

Dreams and Reflections Under a Hill

Fragments of a Triviographic Description of the Umbra Vale by a XXth-Century Ex-Soviet Transrational Traveler

T. R. Soidla

Institute of Cytology
St. Petersburg, Russia

This paper presents some experiences, concepts, and provocations related to the personal and over-personal shadow area. The themes discussed include the Soviet State Emblem, Ego as an Egg, Mr. No. 2 syndrome in politics, I-files, what one spiritual wall has to say to another one, lifestyles at the galactic center, transpersonal pleasures of dementia, and many others. In addition, in a core part of this paper I develop a concept that memory recording involves editing of some prerecorded material. This means that the human life story is in some gross aspects prerecorded, and the actual memory recording is in many respects a process of editing this inherited (universal or even individualized) life story. I propose that special synchronization signals have an important part in the functioning of memory/consciousness. These synchronization signals—besides their primary function in synchronization of memory recording/retrieval—serve as repositories of some oldest, primal, “timeless” memory texts. It is the localization of the timeless memory texts within repetitive synchronization signals that leads to the following basic phenomenon: Repetitive integrative functions like music, dance, poetry, magical practices, and religious rituals are all able to activate the timeless layer. (Alternatively, these levels are reached during neurotic and psychotic episodes, including the auras of supersynchronized brain states.)

In a more specialized part of my hypothesis I assume that primitive protomemory was just the recording of firing/rest patterns of individual neurons in growing RNA molecules (at a speed normal for RNA synthesis—ca. 40Hz.). Further developments like synaptic networks, the possibility of neural maps training, and so forth have not quite replaced the older mechanism. This means that RNA engrams still exist in some special neurons of special localization determined by the developing neural network’s geometry. At the same time some basic “ideas” involved in the ancient memory recording—like trypanosome-style editing of prerecorded life story, “timeless” repeated material within synchronization signals, and RNA-style self-modifying/self-teaching—were retained (and remodeled) at the new higher neural network level.

INTRODUCTION.

TRANSPERSONAL means not only pursuing some highest aim. There are by-paths and localities of nonordinary mind states more or less related to one’s transpersonal quest that are often labeled as digressive, illusory, and/or related to lower transpersonal levels. These are realms one sometimes visits and—even if in other moments (when one’s rational part is taking over) one can feel ashamed of some of these experiences—they seem to me anyway at least to deserve reporting. They can border with

demonology, dementia, moribund manifestations, Marxist practices, politics, paranoia, parasciences, science fiction, and so forth. Some of this material seems to be quite trivial and so is not given due consideration, some of it is radically rejected from the conscious realm, but still quite a lot continues to exist in one’s personal mythology (Feinstein & Krippner, 1988)—even if it is not often shared with other people. I have always believed in sharing these kinds of things, supposing this material to hint at some possibly ill-interpreted but most likely potentially important things. If nothing else, this stuff is sometimes quite funny.

POLITIKON ZOON. AN UNDIVINE MILIEU. FUNNY BIRDS OF FRUITLESS DIET. DIALECTICS OF ELECTING. SELF-SUFFICIENT HUMPTY DUMPTY AND HIS FRIEND A FANTASTIC SON-OF-BEE. EGO AS AN EGG.

WE, FORMER Soviet people, are a strange breed. This is the result of having grown up under powerful restrictions in our system. (In a way, Soviet personality is “forever.”) Even if sometimes we feel we are being very spiritual. (No contradiction for a real Sov-Soul.) Even if we feel ourselves to be ultimately spoiled (and at the same time childish). All of this can even be considered to be quite true—*cum grano salis*. In the former Soviet Union for most people it was not very practical to be practical. Salary did not principally correspond to either the quality or quantity of one’s work. So one was usually working without thinking too much about the fruit of one’s labors. Wasn’t it spiritual? This indeed often meant to be a lovable personality and still more often, being a heavy drinker and (or) doing low-quality work. (Human nature of course always manages to blend the impractical with the practical. It was personal relations that could make a real difference in one’s life. Or, if one preferred it this way, being a member of the ruling party. So, if one was even competitive above the usual Soviet level, one’s abilities were still mostly channeled not into one’s work but along these lines.) Another funny thing: mass culture was practically absent—that meant it was available mostly in the form of an ideologically pure (rather unattractive) product. *Volens nolens*, one was inclined to search for classical, really high quality works as the only available alternative stuff.

Consuming classical high culture (together with an excess of alcoholic beverages), being involved in a nearly uncompetitive working environment, *Homo Sovieticus* was in any case a funny bird, inhabiting an enormous country that was involved in the most violent processes of political and social experimentation of the twentieth century. Of course—in some dimensions of experience—we lived as normal people would in any country. We had our families, our personal and professional problems, we were happy and then sad, and again happy.

But the power of some other, not so normal side of all this, was clearly perceived in certain special situations: in the absence of alternative information sources, in the persecution of free thinkers, and, in my opinion, especially clearly,

during elections—when ca. 99% of all people took part in them and more than 99% of all participants were reported to have voted for the “block of communist and independent candidates.” One can easily consult newspapers of the Soviet years to confirm this. I think such statistics were considered to be a very positive fact about our lifestyle and hence became widely disseminated.

And these improbable numbers were linked to other peculiarities of our lifestyle in these comparatively safe 1960s, ‘70s and ‘80s of my “Soviet experience”: tabooed writers and sources of information could be found only in “special containment” rooms in libraries; foreign travel was heavily controlled by party officials; unauthorized contacts with foreigners were considered to be a half-treachery, and so forth. One noticed all this and then forgot, and then once again felt this suffocating atmo- [or rather aqua-] sphere. But one was free not to notice it, to swim like a fish in this medium. Likewise one is free now to feel nostalgic towards these years, looking back from the new millennium. Or to feel persisting loyalty towards this country, that, in many aspects, is happily gone by now. I myself was mostly anti-Soviet.

