

Dinomor

Evoking Memories of Dino's Dreams and Death

Tõnu R. Soidla

Institute of Cytology
St. Petersburg, Russia

This is a transpersonal fantasy about the last days of the dinosaurs ca., sixty-five million years ago. I suppose that communication with the Timeless (or if one prefers to put it—with Another) in one's mind precedes intraspecies communication and that one of the first recognizable acts of mystical life is surrender. A more specific and of course more far-out and irreverent hypothesis underlying this fantasy is that—unlike the bulk of individual memory records—Timeless memory “seeds” of unspecified origin are transmittable by a [retro]enterovirus. This leads to the possibility of horizontal transmission of this type of memory. In the new host, the Timeless memory virus persists until one day, after a possibly quite long genetical adjustment process, it will be inserted into DNA coding for synchronization signals of the memory recording machinery of this organism. Within the synchronization signals Timeless memory seeds will further adjust to the new host and then become active in a cycle of reciprocal editing of individual memory records (that is often quite adaptive for the host organism) and as a result will often multiply to very high titers (copy numbers).

**NEVER SAY THIS DIRTY WORD TRANSPERSONAL AGAIN.
MORMORANDO**

A CREATOR OF even a primitive plot can easily (albeit most likely rather idiosyncratically) visualize the global difference between “below-transpersonal” and “transpersonal” worlds. Below-transpersonal can have to do with the psychology of heroes, with ethical or aesthetic problems one has in one's mind when writing. Transpersonal exists on a quite different level, that can be present or absent in a given literary product as an important component of its quality. Of course, it can appear, not as some mystical overtones of the story, rather as some “authenticity” (“an entity of authentic,” “a demon of authentic”), as an energy animating the *dramatis personae*.

I have a dream of being a writer. I fancy I have managed to borrow some really living stuff from the famous fate-forming sisters.

It is the kitchen of the Moiras where one comes to borrow some living water (that volens nolens comes together with a good bottle of the dead one). I imagine that I am (or: Mind is) in possession of programs to tackle such a task. What one needs to do is to learn to activate them—and then not to interfere (active personal free will spoils the operation). To write a novel is a long story and one must have enough time to fall in love with “one's own creatures” (they are not something one can own, but we are prone to forgetting this kind of “mystical knowledge”). One easily forgets the teachings from the Moiras' kitchen. One feels one can help one's heroes along a bit. (Why not? One does the writing, one seems to be the creator of the magical world.) One can even try to concoct a happy ending. But it doesn't work. With one's heightened responsibility one feels that the life energy leaves one's heroes and one is left with dead dolls—good for nothing. One is forced to conclude

that, intending to help one's own heroes, one has confronted a powerful adversary. One of course learns to cheat this force one is opposing: with mixed results. After a long series of attempts, after discovering a lot of long-term adverse effects, one grows to understand that only, say, God's help will really overcome this force. One has to invite a God into one's own dollhouse. But one cannot obtain God's (as well as gods') help for nothing, and inviting this ultimate force into a dollhouse, one has to borrow a version of one's own life story, a version which one possibly does not quite like.

Or—and for me this is also a difficult decision—one has to accept the rules of the Moiras, of the fate-forming forces. To give life to one's heroes one has to invite Death and a lot of other dreadful archetypes to their cradles. To cultivate life in one's glass box one must accept the rights of forces that seem to be hostile to life or that transcend the very meaning of life. And so it is: life and death, love and hate, heaven and earth—the powerful machinery that one may find difficult to accept, but at the same time is clearly unable to ignore.

Getting intimate with this shocking world does not bring happiness, but it can bring understanding. Forms rise and disappear. Something that seems to be a power-laden-nothing—or nonsense—remains.—This is still a below-transpersonal world.

And then one day, one just surrenders.

CHILDREN OF KRONOS

BACK IN the black and white below-transpersonal world I am writing this very text. The twin towers of the WTC lie in ruins, antiterror is fighting terror in the mountains of Afghanistan.

