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One cannot resist the temptation of seeing some order and even some lessons in one's life ("experiential background"). I can only hope that as a proto-scientific human being, partially naive and partially brainwashed in Marxist, Christian, and materialistic science waters, I can offer something of interest to my transpersonal colleagues--some vision born from no teacher, chaotic reading, and quite controversial aspirations. As I want to keep this paper as short as possible, I'll first relate some seemingly most important "core" stories. An attempt at theorizing will follow with some additional stories.

**Story 1.** Early morning in Stary Peterhof (a suburb of Leningrad, now St. Petersburg). Bright Sun makes a promise of heat, but it is still quite cool. I, bearded and with long hair in the best traditions of a young intellectual of the '60s, leave my home just to meet three personalities in a hopeless search for some alcohol (it is clearly too early for this by Soviet standards of these years). One of them raises his a bit reddish eyes to me, and finding hardly enough power to speak, nevertheless cannot help saying some words that sound almost unbearably tender, "You fucking ape, why are you here?" Something like this. It was much better in Russian (one can tell a lot of things better in Russian), but I beg you to believe the feeling of most compassionate, loving kindness, of almost superhuman tenderness. One can caress a fresh wound this way, possibly. Something like this would reduce Nietzsche to a young innocent schoolboy. Maybe something like this Omar Khayyam was able to communicate to his compatriots.

You can well guess the following. I tried to ape (sorry for this masochistic play of words) the message that was communicated to me. I understood the main role of the intonation: a kind of most sacrilegious loving kindness. I understood the people in the streets speaking exactly this seemingly nasty and wasteful way. Indeed, it seemingly gave the power to resist the almost unbearable pressure of life. I started applying it now and then, mostly outwardly silent (it worked this way also). And then, as if told by some ultimate authority, I stopped it. Everything was clear once more. Here was a kind of pay one had to give away for this kind of help. And I realized, that at least for me, the pay was unquestionably too high. And I stopped it. It is easy to label it an illusion of some kind, colored in Christian tones. Indeed I believe--or pretend--to be a Christian of a kind. I cannot be sure that all this is not an illusion, indeed, I feel quite ready to agree . . . one day. But here I would better like to be involved in a game of searching for some reality behind this "illusion," and for that I need a comparison with some more stories.

**Story 2.** Here I am to introduce a personality who is of much greater scale than myself, generally friendly, towering over my problems and ideas, and so even if this story is about something important, it is narrated from a Lilliputian point of view. To protect his privacy I'll denote him simply A.V. Anyway, forgive me, A.V., please! I'll begin! Maybe 20 years ago I was introduced to a young cabbalist who turned out to be two heads above my intellectual level, to say nothing about spiritual, where even an attempt of comparison would have been just ridiculous. Maybe most important was that at this
time he had obviously also overgrown the limitations of Cabbala, but I would say some
old powers were still present. In these old days A.V. ignored, in a most civilized and
friendly manner, my silent and not fully conscious yearning to learn some esoteric
ways. His attitude was curiously complemented by my own mixture of vulgarity,
cowardliness, and deep reverence towards him and many of his close friends. (It is, of
course, different now: some useful intellectual tricks and possibly also some acquired
illusions have changed me to a point where it is just strange and exciting to recall the
memory of a provincial youngster entering an elaborately ritualized world of the former
Russian capital inhabited by young proud intellectuals and most civilized cranks.) But
in these days I spent many evenings in a small company around A.V. On the social and
most tangible level He was brimming with various teaching stories. What is important
here is that I just could not help imitating Him in many minute details, sometimes even
forgetting the obvious hazard of being caught as a plagiarist. I do not know why, but
some few seemingly not so important things I could not resist attempting to copy. There
was something special in them. One such thing was a very special laughter of His. Even
more specifically--there was one very special tone in his most civilized paroxysms of
impersonal almost cosmic intellectual superiority I just could not resist trying to apply
towards some younger friends of mine. It worked! And how! I was ready for a small
successful intellectual theft. But what really happened was that I was converted to a
channel of a cold unearthly intellectual wind that not only almost effortlessly pierced
any problem, but was also beautiful as a work of great art. Left for me was just to keep
the right tone and to collect some emotional (most pleasant) tax for the channeling. And
then I understood once more: I am to stop it. It was much more difficult than in my
first story and sometimes I still feel myself if not exactly using this channel then bathing
intellectually in some seemingly more innocent (and still quite powerful) side currents
of this intellectual presence. And once more I must insist--the truth about this story must
really be something different than what our poor words "illusion" or "presence" or
"energy" or "channeling" (one is tempted to use with a story like this) would allow to
express.