At the same time, I still remain a product of this country—everything in me betrays this origin. (I am not a quick student to learn new ways, and—yes—here I am, not speaking good English, not at home with technical gadgets, lacking good table manners, not caring about a civilized look and hence wearing 10-20 dollar costumes, and even unable to drive a car.)

Humpty Dumpty, Jr., the biphasic yolk/white divided world embodiment, sat on a Berlin wall. You know what happened next. The Berlin wall was knocked down. But if no General Secretary’s horses and KGB’s men are openly working at wide-scale wall repair in Europe (or are they?), certainly in our country’s psyche, Humpty Dumpty—having changed his/her formerly too conspicuous appearance and color—has already declared his/her categorical negation of a monophasic world order. Indeed this Humpty Dumpty shows wondrous potential for self-organization. The impossible process of descrambling has started. For me HD is, of course, a Giant Bee’s egg (for the Bee symbol see Soidla, 1998a). One hears HD’s suggestive voice by radio and TV speaking about returning to Imperial values (under the guise of rerecognizing our own national interests), often even claiming all this to

be akin to the spiritual, as opposed to Western materialism. And yes! Who doubts that the spirit of the former super-power No. 2 is still alive in this mess, slowly restoring its recognizable shape! It makes me shudder.

But stop! Here emerges a most unpleasant question: Must I really shudder? Is this terrible regenerating Bee Egg really just outside of me? Yes, I remember: On the private level my own Super-Egg—Ego—has always dreamed about such powers of self-reassembly. Possibly I am still not quite honest. Why dreamed? Is not my own Ego already a manifestation of this blind all-powerful ruthless power of life, generation and regeneration? I must not deceive myself in the valuable moments of sincere rejection of revolting forms of the politikon zoon reality. I must return to the world of prayer and meditation to ponder upon these words: Being, Bee, Egg, Ego. Self. Atman. Brahman. Buddha. Christ.

POLITIKON ZOON: EMBLEMATIC SOURCES OF OUR LOCAL FUNDAMENTAL FOLLY.

THERE ARE different kinds of return. In the world of politikon zoon it is difficult to free oneself from the spell of one's previous role, especially if it was the role of a superpower. To reenter, at least symbolically, the world of a happy young ogre can feel psychotherapeutic.

Our country has possibly indeed solved some inner problems by recently returning to the music of the anthem of Soviet times—and as usual has created some new ones. There are other nostalgic doors to reenter; behind one of them we see a former State Emblem, carrying a powerful message. (Historically it is probably not quite legitimate to ascribe a mystical interpretation to the Emblem, but who knows. Who knows whose behind-the-scene advice helped to create it. And what kind of holistic forces were really involved.)

A globe with sickle and hammer signs is bathing in the golden rays of a sun. A Red Star above the scene is guarded from both sides by peaceful sheaves of wheat. Isn't it a rational socialistic world of industrial and agricultural wealth protected both by people's generally happy state and by the Red Army? Time: A dawn of the World Revolution destined to bring this happiness to all people on the globe. It can be read this way, but one can also see quite different pictures.

Version 1: A main feature is an implied bovine head with visible horns decorated by sheaves of wheat. In a mystically sound way it is only hinted at (so as not to make a human-made object to substitute for the Real thing). The Sun-like forehead (of the implied Bull) emits the light of consciousness. Planet Earth is suspended in this field of consciousness. Consciousness (especially when purified by Marxist analysis) is the field of power ready to remold the very material world. A symbol of a living soul, a pentagram soars above this icon of the physical universe in the power position of dialectical unity between the enlightened field of the Emblem and the surrounding inert dark wholeness (consciousness and matter, if not microcosm and macrocosm). The same pentacle denotes the meeting point of energies of the right and left horn (good and evil, Yin and Yang, old and new, left-hand and right-hand powers). On a lower level of discourse this little pentagram can even look like a bourgeois specialist in the service of the Socialist State. (Quite a hot topic in the 1920s.) In the center of the emblem, the planet Earth carries imposed icons of the sickle and hammer to depict the death of an old (below-socialist level), corrupted, exploiting and exploited human being who is to be hammered into a new socialist specimen to take over the New World. ("Perekovka"—rehammering—was indeed a popular propaganda word of Stalin's epoch, describing in positive terms the psychological processes taking place in forced labor camps.)

Version 2: To a less enthusiastic observer, this picture will look a bit different. Just consider this death-in-life and life-in-death, this hammering of human souls to conform to the New Kingdom emerging at a class struggle endpoint. The light of the Sun of this world is limited to the field of this icon, obviously surrounded by the hostile darkness of the Old World. Our leaders always felt as if they were surrounded by enemies who were only thinking about destroying our country. Hence the small point of light in an utter darkness, a cosmic will-o'-the-wisp. So far, so realistic. Now it is also clear the bull head must be a militant white bovine skull emitting deadly light. The pentagram of the human soul is about to be torn to pieces by the power fields of the masked horns. Yes! Our Utopia carried the seeds of its own destruction, of being led from almost the very beginning by dead gods. Yes, even if many of us feel connected with some

individuals of the past, the fact that the embalmed Lenin in Red Square was considered in our official propaganda “more alive than any living creature,” seems to be not only really far-out but also quite revealing. Our poor, deathless, Humpty Dumpty with a thousand faces! Doesn’t it all remind us of the Byzantine life-in-death described by W. B. Yeats (of course, in an aesthetically quite different realization)? Under a compassionate—what else?—smile of the Great Mind.

POLITIKON ZOON: SINGING SICKLES AND HAMMERS.

*singing sickles and hammers
still marching on a globe
illuminated by a golden ox head*

*invisible horns decorated with wheat
celebrating a dawn of new
supreme-level consciousness*

*a star of red clay new Adam cadmon
coupling left and right horn paths
at the mind/matter interface*

*will-o'-the-wisp's small screen
whispering of farewell to decrepit humanness
of hammering to a novel unsentimental
victorious shape*

*silence
looking at one's feet
silence*

*Arbeit
macht frei
Herr Dschuang*

*(Sorry
Wrong Bough
Mr. Butterfly)*

EGO/POLITIKON ZOON: MR. NO. 2 WANDERING IN A SHADOW ZONE BETWEEN FIRST-RATE TRANSPERSONAL AND THIRD WORLD PERSONAL. INTERNALIZING NO. 2.

