

Thus Spake Black Hen

Pray, Help Me to Become Whole, Dr. Comus; Please,
Teach Me How to Fly How to Sing...

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An archetype that seems to link the process of the growth of the human life story recording to the process of the growth and maturation of the universal myth seeds is described. This is mostly a real story about how the author's attention energy was drawn to this archetype. The unfolding of this story took the author along different bypaths, some of them revealing, and some obviously misleading. In a way, all these ramifications seem to speak about the bearing of this archetype—Black Hen—on the classical ego-self dynamics of Advaita Vedanta, as this author understands it.

An Introduction.

MORE THAN 100 years ago, a Russian author, Pogorel'ski, wrote a story about a Black Hen who in a parallel but somehow accessible world served as the prime minister of a mysterious race of underground people. Russian children love this story and I remember how my own son liked to recite passages of it by heart.

What seems rather curious for me in this story, and in many others, is that mythical figures demand something from the human heroes. I do not think that this is just an ethical lesson along the lines of "one good turn deserves another." I prefer to think that originally it all meant something more basic:

*To grow whole, the Mythical figures of the
Timeless need Us.*

**Tested by Crazy Jane and found wanting.
Illusions take their toll. I am a coward—
this is my style. So (volens nolens) this
will be a half-scholarly paper.**

FROM THE very beginning I enjoyed the idea behind this paper, but the first weeks of writing it were a real disaster. Instead of some

nice inspiration, I was suddenly challenged with a test by Black Hen her[him]self—this time disguised as a Crazy Jane. There were really two Crazy Jane-class representatives of the Black Hen world. And certainly I was found wanting. But let me tell the story.

I was approached on the street by an old woman—possibly drunken, and quite certainly behaving weirdly. "Nice boy! Can I ask you for something?" So she spoke, and this "nice boy" (I am 59 years old and do not look especially young for my age in Russia), together with a strange playful grimace on her face, really had me. Whatever she wanted—maybe just to be led to some place—I could not stand being near her even for 10 seconds. With a strange short laugh that I was not quite expecting of myself, with an even stranger gesture intended to be polite (and meant to express something like—"I should be glad, but..."), and with some meaningless words I quickly passed her by. This was the first trick of Crazy Jane (a central character of several poems by W. B. Yeats [1996]). The reader will probably notice some more allusions to his verses here and in some other places of this paper).

As I had just started writing this paper, I quickly understood that it was Black Hen's first test. (A good accomplice she/he certainly found for this mission. Perfect!) Another related story

that followed a few days later was also quite tailor-made to reach my unconscious fears. A young woman who has been hospitalized several times in a psychiatric ward and who is...well, the world of people who have some connection to me has grown hopelessly complicated due to several marriages of mine. Not quite a Woody Allen-type net of interpersonal ties—but, well, she is still close enough, so that I could not refuse when she asked me to bring her some items that were stored at my former wife's flat. This created a real inner storm in me. I was obsessed by my own personal illusion of my requester being an inventive manipulator. I was thinking about many quite improbable scenarios of the meeting I was facing and fancied numerous kinds of strange counterstrategies to meet her possible creative crazy diversions. I was quite psychotic in all these inner preparations. In reality, I just gave her the bag she needed, spent few more minutes in a rather formal exchange, and quickly left the place of our meeting.

And once more I recognized who was playing these tricks, revealing my inner unpreparedness to take this topic. But I could not drop it. "This will be a scholarly paper!" I told myself. I am certainly not quite able to carry out even this promise. But well—maybe Black Hen has already taught me something. In a scandalous Soviet comedy of the '70s, a would-be cosmonaut left a huge black limousine at his former home and was immediately slapped in the face with some wet underwear his wife was washing. "My family said—YES!" he said to the officers that were standing behind...and left—with no further delay—towards the waiting limousine. I am obviously doing the same thing:

The exchange that I had with Black Hen I would like to take as a kind of agreement between us.

Are there more ways towards Black Hen? The Ancient Black Hen. Silence. More Silence.

WAS THE above story, indeed, an agreement between us? Whatever answer I would sometimes like to give here, I really feel it was a precious moment for me. Black Hen was no more a children's book character or a rhetoric device.

