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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Eternal Boy

Chad Grant · Wednesday, March 1st, 2023

### Eternal Boy

Chad Grant

During my teenage years, I rebelled and experimented with marijuana as a way to cope. I found that the sativa plant enabled me to be creative and gain introspection, as a result I realized that my neurosis was a result of my upbringing and my fear of disappointing my father. Jacques Lacan states that one of the four fundamental concepts of psychoanalysis are man's desire of the other. This means that desire is the object of another's desire and that desire is also desire for recognition. As a child, my mother would often plead with my paternal grandmother for my father to spend time with me. My therapist recommended that I begin taking writing seriously as I found it to be cathartic and therapeutic.

It is essential to acknowledge that my dad was a police officer who encountered the harshness of life on a regular basis. He was trying to shield me from enduring the same difficulties he faced, yet in doing so, he was not truly aiding me.

Unwittingly, I was determined to be unlike my father, and I would often act out of defiance, either deliberately or inadvertently as a misguided effort to differentiate myself from my father.

In mythology, the Latin phrase "Puer Aeternus" or "Eternal Boy," was first mentioned in the *Metamorphoses*, a work of poetry by the Roman author Ovid. In the analytical psychology of Carl Jung, the term is used to describe an adult whose emotional life has remained at an adolescent level. According to Jung's conception, the Puer typically leads a "Provisional Life" due to fear of being trapped in a situation from which escape is not possible.

Examining my life, I am profoundly dissatisfied with myself. At thirty-eight years of age, I am too heavily influenced by the opinions of others. Through introspection and my natural inclination towards creativity, I have come to the realization that I have allowed the approval of others to dictate my life. It is unclear to what extent my upbringing has contributed to my decision to pursue politics.



a colorful cloud of smoke vapour on black

After weed became legal all of these potheads came out of the woodwork demanding instantaneous lobotomy, I included. It seemed as though an old love affair had been rekindled. Medication had diluted my senses, and dulled my creativity. I had found my panacea again through a lush life and cheap vacations to paradise.

I was a bohemian, I took Bukowski too seriously, and found myself in a rooming house with other miscreants. I was a beautifully broken man with a chip on his shoulder and a monkey on his back. I have come to the conclusion that this is my lot in life—playing the fool with a ship of fools. Am I mad? I don't really know.

In order to be a successful writer, it is essential to be honest with oneself. For a long time, I was not being truthful about my struggles. However, I now recognize that there is no need to do so. And I'm willing to speak the truth through my medium be it in poetry or politics.

My disdain for the dubious practice of psychiatry is rooted in its subjective nature. Where once poets, prophets, sages, and shamans held esteemed positions in the village community as healers, these twentieth century charlatans are a product of post-industrialism and the pharmaceutical companies. My own convictions further solidify my lack of faith in this dark art. On a chilly February evening, I warned my roommate, "You would be a fool to venture out in this storm." However, I added, "At times it is acceptable to act the fool." Bravery is a daring act, and it takes courage to speak one's truth. It is with this same courage that I express myself now through my writing.

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