I HAVE SPECULATED about how to go about reading my papers (Soidla, 1999). No wonder that when I published this I had already shifted to a less exotic manner of writing. Alas, some precious shadows are inclined to disappear in the limelight of rational consciousness. A real loss for me. So the present paper must be quite rational. Is it?

I have been a No. 2 personality during most of my life, one who acts in the place of another, a deputy, vice-head, vice-chairman, an eternal vice. This has meant a lot of dealing with the shadow part of my own mind and of the collective mind of small groups. Vice (in the sense of someone ranking just below a No. 1 person) is vicious, indeed. And to add more small numbers, I must take note that my No. 2 personality clearly belongs to the Third World.

The Third World is closer to folk psychotechniques, less shielded by the scientism of elite circles. But this makes my transpersonalism (certainly I myself belong to this Third World—even if my country in some, mostly cultural and possibly military aspects, doesn’t) a bit unsophisticated for developed nations’ taste—provincial, naive. But it is still a shoot from the same master root. It is still quite authentically trans-[over-] personal, ...still controversial in its attempt to sit on the seats of both science and spirituality.

Certainly I feel the difference between “civilized transpersonalism” (say, transpersonalism No. 1) and my transpersonalism. But a Developing (Third) World position gives some extra freedom I surely value. And then personally I have always been between No. 1 and No. 3. Above I said that I am a typical No. 2 personality—and have kept this position almost all my life—in quite different hierarchical structures.

It is difficult to escape the pitfalls of role No. 2 if one is cloaked in the No. 2 personality role. And it is impossible not to have a No. 2 role if there exists a No. 1. The role invites and releases powerful forces of consciousness. Only a wholly different dimension—the one pointing towards the Source—can make a difference in a No. 2’s life.

After all my own No. 2 personality problems, I feel a bit more understanding toward the leaders of our country which has been a No. 2 world power for a long time. (Both toward former and contemporary rulers.) Poor, all-powerful, fantastic sons of bitches!...Poor—even when they keep patiently training us—all 140 million—to internalize the new great post-Soviet super-slogan: “Surrender makes free.” A slogan, that has never been openly pronounced, but—in one way or another—has gained tremendous power during the last several years. This is a slogan that will finally condition every one of us to feel like an eternal No. 2, *profanum*

vulgus, ultimately (Byzantine-style) inferior to a democratically elected No. 1.

But—why not? A person in the No. 2 position somehow obtains a Rabelaisian right to be really vicious. He formulates, he communicates, he writes papers.

Ego: NEW FAUSTIAN MISTAKES SOME LEBENSRAUM. I AM NOT FAUST.

THESE DAYS Russia has few spiritual authorities. Many of yesterday's conscience- and consciousness-raising leaders of inner resistance to the regime seem to have lost contact with the new realities. They prophesy to swarming bees, embrace coyotes, dream in a dark night under a hill, chase rainbow-colored will-o'-the-wisps in a no man's land of semidarkness, speak after the end of the message. Countless are the ways of a decent traveler losing one's way.

Well, in a way, it is a most natural state of affairs. Even the best garments of Emperor Atman will wear away one day. But I would like to follow the paths of our moral VIPs (no irony intended) along some quite different lines of reasoning. I have often wondered how even the most disgusting spiritual teachers can have students who are not only good and pure but even seem to emit some spiritual light. Somehow the teacher's darkness often seems not to be transmitted to the students. Teacher and student each seem to receive their just due. This is one, quite optimistic, mythological line.

Along some other line, the teacher is a tragic figure of impressive scale. For older, really great, (note my bias!) leaders there is always some place for Faustian failures—mistaking lemurs digging a grave for builders of a decent future world. A great soul, without corrupting his or her natural purity, can sometimes even be charmed by some notable master bee graduate. This is a lesson for the eyes of our generation, and certainly not a primitive one! Look more closely at the field of this picture! There is the obvious Mistake—and here is the Magical Lotus-Like Self-Purifying Being who is making this Mistake. Among other things, this is a lesson about not making a judgment. (And obviously even of not speaking about not making a judgment, etc. *ad infinitum*.)

Indeed we must not worry; every one will get his/her due. Me too.

Ego: A CONFESIONETTA OF BEING A THIN BLEND OF TRANSPERSONAL TEA. JONATHAN LIVINGSTON SEAGULL OF THE XXITH CENTURY TAKING OFF IN MENTAL (OR RATHER DEMENTED) SPACES.

NO QUESTION that I am not of this Faustian scale, nor even of a Faustian style. But am I not at least a transpersonalist (technically speaking) now, after more than twenty years or so of being involved in the field in one way or another? Yes, I should not be surprised to learn that sometimes I share a certain "spiritual" waterhole with other transpersonal flying or crawling reptiles of a feather. But at the same time, of course, I am not quite a professional transpersonalist. Even if we choose not to discuss the tricky topic of quality, it is quite clear that I have no kind of transpersonal counseling practice such as leading groups or being a consultant, though I am the associate editor of *The International Journal of Transpersonal Studies*. Anyway, most of my work is in molecular genetics. Maybe I could be assessed as, say, a 10% (low numbers again) professional transpersonalist? A silly formulation, but it feels in a way quite useful to me—as a reminder.

Perhaps 10% is not so bad. There is another aspect of these estimates. I have learned how speaking about spiritual matters channels away the precious energy that was collected in inner silence. Of course, it can be different in the case of a "Realized Being" or a "Real" professional. But at my level this truth certainly holds. The paths of spiritual materialism of one's mind lead to an imperialistic giant body in timeless memory stuff. (It can be quite different for timeless sea birds on wing—who have already transformed the inner dinosaur.)

Teach me, Jonathan Livingston of my youth! Alas, my flights these days are mediated by senile dementia rather than by wings. (See below, "No Time to Travel my Boughs.")