Of course, A.V. I can consider in this story as a "superpsychocatalyst" (forgive the
most ugly word, please), who did not even change as a result of the above story (that
is typical for catalysts), and certainly does not bear any responsibility for anything that
happened to me.

Story 3. Here I must confess (and this can sound most suspicious) that I have really
forgotten most of the prototype story of this last one of my core material. What has
remained in memory looks not too reliably like a kind of composite portrait by Galton
at best (see Sheldrake, 1987). At the same time I have a definite feeling (or is it an
illusion) that most readers have some experience with stories like this. So, let's try the
reconstruction. I was twice or so in a situation in my former marriage where a lot
depended on only one sentence or so, of something very simple and . . . seemingly
impossible to do. My one sentence could make it all right, but it meant to admit openly
something I could not confess even to myself, or so it seemed. Maybe what was needed
even felt like a kind of coming Ego death (or is one allowed to make a joke about a
foretaste of Ego fainting?). Excuse me, I really do not know, there are situations when
the right thing to do means making a most "counter-realistic" step forward--through an
invisible but impenetrable barrier. And then--I do not know how--indeed it happened
that I told what was needed of me and then everything was converted to a pure
celebration of heavenly cool happiness and peace. I had suffered, I had died, but I was
resurrected now. As a result everything was O.K. (but it had looked so hopeless--my
incapacity to cope with the situation had been so obvious). In a way I was in a situation of Ultimate Creativity. (Warning! I seem to have gotten trapped in rhetoric.) But some cold water is to follow. It is so easy, so soothing to tell this story that I would like to repeat it again and again. But I really cannot, at least I have never managed to do it once more in my real life during all the years after the last one of these stories. Maybe I stop at the barrier of ego damage. Possibly my psychological "satellite service" helps me to keep far away from most situations of this kind. I guess there are other instant emergency strategies saving me (as a comic strip hero) from being really involved. So my last story carries certainly some marks of a Liar's story, yet I ask you to believe it.

Some analysis at the face level. Hesitation, some insights, a general confusion. At first level this is just once more a story of trapping "cosmic" energies in a real life situation. Something for a small exchange with my subculture partners on a level of some group work . . . or a short letter to a (quasi) mystical newspaper. Is there anything really worthy of discussion in these experiences of mine? Of course, any experience with "subtle energies" one can just label "neurotic" and this would be the very end of the story. But one can suppose that most valuable facts for a tomorrow's science lie in today's science wastebasket. Let's suppose that energies are just energies. Then, consulting, for example, a paper by Green and Green (1971), it is easy to see that the energy level of the dirty talk story described here most likely corresponds to the etheric or astral levels of esoteric metaphysical systems. The seemingly disgusting aftereffects and the very stylistic feeling of dirty talk seem to point to a lower astral (emotional) level. There are many lines of thinking about why lower astral is not the best realm for a permanent contact. I would rather not subscribe to any concrete explanation: my experience seemingly involves too few details to allow much speculation (but also see below some additional material about the "third eye" training and obviously much higher intensities of energy flow that resulted in some more dramatic developments). What is possibly not so trivial is the seeming contact with energies using "feeling-tone" (Gray, 1979; LaViolette, 1979) that seems quite naturally to mark some "source" that is "feeding" (sustaining) the particular type of real life situation. Following this tone seems to allow to tap this source, the "wellspring" of this energy. One feels also tempted to create a catalogue of such patterns (of real life "type" situations). We still do not have a science of description of human life as a succession of a limited number of "patterns" that would be most helpful, for example, for discussing human dimensions of all the ill-defined changes of life-style we are supposedly to undergo in future and related problems. What we need seems to be a kind of modern variety of the Chinese "Book of Changes" (I Ching). Maybe the controversial perceived energies and their aftereffects can be of some help in creating such a "periodical system"? Would not such an energy-based classification be more predictive in discussing our future? My rather limited experience discussed in this paper seems to say that this is possibly worth trying.

