

Money is a metaphor . . .

and I am going to ask you to spend some . . .
on your unconscious mind.

If fiction is a metaphor for life, then
money is a metaphor for basic human
needs: security, control, approval (which
can also be called survival, power and
love.)

Money is an artifact that ranks up there
with video games and smart bombs.

Shakespeare's Iago wasn't kidding
when he said, "Put money in thy
purse." If you can't win your love,
at least you'll have money and the
power that comes with it.

A metaphor is an implicit analogy.
"The Lord is my shepherd" means
the Lord relates to me as a shepherd
relates to sheep.

"Money is the root of all evil" means
that money supports and maintains
evil as a root supports and maintains
its plant.

Have you ever argued about money,
If so, hang with me here.

Money can be a symbol of parental
love. Withheld and diverted to siblings.
It's one root to sibling rivalry.

Money gives us power, the illusion
of control. The one in control of the
money makes the decisions, buys the
security, comfort, admiration, and love.

When aging parents give us their power
of attorney, they relinquish control.
When they die we are apt to fight over
their possessions, the metaphor for
their love.

Example: with recognition of
each other's strengths and weaknesses,
my sister and I shared responsibility
for parents who lived five years beyond
debilitating strokes. My father attempted
suicide; my mother begged me to kill her.

When my mother finally died at ninety

my sister told me that she (mother) had promised the diamond rings to her.

I didn't care about the diamonds, but I felt the old jealousy as if I were five years old again.

Just before my mother died I dreamed I could kill her. The next day I wrote a poem called "Matricide".

Example of test of the tooth:

In the early '80s I found myself traveling alone on a camel, rocking and rolling up the path to the pyramids outside Cairo. I was more afraid of the Bedoin leading the camel than the very tall camel itself.

When we reach the base of the pyramid the Bedoin would not command his camel to kneel so I could get off. He wanted me to pay in American money and I had only Egyptian and British coins.

He stormed around the upright camel a few times and then finally reached up for my British coin. He bit it. It didn't break. Satisfied, he made the camel kneel and let me off.

My money passed the test of the tooth.

Back to you. Have you ever disagreed with your partner on use of money?

Have you ever disagreed with yourself?

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Evelyn Cole, MA, MFA
The Whole-mind Writer
evymae@hughes.net

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