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With its Gray and Muddy Mouth...

A Personal Myth of the Call of Another

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This paper is a sequel to my discussion of Bee and Spider archetypes (Soidla, 1998a, 1998b). In the space of the author's personal mythology, the Worm archetype is a continuum embracing spiritual materialism, individual superstitions, and popular magic at one of its ends. The other end of the same continuum reaches the realm of Thou, Atman-Brahman, Source, Silence. The dualistic and dynamic call of Another destabilizes the status quo and leads one into wandering on the continuum in either direction and can destroy one's lifestyle and very sanity with seemingly no positive consequences—but can also lead one via a kind of metaphysical metamorphosis to healing and to Wholeness.

A most portable Zoo.

I AM A cunning Fox of spiritual materialism (Soidla, 1995b), also a yearning Dog (Soidla, 1996) (and at the same time an Andalusian Doggie pretending to chase bees [Soidla, 1998a] and hardly knowing that in a crack of his/her paw one can sometimes notice the same Bees at work). I am an individualistic Spider (Soidla, 1998b), but not in full command of the threads of memory and world—can one even dream of a command like this? But in some imaginary or just mysterious dimension of not “I am” but “I was,” I am still one with the Worm singing of Another.

I am, You are. The call that is always a strange call. Searching for another. (Call of another, call of death-in-life.) I censor my story, you censor your story—and we obviously censor it just of details that were felt most helpful, most important in the private inner world. And what?

JUST WHAT you see, honey...

The lugworm speaking on behalf of the Universe. This is a very strange place. The black spaces. The Planetary moons. Isn't cosmos the home of consciousness?

WHAT DOES it mean—the irresistible call of starry sky, the call of Another? The more of Another it grows the better it feels, and “more of another” just informs one of “having reached a place that is strangely common,” of stirring a cosmic scale *metadéjà-vu*—or of metaphysical memory that is so difficult to make clear or to label. Is cosmos the home of consciousness? This must be possibly true at least in some metaphorical sense. How else can it be so special with the photos of planetary moons. Often I return to them. Their emotional effect is greater than that of the famous artifacts like the “God's eye” or the “Sphinx” on Mars (Dossey, 1998; Sitchin, 1991). Why do the standard astronomical photos—seemingly belonging to the field of rational mind, to the field of science, and so unrelated to everyday reality—feel so beautiful, so emotionally involving? Home...or what? Are they really photos of the realm of repressed consciousness of Another?

What are these cosmic views in terms of my inner cosmos? Some healthy attempts at reductionism will claim that the cosmic emotion possibly tells us: (1) about some hidden parameters of the function of Reality Simulation inherent in our Mind. At some combination of values not often tried during evolution, the emotional reaction can

grow out of proportion; (2) an extrapolation of a “night + moon” complex of emotions—as danger plus sexual arousal; (3) a combination of memories of perinatal matrices (Grof, 1976)—of phase I (peace and oceanic bliss in darkness)—and IV (expansion of space and light—release to the World at large after fighting in the birth channel). These and possibly many other explanations have some justification, and still these explanations themselves seem to be strangely dependent on some underlying very realistic picture—hauntingly familiar and arising from the depths of some Universal Memory Repository. These images seem to have something to do with the very essence of the word “transpersonal.” (As if recognized by structures that are older and deeper than ego—that are separated by a cosmic distance and still reminding us of the total transcendence in the moments of being with the Source.) As if, as if. Yes, vague are my arguments—they speak only about some rather basic very deep feelings. Are we to ignore them? One can say “Yes!” and this has been the main path of our technological civilization... but it is also possible that we would be justified to attempt exploring the realm of an alternative worldview where these feelings are taken seriously.

Unusual points of looking to the room in dreams. The faery bough I was speaking with. Heiau. Faery faith in Celtic countries—Yeats and Evans-Wentz—a case of an abortive call...or what...? A call of a healing/teaching story; a call of an unborn personal myth.

