

## Beyond A Certain Creativity

Keng Thye Woo,<sup>1</sup>*FAMS, FRACP*

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<sup>1</sup>

Alfred Russel Wallace,  
Darwin's co-discoverer  
Was not content to pass by  
With a shrug of agnostic shoulders,  
For him, the Creator  
Was active on three occasions,  
He created living matter by  
Bridging the gulf between  
The complicated protein matter  
And the first truly living entity,



Later he breathed consciousness  
Into this living matter,  
And finally he breathed  
Into man a living soul.<sup>2,3</sup>

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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<sup>1</sup>Department of Renal Medicine, Singapore General Hospital, Singapore

Address for Correspondence: Professor Woo Keng Thye, Department of Renal Medicine, Singapore General Hospital, Outram Road, Singapore 169608.

Email: [woo.keng.thye@sgh.com.sg](mailto:woo.keng.thye@sgh.com.sg)

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,<sup>4</sup>  
 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

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