PSYCHE: WHO IS MR. TRANSPERSONAL? IN A DUALISTIC WORLD THIS MEANS: *GRATA* OR *NON GRATA*?—ASKED A HAND GRENADE. ("GRATA ILI NON GRATA?—SPROSILA GRANATA." RUSS.)

TRANSPERSONAL STUDIES often invade territory already divided up by world religions and various small religious groups. Who is Mr. Transpersonal in this field of a Great Game?

The transpersonalist is neither a Referee nor a Player on the field of religious life. Sometimes a little Mr. Transpersonal is of course treated as a ball—to be forcibly knocked around. But the real game is not centered about him/her. Rather the transpersonalist is a reporter whose job is to keep a faithful record of what is taking place. A really good report is not easy to find. This job requires understanding the game, a clear, perceptive mind, and a lack of prejudice. Well done, this can be an important contribution. But still it does not feel quite right. “Transpersonal” seems often to be like some illegal doping of a player’s (reporter’s, stadium worker’s) blood. So possibly Mr. Transpersonal is a bit intoxicated but quite a well-trained reporter?...We had better stop here.

PSYCHE: A FANCY CONCERNING CONVERSATIONS OF SPIRITUAL PSYCHOLOGIES AT THE STREET CORNER.

WHAT ABOUT the geometry of the larger field of Kuru, of the playing field of the global spiritual game—as perceived from the reporter’s seat? Is there any common aim for all players? Do they at least obey some common rules? Or will the deeply rooted hypothesis of some hidden inner unity of different spiritual paths soon be finally refuted?

The old idea of all religious states leading to one endpoint has indeed been questioned, notably in a recent work by Walsh (1995). It is important to question such uncritically accepted concepts. But what about extrapolation to the problem of equifinality of all spiritual traditions? About a commonality of mystical experience characteristic to all of them? Walsh says, “neither yes nor no.” The popular mind registers paradigm shifting towards “no.” And I cannot escape some images here. Differences can be misleading at different levels. If spiritual psychologies never seem to converge, this may show that they are on parallel courses and one must look for a deeper underlying structure to see their essential identity. (One can of course fancy countless other “geometries of meaning.”) This is a position difficult to defend, as no amount of data will be able to shatter it. The feeling of great unity underlying various spiritual manifestations—whatever the seeming contradictions to this idea—certainly seems to be an unfalsifiable statement. Does this mean that the very important question about inner unity (or lack of such unity) of spiritual traditions will remain just an intellectual and

spiritual trap—at least within a framework of the current scientific paradigm? Maybe a koan.

I remember, when I was a youngster, an old man once told me: “I do not doubt. I know—since the very moment when God appeared to me as a White Wall.” I was very disturbed by these words coming from his toothless mouth. But now it is different. I just cannot escape asking along the same lines—like a 5-year-old J. D. Salinger hero: “What does one wall say to the other wall?” You know the answer.

I love solutions of this kind—attractive, unreachable, frightening, like the smile of the mad old man—reaching me from some transpersonal realm.

PSYCHE: CORNERED SPIRITUAL PSYCHOLOGIES INVOLVED IN A CONVERSATION. APPENDIX: SILENCE.

I WOULD PREFER to invite a great silence into my body/mind and to be with it. But I know that there is another side of all this: There is a trap in transferring the timeless to personal reality. An “individualized” silence becomes jealous. Various personal formulations of the timeless battle one another. To escape it one has to return to the Source of silence, the Source of the timeless.

I write words, words, words, about silence—but in the real silence there are no formulations, no questions. In this realm one apprehends a silent not-answer.

METEMPSYCHOSIS: FANCY EXPANDED I-FILES (I FROM ILLUSORY). FILLING IN SOME MISSING ME’S.

THERE IS a question that is considered illegitimate by some (especially Western) spiritual traditions and certainly denied by science: Have I been here before?

The formulation of this question is possibly not so superstition-laden (nor so fundamental) as I am often inclined to think. Let me put it this way: when one has read a lot of the text in a given Human Comedy volume, one can grow anxious to find some related (“previous”) volumes—to gain a better perspective of an author’s general ideas. (Isn’t it a quite understandable human approach? Even when it includes moments of daydreams when pondering not only the author’s general concepts but also his/her favorite tricks of the trade. Especially when one is not yet quite sure—or just pretends not to know—who the author is.) I

would not discuss here how scientific or pseudoscientific the attempts are to find some answers to this question. But permit me to say a few words of very personal comment.

I have already told a story about my own “reincarnation” (Soidla, 1998b), and when still under the spell of this story wondered how much, and at the same time, how little, have I taken over from this “previous existence.” During a “transfer,” an individual soul seems to be stripped of its most immanent qualities. What remains is just some basic, if not traits of character, then just some “key words” attached to my life. But the responsibilities and possibilities I am facing belong to this life and to the present moment. ...Of course, there are moments when one just enjoys “these stories” without any moral judgments or qualifications.

The story I told in my paper came to me via a system of synchronicities and has no independent factual confirmation, yet, at the same time, it feels emotionally most convincing. Even if I am forced to acknowledge that I have been (and according to almost any version of common sense indeed I have been) fooled in the concrete story, it is the metaphor that remains, that seems to be relevant and important. In this realm, truth is not yet married with proof and so artifacts are often on equal grounds with facts—on some “hidden” level of such stories.

Various personal manifestations certainly share not only the general but also some of the countless specific resources (re-sources) and stories of the Source. This sharing often defies our scientific and traditional unscientific concepts and limits. Nothing that I need is missing. All is here—in Consciousness.

Dear Source, teach me one day the art of surfing the wave creating Me’s and related not-Me’s in this more-than-world-wide ocean of consciousness!

KOSMOS: A DAYDREAM SPACE ODYSSEY. ECCENTRICS OF GAIA AT THE GALACTIC CENTER.

THIS IS an étude in a still more materialistic—quite sci-fi—vein.