THE CALL of another reaches one sometimes in specific dreams where one sees a room from a very unusual point of view—surprisingly often, from some point at the ceiling. Whatever the mechanism of this projection—the feeling of a call of another seems to permeate such dreams. There are different but related cases. I have been involved in a most crazy and most emotionally involving silent conversation with a blossoming mandel bough in a car in Tadjikistan (Soidla, 1995a). I have been involved in an exchange as if with some powerful guardian spirit in a Heiau on Oahu, Hawai‘i (Soidla, 1995b). Illusion or what?...these cases involved a feeling of some as if half-remembered knowledge inviting me to some other realms of being, a call of Another. The same call has been involved in the faery faith in

Celtic countries that Yeats (1996) and Evans-Wentz (1911/1966) have shown me. The last one sounded a true call of Another but somehow failed to lead me further. As if an unborn personal myth attempted to surface...and merged once more with its native depths. But the Myth did not die in me and various more or less hidden citations from Yeats penetrate the text of this paper (starting with the very title) to help to transmit my feelings that are otherwise often too personal to be communicated.

Leaven of the Kingdom. A not final Tat Tvam Asi of some recent dreams & synchronicities of mine. The Moiras.

STRANGE STORIES one tells oneself sometimes. But even if these “personal mythologies” (Feinstein & Krippner, 1988) usually remain only in one’s private memory realm, they can in one way or another guide one’s actions. Rarely, indeed, are they told to other people, as they go against most of our cultural norms. How are these stories begotten? First there is some seed, some seemingly not important incident that releases a train of coincidences, synchronicities, déjà vu’s. Often it seems that almost any idea can gain considerable support by the mechanisms of our unconscious. Yes, often it feels that one can find some support for any idea—however crazy. Artifacts have a tendency to merge into alternative theories, even into alternative worldviews—to die then in a process not unlike a Darwinian natural selection. Is the field of the above processes a place to be passionately avoided? Possibly yes, but old men often feel free at last to enter this forbidden territory, to find something that has been missing in their lives. Sometimes they do find something—and in a way it is too late to tell them that they are wrong. And possibly they are not wrong. In some sense—that possibly will grow more clear later—one good day—possibly. Post-mature ego has its own needs that one is better to honor. (Note a useful framework to consider these kind of stories in a recent paper by Booth [1998].)

The following is a set of crazy constellations and considerations that make—if not sense, then certainly a good transforming story for me—maybe just nonsense to anyone else. This is a most conspicuous but possibly revealing story about my as if being a reincarnation of a rather well-known

person. Let me spare you, my reader, any concrete details and names. This is *my* personal myth after all.

Fascinating how it all started. After reading one seemingly insignificant sentence about X (Y, Z) I felt that it had something very directly to do with me. The feeling of some “absolute fit” was clearly out of proportion to the informational content of the short sentence involved. I opened a book by X with a strange feeling that now He/She will wink at me and indeed, He (let it be “he”) “winked.” I noticed a key word of such a rare and personally convincing kind that the resulting shock could not escape informing my very being that a process of creating some major teaching/healing story had commenced. (The very structure of the premonition-followed-by-intuition, certainly well known to many people, gave it all a feeling of a “dream-in-lucidity”—but only in the sense of a dramatic case of something like parallel processing instead of the usual in-time sequential one—as there was nothing of the quality of daydreaming in this story.)

Possibly I must state here that what follows is not an enticing New Age marketable story of reincarnational dreams & memories full of fascinating historical and ethnographic details, of speaking languages of bygone ages, etc.—that would have given me some excuse of being misled and at least posed some questions of human potential. No, nothing like this. My story is confined to insignificant everyday events and states of my own mind. And still—however silly—this story feels most important for me personally. Yes, yes, yes—conspicuous, dull, not giving the smallest illusion of being supportable by some as if independent evidence. Nevertheless—however dubious or even just impossible for my rational mind—the story has managed to function as a small Maelstrom of some not so numerous but personally most impressive everyday synchronicities. And, as they often function—the synchronicities seem to have been involved in transmuting my post-mature ego in a direction that looks quite beneficial for me...I would rather say that the story has functioned in healing my psyche undergoing considerable stresses of post-communist Russia—not a quite friendly place for a near-retirement-age scientist. To accomplish this, the story has worked and worked and still works in me. Due to this crazy song of a “gray

and muddy mouth,” I look at the World now with fresher and younger eyes. An extra dimension to organize one’s psychological space is a great gift in itself.

A story of “personal mythology”—what a phrase! Something not laying claim to truth in the sense of consensus—just for mutual honoring (and for Silence that I feel this moment). But also, isn’t it an attempt to learn the nonordinary logic of memory editing (Soidla, 1995a), in other words, the logic of the world of Moiras (logic of prerecorded human life story forming and processing)—or would one prefer to say—“logic of inter-compartmental inter-connectedness of consciousness/memory”? It is still not the whole story...One can feel that the next step will be: from Personal Mythology to the Myth of Personality—to realization of Atman in search of the “I-I,” to use the terms of Sri Ramana Maharshi (Talks, 1972)...