Alas. A lot of awful things have already happened in the very beginning of the new millennium; even worse things seem quite likely to surface one day in the future. Maybe this is the way our world is (it just happens—in a stochastic manner); maybe this is a part of an even greater plan of the awe-inspiring great consciousness. (Personally, I feel inclined to believe in the last version, but this is something that one can never prove. Dualistically speaking, I still believe that we can be clever, very clever. On the practical level, we can corner some most dangerous terrorists and

even bomb some threatening asteroids. On the metaphysical level, we can find refuge in transforming ourselves either to atheists or to religious fundamentalists. We can have impressive local success along all these lines. But there remains something in the Great Mind that transcends our best intentions and clever tricks, that—dancing like Shiva—a trivial thing to say, an awful event to perceive—blows away its own safeguarding devices and challenges us at the highest level. And this is the way any limited world ends one fine day.)

Anyway, it is obviously not difficult to imagine catastrophes of any scale in these last days of the year 2001. These famous catastrophes in planet Earth's history... Quite ironically, the sad thoughts about the world's end have led us to the beginning of our story.

INTRODUCING DINO

MANY MILLIONS of years ago there lived dinosaur Dino. At least I would like to call him this way. A rather small guy—if one has in mind all the other—huge—dinosaurs of the popular books written sixty-five million years later: seven or eight feet high or so. (I hope you would not make an attempt to measure his massive tail. The tail does not count,...at least in an empathy and identity game like this—and then Dino would never allow anyone to touch his tail. He is not a lizard! No, sir! Don't touch it!)

Dino's time was evenly divided between hunger, fear, and hate. He had to fear all the massive creatures, and there were so many of them around. There were not enough small animals to catch and devour, and not enough corpses killed by larger dinosaurs, not enough eggs left unguarded...and so he was hungry almost all day. Also, there were many, possibly thirty or so dinosaurs of his own kind searching for the same edible stuff. Hateful creatures. *Sssshh-Aarrh!* They had to be kept away, when he was eating. (Or one had to attempt to scare them away when they were eating and Dino was hungry. This happened only too often.)

When Dino grew older and stronger his life felt more orderly and comfortable. He had mastered most of the necessary minidinosaurian arts of hide-and-peek, and strangely enough, he seemed to get even less and less dependent on

having a supply of his traditional food. He was better at finding something to eat, he had broadened his menu to include insect larvae and even some plants, and he seemed to simply need less food. Overeating sometimes even gave him stomach pains.

More and more time passed just roaming about and looking around together with his mate d'O. (This is not a love story, so she will not be mentioned further in this treatise, but I would like to suppose that she was an important figure in Dino's life.)

Occasionally Dino met small furry creatures: most unpleasant, worthless, eating dinosaurs' eggs and also almost anything else on their way. They displayed extreme cowardice, and at the same time, cunning guerrilla tactics in getting to eggs. They were the scum of life, decadent, revolting new-age figures, too gregarious, a visible negation of the dinosaurian way of life, always present around, under some bush, quick in running away (never in a straight line), and in some not quite clear way, dangerous. In his older age Dino hated these perverse creatures no less than in his youth—but now he avoided killing them. For some mysterious reason these hideous creatures had to be respected. As an old dinosaur he was generally more cautious now, listening to subtle inner warnings. Sometimes he had to use all his inner power to block—with noisy breathing—his fits of rage. *Rrrshh!* And then after a few minutes he was his basic melancholic, old age, everyday self again. Even the furry decadents felt quite funny now.

He had gotten a strange feeling that in roaming this way he was saying farewell, an endless farewell to some invisible relatives of his. So every day he went higher and higher into the hills, where the overbearing heat gave way to a comfortable coolness. And the surrounding scenery of the uplands induced a feeling of pleasant inner silence that seemed to replace much of his hunger. One very hot summer day, he managed to climb beyond a snowy, usually inaccessible mountain pass. He reached a large high valley—a place of practically no food competition, of no natural enemies. Dino was not a very effective dinosaur, and this place of low competition and a scarce but constant food supply was a blessing.