About the other stories of my "starting material," they possibly promise more sense (or anyway better reading) in Christian fundamentalist coordinates. (Maybe saying this I am playing some rhetorical games once more.) Anyway, I start again with Green and Green (1971). Let's take things once more at their face value and then my flow of seemingly mental energy seems to be fed from a source at the mental or even at the causal or intuitional level, from a region where personal and transpersonal meet: maybe from the Lotus part, but what I really felt was a cold cosmic breeze . . . to speak a bit too metaphorically perhaps--blowing around some (psychical) bridge (adding more and more metaphors--or are these terms I am just not quite at home with?--some concepts like black Lotus, pseudo-Nirvana, etc., seem to be in some way connected with this
experience). Here I certainly must also refer to a kind of fundamentalist interpretation. In this black/white world view (maybe it is the right world view, I don’t know!), I was seemingly involved in a contact with a demonic intellect (which possibly means that this phenomenon was well known to the humanitarian culture of the “Dark” ages. These ages seem to have been so productive in creating fundamentalist texts . . . maybe being more sensitive to the dualistic dimension of our existence . . . but cannot one also refer to traditions, social institutions, and intellectual market values?). And once more, below, I’ll relate some more stories with visualizations and higher energetic levels telling about both some more dreams and feelings of mine connected with A.V., and about a visualization almost unquestionably related to the traditional demonic realm and of transmutations between positive and negative energy that convinced W. Blake and confused me. I’ll leave it to you to make your conclusions.

The third story is of course to be interpreted as occurring on the higher, transpersonal levels of Green and Green (1971). I have a feeling that the third story possibly gains more depth in a theoretical (maybe heretical) framework centered around the word LOGOS. Indeed, around the concept of Logos are grouped concepts of ultimate suffering, death, resurrection, ultimate creativity and the Quest for Holy Spirit. Heretical can seem indeed the concept of having a glimpse of this complex by a lay person, but maybe it is just a question of finding a terminology both exact and humble enough. At least my own eclectic metaphysical belief system, together with some very deeply rooted "spiritual instincts," suggest "simply" to abandon the levels of the first two stories and to follow a compass of the energies of the third story. There is possibly nothing wrong with the lower (but unique?) levels, at least healing in Russian folk tales needs not only the highest healing principle: "the water of life." It always starts at a lower level. "The dead water" and a magical formula are to be applied first and only then the water of life can be used. A (w)holistic attitude, indeed. But it is possibly also true, that one cannot just pour more and more tea; one must also empty one’s cup, as a Zen story tells us. Anyway, maybe one would be justified to summarize that the energies of my three stories seem to circulate at (and possibly stabilize) the astral-emotional ("dead water, the principle of FORM), mental-causal ("magical formula"), and above causal ("water of life") levels of reality as described in the traditional esoteric metaphysical systems.

I would like to suppose that these levels are made explicit by stabilizing corresponding types of real life situations (behavioral patterns). I have speculated on memory as a result of editing some inherited proto-human life story (Soidla, 1992, 1993a, 1993b). In terms of this hypothesis, the perceived energies of stabilization of these behavioral patterns (life situations) are related to mechanisms of creating different classes of high abstraction level associative memory engrams. We perceive energies when our memory recording mechanism feels it worth to record (to repeat recording) something in our high hierarchical level associative memory engrams. Such engrams are according to my hypothesis themselves active in further memory recording. What we have done with our life (what we have attained) yesterday determines what we’ll see (what we’ll record in our memory) tomorrow. We perceive as energy something that determines the world that is "waiting for us." I would even suppose that the state of high abstraction level associative memory engrams change (pre-edit) the inherited human life story, donating (excising) certain repetitive patterns—so easy to do according to the biochemical bases of editing-like processes (Soidla, 1993a, 1993b). This creates some almost imperceptible (but incessant) pressure to live through special kinds of situations, a feeling of changing the patterns, the "meaningful coincidences flow" in one’s life. We’ll see below some
illustrations for this possibility. Anyway, my main point here is simply that the energy levels of traditional metaphysical systems (rather than being pure theoretical constructions) seem to be easily contacted in real-life situations and to be able to serve as useful guides for handling some practical everyday psychological problems. I propose my three stories to mark three major levels of this kind.

Some More Stories. How to start bad trips in the "lower astral." Conversion of energies. Two initiations in dreams (cunning energies and a half-forgotten exchange in a "secret" room of a Spanish style Church). Just sitting. A midsummer Nightmare. "Quite Holy," she told me. "You have never been a good man, except . . . ." The "currency exchange" with everyday life. Many systems of inner cartography are available to organize one's "occult" and mystical experience, constituting a challenge for the self-made-psychic who is never quite ready to subscribe to any tailor-made system (at least without some independent personal confirmation).