Starting to write this paper really evoked Black Hen. Now I know that this archetype is really alive in my consciousness/memory.

I had been fascinated by the story. These black figures—like the famous Men in Black (Rojcewicz, 1989)—are often, as if magically, coming alive in one's mind. And in my own case—in my native Estonian—if one says Hen (Kana), immediately "Ancient" (Vana) will pop into one's mind. So my language background alone has always kept suggesting some ancient, mythological air around the Black Hen figure.

But there is a great difference between these considerations and the "real," "uncontrollable" Black Hen who had come to the scene and probed the hardened, sclerotic crust of my ego.

When I speak and write about other people there is always some ring of untruth because of all my opinions—even if I feel that I have been quite sincere in expressing them. But my opinions come from an ego distortion area of my mind space. Sincerity, wit, even analytical penetration of the world of ego are not of permanent significance for us. Returning from the world of Self (or having come rather close to it), one occasionally sees how limited these "productions of time" are. Eternity can be supposed to be in love with only few of them. (W. Blake, of course, had every right to intuit this, as his own productions certainly were worthy of it. And then, possibly some important part of his enormous personality never left the Timeless Self, at least during his last years. When one is really there everything is perfect.)

A Minister of Source and Self, a creature of timeless realm, you, Black Hen, once more reminded me of all this. You were here, and the Timeless, real freedom, transcendence—all were here with me. A memory of this meeting with you will help me to see better what I am doing in this world. It will help me—after having dived once again into the deep dark water of time (this happens quite unnoticed to my mind)—to keep jumping again and again out of the watery darkness to spaces that are close to timeless.

An interlude of two real worlds.

AN UNTAMED MYTH and Daniil Harms (see Gibian, 1987) walk by a road of pain. This century in our country has always been this way.

The shadow part of Primary process has surfaced. Everything around has absorbed great amounts of pain. As a result, for many people, most of the Mythical Flora and Fauna have gone—including the Black Hen. They were not able to roam or grow on the natural-soul-depleted soil (and under periodic revolutionary acid rains). In the minds of this state-centered “etatist” world it could not be otherwise. What remained, including D. Andreev-type imperial demons (Andreev, 1997), are very close to people but alienated from the abandoned Nature-at-large. A lot of sociology, but little if any ecology. A rather unbalanced environment it is: a real shock for one who opens him/herself to this layer for the first time.

Is hell a good place for personal growth? Many people in our country think the answer is affirmative (see: Smoley, 1994; Tomberg, 1994). And then every hell keeps looking red-eyed towards all the most “un-spiritual” hostile places of lesser pain...But this hell/heaven fallacy of our country is still based on a healthy intuition that some demanding component of our world is very important for us.

These demanding components can remind one of turn-of-the-century Indian children. In our cities, some “traditionalist” Gypsies behave like this. They are sensitive to the mythical layer of Psyche, imitating the Myth world in their very lifestyle. Indeed they know this business well. What they reveal is important. (And Myths have every right to behave this way. Some survivors of the XXth century in our country do know this. This knowledge is generally thinner in communities with a better ecology of emotions, and almost absent in many younger people in our own country.)

*You have intuited a lot and still you are mocked.
How rich is the space-time we live in!*

The little hands reaching for us from fairy tales—asking, demanding. Myths are constantly in need of being healed.

MYTHS ARE representatives of the Timeless in our memory realm. They are part of us, but at the same time strangely independent of us. And still—like our own life story—myths are made of memory texts. Mythical reality blends with our life story, myths are editing our memory record. And

at the same time—during this editing—myths grow, taking in our life-story stuff (Soidla, 1995b).

Our physical bodies contain memory engrams, but from another point of view, one can possibly say that memory owns our physical bodies. One can even feel tempted to suppose that Memory embraces also nonlocal nonphysical bodies—subscribing us to membership in various invisible “colleges” and “clubs” (Soidla, 1993, 1995a,b,c). The brilliant albeit controversial ideas of Sheldrake (1988) certainly encourage one to think further along these lines.

