In mysticism the individual
Experiences the melting away
Into the infinite,
His own individuality fades away
Beyond space and time,
An undifferentiated entity
Without multiplicity,
Spaceless and timeless
Experiencing the Eternal now.

In a struggle for life
And as a consequence,
Natural selection,
The production of higher animals
Naturally follows
Grandeur in this view of life,
Originally breathed by the Creator
Into a few forms or into one
Whilst this planet goes acycling,
From a simple beginning,
End forms most beautiful
And most wonderful
Are being evolved.
Charles Darwin 1854

Later he breathed consciousness
Into this living matter,
And finally he breathed
Into man a living soul.

Various adaptations made
To enable man to attain
His somewhat exalted position
In the evolutionary scale,
The upright position, the thumb
Opposed to the finger,
The superiority of the sense
Of vision over the sense of smell,
But the chief human weapon
Has been the superior human brain,
All our entire lives
Have been given up
To the avoidance of death,
Our brain is evolved
To cope with initiating
Death avoiding actions
A deviation into sense.

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Spinoza wrote about human beings
As though he was concerned,
With lines and planes and solids
He laboured carefully,
Not to mock, lament or execrate
But to understand human action
And to this end looked upon passion,
Not as vices of human nature
But as properties just as pertinent,
As heat, cold, stone and thunder
Like to the nature of the atmosphere.

Nietzsche was consoled to find
So much evil and cruelty in the world,
He took a sadistic pleasure,
Reflecting on the extent,
Believing cruelty constituted
The great joy and delight
Of ancient man,
Believing that our pleasure in tragic drama
In anything sublime
Is a refined and vicarious cruelty,
“Man is the cruelest animal”
Said Zarathustra, when gazing at tragedies,
Bullfights and crucifixions,
He had not felt happier than
At any other time,
The ultimate ethics is biological.

Freud and his followers were able
To convince the world that
Deliberate attention to our unconscious
Could achieve results
In the field of therapy,
He saw the dream as a
Means of making contact
With the hidden parts of the mind,
Here in the dream, wonderfully disguised
Were the monsters of the interior sea,
Strip them of their disguise
Destroy them and the conscious man
Could free himself of,
Whatever disturbs his equanimity.

According to Arnold Toynbee,⁴
When a nation or civilisation
Finds itself in times of trouble,
Its members go in on themselves
Having found that extraversion
Does not pay,
They seek new riches, new power
From their unconscious inner life,
Jung would add, from
The Collective Unconscious
Common to the whole group,
Thomas Sterne Elliot, great poet
Has found out of his
Incessant struggle with words and meanings,
The aesthetic interpretation of it all.

We must harness
From the revitalising forms
Which are at our command,
Hidden within us
Our spiritual nuclear energy,
Pay attention to our dreams
Our untutored reveries,
We must find solutions
In our personal life of fantasy,
A reality which cannot
Come from synthetic fantasies
Which we buy,
Each of us must galvanise
Our own latent creativity
To enrich our inner self.

REFERENCES