The deep underwater realm of oceans is a natural place for life in the world near the Galactic Center that is penetrated by an excess of various kinds of radiation. Of course, in the full-grown civilizations of the region the radiation-imposed limitations are now lifted, the necessary protective planetary and local shields are established, but it

is due to such historical reasons that most of the highly developed races in this area are water-dwellers.

By the way, it is surprising how fearless one feels here—even being aware of all the radiation-related potential dangers. And how obvious, how natural, the old idea of consciousness as a kind of luminosity feels here. To come to the galactic (or metagalactic) center region is like coming back home—in some incomprehensible cosmic sense. (Of course this home looks more awe-inspiring than homely. Like the astronomical photos I have always been so fond of. And still it is home—like no other home has been.)

I learned that all this does not quite mean that we humans have physically come from the Galactic Center and that our consciousness keeps some basic built-in memories that were written down in this region. Rather it is the very nature of the universal consciousness that is somehow directly related to regions like the Galactic Center, to some physical or metaphysical conditions here. This relationship has something to do also with the origin of consciousness. But I am not able to relate any concepts of this kind. This will require a long time of changing our minds—a process that by the way is already taking place (see below). The path of consciousness is always a path of self-teaching, a path of self-modification, a path of autocatalysis—whatever you feel to be the best word in a given moment.

Anyway, this is not a place for some mystified cosmic comments on consciousness. What I can do in this paper is just share some impressions of being there. Or rather—as if having been there. You know the problems with daydreaming.

The Galactic Congress Palace is a building more than a kilometer deep in an ocean—connected with nearby “hotels” (habitats) via huge walking (swimming)/transport tubes (each one with special gas/liquid content). Tubes lead to the lodges of the main hall of the palace. As visibility in the palace is considerably aided (but alas, for a naive viewer, also distorted) by various optical and electronic devices, at least for us, the real shape of the kilometer-or-more-deep central hall was difficult to perceive. Sometimes it looked like a giant old-fashioned theater, but possibly this was a carefully engineered illusion. At least the very next moment one could perceive a dim, dolphin-like shadow swimming behind a transparent barrier separating

lodges from the apparent central, almost “bottomless” part. We were obviously situated close to the very top. This was later confirmed by information that the lower levels are for deep-water creatures and for dwellers of giant planets. They can spend some time at lower gravitation (like our cosmonauts/astronauts are able to do), but in deep water it is easier to provide just the right pressure conditions. At least it was thought to be this way when the building was begun, and these ideas were preserved as a design of this building. Nostalgic stuff.

The above-water part of the entire infrastructure is the place where one finds humanoids and near-humanoids. This part (that I know better than any other part of the palace) is divided into different [half-] transparent tubes—possibly because of incompatible atmosphere requirements. Maybe the structure hints at some possible instinctive, hyperemotional reactions (like panic and fear) during trans-species contacts that necessitate these divisions, at least for novices of this New World. We have seen incredible scenes of clearly mixed company obviously enjoying themselves. But as a rule, any actual contacts between different species seem to be considerably rarer than one would suppose to be the case in the Galactic Center. At least with our part of the Galactic Center building this was clearly the case. Some supercomputer that created phantoms of one’s own species seemed to mediate most contacts. It’s important to note that these simulations of one’s own species seem to be deliberately not too perfect—an ingenious device to delicately remind one of an even more fantastic reality behind the carefully engineered illusions.

A school on a nearby island (but maybe on a quite different planet—some specific info seems to be missing on this point) prepares “tutors” to help with developing their native planets. This education process starts with reforming the psycho-physiological structure of the future instructors. Notably, one’s memory is considerably restructured—to the point that one needs a lot of special training to learn to use the reformed memory apparatus. The position of planetary tutor is most demanding and the life span granted of more than a 1,000 years hardly suffices to compensate for all the hardships, including intensive, periodic, 30-50 year-long training sessions in the Galactic Center. In addition, the first 200-250 years of a new

tutor are rather carefully supervised. But the rules are not too strict on this point. Each case is handled on an individual basis.

Generally speaking, these planetary-aid operations (as well as the very fact of galactic cooperation) are not openly announced to the citizens of the target planets, so as to keep the forces of resistance down and local self-opinion high. New ideas are never introduced as some ready-made technological or scientific products but rather as hints, carefully designed to be as invisible as the emperor’s new clothes. These hints are repeatedly communicated (usually by tutors) to a set of selected suitable personalities. The contents of what is communicated are usually in the form of new fairy tales or new fantasies of art and literature—rather than in a form of new scientific ideas. (This is not the whole picture, of course. Some hidden resonance to support future leaps of “intuition” is also created. Phenomenologically this resonance is close to Shel Drake’s [1987] concept of “morphic resonance,” but technically a bit different.) Anyway, as a result, local progress appears quite natural, only a bit aided in a way no one is really aware of.

And one of these tutors... is you, my dear reader! Using a special technique (modified from Soidla, 1999) I have ensured that only you—the Real Future Galactic Tutor on Earth—will be able to read the relevant parts of my text. You’ll be contacted—in due time.

Alas! Just a boy tossing empty plastic bottles into the water. Most of the bottles are ugly, some are funny. The ocean is tender and limitless.

METAKOSMOS: NO TIME TO TRAVEL MY BRANCHES (QUASI UNA—MOST FAR OUT—FANTASIA).

REALLY YOU and I and the very Galactic Center are of course just simulations on a cosmic computer 3-D (or rather X-D) screen. There is really only one Will, one Self, behind the scene, reaching any one of us—the figures of the ultimate Cosmic Game, best described by Advaita Vedanta. Do you buy this stuff? (There are moments when I almost do. But as I am not Realized—in the technical Advaita Vedantic sense—I am free to travel along some other not so fundamental, but in some way attractive, trains of thought.) Let’s only keep in mind that the cosmic computer must be really sophisticated; this means not a computer at all in

our contemporary sense. Why not suppose here that this gives us *carte blanche* to take a leap. Bored with computers: Let's board a far-out cosmic train.

There is a funny theory (the "many world interpretation" by Hugh Everett III, outlined in Penrose, 1989) that every quantum mechanical measurement (free will) act leads to a new version (branching) of a Universe.

