

Modern Man: of phylogeny, guilt, obedience and consequence—an answer to old problems

It appears I was correct in my previous deductive assertions and phylogenetic memory is indeed stored in epigenetic DNA.

Methylation of DNA, instinct, technology and phylogeny: A hypothetical epigenetic modus operandi—the bio-quantum hard-drive:

http://media.wix.com/ugd/cf8614_161ffae8cc6248838a5133b1b5704bae.pdf

Subsequent animal experiments and now this attest to the possibility:

<http://www.theguardian.com/science/2015/aug/21/study-of-holocaust-survivors-finds-trauma-passed-on-to-childrens-genes>

So how do we suppress the expression of affective epigenetic memory? Human history has been bitter, and it is obvious beyond measure or doubt that the wars and deep reflexive obedience before and reactions to fear, which produce the power of demagogues, and the cultural disposition to neurosis, are sourced in the phylogenetic. The memories are potent beyond measure. To pierce the unconscious would stun you. The amount of wasted energy in the hideous display and its repression are...utterly potent. We become easy to control, deeply neurotic, and perhaps violent and reactive against the content. The unbearable violence in human history, begets more sickness, and war. How to curtail the memory's active emergence? Do we create heterochromatin of the chromatin? Chromatin and heterochromatin are different. Heterochromatin is found more predominantly, close to the nuclear periphery, chromatin more toward the center, (in a general way). Although both are but collections of DNA wrapped around histone "spools"... heterochromatin is more tightly formed, and is much less active in genetic production. How to identify the pathogenic information in the general population and suppress its expression? Here is a general approach:

It seems possible to use this brilliant approach to identify the patterning:

<http://arxiv.org/abs/1102.3596> *The genetic code, 8-dimensional hypercomplex numbers and dyadic shifts* by [Sergey V. Petoukhov](#)

One would take as a control, an animal unexposed to trauma. First perhaps Aplysia. Then encode its epigenetic DNA as a matrix. Next expose the Aplysia to trauma and encode the DNA into a matrix again. That should reveal by way of comparison the signature of basic trauma. A similar set of steps may be performed using humans, with some variations. Now that very basic trauma can be identified, one collects a group of volunteers. They are tested as children and their DNA encoded as a matrix. Those who experience severe trauma and evidence pathology are then retested. This will yield a more complex picture of expressed traumatic encoding by way of comparison. Next, one would look to the healthy children of Holocaust survivors. There, we will see epigenetic encoding, as yet unexpressed, and can identify that. Those children who become neurotic

once exposed to trauma, indicating reactive activation of the mnemonic genes, may then have their epigenetic DNA encoded into a matrix to complete the picture.

I can imagine a similar scenario based on the above, identifying the unexpressed impressions relating to the most dread traumatic piece of phylogenetic pathology: super-ego. One would identify the unexpressed trauma, watch as development took hold, and brought it to active fruition.

The problem of suppression of these responses is key. Please contact me if you have any specific knowledge or ideas. I wish to now discuss the most deeply entrenched and pathogenic phylogenetic impression...that of super-ego. This barbaric piece of phylogeny, has caused much havoc and illness.

The modern condition appears before us, and we shudder. There is a clear reason for this and an answer. The problem and solution are specific. Please consider this simple series of ideas:

1. Affect, feeling, powers consciousness. Feeling itself is WHY and HOW we are conscious. Feeling, affect is the basis of qualitative experience and logic. Without feeling, we would neither be awake, nor would we be able to identify objects or experiences. Feeling, creates thought. Feeling...IS...thought.

<http://blog.theultranet.com/2015/08/wave-function-as-onto-physical-transference-collapsean-abstract-encoding-pt1.html>

<http://blog.theultranet.com/2015/08/logic-a-quantum-ontologic-self-recursive-affective-product-and-affective-distributional-basis.html>

2. Guilt engages specific circuitry which curtails dopaminergic expression. This curtailment creates a masochistic repressive response. The absence of energetic expression stands (not entirely but in the main) against empathetic identifications, which are associated with the basic dopaminergic distributional circuitry, and, against basic intelligence as well, which requires dopaminergic distributions to function. Ethical response stands in direct contrast to punitive morality.

