

# DOPAMINE, HE: POSTER BOY

*The neuro-aesthetic companion event to Happy Beginning*

*Visual Talking Point/i-o-i-p.com*

*“THE COCKTAIL, HIS  
BRAIN SERVED-UP,  
WAS A CONCOCTION OF  
DOPAMINE, OXYTOCIN,  
AND SEROTONIN, BUT  
IT MIGHT AS WELL  
HAVE BEEN 116 HIGH  
OCTANE RACING FUEL,  
FOR THE NEURO-VAPOR  
ALONE TURNED HIS  
BODY INSIDE OUT.”*

As a choice, she was perfect.

In retrospect, he was a sitting duck, majestically screwed from the get-go.

*RAIN, RAIN, GO-AWAY, COME AGAIN ANOTHER DAY  
RAIN, RAIN, GO-AWAY, COME AGAIN ANOTHER DAY*

There is current research about the brain that addresses the idea of bliss, i.e., bliss as a state of perfect happiness. It sounds nice in theory, but maybe not so nice in an alchemical dimension. In examining bliss, there are two forms: meditative conditions where breath and quietness create an inner repose; and, sex. The first form activates the part of the brain known as the right angular gyrus. The second plays itself out in the cerebellum. His cerebellum was his downfall, because over the last several months it had been running on intuition alone without any checks or balances.

Her image, and any memory of her no matter how fleeting, was an instantaneous trigger that drew out symptoms of addictive behavior: panic, anxiety, trembling, and sweats. This was no first blush or heartbreak recollection, for the intensity of the panic that took over his body was not only about her. This realization was very hard for him to admit.



The reward her image conjured up in his body was forty years in the making. The absolute height of the reward was huge. Every memory or image that popped into his mind was a trigger. He would constantly attempt to re-value the memories of her as soon as they appeared just in order to get through the moment: this was a survival mode situation. Over the last two years, she had been his worldview, albeit askew, and for which he was now powerless. He was in dire need of a new strategy to activate his gaze in a positive way.

At first, he began by shifting the memory flashes into pragmatic, conscious image associations. He would say to himself, "brain, or brain, trigger" when an image came to mind. He did this to take himself out of his head, which happened too frequently for his comfort. The revaluing helped, and would change for psychological expedience. "*BRAIN, BRAIN GO-AWAY*" was the next permutation. Why wish for his brain to disappear? His memories and relapses started to take their toll. He was deeply pained and wanted it all to stop. So, the phase turned once again into a simpler, familiar refrain.

RAIN, RAIN, GO-AWAY, COME AGAIN ANOTHER DAY  
RAIN, RAIN, GO-AWAY, COME AGAIN ANOTHER DAY

This refrain would be repeated in a whispered under-the-breath hushed voice whenever a memory flashed forward.

*“WITH  
INELEGANCE,  
SHE  
SAVED  
HIS  
LIFE.”*

As he walked, he mumbled, repeating the refrain ten or twenty times to calm the shaking and nervous energy. The refrain could not stop the memories from appearing. The impulses kept coming on strong. His desire to see her, write her, or to drive-by her neighborhood was intense.

The reward impulse rushed over him again, and again, pushing to the surface the biggest reward of all: a new life for him. With inelegance, she saved his life. Though, in actuality, he started to heal himself from himself. The impulses and relapses were not really specific to her. Her image represented the greatest pleasure reward, the dopamine rush/relax, but it was about getting his life back.

The hardship of the addictive rush was not that he so desired the reward, but that she was unavailable to him: no pay-off. The distance between what he could not have and what he wanted expressed itself as an addiction withdrawal. The absence left an acidic taste in his mouth. The "reactionary swing" was far too great for his body to fully comprehend. He was now completely conscious in his own neurological experience noticing each nuanced shift his body practiced. He now had a first-hand account of every twinge his body made and he didn't know what to do with this information, besides to ride it out as far as it would go.

*RAIN, RAIN, GO-AWAY, COME AGAIN ANOTHER DAY  
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All addictions are beyond reason. He was trying to take ownership for something which he had no control. Much like his love, whether it was authentic or not, it was becoming increasingly difficult to recognize. To exist outside of one's own body sucks. It's a fiction, of course, but that doesn't mean it doesn't resonate with pain.

He immediately began a regiment of sucking down homeopathic remedies, such as Rescue Remedy to reduce stress, and eating food stuffs high in dopamine (avocado, seeds, chicken, bananas) to strike a functional level between his impulses and relapses.

As an artist, he had over his career become very familiar with the creative process and the peculiar nature of revealing great satisfaction only to conceal creative breakthroughs with grand doubts. Risks and rewards are central to the creative process, which is why this event was so startling to his nervous system. That this neurological event could be as demanding on his total body, and be responsible for determining his decision-making process short-circuited everything he had come to believe. So instead of focusing on his issue at hand, he indulged the impulse and became more concerned with the proximity between his feelings and hers: classic withdrawal behavior.

*RAIN, RAIN, GO-AWAY, COME AGAIN ANOTHER DAY  
RAIN, RAIN, GO-AWAY, COME AGAIN ANOTHER DAY*



His satisfaction had no satisfaction. His memories had back-up memories. His memories of her had learned how to keep themselves alive.

*RAIN, RAIN, GO-AWAY, COME AGAIN ANOTHER DAY  
RAIN, RAIN, GO-AWAY, COME AGAIN ANOTHER DAY*

Staying away from each other had its appeal in keeping the triggers at bay. To analytically understand the causal effects, does little to justify the emotional recourse of the body. Best intentions, maybe, but in whose best interest? Is it possible to postpone attraction/addiction?

The withdrawal effects, which nestled inside his body for months, would eventually diminish, leaving a lull in his ability to visually recall the face of this woman, her smell or how she tasted: all aspects of her he so recently coveted. These special circumstances had dramatically changed his opinion of her. She was in one sense plain and ordinary, but in his imperfect neurological mind, she will always be perfection: a cause célèbre.

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QUICK REFERENCE:

DOPAMINE: REGULATES REWARD AND MOVEMENT  
SEROTONIN: RELAXATION AND WELL-BEING  
OXYTOCIN: SOCIAL RECOGNITION AND BONDING

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FOR MORE INFORMATION ON BRAIN AWARENESS. PLEASE VISIT:  
[HTTP://WWW.GREENSTEININSTITUTE.COM](http://www.greensteininstitute.com)