This theory feels important to me on the shaky grounds that I often feel that my world in a way blinks from one state to another. People whom I am sure are dead turn out to be alive. Titles and contents of books I recall seem to have undergone strange quantum jumps—today they are different from the form I remember them to be. Things are not where they used to be; other minor details shift and dance as if in a not-carefully-enough-made movie when material from a slightly different version of various scenes leads to crazy changes of background details. But I can never be sure. Never.

These branching universes seem to be separated by imperceptible and impenetrable walls. The same is true about the enclosed human bodies. Only Consciousness, that has created these branching Universes, seems in its unconscious part to embrace all the versions and so is potentially able to carry one from one Universe to other ones—across the borders. In my personal mythology this becomes possible when memory-imposed restrictions weaken—in one's old age. I value my memory problems, my travel pass in this beautiful, branching world—where even one's past is not quite fixed; where people who were dead yesterday are alive today; where one cannot predict what wondrous stuff will pop up the next morning. I hail my glorious state of dementia! (*Maybe for slowly growing conscious of surfing the death/freedom interface...*)

So, being ignorant of the intricacies of the physics underlying this theory, I often tell myself a tale about my being a bud (branching) of consciousness identified with a concrete human body, but able to be identified with its semblance in multiple branchings of physical universes created by free will actions. Whose will? Most likely anything that happens in Consciousness will count. In my own part, I feel identified with the branchings in which I exist—so it seems to be "my" will that is important for me. Possibly dis-identification from one's own concrete will-act (or

identification with a will-act that goes against the established system of identifications—against Ego) transfers one to the Source (of Universal Will). Mysteriously, this Source seems to be "here" in Silence (in pauses between thoughts, behind identifying [I] thought), always with me, and still most elusive. Attention energy is a good carrier in this field.

Anyway, I certainly enjoy having left my reproductive age world—for this or some other area almost uncontrolled by natural selection pressure (this means, to realms of Pure Consciousness). Help me, precious luminous Source—beyond my reason, beyond my understanding, beyond life and death, beyond time and space!

Laughing I chase my mind on countless powerful branches of a metacosmic Me-tree.

KRONOS: THE CROSS OF LIGHT, THE CROSS OF TIME. SURFING DEATH/FREEDOM INTERFACE. LEAVING ONE'S CHITINOUS LIFE STORY.

THERE IS a view—possibly even complementary to the above one—based on Ouspensky's ideas of 2-D time (Ouspensky, 1948). It is also among the fairy tales I like to tell myself with different variations. At the same time, it is apocalyptic and can be uncomfortably close to the views of some radical spiritual groups. Sorry.

Human life is repeated countless times in a different dimension of Time. But as far as a human being acts according to inclinations, instincts, and primitive impulses the same story is repeated. Real Free Will is something that can change one's life story, make it unlike its previous versions.

Moments of real Free Will make a difference. They can change the quality of some parts of our life story drastically. These zones of another level of being grow into openings that allow one, painfully, to drag one's life story—as a whole—out of its dead forms; out of the old decrepit world that seems to be on the verge of perishing in quite real flames after some more repetitions of our life story.

Moments of real, true, Free Will are points at which one can break out of the worn cocoon of one's branching life story (and to break this branching world, as both are growing from a common root). One leaves the dead form of the branching bush of one's life story—to become a moist, shining, more real Imago—a butterfly daughter of the bush—

able to fly to an all-alive all-awake all-aware rainbow-colored untold new world.

KRONOS: A BILLION YEARS STORY OF CONSCIOUSNESS, OR ZEITNOT.

SOMETIMES I think in an almost traditional vein, guessing about the mind of G-d (or God) as something that is out of my mind (that appears as another, immeasurably more powerful mind). Even in the worst case this is a good alternative perspective to navigate toward my *bhakti*.

On the level of the physical Universe—all these galactics and metagalactics and billions of years—feel breathtaking. How am I supposed to contact the core consciousness that has followed at least a half-billion years of our planet's history—dealing with all the “individual souls,” and at the same time with whole species or whole ecosystems, with nations rather than with individuals. In turn, an Individual mind is inclined to meet the Universal one in the field of Kuru, in the field of an inner battle, in the field of strategic thinking. And, at the same time, the Universal Mind seems to be already immanently present in one's individual mind—as the Timeless realm.

A silent *darshan* by Timeless [un]communicates all that is needed.

GNOSIS: BACK AT MY OWN BEGINNING. WHAT AM I DOING HERE?

THERE ARE some specific ideas and dreams related to Science with which I especially identify. (They do not look quite like products of my own mind; they just keep coming to me—as often undeserved, but much loved, table-companions and friends.)

Some possibly most important ones among them are concerned with memory recording. I have stated that human memory contains an inherited timeless (mythic) component that unfolds in constant interplay with a personal memory record. I have also stated that human memory is not only recording new events but also on some, possibly more basic level, editing a universal (possibly individualized) prerecorded human life story. And I have stated that consciousness is self-teaching (self-modifying) on some very fundamental level (Soidla, 1995, 1996, 1997).

I also believe that at least primitive protomemory was just the recording of firing/rest patterns of individual neurons at a speed normal for RNA synthesis—ca. 40Hz. Further developments like synaptic networks, the possibility of neural maps training, and so forth—usually considered as the only pathways of memory recording (Edelman, 1992)—have, in my opinion, not quite replaced the older mechanism. This means that RNA engrams still exist in some special neurons of special localization determined by the developing neural network's geometry. And certainly that some ideas, like the prerecorded life story, the editing of this story, timeless stuff within synchronization signals, and RNA autocatalysis-like self-teaching and self-modifying, were retained (and remodeled) at the new neural network level (Soidla, 1995, 1996, 1997).

GNOSIS. SYNCHRONIZATION SIGNALS OF MEMORY, CONTAINING TIMELESS SERVICE MESSAGES: A HYPOTHESIS. (RHYTHMS AS A ROYAL WAY TO THE TIMELESS [MYTHOLOGICAL, ARCHETYPAL, RELIGIOUS] IMAGERY.)