Is there really an astral world lurking for us (say, somewhere behind the etheric delights)? I am not quite sure about occult topography, but with some horrific experience of this kind I had indeed to make acquaintance with. I tried a certain technique to develop my "third eye" (Sakharov, 1993) based on a concentration on an imaginary line between the pineal gland and a point between one's eyebrows. (I was also involved in some other equally "esoteric" activities so this is by no means anything like an experiment, when one is aware of what is kept constant and what really varies.) The first signs of some success were dreams with intensified color, then geometrical figures entered, and then I began to have some difficulty leaving the special fluorescent image-laden states even being awake. Instead of the innocent geometry I started with, now pseudobiological forms emerged with typical surrealistic distortions and dizzying ways of mimicking biological movement. I learned several things: first and maybe most important among them was that upward direction is indeed quite special and leads away from the most "hellish" complex of feelings. So it occurred to me that the upward and downward directions ascribed to metaphysical "heaven" and "hell" (or the spatial component of the technical term "lower astral") correspond indeed to some realities—at least to the ones of our psychical space and that this knowledge must be considered most important—and practical. I did not like this experience (happily I succeeded a bit in taming the most exotic antics of this "level").

I was scared and impressed by a coincidence of some especially malicious imagery of this kind with a real serious epileptic fit of my son one night. For me the feeling of being in the lower astral level seemed to be only too real during this story. Alas, I cannot report any evidence in favor of the dirty talk images energy in my first story being related to the same level. Maybe I can count as a connection some feeling of pure stylistic ties between the dirty talk imagery and quite direct experience of the "realities" of the lower astral level. Maybe, they are different, but close levels? Remember old fashioned Science Fiction and the idea about an electromagnetic "echo" between neighbor coils of magnetic tape of one's fate prerecording? Maybe we would do better to subscribe to something like this? Who knows? . . . but let's (for the sake of consistency, at least) follow the main line of argumentation of this treatise. What was most important for me practically (but also created a source of some philosophical doubts), was learning to transmute negative energy to positive energy. After some time, when hypnagogic and hypnopompic lower astral imagery grew just maddening, I got the necessary help from a paper by Crampton (1974). I learned just to cease resisting and to assume a friendly, accepting feeling towards everything that was to happen. As
a result, the maddening xenophobic feelings and imagery (N.B.! UFOlogists!) changed to a celestial scene of abstract cosmic beauty. (Circular opening to a cloudless deep blue sky (?) with no "fish-eye" distortions, with a fence of bright-colored a bit Mondrian-style rods.) W. Blake (1964) confronting the same phenomenon in his famous "Marriage of Heaven and Hell" changed the hair-raising view of the Leviathan to a rather bucolic scene and came to the conclusion that everything depends on one's point of view and that the Hell is not so bad a place at all. (In a way this is, of course, an oversimplification of Blake's powerful metaphysics. Obviously I express a bit different--more "Blakean"--view of the problem in my own molecular model at the very end of this paper.) Here I just want to confess a great difficulty in accepting a world-view with hierarchies of negative energies.

With some feeling of confusion, I would suppose that the apparent "negative energy" is just an excess of energy plus a painful block for the energy flow. Then my experience of "transmuting the energies" shows nothing else than freeing oneself from the fears (and clinging) of ego and as a result--removing the block. This unblocking is experienced as "tunneling" to the apparent positive (or "upper") realm of energies with a feeling of having reached our natural "home" (no wonder, one has experienced an ultimate relaxation, as a reductionist in me intervenes). Any colorful details show one's ability to simulate a world (or is something like collective unconscious [Great Mind, Consciousness unlimited] really involved . . . or reached?). I am ready to admit that possibly my experience is not so easily explained by the standard Seven or so Levels Model (SLM), but (maybe being scared by too radical alternative possibilities of hierarchies of energies with different signs [charms, colors], or of trans-personal blocks for energy flow) I prefer to tolerate some contradictions and to remain at least in this paper in the realm of SLM as discussed by Green and Green (1971). You have possibly noticed, that with me it is a heavily Christianized SLM.

Now I'll add some more material relevant to the second story. Some literature popular in the early '60s resulted in my subconscious expectations towards A.V. as a Magus figure, so, no wonder, one night I dreamed about a spirit tamed by A.V. and used in various household tasks. In the dream A.V. told me the necessary magical words (quite like in a typical fairy tale, or a Gothic story) to become a master of the spirit. There was some break in time, then I found myself alone, tried the words, and lo I was the master. But an absolutely unexpected thing for me was that the mastery was not something abstractly or mechanically connected to me; it was my state, a state of very high energy, brimming with potentiality for performing anything. The feeling of capability for unusual feats was not external for me; it was an inseparable part of myself! But at the same time the energy had an intellect of its own and almost the first thing it performed was to tell me some words to summon a much more powerful spirit. I uttered the words and then at the very same moment a surge of tremendous energy shot through me--meeting no resistance and leaving a feeling of partial amnesia, physical signs of ejaculation, and as an afterthought--a shameful feeling that I am not ready yet for real magic. I must stress here, that almost everything I learned this night was new for me, starting with the very feeling of high energies and especially their intimate connection both with me and at the same time with some separate intelligent (cunning) entities.