The huge trees of this valley gave him a special feeling, leading his mind to a state of deep

comfort. Recalling this comfort, he got a strange intuition that, in its totality, his own life of making guesses and decisions was in a way like a tree, or maybe a small branch of a huge world tree.—*With Dino, the form of this intuitive knowledge was of course quite different from what is written here (something on white paper with black, computer-generated letters and concepts like “totality of his life” and “world”). But in some basic dimension these differences are possibly not so important.*

Dino experienced long silent exchanges of feelings with certain trees. (No fellow dinosaurs had ever induced him to attempt such “conversations.” Speaking with gods comes into being before the emerging—development—of any “formal” or “normal” language.)

DINO'S DREAMS, GUESSES, SURRENDER

OTHER NEW things occurring were dreams that he now often remembered after waking. (The technique that he developed in his refugee valley was to recall dreams within the very first moments after waking. This opened to him a whole new source of creative feedback, a world loaded with protoreflection.) Some of these dreams were nightmarish—like the very first dreams he memorized—but during the last few years a lot of his “new” dreams were most rewarding: hills and forests more inviting than he had ever seen; sometimes he saw them from a strange point of view, as if flying over them. He wanted to reenter some of his dreams, but he noted that exerting his own will usually spoiled his efforts. Shapes could be recalled, but they were gray; their behavior was a train of lifeless actions. Dino learned to be passive to reenter the real dream world. His simple but powerful metaphysics slowly created a notion of Another that was hidden in his Mind. This Another was behind the forms of trees, creeks, and the countless living creatures he was prone to meet in dreams. He had to surrender to this Another to reach the living world of dreams. Without his surrender, this world was lifeless. Being alone, now he often started humming to thank this life-giving Another. In some way, it meant, among other things, the realization that only surrender could lead to the comfort and insights of the dream world.

Dreamlike states now began coming to him during the daytime. There were not so many enemies in the upland and so Dino could allow himself to be carried away by these daydreams. In the pauses between different images, he sometimes found something even more important: a feeling of some great presence that made everything else seem insignificant; something preceding everything that he perceived around him. And it gave him a feeling of certainty. Of course, Dino was not able to ask: Who am I? But at least he was able to hum and to feel a foretaste of some future total surrender.

All dinosaurs were a bit preadapted for surrender, and maybe this is why they became extinct. It started with egg shells growing thicker than those of other reptiles, which necessitated mothers biting their eggs to release the baby dinosaurs when they were hatched by the sun. As a result, their standard perinatal experiences included the immediate experience of their mothers' teeth, linking birth and life to danger and death. And it made dinosaurs more prone to surrender to death, not to fight, invent, or adapt, just surrender—when the catastrophe came. (Excuse me, Prof. Grof!)

Pondering on my friend (maybe even alter ego) Dino—sixty-five million years away—I would risk saying that if dinosaurs were monsters, then certainly, they were also metaphysical monsters, ready for a major blast of consciousness. In the case of Dino, metaphysical discoveries started flooding his small brain like a newborn landslide.

Timeless parts of his memory were creating more and more hybrid structures with his individual memory at an ever-increasing pace. And there were other dinosaurs of his kind in countless isolated valleys of Mother Gaia. It was like a repeating epidemic—this virus infectionlike growth of a great Another—of timeless repetitive parts of memory, once inserted into inherited synchronization signals (see Soidla, 1993, 1995, 1996, 1997, 2001).

Would Dino's descendants have been on the way toward stealing a seed of language from the Timeless, towards building rational thinking, culture, and civilization? Would they have created moral discrimination (judgment) and metaphysics and physics? Would they have invented something even more powerful?