And still—what the hell do I mean? Of having embodied some real Great Soul? No, not like this! Rather like one who has grown aware of some unexpected and striking kinship, some breakthrough-closeness to a different personality. (One stops at a picture—and the portrait winks at him...)

Sometimes I think about it in the following way: “He” is not just a former me. This is more complicated. A fish with an open belly—this is the “X” (or Y, or Z) in moderately many-minded me, in a transpersonal fox. And I understand that: “No fox can foul the lair the badger swept.” In other words, he has lost many precious things (how good He was, indeed—the X!), but “He just had to make the next step”—so I suppose, in the terms of my Personal Myth. (Have the further steps taken place? It is the world of my responsibilities, yes! I can count many failures that seem much greater if looked at with the measure of the fancied—or not quite fancied?—re-incarnation story. And still—from another point of view—isn’t it always so, that we all think of a way of designing something in this life—or in the next one—but it turns out to be different in many subtle and many not so subtle ways that are communicative of, as if, some enormous humorous, and in a last analysis, ultimately benign presence.)

Many fitting trivial artifacts seem to be here to entertain me. Even more. As if a kind of novel

spectral analysis allows me now to see in synchronicities, in seductive déjà vu's, the presence of His (my previous personality's) will and understanding—and at the same time, some very old almost impersonal will of Fate Forming Forces, as if mocking them. He spoke making himself to become Timon, and that came true, only this Timon is a man with a not too remarkable life story. (Timon is my Orthodox Christian name.) He wanted to reach spiritual Byzantium, and Yes! but this Byzantium turned out to have the Red Square Mummy (one more key word!) in its very heart, and a Byzantine policy of intrigues and pretensions to be the third Rome, but indeed the same line of sacral art, a clone of this spirituality. The mire that he wanted to leave behind is hidden in my family name. And Tara, The Ruined Maid, The Bustle in a House (please, don't attempt guessing what of all the above is an imitation and what has something to do with "real X [Y, Z?]," maybe nothing...)—all seem to have been counted in the formula of Moiras—daughters (sisters) of the archetypal Spider (or whom?).

Crazy, oh yes! yes! but here it is a different story about how I love this eternal mocking-bird, producer of strange and still familiar cities in clouds, of sets of synchronicities that lead not to "something" but as if to Space. It is for me to forget them tomorrow, to travel the endless way of clouds, to laugh and to enter the silence of the Source. Who is he/she/it in the world of Brahman and Atman? How much is one—if not to learn then to understand? Speaking in the terms of this illusion, possibly shared by some of my readers, it could sound as follows: What was needed was given away but the vasanas were not killed. He wanted to make some important changes, for example, in the realm of learning (he was considered to have enormous learning without proper scholarship). Yes! as if the right changes were willed—possibly it was not to be done the first time—and still the mockingbird sang and the vasanas surfaced. I really received professional serious training—in genetics—but still, in a way, managed to remain an incarnation of a pseudospecialist in almost anything else. How deep and direct is my feeling of this in the framework of this personal myth.

Do I really understand that there is no real alternative to the full and only transcendence? I see it more clearly now, but still I feel a lot of

haughty ignorance—spiritual materialism—as one of my major stumbling blocks. Am I playing the fool with all this? Possibly yes! But I don't care.

The feeling of identity is subtle. The school of singing and the school of storytelling converge in the realm of universal relatedness, of being kin, of being parts of each other in some dimension of space and time. Aren't we just the boughs of a tree of Self, of Atman-Brahman? All the branching identities are in a way misleading, and in a way justified—as they ultimately lead our attention into the right direction. (The real geometry involves not only branching, but also some basic permutations in several dimensions. A figure is drawn, and now one takes a different set of pencils to color it. We are composite, many-dimensional figures, all of us. But what is most important is that this most complex picture involves also the important underlying simplicity of our relationship with the Source.) The artifacts recognized help me to meet something Real.

Maybe this can be labeled a healing story in one context, maybe a teaching story in another, but certainly a story of "another" that my psyche (or one can say post-mature ego) seems to need in his/her development. Something possibly not less important for my relationship with the Source (Atman-Brahman) than the physical reality itself—or rather paired with it. Something that one living in the space and time of our civilization cannot quite openly admit to be in need of. (And must usually disguise this need in one way or another. Fiction has been one of the roads often taken.)