Myths inhabiting our memory are independent enough to be rather “egoistic,” but still symbiotic. They seem to contain their own programs of survival in the environment of our mind. Yes, they are symbiotic—being dependent on our memory stuff for their growth, but at the same time they contribute to our maturing, self-actualization, and transcendence. Our life story and myths are connected by the hardware of memory recording. Myths can escape this surveillance by being transmitted by word of mouth, by books (or by whatever other ways), most often remaining “user friendly.” Generally speaking, in the field of “noosphere,” of “planetary consciousness,” “collective unconscious,” or whatever term one prefers to use to denote some mind-at-large, some myths can change towards being neutral or hostile; leading, possibly, to figures like MIB—Men in Black (Rojcewicz, 1989). The shadowy existence of these figures possibly quite often still retains some elements of the original symbiotic relationship (or at least can be turned to the service of transcendence within a spiritual discipline).

But certainly this, somehow MIB-related figure of Black Hen, is in command of both the original potential power and of the art of productive relationship with human beings. The survival of Pogorel'ski's book seems to be rather compelling albeit not final evidence for this.

*Mr. Black Hen, do you like the above passages?
Silence. But it seems that he/she has not yet quite left us.*

A fleeting triumph of Maya: Dorian Gray, a Marxist. Killers keep waiting for Buddha coming by the road of Ultima Thule. Another Dualistic (failed but still

hopeful) major attempt by Maya: A legend about a great, wig-wearing ultra-right-wing scholar in the world of rosy and blue-eyed superficiality...The world of politics is certainly limited and mad. But the same is also true for the one who speaks about it—quite independent of his/her political position.

I FEEL that sometimes I sort of start playing games with the Numinous...But there are traditions of doing it professionally. Speaking about some of these traditions, I do not intend to hurt anyone personally. Every human being who has gotten involved with these lines of our XXth century world is an individual case, and—let us say—will be judged by the Great Consciousness individually. I am speaking only about overall tendencies and certainly only according to my own understanding of them—in other words, this means only as much as these traditions live in my own psyche.

In my country everything was illusory. How else can it be if one lives in a country where 99.8 % of people keep taking part in elections and 99.8% or even 99.9% of them vote for communist candidates? The world does not look very real in such a place. Was it real to people who made decisions? I have a feeling that their activities often reached the level of major metaphysical cheating. The rise and fall of Lysenko's theory possibly reflects a real hope to be able to change nature's laws by exercising one's will power, assisted by Marxian magic (sorry, teaching) that seemed to overcome everything and everyone. And indeed, the controversial evidence of some top officials backing parapsychology and magic during the last decades before the death of the Soviet system sounds generally quite convincing for one who has lived in this country. Names have been named and stories have been reported in one newspaper or another. But we still lack hard data and only a comprehensive top-level archive search by serious scholars might show us one day both the context and real dimensions of this possibly major politico-magical attempt. (Most likely not much data remains. The history of our country in the last several years has been full of dramatic moments when, as rumors declare, many documents have been destroyed. People die or just disappear, single copies of paper are burned, and

underwater currents of the mind leave no traces.) Anyway, at meetings of "official" psychical researchers of ours, I have seen people, for example, citing the journal *Communist* when speaking about spiritual topics, or making some other strange and incredible cocktail mixtures. It could have been funny, if not for the overwhelming feeling of some deep-water heaviness. In this room and during these hours the people looked like they felt their connection with the power field of the Empire, and behaved like small cells of a giant organism. Many of them are still among us—active, articulating their views, and retaining their Imperial-style mysticoid views with appropriate minor changes. Others have been obviously immune to imperial spiritual viruses on some deeper level. Still others...but let us just say that each one has had his or her own way...

Black Hen was flopping his/her wings in fits of laughter and created funny displays of ironic and revealing synchronicities at these Soviet Mystical meetings. But then—is there any one of us, who is really never involved in Black Hen's great comic displays? One can of course be insensitive enough not to notice what is really taking place around oneself for a rather long time.