The other story I want to relate here has almost faded in my memory leaving just some bleak images and at the same time some insistent feeling of importance. A.V. was not personally present, but the story seemed to be one way or another connected with him.
I had a feeling of being present in a some way secret room of a Spanish style church (?) that seemed to be not quite unknown to me. An old man clothed in a way that I was not able to classify (it seemed not to be anything like the usual clothes of the clergy, rather of a kind of an ancient Master--in a quite prosaic sense) was sitting on a bench facing me. There seemed to be nothing forceful and fierce in his behavior; he was speaking with me (in not too many words, possibly) and performing a ritual of some kind I also did not understand but felt to be in a way--decisive. It seemed that I was neither elated nor scared. But the memory of this seemingly not too significant dream kept returning and returning to me. I never discussed anything about these experiences with A.V. I still prefer to think of him as a superpsychocatalyst, who was not even aware of these events, that, nevertheless, most likely had some connection with Him. But, of course, this is a kind of most unscientific, non-falsifiable speaking. By the way, later I learned, by a chance (?) experience, that sitting in half-lotus position (I have never been able to reach full-lotus) enables one to contain considerable energy. But most natural for this state turned out to be “just sitting.” (These words I learned a bit later and they immediately made sense to me.) To return to the dream stories, what looks quite silly is that I cannot answer the question whether or not I am initiated into any esoteric tradition. One more "initiatory" story. During some years when I was having pen contacts with followers of Dr. G. Bennett, a large hairy bee once hit my lips, doing no harm. This was a synchronicity (these days I was thinking of Beelzebub as the Lord of the Bees, and afraid of my own metaphor), and very powerful as an experience: I was most scared and at the same time exhilarated. For several months if not longer I was living in a new world colored by this experience. Maybe one can introduce the expression "seed initiation" for experiences of this kind that with favorable conditions would have grown into something most valuable.

Earlier I suggested a concept of demonic intellectual energy in the context of my second story and even a most fundamentalist "diabolic" was certainly assumed. My experiential background does not enable me to be quite definite in this point, but I have some more stories to tell, that indeed seem to point towards the extremely negative metaphysical pole. At least my visualizations of some forces were so special--at least psychologically--as indeed to deserve this ancient label, or, to put it another way, as never to be mistaken for anything else. But of course, seeing both with our physical eyes or, say, with "eyes on some next levels" (according to the hierarchy by Green and Green), one is hardly to dare to claim of seeing directly, at least in the well-known Biblical sense. To say it still another way: our ability to be misled by all kinds of illusions, on any levels, seems to be unquestionably limitless.

With all these reservations, a report of an encounter "with forces of evil" near summer Solstice follows. It was certainly a magical point to the North from St. Petersburg. I was already happy with some control over third eye functions in these days. The story took place during a very special day and night: messages of Nature seemed to keep passing us--a quickly swimming serpent, as if carrying out a special mission, and sea gulls that started circling over a cloud of mist at the water-mill after midnight. In a special place--two trees growing together--I hoped to see, using my recent abilities, something romantic. What I really saw this midnight was something of rural lore, dizzyingly monstrous creatures, maybe very ancient peasant culture "astral companions," something extraordinary even when compared with my previous "lower astral" experience . . . and as if this was not enough, in a way there was a "bottom" of my strangely "many-layered" view and in this bottom something absolutely 2-dimensional was in a constant movement that felt much worse than all the "ancient
rural" monstrosity. The feeling of a very special panic, close to vomiting, and the most real experience of a 2-dimensional state of something that unquestionably felt like an extreme form of evil are still most alive in my memory. (Before this experience anything like this was only an abstract idea, a strange mental construction for me.) This memorable night, repeating and repeating the Jesus prayer (a most helpful remedy one must not hesitate to use in the case of a "metaphysical" danger), very slowly restored me to our consensus world. There is one more thing about this story, a physical after-effect (maybe an illusion, in fact a story of miraculous saving of my life) that I am possibly to relate in a different place discussing a possible connection between states of consciousness (energy states) and a concept of "coincidences flow intensity," that I'll introduce in the last part of this paper.