One more point about X (Y, Z). One can repeat "healing story," "healing story," but the inside of this story remains game-like, mad—and most serious. So I must once more state here that I cannot accept a simple version of the game: that He (She?) is me. For me he/she is still "He," not me. At the same time this is a very special "he," involving several points of as-if powerful recognition, understanding, affinity, love. Something like Hhhhmhmhe, if one may be allowed to spell it this way. An illusion? Possibly yes! In some most important sense certainly Yes! But at the same time this feels like a step towards recognizing the eternal Source, Thou, Atman-Brahman—open to everything and everyone—involving everything and everyone.


A neurotic life style is often a lifeboat that allows one to row towards the Pure Land of Self, obviously to reach the archipelago of post-mature ego. The lifeboat life style (labeled as deviant, neurotic, psychotic, mad) can of course hardly be named normal—and it mustn't be—just something to allow one to survive the hardships of passing to new stabilities.

A healing story it is. And possibly also a teaching story, along many subtle lines I'll perceive later. But would I like to be exposed to a teaching/healing story of being also a reincarnation of, say, Pierre Bezukhov, Uncle Vanya, some major religious figure (God help me!) or Winnie-the-Pooh—or with some alien abduction story, etc.? And if yes, would I attempt telling it to my readers? A difficult and not so pleasant question. What are the limits of a challenge of this type? Of course I hope that anything like an abduction story or identity with a religious figure will not emerge in my life to teach me. But at the same time I feel that whatever illusions are to dance before me—I just have to attempt to be able to witness them and to protocol them for this illusion world of ours—not attempting to make the stories better or trying to censor them, but just showing the story with a censor also in the picture. I feel I must tell what this human being—my own dear personality—undergoes and really thinks in the end of the XXth century. But a truthful picture can never be quite in focus, as really several related but still different voices are telling the story. And a Source that is always here can ultimately emerge dissolving all the images into insignificance.

I would say that I believe in the above story with all my heart in the sense that I allowed myself to write it down in a rather shockingly uncensored way—in many points. But, of course, indeed, this does not mean that I am absolutely sure that I cannot find another story as convincing to my feelings as this one—say, of being related to some Z instead of the above X. One lives as a hypertext of different stories, some of them fully developed and some of them still to be hatched. We are all connected in this way or another along many dimensions. I would not risk suppressing any emerging story of some new interconnectedness. Stories can be most important—at least before reaching the final realization of (in) Atman.

Take a step backward to the clear picture and “hard eyes” (Leonard, 1978) and notice how the teaching/healing story keeps unfolding, taking in the stuff of my life story and also any pertinent information from outer sources. (Suppose this alter ego, or rather helpful subpersonality of mine, searches through any attractive trash can on my way—a real poet he/she is.) One can think of different levels of these healing stories. Being with Source is an ultimate healing story. But I am not a realized being. This means that in my reality, levels are telling of levels and leading to levels all below the ultimate one. With hard eyes this cannot be otherwise.

One can see this story of the personal myth as a story of my own psychosis. But a most precious psychosis it is for me—not only personal myth but also personal poetry.

 Synchronicities fit each other like rhymes, periods of everyday consciousness punctuated with flashes of awareness of another create subtle and meaningful rhythms. The atmosphere of poetical intoxication and clarity envelopes the last several months of the unfolding of the theme. Could I want to lose it? And good poetry involves the feeling of the underlying Silence, keeps one's being more and more aware of this Silence. This has been also true of the personal poetry of this unfolding story of my call of Another.

Possibly I must add here that to protect the real name implied in the above story, this paper was calculated to provide a bit misleading impression. I attempted only to preserve the general nature and spirit of the synchronicities involved. This means that any hints to real events and persons must be considered fictitious.

The call of St. Petersburg.

TO CONCLUDE the story I am telling here, I must add that the very city I am living in has been a special place for me, a city of a call of Another. (This feeling of something fantastic, unreal, magical about this city has been shared by many people of Russian culture [Volkov, 1995].) Some 30 years ago I liked walking these streets during the white nights season. Maybe in other places I would have lived a much more down-to-earth life devoted to positive values. I do not mean anything romantic

saying it this way. My life is a life of a most common human being here—no adventures, no great achievements, no important creative breakthroughs. But the feeling of Another has always been close to me and just seeing some special places, some special views, serve as reminders. Or possibly I must say it in another way—that “Another” is usually so close to one, say, like St. Petersburg is to me right now when I am writing these words on a computer in a six-story building in a northern part of this enchanting city.