There is a complementary great joke, a legend about great right-wing scholars who do know better. And their God, with an ironic smile on its thin lips, is still heading towards some major "hygienic" bloodshed—or rather towards a series of this type of event. Who is the worst enemy of this and the above group of people? You don't know? Ask them, and they'll point to a web-like global plot against them. To destroy it, they must first kill the very idea of Western democracy. Black Hen invites a Golden Cockerel to dance with these people. Shiva dances with them and mother Kali. Triumphant will they dance, then be scared, then exhausted, then...

What makes one join such people? My own ignorance would certainly have been enough to join this group or the previous one. But I have been led by the hand to a different route.

Why are you again laughing, Black Hen? Dear Black Hen...

Merging deep in the world of illusions. Principles of design of spiritual viruses revealed. It is the message that counts,

and allows distinguishing spiritual from imperial. Teaching assistants greeted. Mad mind is using crap to fight crap. Who fights?

I AM not the first one being troubled by religions being so virus-like. But must one really worry? Mrs. Materialism is a potential best friend of Mr. Mysticism. (But both seem to be not yet quite lucid and—possibly for this cause only—still unaware of this important fact.) Or are they afraid of their mad schoolmaster Dr. Fundamentalism? Yes! Religions have the built-in devices to ensure positive feedback for a true believer and negative feedback for a nonbeliever—paradise[s] and hell[s]. And these devices certainly help the propagation of religion. There certainly are devices to fight variations (mutations) of the message carried. But now we touch the very point: the message. What about functions—that are encoded in religions—which are not related to their own propagation? One could ask a related question: Are these viruses dangerous, more or less useless, or symbiotic? Again, this will clearly depend on the message of religions—these great inhabitants of our psyche.

Have dangerous religions simply led to the destruction of their own human carriers and hence disappeared? Are we justified to assume that low-level damage or even symbiotic qualities will be good in order for a religion to survive over a considerable time span? Asking questions like these (it's fun to do so for awhile) certainly creates biases in probable answers, or rather, limits the scope of our thinking about this matter.

And then—are the answers to all these questions of any basic value for us? To survive, religions certainly are playing tricks—but aren't they also able to do a lot of quite unique things for us? And then possibly we are to leave even the field of pragmatism, as the questions will reach the practically unmapped deeper realms of Consciousness. About these realms—a bit later.

Possibly we can stop and just remember some old-fashioned traditional values that will probably allow us to catch our normal breathing. Indeed, is one supposed to make some havoc of the well-known fact that writers get paid for the books they are writing? ("Scientist says: No more Nobel prizes for virus-faced writers.") The quality of writing of, say, Dostoevsky or Chekhov is not a simple

function of the fact that they were paid for their work. At the same time, the very fact that we can feel this quality possibly makes us all real human beings. (Of course, sometimes one is not able to perceive it. But the quality remains, at least because there are always minds that can really appreciate it.) One feels justified to suppose that the creative artists are so important to us because they have increased our awareness about some very important deep structures of Consciousness.

And let us not forget—the same consciousness that embraces the productions of Shakespeare and Dante, Mozart and Tchaikovski, Michelangelo and da Vinci (and so many other great creative souls) is involved in the case of religion. There seems to be a legitimate point of view according to which Religions, Myths, Mystical Experiences—all seem to reveal to us great, ordinarily unperceived but most important realms of Mind. Seemingly expelled, they are again here to challenge us to make some major revision of our scientific method, value system, and whatever other basics we have developed in Western civilization. According to this point of view, it is clear that here we have not a minor anomaly to be set straight, but rather the field of a major breakthrough (or revealing failure). And at least we must remain aware of the power of the existing thousands of years old impressive traditions of practical skills for navigating this realm. One can wish not to be limited by these traditions—but then one must really know the territory of the spiritual.

We must also not miss the usually just unnoticed archetypic carriers of important latent possibilities of consciousness (like Black Hen in the world of my personal mythology) that become available to us now and then. To appreciate them can ordinarily be considered too eccentric a thing to do within the predominant Western framework of mind. But one can attempt to feel the quality that is inherent in them. First, spiritual discipline is needed. And then we can learn what synchronicities will be attracted when directing our attention energy to these kinds of things. We can learn that we need them—and they need us. Black Hen of the underground world of Mind is a revealing example for me. Contacts with him/her often feel to be true interpersonal ones. One can say that we are all parts of the same consciousness, but then does it prevent us from doing important things for each other? Indeed, we have unique

things we can do. And then it is not so important if one of us is just a part of the other's consciousness. Aren't we possibly all just different parts of a larger field of consciousness? (And if overlapping parts—what then? Why not?)