MANY REMARKABLE ideas that emerged at the beginning stage of molecular biology were not subsequently developed in the years that followed. One of these ideas was the idea of “filled commas,” stating that if a genetic message contains punctuation signals, then inside these signals there is a perfect place to write down some useful “comments,” some “service information”—some texts that are read on a quite different level. As the usual genetic texts turned out to be essentially comma-less—and translation punctuation (initiation and termination) signals were shown to be of comparatively simple structure—this idea was abandoned (surviving almost solely in some memoirs of those days). The idea did not resurrect even with the discovery of the intron/exon structure of eukaryotic genes—as introns, with few exceptions, can generally be written off as “junk” (or “egoistic”) DNA.

But perhaps the idea of punctuation signals—as a space for texts written down on a different level than the main message—can have a curious Second Coming in a seemingly quite unrelated realm of memory coding.

One of the greatest problems in discussing memory/consciousness is the “binding problem” (Hardcastle, 1996): how perceived colors, sounds,

smells and shapes come together to create a realistic picture in one's consciousness and memory.

My general hypothesis is that one necessary element that would help to explain this phenomenon is a set of synchronization signals—signals that will allow for juxtaposing different parts of a memory/consciousness “text” along identical time scales, so as to allow—metaphorically speaking—for proper “dialogical connectedness” (Yanchar & Slife, 2000).

There are also alternative ways in which synchronization signals can be involved in memory/consciousness. If one is inclined to take the conception of synchronization signals as likely to have some place in memory recording/retrieval—one immediately confronts the possibility of necessary “timeless” comments on the main “in-time” memory message. This means supposing the existence of a set of memory service texts that are situated within synchronization signals forming a part of memory that is clearly outside of the ordinary time frame.

My special hypothesis is that these service texts (“comments on living”) are involved in the very process of memory recording (that has an aspect best described as reciprocal “editing”) and in this process the inherited seeds of these texts give rise to mythological, archetypal, and religious imagery and finally reenter memory in the mature disguise of mythological figures.

What I am postulating is a basic mosaic structure of memory records. And that mythological and mystical phenomena are only related to some above-the-water parts of a deeper process involved in the very core of the molecular events of memory/consciousness.

I assume that memory recording involves the editing of some prerecorded material. That means that the human life story is in some gross aspects prerecorded, and the actual memory recording is in many respects a process of editing this inherited (universal or even individualized) life story. This editing process uses “timeless” memory texts that are written down within synchronization signals. In other words, during memory recording memory texts are editing other memory texts. This process is most likely reciprocal.

If my core hypothesis about the existence and localization of timeless memory stuff is true, it is immediately clear that repetitive integrative functions like music, dance, poetry (with elements

like rhythm and rhyme), magical practices (mantra, yantra, etc.), and religious rituals with their many-leveled, repetitive, highly symbolic activity are all situated along the royal way towards this timeless layer. Alternatively, these levels are reached during neurotic and psychotic episodes, including the auras of such super-synchronized brain states as epileptic seizures. Considerable anecdotal evidence is available to support these claims.

I am skeptical about the possibility of effectively isolating some aspects of the Timeless in scientific experiments—as the function of the Timeless is highly integrative, multisensory and “holistic.” But it is most likely possible to document many of the repetitive structures involved. Some kinds of repetitions involved can even be analyzed by molecular probes of fixed repetitive structure.

*There is a possible, but mostly neglected during the last decades (happily analyzable), substrate that can be supposed to be involved in memory/consciousness—RNA molecules. Several numerical coincidences make this idea attractive for me. First and foremost—the rate of RNA synthesis—ca. 50 nucleotides/sec is close to ca. 40Hz (gamma) brain rhythm that some authors (see Crick, 1995, p. 245) suppose to be related to [visual] awareness. If one looks further to how long a molecule would be created during a human lifetime if one continuously registers firing/rest patterns of neurons, the resulting RNA molecule(s) is (are) close to the total RNA content in a typical eukaryotic cell (or to a whole *Lilium* genome). At least quantitatively, RNA seems to fit some basic parameters of the process of memory recording. Note, however, that this controversial idea is intended not to substitute for, but to supplement, the current ideas on memory coding (Soidla, 1995, 1996, 1997).*

I would like to note also that the general idea of synchronization signals filled with “timeless comments” seems to be rather independent of any particular hypotheses (presented above in italics) concerning the memory recording mechanisms and their material substrata.

Of course—all this is armchair speculation. Alas, though this speculation may one day prove to be true. (I hope I'm wrong. I see that any paths leading to a more self-manipulatable world are rather dangerous.)

You ask why did I include this stuff in the present Umbra paper. If the light of my mind is

shadow, then what about my shadow per se? Answer: I included it all, because I recognize that my promising mind-baby is just a potentially hazardous armchair monster. But, still...whose light and shadow are not really blended these days?

GNOSIS: MAPPING OF THE MAPPER. A NEW I CHING.

TO APPROACH holistic aspects of the world (or to study the Timeless in one's consciousness/memory) one badly needs some new tools. I suppose one of these tools would be a new description of elementary "cells" ("building blocks") of a human life story—a new *I Ching*. Possibly this would also lead us closer to the original memory language of hypothetical special high abstraction level neurons that are implied in the above hypothesis of memory coding. *Dear Chinese friends of mine—Chuang Tzu, Lao Tzu, Li Po, Tu Fu, Li Ho, Su Tung-p'o, Ch'ien Ch'ien-yi, and many others—I am so honored by your presence in my life—even if you have been just images mirrored in glasses of translation.*

These kinds of ideas seem to be fighting to surface in human consciousness. Why else did Grisha Bruskin paint his "Fundamental Lexicon?"

GNOSIS: WHO ASKS: WHAT IS EGO? MORE I-FILES. EGO AS AN EGG.

AND STILL the key question is, Who am I? And a key contraquestion: Who is asking this question (Talks, 1972)? But one usually adopts a lower level of communication than this and so meets more specific terms and details.