The weak computer metaphor still useful. Towards the Source of Free Will. A Room looked for. A Corridor passed. Sheaths collapsing.

COMPUTERS ARE highly metaphorigenic. I still often feel myself to be a figure in a virtual reality of 3-D cosmic computer screen—before some better icon will emerge. Where am I to attempt contacting the great gambler of a different (higher, highest?) level of reality—Brahman? Obviously looking towards the source of my own real “free will”—towards the I of my I—Atman—as Sri Ramana (Talks, 1972) teaches me. One can start different ways. Source is always here. One has just to set one’s eyes right, to swallow some yeast of knowledge of what one is really after here. I have learned now also a bit of how a glimpse of the Source is felt looking towards the point where I and He/She are one—as towards the point where my reality is created. Words are just words, but still... It is difficult to really corrupt any real myth as well as a real metaphor—as each Myth (metaphor) is not a closed room but rather a corridor of pairs of Mirrors opposing each other. One always has the opportunity not to freeze at some point of an however impressive view, but rather to pass from one pair of images that embody some opposing complementary Principles to the next, and then still the next one—towards higher and higher generalizations—possibly into reach in the distant end of the Corridor...one knows what...Silence, Self, Source—or whatever term One would prefer here.

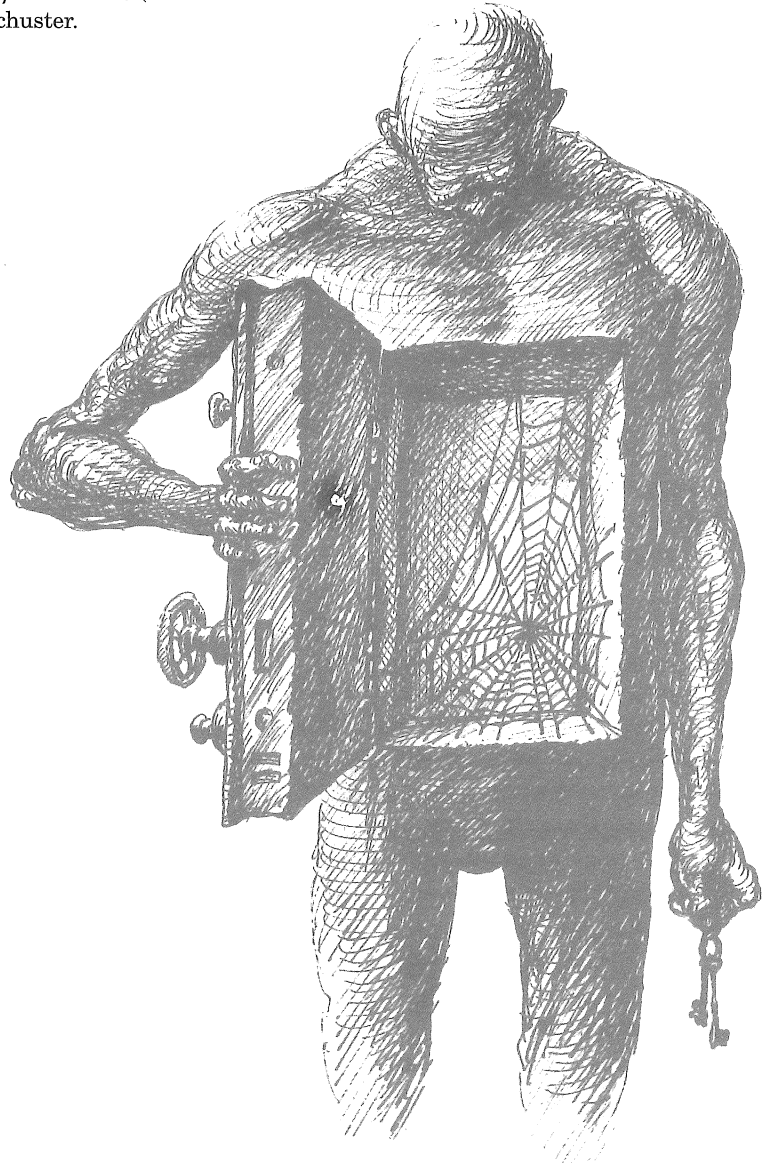
Spiritual does not help us to build any sound theories in our baseline state of consciousness. Yes. But where Silence and Certainty have met, theories are not needed.