Limbic connectivity and sympathetic neural balance: the primary psycho-physiological locus of affect:

http://media.wix.com/ugd/cf8614_243ef24742a84c69b64e998280ac34b8.pdf

Who Fired Prometheus? The historical genesis and ontology of super-ego and the castration complex: The destructuralization and repair of modern personality An essay in five parts

http://www.thejournalofunconsciouspsychology.com/web_documents/who_fired_prometheus_black_watch.pdf

3. As in the links above: The repressions fostered by guilt, are themselves the SOURCE of neurosis, which is created by the return of those drives to consciousness. Guilt will make you weak, stupid and sick, as is its very aim. To examine my own case before and after the removal of super-ego, I estimate as much as some 50-70 percent of intelligence is curtailed! We have been reduced by way of failed mental construction. A huge and basic flaw...as the Grand Canyon in the massive scope of basic error. Huge.

4. Understand: guilt removes affect from consciousness. Affect is the source of thought, consciousness, and empathy.

5. Ego/super-ego is a specific structure which is associated with coordinated activations stemming from DMN. It is a sort of internal resistance. Release of feeling, destroys it. We are formed to resist ourselves, and so, formed to be foolish and unable...so we may be authoritatively controlled. Authority is the crutch of fools. Obey, no one. Obey, truth alone. Once released, all feeling unites, and as fractionalized pieces of sexuality are thereby fused, to release, defeats neurosis and repressed perversion in unification. It is resistance itself, which creates sickness.

6. The answer is easily inculcated into the next generations. The phylogenetic impressions of obedience before hatred which are now deeply entrenched in our DNA must be left dormant, and the child is to be raised to find authority a worthless laughingstock to be utterly ignored, laughable in its posturing, while empathy is made plain...not as a narcissist understands it, but as connection to all the world, not only the less important embedded constituent of empathy toward other people, but in addition, an identification with all the world. Only a narcissist believes we can only identify with "ourselves"...meaning other people... and in true point of fact...I can assure you, all the world, is an extension of our thought and feeling.

Feel everything. Tears flow, down the cheeks of an honest man just as laughter resounds in his chest. Resist nothing whatsoever. Soon creativity and interest in all the world will blossom. Remember: feeling is thought! Excessive restraint...is anti-health. Guilt is self-emasculatation. Choke down your feelings, and mutilate yourself. An alternative:

http://media.wix.com/ugd/cf8614_7c169da9acc64d0aa38b5b17a73c3039.pdf

Each day, I can not resist. Libido, affect, feeling...is joy! It seems I am not in any way like other people...I am fascinated! No one reads. All are too stiff of mind to care past two sentences. A healthy mind reads hundreds of detailed pages a day, moving deeper and deeper—then deeper— into the smallest details, and is affirmed! All superficial worlds are soon discarded. To write is bliss! Read, write and live! Read in close detail and find pleasure. To look upon the world, is to see color flowing through light—each moment of perception is a pure, healthy sexual experience. Empathy...with all things. Happiness...is. Work is fascination, the wind and trees are my body, stirring the distant

breeze to waking, and nothing is the same. To have removed it, I can say with certainty: Guilt...is poison. Only a fool would drink this spittle. Here, look:

Dawn spreads her wing of new blood, rose stain soaked into the distant horizon, from marrow to sheath, she warms the sight, purring and warm is her heart, unfurled so slowly, as light soaked into the arch of distant promise, teasing, a kiss waiting, to be filled up, with what may come. And I must but answer her, and find, reason. And to Life I am wed, and do send my treasure. New verse, and word, thought and pain, scent and laughter, sight and hue spilt out, to fill her. For in joy she has dreamt me, and so, I do reply, and paint her new dream, spent and stretched across an arch of light, azure and gold, her heart made of all things, beats and slips, across a silent sky, arching and trembling, as the back of swollen waves, trace the sea's skin, and paint her surface in glad swells, and round fingers of blue and green. Tears and laughter spill into still air, and hold the seconds before her, as sacred. For this fleeting moment, is but gift and torment, pain and sweetness, to be cast into time, and returned. And all this world, is a shallow soon to be known, a wave soon to break, a depth soon to be plumbed, and known. So do I love her. In this, we are wed. For life, is but mine, and I am hers...beyond all other wishes, is this wish...to know. It is this, which spreads all tender leaves and reveals, the silent fold within, and sees: all worlds are spilt of new light, unstained and pure is the sight, of promise unsullied. For light, is the cradle of hope, and is but life tasted, twice pure and unstained. So is life, a bright thing, most pure and guiltless, laughing and full, the sound of bounty spilt, the taste of light sweetly drunk, a blessing returned, spilt out beneath the arch of a distant heaven. So... is gratitude.

You may contact me through the staff contact page at *Mind* magazine:
www.mindmagazine.net

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