We know their fate was otherwise.

THE ECHO OF THE FUTURE BANG. THE WORLD ENDS. BASTA

CURIOUSLY, DINO in a way was warned, but couldn't understand or make any use of this warning. And what could he do? Like an average human being in such a situation, he was just scared. The first sign of some approaching major events was that things started to follow each other in new patterns—first in dreams and then in a wakeful state. (Dino had a keen intuitive eye for patterns.)

Soon Dino's anxiety was building up. He noticed that at times, although the air was quiet, some branches started hectic movements as if trying to get his attention. No one was in these trees. One day Dino found that a huge stone had fallen and half-closed the entrance to the cave where he used to take his afternoon nap. Strange new ailments made him feel bad. And the dreams! This was not a precognition of the coming catastrophe, nothing as clear as this, but some distant roar of approaching global changes, a shattering of the familiar way of constellations linking his life events.

In this world of new patterns he learned more about surrender. A dream turns into a nightmare: Some giant dark shape resembling a fat pig-like mammal, but huge and impossibly dark, approached him. Instead of his usual reaction of a scared hiss and scream—this time, somehow, he had an intuition to surrender to this danger: Momentarily he was transferred to a strange very peaceful landscape of primary colors that made him feel happy beyond measure. He woke up having learned his lesson.

Then, something very major, very basic, very bad indeed, happened. Dino could not understand it—he just felt something more awful than the worst nightmare. One afternoon, fire appeared at the barely visible Twin Peaks, and mists grew around them. Dino's valley was shaken by thunder and then by a roar of stormy God's winds. The following days were ones of darkness, endless rains, and torrents in valleys, carrying away whole parts of forests. The air was deadly cold.

Was it this asteroid? Or was it something else, leading to a local catastrophe only? In the last case, the dinosaurs in other localities had 1,000 or 10,000 or maybe 100,000 years of further evolution. This makes a very small difference on

the cosmic time scale. (We know, that for mammalians, even the huge asteroid of sixty-five million years ago was not the final event.) But let us honor Dino, supposing that he perished in the famous global catastrophe.

Dino was deathly scared. He did not yet know that he was doomed and that after a few weeks, his corpse—due to his crest and tail curiously looking like a three-meter-long AUM sign on the fresh snow—would be devoured by a small group of scared but determined mammalians. But in a way his experience of surrender in his dreamlife helped him to accept his own weakness, and the surrounding new cold and darkness as a part of something more powerful than himself—something that could possibly restore him to an ecstatic life again, if only he could surrender appropriately as he usually did upon reentering the dream world. What surrounded him now just could not be a real world. It was so different from everything he had ever experienced. Surrender, surrender. Death means Life. Only to be able to surrender. You must not hope for any sophisticated thoughts from this little scavenger, a tiny relative of *Tyrannosaurus rex*. But these protothoughts were the greatest breakthrough of his world, something that no one could surpass for millions of years.

DINO'S PERI-HOLOCAUST DREAMS. CADENZA

DREAMS WERE by far the most important part of his life during the few special weeks before the asteroid fall and in some warmer days after the catastrophe.

Dino saw his own valley, then a white dinosaur with a huge wound on his side near a stream. Dino had to cross the nearby stream to reach this dying Dinosaur. The water, that closed in for a moment above his head, made his thoughts very silent, almost crystal clear. Dino had a strange feeling that this dying dinosaur was in a way inviting him to eat its flesh. Drawing closer, he noticed that this was really quite a fancy dinosaur; his head was different, unlike everything he had ever seen. His scavenger instincts revolted. He was attracted to this feast and at the same time was frightened by this dinosaur, or possibly of something that would happen if he ate its flesh. Slowly he began to recognize that this was a dream. Then he was restored to a chilly morning in his valley.