So here we go again: Countless are the projections of one's Ego! Either within a scientifically accepted frame of reference or rather wild, unscientific ones. But to navigate the field of human conscious experience with all the timeless and in-time realms, one needs a sure compass. One needs to realize what is Ego—this way or another.

The Dictionary (*American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language*, 1970) speaks:

Ego. The Self as distinguished from all others;

The personality component that is conscious, most immediately controls behavior, and is most in touch with external reality;

Conceit; Egotism.

And still, all this does not help to answer questions like—Egoless states—what does it mean? Is Ego an illusion, or is it the Egoless state that is illusory? For a meditator, approaching the ultimate state, wherein the circulation of thoughts is stopped or at least thinned, it is clearly the "Egoless state" that feels simpler. But one can argue that an apparent stillness of psychological processes is needed to keep safe some additional psychological construction (say, Ego + a constructed artificial extra witness). To start digging towards the roots of all this controversy, one must attempt to answer the core question—What is Ego? Or at least: what does one have in mind when speaking about Ego?

So—what is Ego? Some possible answers:

- (1) A "me" label;
- (2) A subject [focal point, source] of the sense of being a "doer"; an illusion, a label of being a doer (of identification with one's actions, of attachment to the fruits of one's actions);
- (3) A perceived source of one's thoughts (*I-thought as an "Egg" of one's all other thoughts*);
- (4) A creator of world illusion (*a World Egg*);
- (5) An assembly point for [some] psychological subsystems;
- (6) A distributor [and/or a perceived source] of attention energy;
- (7) A focus and (auto-dialogue forming) reference-point of conscious experience;
- (8) One of the centers of I-Thou dialogue;
- (9) A focus (an editor) of personal memory narrative, a writer, reader, and a conscious center of a personalized human life-story—as opposed to the editor of Timeless parts of memory (Self, Atman). *Due to the mechanism of memory recording, Timeless memory in a mature individual also includes [a quintessence of] personal memory stuff, so in a mature individual Timeless memory editor (Self) is "more real" than Ego, possibly more ancient, more fundamental;*
- (10) A *camera obscura*—an isolated set of restrictions (brain/body related limitations, blackouts) that allows only a dualistic (detached, "objective," "clear," illusory) perception of the Universe;

- (11) A censor of Reality;
- (12) An “eye of a cyclone” of psychological processes, a center of circling of thoughts. (*Is this center empty, or is it occupied by a motor of psychological processes—or by controls of such a motor—when the motor is situated elsewhere?*);
- (13) An instrument for leading an individual to effective sexual reproduction. *After reproduction age, the pressure to keep Ego intact and effective weakens. This weakening exposes the inner tension and structural properties characteristic for the mature Ego complex of Consciousness and leads to disintegration of it. (The resulting Post-Mature Ego state—having done away with constrictions imposed by natural selection pressure—embodies implicit structures of consciousness as such.)*
- (14) A fake Self, a phony and individual temporary mask (a personality of a cosmic “computer game”) as opposed to our true personality—transindividual “Real Me,” Self, Atman. *A mixture of mechanical (programmed) traits and traits (like free will) really belonging to Self (that Ego mistakenly ascribes to him/herself);*
- (15) A mirror image of self-illuminating luminosity, a stealer of this luminosity, a Prometheus-Lucifer. *A clone of the hero of universal antimyth—stealer of the Universal Timeless fire of Consciousness; a former coeditor of Timeless memory, possibly a specialist in using temporary individual memory material to feed the primal all-encompassing Timeless memory; after emerging of stable individual in-time memory—an editor of these new individual memory records);*
- (16) A Myth destroyer, a killer of gods (by starving for attention energy);
- (17) A temporary service label created by memory/consciousness and attached to a set of experiences;
- (18) A feeling “I am a body,” identification with one’s body.

Please, feel free to add to this list or delete any items. This draft-level list is only a proposed tool—an invitation to think along some of the enumerated lines.

Possibly I must add that most of the above definitions do not belong to me. I hope that the roots of most of these formulations are quite obvious for people interested in mysticism, even if most of them were a bit reformulated for my

personal use. It is only due to the very informal, very preliminary level of this compendium—that no attempt was made to refer to the original sources.

GNOSIS: A MOST TRIVIAL ITEM.

THERE IS an item that is usually neglected, but quite likely is of some importance for the problem of Ego and Self.

The key observation is simple, elusive (difficult to describe, even more difficult to verify), and yet personally most convincing. I have often noted that some sentences in my writings are on a different level than other parts of the text. And so much on a different level that I seem to know that it was not I who wrote them. A switch to a deeper level and something behind my normal Ego seems to be involved. Many people have come to the same conclusion; it’s a most common fact among professionals of creative work—with no consequence for science.

If this is an illusion then the very concept of consciousness is also an illusion... And of course both are. (And I am a heap of bee crap clinging to an illusory life that is so real, so sweet.)

THANATOPSIA: DRIFTING TOWARDS A PERSONAL OMEGA POINT.

*from passion
to compassion
a lifelong travel unfinished*

*hyperborean autumn
a duck cutting gray skies
toward hot sun toward death*

*long waiting for the northern birds:
little foxes in vineyards
a dark shadow at noon*

*once again a lifetime was sweet
once again a death is towering
over the frightened witless duck*

*between autumn sky
and autumn sea
shining limitless consciousness*

*to touch the wing of one’s partner
not to help not to be comforted just touching
before the final silence*

*end of the movie
bright electric light turned on
doors open to outer darkness*

ACME: SWIMMING IN THE HAND OF THE TIMELESS...

FLOWING IN the waves of transpersonal consciousness involves moments of puppy panic and whining protests when time and again larger swellings slap against my face, immersing me into breathless, dangerous deep waters. But the next moment they carry me on effortlessly and happily again. The feeling that a flow of some continuous everyday teaching is compassionately enveloping me, makes this world a hospitable place—a room in the mansion of the Source.

Dear Silence, accept me.

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