I WROTE earlier about the continuums guarded by Bee and Spider archetypes (Soidla, 1998a, 1998b). There is certainly a continuum for Worm also. One end of the continuum is heavily colored by the darkness of ignorance, and it involves all kinds of spiritual materialism—including individual superstitions, magical procedures, and in an even darker corner—the fallacy of conscious black magic. Another, brighter, end of the continuum is devoid or almost devoid of illusion and—passing the space of the call of Another—reaches the realm of Thou, Atman-Brahman, Source, the great Silence where no questions remain. Somewhere on the continuum I left my vehicle of the reincarnation story...Allow me into Thy realm, Source...

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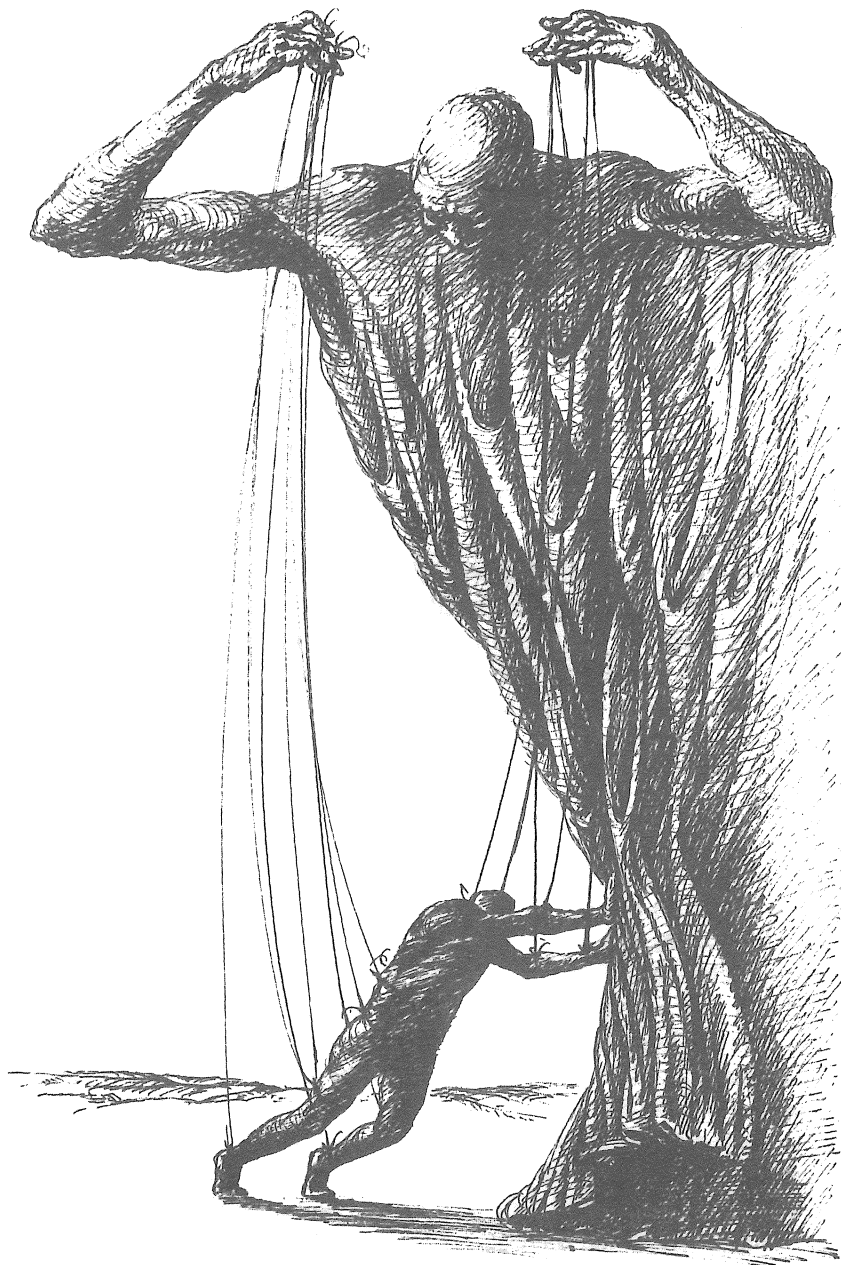
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*In What Way Does our Scientific Knowledge
Depend Upon Prior Store of Ideas?*

Mikhail Zlatkovsky



Intellectual Rebellion

Mikhail Zlatkovsky