A train of impressions came with this dream—as if to Dino—or maybe to the mind that recreated this scene. But who knows the limits of an Awakened dinosaurian mind? Dino seemed to have revived a seed of a story about something that happened a long time ago, when Dino had not yet quite the same personality. All this opened a door to a mirrored passageway of minds, from pro-Dinos to Dino to me, trying to come to an understanding together of something that had once happened and possibly was to happen again and again. Dino—or one of the not-quite Dinos—seemed to remember that something new had entered his consciousness, as if starting from the moment when he tasted the flesh of this dying dinosaur. Something had entered his consciousness/memory, something like an illness that was to last for a long time, but an illness, that in a way was dear to his very I, to his heart, that was melting away. It was as if a timeless dialogue had begun that was to expand his very nature and make it more complex. (And to open him rather soon to some gifts of the Timeless.) He entered into this complexity, that turned out to be a state of great peace and silence.

Dino saw an unlimited tree of countless leaves, branches, flowers, and fruits in semidarkness, and then a pitch-black darkness where dead branches were sleeping with hollows full of insects. He surrendered to this dark plane of horror, and suddenly butterflies flying over branches bathing in sunshine surrounded him. Still it was the same tree. Moreover, the tree itself, the butterflies, and Dino were the same tree. And it seemed as though this was the only tree in the world. Suddenly Dino (who was the tree) felt that the tree was larger than the world itself and that there were small worlds—countless worlds—like dewdrops on the leaves of the tree. This dream sent him whirling into a deep inviting silence. He awoke happy and full of energy.

Dino saw soil rising, and under the earth the giant head of a dinosaur started emerging. Before he could recognize his panic he surfaced into the gray world of a chilly winter morning. He fell asleep again. He awoke, being somehow called to the entrance of his den. He saw the back of a dark, giant dinosaur with a rather small head covered with something soiled. He noticed the lack of a tail and black fur. Yes, something was very, very wrong with this shape. Dino screamed and screamed, and then he really awoke.

It was a clear world of black sky, brilliant stars, and four large, cold, shining moons. Dino felt a strange thought he could not quite comprehend. The thought took the form of a dark huge mountain crystal of incredible complexity behind its shining facets. But he was aware that this polyhedron was nothing else than the thought that he had to comprehend. It made him dizzy, and then he almost got what the crystal wanted him to know. Still separate from this new knowledge, he grew happy about having almost understood. The crystal changed to a rainbow-colored-bubble full of almost imperceptible, very quick movement. Complex interwoven patterns of pure sounds—that he seemed never in his life to have encountered—were filling the space around the bubble. The complexity he had felt was now infinitely enhanced and was clearly related to the bubble and to the attached music. He looked and looked. Time seemed to have stopped. Dino awoke into the darkness of night.

When Dino continued his dream something had changed. The great rainbow bubble he knew must have been nearby could not be seen any more: only darkness with countless stars. After a period of time he was not able to estimate, a luminous white dinosaur passed Dino, radiating silence and peace. Dino knew this dinosaur but was not able to recall any details of their meeting. Suddenly everything changed and now a different dinosaur glided into place behind Dino. A strange dinosaur it was—with a multicolored fur coat and two lines of gleaming mammalian-like breast nipples that made Dino shudder. The dinosaur's face exuded fury. A low-pitched, growing roar shook the space around Dino, but it did not scare him: as if all this did not quite reach him, was behind some screen, some dividing line. The dinosaur's body was glowing, his giant, enlarged tail filling almost all the space. Legions of smaller, fire-tailed dinosaurs followed the giant one. Dino perceived their anguish. He felt that this was an end of something important. From the depths of his consciousness arose a wave of desire to smash into something warm and full of life, to destroy it and to destroy himself as well. No, there was an important point to keep in mind. He had to leap into the dark water of death, but in some mysterious but obvious way he also had to merge with the mirror image on its surface, and then victoriously reemerge in some airless, but

animated, comfortless, but highly energy-laden state, of life-in-death. It was unbearable! Nothing could be more alien to Dino's profound but simple Jurassic Self. A fit of panic enveloped him; and then he managed to surrender. It was so easy, so natural. He was back in his valley and dandelionlike seeds were flying all around. The sun warmed Dino who was lying in deep grass. The sky above him was cloudless and peaceful. The image slowly faded, and Dino awoke into cold morning mist.