Now some brighter stories follow that comment on my third story. I want to tell about the very special feeling after overcoming all the limitations . . . at least for a short time this was something very special. First glimpse of this world was provided by a woman who passed from yoga through occult to orthodox Christianity. It is a story from her "occult period." When holding her hands near an old orthodox Christian Icon she said: "Quite Holy, indeed." This sacrilegious expression had a reality behind it and I discovered afterwards that this feeling like a cool stream, as if a life-restoring slight cool wind around an old Icon, and the feeling after overcoming one's ego (when it is done the "right way," with a right purpose?)--are very closely related if not the same.

My own story is a bit longer, but I'll attempt to be as concise as possible. With several young men we were playing fortune telling, maybe just (alas!) having a good time with a Bible. Texts that fell to other people were more or less normal, but for me only very harsh expressions followed one another. Young men looked to each other with some surprise, nothing more, but I felt that I had been waiting for this moment all my life and that by now my world, in a way, had collapsed. This was the end. This was the Final Judgment. When other people turned to other activities I quite mechanically, so I felt, took an old Icon, that was brought by a young man, who started the game. I had a feeling that my inside in a way does not exist, that I am an absolutely hollow man (hopelessly hollow). And then a very cool life-providing current started passing me, from the Icon, through my hands holding it--like a current of Water of Life in fairy tales (and like the stream of energy resulting from overcoming ego resistances, or was this correspondence an illusion created by my concepts?) . . . No hope emerged, but I was just sitting and sitting with no thoughts and the current just passed and passed through me. I returned to my home afterwards and I cannot remember any special reactions of mine towards my family. My son is epileptic with very serious mental retardation. I talked with him, played a bit, but I don't remember doing anything special for him. A lot of time passed. And then, during a serious quarrel, my (former) spouse told me: "To tell You the truth you are a very bad human being, only once in your life have you been good . . ." and she named the day I am writing about here. (Her information about all the story was minimal.) A quarrel possibly sometimes can help one to spot an ultimate truth. And I understood that to be really good one needs to do nothing, that it is the quality of being that makes the difference, and at the same time, that two different cases of doing nothing special can be as different as heaven and hell.

Alas, I have lost almost all the positive results of the above stories. The first way to lose the fruits of one's "right deeds" to use a Christianized expression from Buddhism is so simple, so trivial, so fantastic (and so ridiculous). We trade our spiritual achievements, "giving away" some spiritual potential of ours to get rid of some real
trouble or even for small comfort. (It is easier than to give away a small coin.) I, for example, was very seldom able to resist a chance "to stop" a bus so as to be the first one to enter. Quite often I seemed to succeed and certainly from event to event, step-by-step (a small coin after small coin) I gave something valuable away. At least this way it is recorded in my memory. (In most cases I am not able to do it any more--no more "coins"... or am I now less neurotic (psychotic?), or simply try too hard now?) Of course, you must know Leningrad's public transportation (and preferably also to be able to believe some obvious crap) to understand me fully... (I would be most happy if this all would turn out to be nonsense, indeed!). But, illusion or not (almost certainly in a "physical sense" it is), it certainly speaks of a process of some kind of loss of my "spiritual attainment," as recorded in my memory. And also, there are stories made of seemingly weightless material of coincidences, but they seem to measure your spiritual growth... they put you on trial and after more and more stories of the same kind you can only give up (as I did). Indeed, there seems to be a kind of spiritual law of conservation. (See works of Paracelsus for some magical laws of conservation to understand the variety once felt commonplace.) But this is possibly a theme of a separate treatise. In the next two papers of this series (Soidla, 1995a, Soidla, 1995b) I'll attempt telling of what has still remained with me. This is a rather different kind of story.

