for you, you consistently beeline for the most broken person you can possibly find. The one cracked egg in the carton. You actually whistle as you put back those little ovals. Who wants someone together?

Book Snippet:

“All the King’s horses and all the King’s men’ couldn’t accomplish this. I will be the one to do so. I will fix the broken bird wing, the tortured artist, the mommy and daddy issue- filled boy or the even the ex con. Was it just as topical as, we all want to date the “bad boy?” The Jordan Catalano, the Dylan McKay? Or was it a deeper need to victoriously repair someone, who isn’t even ours to repair, but maybe rather than doctor ourselves, we keep being

insatiably drawn to remedy someone else. To pick up all their fragmented pieces, dust off their muddled pasts and find the crazy glue?

I used to think this made me some sort of guardian angel, giving and giving to the selfless task of loving a completely non-deserving and twisted, broken, beaten, battered, withered, blackened, cracked and shattered little heart. Now I realize it's masochistic beyond belief. Are we martyrs staying well past when all the king's horses and all the king's men have long since retired home and there we are, petting the pieces of Humpty 's shell and swearing we'll figure this jigsaw out."

I cannot tell you how many people I know that are guilty of this. Not just girls either. Tons of us, men and women alike, essentially NOT looking out for ourselves at all. No defenses. No armor. We're politely unzipping our bullet proof vest and *then* running through the line of rapid fire like a kid in a sprinkler. On purpose.

Riddle me this one Scientology. What do we do when our reactive brain doesn't try to shield out the danger but rather cozily invites it in for supper? Personally I'm a magnet to crazy. I should've been a defense attorney. You give me crazy, and I will defend them to the death. I'm like Clarice just watching Hannibal Lecter chomp on body parts for dessert and then trying ever so gently and methodically to get him to like me.

You know you know somebody like this. Whether it's you, or a friend. The reasons behind it are even nuttier.

Apparently some of us can actually confuse pain and pleasure. So our pleasure part of our brain (a la sex, whiskey, gambling, shopping, heroin, what have you) is so close to our pain receptors, some of can invariably confuse the two.

Why some men love fighting. Not just the adrenal rush, but the actual punch impact. Think Fight Club.

I don't know a lot of girls who want to get punched in the face, but I do not a lot of beautiful women who enjoy emotional masochism. The average lifespan of a domestically abusive relationship is 17 years. C'mon. Love is blind but is there a sick pleasure in pain for some of us?

Then there are the CEO's that want their nipples clamped or the pre-teen cutters. It's why tattoos feel good.

Does pain make us feel alive? Are some of us chasing the high of the low? I know girls who were Valedictorian that agree to dates only if so and so has been in prison. I know girls who have worked as escorts and dominatrices being proposed to by a line of venture capitalists with degrees from Stanford, Harvard and Yale respectively.

It appears some of us, are un-helpable by the church of Scientology. We not only relish the pain but we need it. We need it to distract us from what life really is: a fleeting, confusing circus. So, to be free of our pain, leaves us with what Tom Cruise? I can't handle the truth.