

# **How to Find Yourself**

(or a reasonable facsimile)

The Head-Book Handbook

by

Vincent Eaton

*Forward*

*by*

*Doctor Louis Templeton-Arf, MD, PhD, fiddle-de-de*

*How to Find Yourself*

*(or a reasonable facsimile)*

A thin book on a large subject

This book is compilation of scientific studies and expert opinion addressing practical methods and current theories in Finding Yourself. The casual reader will find illuminating case histories, pure psychobabble conjecture, alternative viewpoints, dreamy reminiscences, cheap-shot journalistic reporting and some things that just popped up and sounded halfway reasonable. The professional reader won't give this a second glance.

The aim of this book is to supply readers with practical examples and helpful hints as to how to spot, understand, and instill a real sense of self in your innermost being. This book's contents should guide readers to a more practical self-knowledge, peace of mind, spiritual nurturing, fuzzy thinking, and strange sexual longings you really should just keep to yourself.

This book is dedicated to all those people  
who have misplaced themselves temporarily.

## Foreword

Doctor Louis Templeton-Arf, MD, PhD, fiddle-de-de

Dr. Templeton-Arf<sup>1</sup> is the world-renown author of those milestone tomes on existence and life: *Why?*, Volumes I and II, as well as the companion volumes, *Because!*, Volumes I, II, III, IV, V and VI.

I find, as I sit down to write this forward, that I am in the midst of an Historical Occasion, even though it is sunny outside, the 3rd of May, with Spring in the air and birds singing their familiar territorial songs just outside my window, which gives me a bit of a headache, brought on partly by my wife who is in one of her moods again, compounded by the death of my dog last night. Mysterious causes. Anyway, an Historical Occasion it is, because, with the publication of this well-documented, thoroughly researched volume on the eternal search for self-knowledge—of which contemporary society is but a aberrant manifestation—a long, traumatic era of human history may come to an end, just like my dog, Peppy.

Of late, Civilized Men Women, who have far too much money and free time on their hands, have decided, in alarming numbers, to notice their navels, and, *en masse*, begin murmuring soothing metaphysical terms at this innocent, blank-eyed belly buttons. Without proper supervision.

While I had believed that the subject had been exhausted, that the bottomless pit of the individual navel gazer had been done to death, just like Peppy, now here arrives *How to Find Yourself* to show that previous literature had only scratched the surface of the belly button phenomenon. The book you now hold in your hands plumbs the depths of unadulterated self-absorption and beyond. Way beyond. Beyond any real need or rational justification. Nevertheless ... nice word, nevertheless ... here it is, glistening between its magnificence covers, ready for unsuspecting minds to devour, digest,

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<sup>1</sup> Dr. Templeton-Arf is a Visiting Fellow from Oxford, England. At other times, he's a nice guy or a real understanding person. Most of the time, however, he's just a Visiting Fellow.

comprehend, grow depressed, whither away.

However, it's not as bad as all that, although the ache in my back is killing me, and my bowel movements, well, they've not been quite as regular as a gastrointestinal specialist would desire, though things could be worse, oh yes, much, much worse. Just think of Peppy.

In conclusion, I believe it is my primary duty to put forth one emphatic warning:

### **Watch out!**

This book may change your life! It is that powerful, that challenging, that potentially overwhelming.

However, if you find it does not change your life, I would suggest you read it a second time and try harder.

Now, I entreat you to begin your own personal journey into this Historical Occasion. Please, turn the page, take a breath, and dive in.

Meanwhile, I shall halt the writing this Foreword, before it goes on and on ... and on ... risking becoming a Backword.

Oh Peppy, where are you?

## Introduction

*First things first.*

Who am I?

Go on, say it, say it to yourself.

"Who am I?"

Say it aloud:

"Who am I?"

Yes, indeed, who *are* you?

This is the essential question that faces the vast majority of thinking peoples living in these disturbing times. Yet before you begin this book, you must face a stark reality that:

*There has been a great, great deal of mischief caused in the name of self-knowledge.*

Quiet normal brains that would have made fine pharmacists, capable secretaries, or so-so amateur actors take total leave of their senses when deciding to come to grips with identity crises, personality conflicts, feelings of existential anguish, the alarming memories of toilet training, not to mention dealing with the red red robin when it comes bob-bob-bobbing along. These days, many people have been trying to find themselves yet haven't the faintest idea how to.

The reader should recognize that just as there have been only a few individuals who could do certain tasks really well—natural geniuses in gardening, overpaid handymen, or those teaching sign language to chimpanzees and actually getting paid for it—so too has there been only a select number of beings who have had sufficient education, wisdom, and grounding to find themselves, and not make a

complete mess of it.

Nevertheless, certain economically advantaged groups persist in wanting to have a go at finding out who they really are, and the consequences be damned.