Sri Ramana Maharshi has taught us (Talks, 1972): Search for a teacher, and learn that he abides in you as your real "I"!

And when still this real "I" has not been reached, or is reached for short periods only, then one can feel appropriate to meet teaching assistants of the Timeless—like Black Hen. (I honor you, Mr. B.H.!) Like teachers in our physical world, these teaching assistants must be paid. They take away what is very difficult, very painful to give, but what one really does not need to have. Look, what one valued so much is really only a heavy part of one's ego shell that has been so restrictive, so limiting.

Thou, Source, help us to see the greater picture of Thy realm!

Love, compassion, understanding, being (reaching or achieving is not the word) with a Source. Now I am and now I am not. Don't awaken me, Mr. Buddha!

WHY ARE my visits to the world of Self (Source) so fleeting? Maybe—like many other people—I am continuously reciting my baseline consciousness mantra: Don't awaken me, Mr. Buddha! In Russian it sounds even better (and possibly more effective): "Ne budite menya, gospodin Budda!" Comparison of the words "awaken" (budite) and "Buddha" (Budda) easily reveals their relatedness. Maybe I am repeating some other mantra to the same effect? This is a joke, of course. (Most likely this is a joke.) Then why is my attention energy not constantly focused on the Timeless?

The same problem? A bit different? Anyway, ask yourself. (And I'll ask myself, too.) And then ask, who is asking this question? This is a direct method of self-realization taught by Sri Ramana (Talks, 1972). If it did not work for you, try again another time, and meanwhile you can practice understanding, compassion, love. Possibly the question remains with you, possibly also Sri Ramana will be with you. (Is the last formulation too unbelievable? Certainly Consciousness will be

with you.) And then Self will suddenly be perceived, possibly even during some sundry unspiritual activity—as an overwhelming absence of any questions, as certainty and as silence.

I still hope that one day, when it will happen once more, I'll just keep my focus and remain in (with) Self (Atman, Source, Thou).

On real acceptance of the fierce aspect of the Numinous.

GREAT MIND creates ethics as a tool and can both support or dissolve it. Beautiful remnants of dead ethics fill the space of human consciousness, more human, less scary, less awful. Real transpersonal stuff is (happily for our social order) a rare guest in our mind...

One who kills—has his/her way, one who does not kill has his/her way. One who is killed has his/her way, one who is not killed has his/her way. One who is active has his/her way, one who is passive has his/her way. Two people answer Great Mind's Will, but each will be judged according to his/her own way.

The will of Great Mind produces Generative Myths. In the beginning they are most powerful, demanding, destructive, and violently creative. Generative myths appear, expand like newly created Universes at the expense of the already existing world, promise some total New Order, and then lose momentum, reach a stable stationary phase, and one day start shrinking. Only structure, only memory remains. And even these will be forcibly destroyed one day by some new Generative Myths. There remains matter, humanity, memory.

But this is so with still a limited ego-world's glimpse to the transpersonal realm. Isn't it? One cannot help thinking again about Sri Ramana!

Editing and beyond.

IN THE published stories of mine I am not just communicating directly how things really were. These stories were obviously edited. How else would I mediate, say, the originally Estonian or Russian puns to English readers?

In search for the original message of a dream one is often able to discover many sheaths of editing. All texts are edited, at least it appears to

be this way (Soidla, 1995b, 1998a). And what then—one has to recognize and honor this fact, as our very life is possibly an editor’s job: editing a personal “given” version of a human life story.

Of course one cannot help longing for a pure “unborn” world beyond editing. But reaching this world beyond illusion is a basic spiritual task tantamount to transcending one’s humanity. What is human is illusory, lying within webs of editing and more editing, again and again and again.

*Black Hen, your eye is smiling once more?—
Koh-koh-koh...Kou-dah-dah-dah.*

A short user manual and some more stuff.