Returning to theory. Are we to take energy out of the concept of energies? The laws that (possibly) shape our lives (nuovo cemento). Intensity of coincidences flow. Heaven and Hell Revisited. They belong to large non-local systems of membership. Stable and unstable "molecular antennae." An attempt to name some reasonable numbers. What one is to get ready before one's Death (and almost never succeeds). There are serious doubts about the metaphor of energy in all the above speculations. I think that Professor Zbigniev Wolkowski from The University of Paris VII was the first personality to shatter my naive belief about the psychical energies as quite related to our concepts of physical energy. (He certainly bears no responsibility for the ideas presented in this paper of mine.) Alas, it is rather difficult to formulate any positive concepts in this proto if not pseudoscientific (Soidla, 1993a) field. My personal working hypothesis is that what we feel as different energies within our body has something to do with a (seeming) potential (or intensity) of flow of coincidences, maybe with a "master-of-coincidences"--a formative force (or a family of formative forces) that shape our lives (if not to use the old-fashioned word fate). One can suppose that this is something that as a rule (at low intensities?) seems not to interfere with the stochastic "normal science" world--devoid of any "meanings"--where it is reasonable to suppose that A and B meet, and C sinks on the "Titanic," by chance only. I would like to name this formative force as "nuovo cemento," but I do know that specialists in physics do not like this kind of joke. (Anyway, I already noted that certainly we have no science of objective description of patterns of human life story even to attempt a serious study of these kinds of synchronicities, illusions, self-fulfilling prophecies, or what?) But there is the powerful metaphor of our nervous system! (Don't we have an intuition that the "implicate order" of our reality is some way nervous-system-like?) We have, or at least can develop, some feedback of neuron firing, including the will-driven one, when individual neuron firings are quite obviously no more independent. For a short period the world of neuron firing is no more stochastic! It can be so even in the absence of any physical activity! (Of course, different groups of neurons can provide quite different kind of feelings one can learn to recognize.) As in a human body, in a world with will and love and prayer and meditation, there are periods when in the background of stochastic combinations of events some special, meaningful, at least for a given
personality, obviously more than just stochastic coincidences turn out to be possible. (I know the human power to perceive some kind of apparent order in a quite stochastic field, to read some kind of post-factum order into one's data. I have caught myself in these kinds of mistakes when working in my field of science. We are so used to taking the stochastic hypothesis when the system looks too complicated (and seemingly not worth) to be analyzed, like a human life story. Do You remember the words: "Mere coincidences? Maybe. But I do know, that when I pray they do occur, and when I don't—it seems they don't." (Sorry, I forgot the source.) Certainly, some more people than the author of these words can subscribe to this illusion. A mere illusion? Maybe all this is worth a second look?)

Is one allowed to suppose that different "planes" like astral, mental, causal, etc., have some reality behind them—and some forces (of a psycho-physical world) stabilizing these "planes"? Maybe building special associative memory engrams by different repetitive patterns of our behavior we build our "bodies" for action in these abstract realms. Can it be so that our "fate," our remembrance of future things, our unedited memory, is in fact pre-edited by our high abstraction level associative memory engrams? Then "coincidences" are real bits of new patterns of our recently rewritten new chapters of life story and this rewriting function for more or less distant times to come is a kind of creator of our "karma." This means that some generalizations of our actions are possibly quite literally written down in our associative memory creating a weak but stable (never ceasing) pressure (almost?) inevitably influencing our future actions (life situations that we are likely to confront). Can these "seeds" of our karma, the simple repetitive structure memory engrams even communicate through the spatial and temporal borders (Soidla, 1993c)? Is one allowed to suppose a dualism of memory and consciousness mirroring causal connections so that compulsive (vicious) circles of consciousness created by one's actions are crystallized to memory creating new circles of consciousness to create new memories? Are there even some extra possibilities of connection between the spatial "cells" of our Universe (say, Quarks) so that they can behave like neurons in some cases that our organism can understand? Do there exist the rules of morphic resonance brilliantly defended by R. Sheidrake (1987)? I don't know! (Illegitimate questions, irresponsible answers . . . returning and returning.) And still I am rather sure that we have some extra-corporeal substitute for neuron firing pattern biofeedback working both locally and in non-local ensembles. Maybe it is some sensitivity to any aspects of nearby molecular interaction patterns, for lower level "psychical fields"; possibly we can speak of "feeling tone guides" connecting us with these patterns (Gray, 1979; LaViolette, 1979). Maybe it would be useful to speak of the STYLE of our invisible non-local ensemble. (We do know how sensitive we are to the style and mode aspects of social life on a common level!) . . . N.B.! The above does not necessarily have anything to do with a capacity to perform any gross physical actions. It can be just an ability to make quiet and peaceful some region around a body, to participate in a surge of love and ecstasy at Christmas, etc. . . . I might add, that quite traditionally "lower" energies are considered not to be limited by a physical body, but nevertheless, to be mostly local, of a form of "sheaths." Starting with the really transpersonal levels, "the energy fields" obtain the possibility to operate with non-local ensembles. Starting with this level we are not the sole operators of these forces, rather voices in a Chorus. According to a most popular belief, indeed, all of us belong to one of the non-local bodies of collective action. (Maybe one would prefer another word, say, system.) Membership in these bodies of a psycho-physical world is determined by our behavior: by our free will actions, love, etc. (but a short-term membership mediated by words or even certain chemicals is also possible). I have argued in a different place
that this membership is physically mediated by short repetitive RNA molecules (associative memory engrams) in our nervous system as a result of certain actions (Soidla, 1993a, 1993c).