To exploit this market need, this book has been thrown together over the last fifteen years for the express purpose of enabling your average self-seeker to discover those meaningful parts of his or her being that vaguely resemble his or her own Self.

Consuming the facts and stories this book does not demand any specialized educational background, you don't have to tell us who your parents are, we *don't want to know* how they treated you, and best of all you won't be required to take any tests to see whether you have passed or failed after finishing the book. You'll just *be*, at last.

So good luck, whoever you are, whoever you are about to become. So begin your journey into your darkest, most innermost self (flashlight and batteries not included).

## **A Partial Checklist of where *not* to Find Yourself**

First of all, do not look underneath the living room couch.

Avoid excessive navel-gazing. You will usually not be there, either. Contrary to popular belief, navel-gazing has been determined by the vast majority of mental health experts to be a purely theoretical rather than practical aid in Finding Oneself.

Do not travel to foreign countries with the express purpose to discover who you are. For instance, if you live in North America, never use the commonly heard declaration, "I'm going to Europe to find myself." Often, you will not be there.

Attending purely religious ceremonies should be actively shunned when trying to Find Yourself. Supreme Beings and Blind Faith are generally considered distractions where massive self-absorption is required.

Avoid strenuous nose blowing. Recent medical studies have shown that overexertion of the sinus cavities may lead to identity disorientation, which may last from three to five days, or may be permanent.

It cannot be stressed too often that suicide should also be avoided. Most, though not all, reputable scientific organizations regard suicide as an overwhelming setback in the Search for Self, one that it can lead to extreme discouragement and subsequent long-term depression.

And **Do Not** – I repeat, **Do Not** – gaze into a mirror, hoping to peer deep into your soul and discover who you really are. That ain't the way it works, folks.

## **History and Self**

Before proceeding into the body of this work, we must squarely face the matter of your cherished singularity, placing it within a broad historical context.

For this, we surreptitiously captured live on audio two young men who we will call Zek and Zak, dressed in baggy clothes with baseball caps turned backwards, both feeling a little zonked out sitting around at a Mall. The philosophical transcript is herewith reproduced verbatim.

"Hey, Zek? You know, lately, I've been thinking about who I am."

"Whoa, like alert the media."

"It's no joke, man. 'Cause you know it all got like really weird when I thought about who I was. Got deep."

"Ooh major bad."

"Tell me about it. I started thinking about all sorts of crap, like about everyone who has ever lived and walked and talked on the face of earth. And then I realized."

"... Like, realized ...?"

"Realized I'm not the first person to be born and want to know who I am."

"Well, like, duh. Big time."

"No, think about it, man How many dudes and dudettes over hundreds of

centuries have come and gone and been someone before you or me ever came along?"

"You want an exact figure or can I guess?"

"Come on. Just like think about it, think about everyone who has ever existed ... No cheating, think."

"You mean, like think think?"

"Totally. Like close your eyes tight – visualize everyone – and I mean *everyone*, every sucker throughout the ages, before Christ, during Christ, the Middle Ages, *China*."

"Okay. Okay ... Mmmmm ... *Whoa mama!*"

"You see?"

"There are a lot of folks behind my eyes. Like tons and billions and godzillions. I see 'em, man, like lined up, one after another, on top of each other's heads, reaching out into the universe, wrapping around Saturn five times and coming back to earth. We're talking mucho zeros here."

"Now, Zek, like consider the possibility that because so many people have been born and already existed that there really is no one left to be."

(Note: Here the sound of a distant, wounded animal, a moan slowly rose from Zek's breast, and grew in enormity until it filled the air with as a high-whine.)

"The dawn is breaking over your brow. You understand, Zek, that every identity with every imaginable variation and nuance and individual stamp has lived and walked and talked and been somebody."

"And when you think about throwing reincarnation into the mix ...."

"Perhaps for the first time in human history we face the likelihood that ... hold it ... everyone's been done. Or at least, everyone worth being ...."

"Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Then you're saying I could just be imitating someone else who has already like lived and everything?"

"You got it. It's like when you ask yourself, Who am I?, you hear a faint voice from the near or distant past whispering in your ear, 'Who are you? – why, you're me. I was already who you are. Exactly. Down to the very last detail, frowning forehead, nervous tick and all.'"

(Note: a long, long silence.)

"Zippy-fucking-doo-dah man."

"Yeah but you know most people prefer being somebody else so they don't have to worry who they are."

"Yeah, like our parents. And their friends."

"But when I think that I might be like a carbon copy of some ancient being, it's like, soooo discouraging, man."

"Can't get my head around this."

"Oh man."

"Fucking-A."

"You said it."

"Nah, somebody already said that."

"Zippy-fucking-doo-dah man. Fucking-doo-dah."

(Tape runs out at this point.)