THE FOLLOWING account is about how many recent papers of mine (Soidla, 1995a,b,c, 1996a,c, 1998a,b,c,d, and most explicitly, Soidla, 1996b) were written and how to read them. Experiences derived from altered states of consciousness are often most difficult to communicate, are often considered nonverbal, and in some cases, are not communicable. Quite coincidentally, I came upon the following device. During writing I allow my consciousness to flow from one state of consciousness to another that ranges practically from almost psychotic states to abiding for short amounts of time in Self (the last one really puts a stop to writing, but this activity is resumed quickly—before the experience has worn off). The result is a mosaic of sentences written from the standpoints of different states of consciousness. To read the resulting text when remaining in a baseline (everyday) consciousness can easily render it unintelligible or even painful. One can feel a sudden surge of shame for the author or for one’s own “ignorance.” But when one is able to relax, to feel positive towards the text and allows one’s consciousness to wander uncensored over the material, the remarkable human ability of empathy (bordered by areas of the negative feedback of feeling painful inconsistency) can take over. Then one can follow the succession of my original states during writing—or at least reach more or less comparable states. State-specific communication can take over and allow communication of “nonverbal” truths—or whatever we reach in altered states of consciousness. I would not like to claim any originality with this method—poetry often works the same way.

Technically speaking it seems to be important that one can possibly better rely on “intervals,” on contrasts between different states, than on the actual states themselves. The first kind seems to be much more easily perceived, as in music one has fewer problems with intervals than with individual tone pitches. So texts with a succession of different states can be more easily intuited than a text composed in a single altered state. And a whole text, or a succession of several texts, read several times is much better in guiding one to the right mind states than a few sentences or a short paragraph. Wholeness is the best teacher in this realm. There are some simple (almost mechanical) devices to facilitate this process. For example, some sentences that are especially difficult to understand can slow down the pace of reading and greatly enhance receptivity.

Practically—to retain minimal readability in baseline consciousness—some contrasts between states are either buffered—during editing—by some inserted sentences, or some parts can even be deleted. But mostly editing of this type is rather minor. I must note that the editing of these texts is also state-specific, because during editing I allow myself to half-replay most of the original states related to the text—at the same time retaining some of the baseline-state of consciousness. This blending of states is of course done automatically, guided by some intuition. The moderate inconsistency of the resulting texts helps to keep the reader in an appropriately informal frame of mind. (As a reminder that these texts are to be read in a special way, I have even inserted some additional inconsistencies. Notice, please, that this device has been also used in this paper!) Need I add that reading in a relaxed, “soft-eyed” (Leonard, 1978), receptive mood would be the appropriate approach not only when dealing with my writings, but in many other cases—ranging from poetry to fiction to philosophy.

And then it is really the sense of wholeness, some living and vibrant quality that surpasses any divisions and categories of any theories (including transpersonal ones) that is aimed at in most of my writings. This is the wholeness that links one’s thinking to one’s life story, to one’s attempts at writing about this or other things about one’s path to self-realization and self-transcendence. It is all one undivided flow. From

some deep ground of consciousness mysteriously emerge packages of powerful undifferentiated potential able to give rise (according to the direction of my attention energy) to events, dreams, ideas, synchronicities. Sometimes they can develop into important teaching stories coloring the totality of my being—and then disappear some day, leaving me possibly a bit changed. We have not been encouraged by our Western training to observe these kinds of phenomena, especially because in this case observation (even writing about this) means participation. But learning not to suppress these kinds of creative complex experiences has enabled me to see how richly an uninhibited human experience can grow compared with my previous limited small ego world.

In a way it seems to be a matter of choice of one's passive will power, of directing one's basic attention energy. One can have a stable, comfortable world where only physical reality counts and any anomalies can be easily demonstrated to be just illusory. Or one can have a demonical world of horror, where metaphysical evil and eternal damnation make sense. I prefer still a different option: A "middle" world of emerging teaching stories and of access to the realm of Source (Buddha Mind, Thou, Self).