A giant red dinosaur, who turned out to be constituted of many tongues of fire, was dancing—facing Dino. For us—who are looking back from the distance of millions of years—this dance was hilarious and cosmic, ceremonious and mocking. Dino perceived only something “impossible,” something related to extreme fear. Not only the mysterious aspects of red dinosaur behavior scared him. The fire itself was what he feared most. Dino attempted to surrender and thus dissolve this frightening image but was unable to do so. This panicked him even more, but then, as he instinctively changed his body position, the images blurred and disappeared in a whirl of fire, growing dimmer and dimmer and finally disappearing in the darkness of sleep.

The very last night of his life once again Dino saw blue sky, a bit distorted, and seen from the strange perspective of someone lying below the ground level. Colored boughs framed the lower part of this scene. There were no signs of any life; only the feeling of a presence of some benign, endless serenity. This day Dino woke up happy.

SUMMA AND CODA

DINO HAD learned to navigate the dream world, that in turn had taught him to be a good witness. Dreams—together with jolts of his inner world due to memory lapses—had taught Dino about a great tree of alternative worlds penetrating all layers of reality. As a by-product, this gave him a certain affinity toward trees, almost leading to the power of communicating. What is more important, Dino had learned about a Source giving life and reality to his images. He had learned that in the blank silence between images there is a direct way to a supportive Source. (Somehow he was sure it was the same Source in both cases.) He had learned about the

changing patterns of his own life story and his world. But behind the surface of his happiness or panic, the Source remained steady, luminous in the coming dark. In his fleeting connection with inner silence he sensed a direct way to this Source.

In his own intuitive, wordless way he had come very close to a nondual realization. It is the dualistic world where the Timeless is an object of worship, a Lord, and also an ideal servant; a cosmic manipulator, and also an object of metaphysical manipulation; an embodiment of love and grace and also an ultimate divider and destroyer. In the nondualistic world, the Self and the Timeless are one.

Dino did not feel our compassionate and understanding eyes focused on him. No pathos. No self-pity. He just felt that Great Mind was returning to its oceanlike silence. Somehow his consciousness just leaped towards this great silence. Dino surrendered.

He disappeared into the smoky mists of the after-asteroid world like Hans Castorp. Ahead lay several weeks of his body trying to adjust to the new environment. Body was acting, Self was witnessing. The entity Dino had left the scene.

RELATING TO THE WORLD THAT ENDED. GRAVE

DINO HAD felt the riverlike great flow of timeless consciousness. He had been a tiny but not unimportant part of it. But he was never aware that this powerful torrent was on the verge of disappearance—like a river vanishing underground—for sixty-five million years or so.

Is this missing time really so important? In the timeless world of the Source (of the Great Mind behind the world, etc.) it is just one more factoid concerning the path of consciousness on our planet.

The Timeless had come to us as a heavenly virus, a message of Silence, a generative text of the Source. (Are we able to delete an unrelated item on the above list? Words are misleading, understanding blinks.) After the great dinosaur catastrophe, the Timeless continued its existence—like a dark, conservative, and at the same time all-powerful force, lacking focused self-awareness—within synchronization signals of the inherited protomemory (Soidla, 1993, 1995, 1996, 1997, 2001) of countless surviving creatures who were to inherit the Globe. The Timeless slept—

(but who can ever measure its countless in-sleep activities)—to resume, one day, the great dialogue of the Timeless and the personal.