To return to the membership bodies, certainly Heaven and Hell can be names of two of these bodies, but possibly we can attempt other (dualistic or non-dualistic) ways of counting and naming. One can suggest a model according to which four different all-pyrimidine dinucleotides UU, CC, UC or CU can be followed by oligoC or oligoU sequences. One can consider repetitive triplets consisting of pyrimidines only. In both cases one gets 8 different repetitive RNA molecules that can correspond to the 6 realms of existence of Buddhism plus, say, a Buddha realm (plus a Mara realm?). Eight different high abstraction level associative memory engrams is also enough to allow membership in 7 "planes" (+ 1 extra one) according to the SLM model discussed earlier in this paper. In addition some other small molecules can be reversibly added to any of these near-homopolymeric RNA molecules that determine our membership in the above mentioned cosmic (if one likes this word) bodies. For example, two different "caps" (modified nucleotides in the beginning of the molecule) can provide reversible negative or positive color to one's experience. Of course, these are only some possible realizations of our principal model (Soidla, 1993b), an example of possible "molecular games" opened by the model. (For more serious consideration of the biochemistry involved one can consult (Watson et al. [1987]). As many traditions tell us, one of the above mentioned realms (according to the accumulated "karma") is to be the Reality we are to wake into after finishing our existence here in our consensus reality; at the same time this everyday reality of ours can be considered as a still non-obligatory, dream-participation in these membership bodies. Many readers of this paper can possibly share with the author a feeling of some fundamental mistakes in our attitudes towards the precious gift of our life as human beings. Maybe You also feel that we are possibly near some "waterfall," I do not know how to name it, and after passing it we'll have no control, but maybe we can still retain emotions and some intellect. It feels so different from the less personal statement on the same effect above. I would ask readers to share some silence with me having followed me to this point. There are some more words in the synopsis of this section. But I feel that I cannot continue any more. I leave it to You to find better words to end this paper. I feel that finding these words is a most important task for us. We are all living together in the world these days with some most important unfinished business.

Some final remarks. I must certainly add that some ideas along the lines of the previous section have been proposed earlier (Greidanus, 1972, 1975). Also I must admit that my model (Soidla, 1992, 1993a, 1993b) is possibly good only for showing that transpersonal considerations can serve as guidelines to predict something tangible, something that can be possibly found and studied in a living cell one day. For me it is also a friendly nightmare of a contemporary King Midas in whose hands even transpersonal material is transformed into a molecular model. Nevertheless, I hope that the readers of this treatise have noted that I tried to share not only self-confident attempts of answers, but also some inquisitive questions of mine. Maybe I should also add that some lines of this article are to be further developed in the second and third parts of this paper (Soidla, 1995a, 1995b).

There is a popular mystical idea of the world being contained within the mind (as an illusion) or of a world as construction or simulation. These ideas allow one to take at its face value what I have said about the coincidences flow, but possibly these metaphors
are too powerful and one is to pay too much for subscribing to these ideas; too much seems to be possible in a world like this. Is there anything that has remained limited and predictable? Or is one to learn more, if not rules then rules of rules (including rules of conservation) in psychology? Is the World really an illusion of the Great Mind—or a kind of Memory of this Mind? Can studying Memory tell us something important about the most general properties of our world (or even properties common to our world and some other realms of existence)? A too romantic idea, to say the least, but who knows, one day . . .

To sum up: what is the main attempted message of this paper, of all these personal stories and speculations? I would ask you to ponder once more on the old hypothesis, that I would formulate the following way: Real life situations have a complementary description in terms of "energies" (of different "levels" and/or connected with different "planes") that are perceived by a majority of people, but most often subliminally, and in this case they have a basis in our addiction to some kind of situations, to some quite irrational ways of behavior. At the same time, conscious attention to these "energies"—as to something quite real—can help one to better handle some kinds of (at least psychologically) dangerous real life situations. Maybe one is even allowed to suppose that some special associative memory clusters (and corresponding associative memory engrams) can be involved as a basis of experiencing these energies. A feeling of a kind of natural hierarchy of these energies can then lead one to suppose a corresponding hierarchy of associative memory clusters and a hierarchy of real life situations (and one's ways of behavior in these situations), a rather direct perception of a possibility of one's life story ascending towards transpersonal dimensions.

What am I really longing for . . . for a fruit of science, or for a flower of spirit? I want to pick the flower, but end with empty hands; there is really no flower, only a flow of something I cannot name. NO FLOWER, NO FRUIT, ONLY A FLOW THROUGH.

REFERENCES