Yes! There is more to this multidimensional and multioptional world of consciousness, ultimately plastic, ambiguous, Proteus-like—and still possessing some "uncontrollable mystery." States of mind reaching the level of Self—I have some personal knowledge with only short-lasting ones—carry a feeling of ultimate value albeit seemingly no information. When abiding in Self, no more problems remain to solve, no more paradoxes to ponder, no more questions to ask. Only Self, only certainty, only silence. More I cannot say from my limited standpoint. But the lessons of self-realized masters like Sri Ramana (Chadwick, 1994; Talks, 1972) inform us that their very lives in Self have been transformed to a message.

The power to do all these kinds of things is mine, but "Who is this 'I'?"—as Sri Ramana used to ask (Talks, 1972). Not my ego, yes! One can say I-I, Self, Atman, Brahman, Buddha Mind, Source, Tao, Omega... It can be easier to contact saying "Thou" (Buber, 1958), as is the case with me. This question of Sri Ramana can

be asked again and again when one considers consciousness and its (her/his) powers.

The royal guided tour of dreams (Dreamland comments).

AMAGICAL dream: I perceive my life as an illustrated text. I have a task of editing this text: to separate the God of the Dead ones from the God of those who are Alive. A mummy with half-open mouth is present and seems in some way to be related to me. Thinking about this dream now I realize that he (she?) looked like a guest from the W. B. Yeats reality. (Reading and rereading this text written some months ago, I keep returning to some feeling-tone of this human figure.)

In my daydreams, a figure of young Sri Ramana has appeared—almost a boy—sitting cross-legged in the air (at different times at varying heights above the ground), with an Arunachala hill as a background. (This image can still be easily retrieved from my memory, and in a sense has remained with me, like a figure on the margins of a text.)

Dreams are often rather different from a simple moment-by-moment story. Often they resemble a text that has mysteriously surfaced in me, and must now be edited again and again. I remember the pain involved in this returning to more and more rounds of editing in certain dreams.

I perceived a most complex feeling-picture: someone was using my mouth for eating. Something obviously impossible was somehow perceived, maybe because a clear although absurd ("surrealistic") interpretation was attached to it. My experience tells me that dreams often contain such an interpretative component (comment). But this time I had an extreme (and a most compelling) case of it. (In a way, this would also do as a rather acid comment on this current text of mine. Or was it a warning,...or a transpersonal image of shifting to the world of one's real I?)

Once more I clearly had a not-simply-a-story dream. I saw a colorful picture of a snake, and some knowledge was attached to it, to the seemingly quite absurd effect that if I were to levitate, the general transcription level of the yeast cells I am studying in my lab would be enhanced. These kinds of proto-story (pre-story) structures seem to have grown less and less

disguised in my recent dreams since I started paying more attention to them. Am I zooming towards a better view of some cryptic details of the dream machinery or getting more and more of some faked stuff? Can it be that both of these alternatives are in a way true?

Anyway, an original “dream-seed” (or, a cluster of some few “dream key words”) seems to unfold to a quite realistic story, as a result of many rounds of editing using various stuff of the memory realm. According to the level of lucidity of the dreamer, these rounds of editing would rationalize, add some hybrid mythological stuff, and some stuff of one’s personal life story.

In more detail: The hybrid mythological seeds that emerge in dreams seem even to demand my editorial services and claim my memory stuff. They contact my unconscious potentials trained in the process of unfolding my life story. They interact with the dream version of my free will—a rather passive free will it really is. They exert considerable pressure to develop firstly to a space and time-free generative challenge- (riddle-, “koan-”) like form and then—after many rounds of editing (some of them being finished in wakeful state, during dream “recall”)—to a more or less space and time-bound memorable dream story. This very need to use my life story stuff for growth is the key tone of the Black Hen archetype I have been speaking about here; all this knocking and scratching at my doors of perception—knowing, demanding.

Am I wrong in guessing that Black Hen, this underground dweller of consciousness yearns also to be accepted one day in his/her/its original form in the timeless and space-less Unborn Land?

And me?

Thou, Source—were waiting for me at the threshold of Timeless...Certainty. Simplicity. Silence. No Thou, no Me. (No Pogorel’ski. No Yeats. No Ramana.)

Yes.

And now through the forest again. Do I dare? Let’s go, Mr. Black Hen!

I did know that You’ll return!

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