The Timeless will reemerge, yet something—a will-o'-the-wisp of individual self-awareness above the dark waters of memory—had vanished, a small spark that enlightened one mind (maybe a few separated dinosaurian minds). There was no one to be sad about it.

MEMENTO DINO. MEMORIES THROUGH MEMORIES THROUGH MEMORIES. CON DOLORE

A SMALL FACT? For a Great Mind it may be so, it is for us humans that the “plus/minus humankind” part of the great consciousness equation makes a difference, feels personal. It is our humanness that allows us to feel emotionally the “plus/minus dinosaurs” part of the same equation. Our mind is reaching for missing overtones, for a missing resonance of the music of our consciousness, for missing relatives to be added to a family photo. Children busily collect dinosaurs’ pictures—so in a way Dino has already entered our family archives.

What I write about Dino is of course an exercise of a multimillion-years’ empathic leap: for most of my readers more or less a play of fantasy. I will not argue this point. Still, I would propose that we—inhabiting the great field of consciousness many millions of years after these events—erect a monument to Dino and his contemporaries: a monument to change our mind.

A monument of any material. Of course it starts in a subtle realm of our limited consciousness and memory. Then it transmutes the memory to some gross matter. Eternity is in love with the productions of time. And I suppose that the Timeless enjoyed Dino’s time. (The dreams and intuitions I have guessed at here are not a major argument on this point: Our children intuit it directly.)

Yes, the Timeless is in love with the productions of time. But at the same time we, timelings, are in love with the subtle Timeless. Possibly this passion for the Timeless leads us to create artifacts that are more stable than our transient bodies. Artifacts that allow us to make whole, to “totalize” our love, to come closer to the Timeless in the “objective” physical world, before transcending it.

Also important is that we may feel how near we have come to our own destruction these days. If Dino could be miraculously transferred to our world he would be scared by a subtle, holistic, pericatastrophic deja vu experience... (*Still I hope we can proceed by a different bough of the many-worlds tree.*)

Who will remember us when we humans disappear? Erecting a monument to Dino, inconnu, we build a monument to the inhabitants of the other mansions of our father, to other beings sharing with us the great field of consciousness; to our own vulnerable existence. For many of us this will be an important step forward to openly facing the field of Great Mind and Great Memory.

Brother Dino, countless other beings, we are all together. In the great silence of our common Source.

SONG OF A SMALL RAINBOW BUBBLE

A dreaming Dino
Of the elusive ensemble of Timeless
Drafting first
Drumming
Memory
Nursery
Rhymes

Within Timeless
Within Drumming
Stumbling Blocks
Thundering Boulders
Trumpeting Alleluias
Countless
Stars Serpents
Dragons Birds Sharks
Whole Singing Holy Kingdom
Horos Sunlike Countenance
That Self Void Formless Source
Thou Comforter Passionate Messenger
New Bond
Within Timeless

The boy
of the Chorus of Horos
Reciting
Trumpeting
Memory
Nursery
Rhymes

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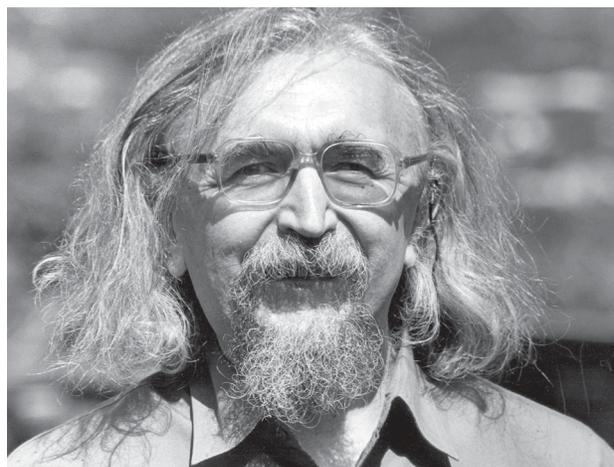
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T. R. Soidla, Magic Island, Honolulu, 1999