

Two Worlds

There are two worlds. I will tell you of it, then I will show you. In truth, there are as many as you can imagine, but I will speak of two. I have changed from one, to the next today. A product of resonance, and internal topography. Within this idea, is the answer to a great many things, and more clear still, a view of the problem. Come on, I will show you. This won't hurt a bit. Explanation, then demonstration.

Explanation:

You have heard me mention the "hard problem" of consciousness. The hard problem is the problem of perceptual quality (and the existential as well in many definitions). Stay tuned for two papers on the topic which are technical and detailed, but not now. Now, I will show you how it impacts you. Think of the perceptual system. The visual for example. There are two visual pathways coming from the V1 area: the dorsal and ventral visual streams. The rapid dorsal stream deals with object location and motion, and the ventral, existential recognition, and I contend, qualitative valence, instantiated by pathway connectivity to...*emotion, limbic valence, and long term memory, allocated from the medial temporal lobe*. Memory and emotion are tied into object recognition: the ventral stream information, is connected to our emotions and memory. Feeling and memory, are thereby associatively allocated to produce and influence our definition of objects. I contend, that the quality of experience is undoubtedly attributable to the same. Solms is correct to say that affect is the subject of experience.

This indicates that the qualitative valence of experience is malleable. *We can change...the world*. That is the meaning.

Here is some support for my claimed role of the medial temporal lobe in visual processing.

Human Medial Temporal Lobe Damage Can Disrupt the Perception of Single Objects, Andy C. H. Lee and Sarah R. Rudebeck:

<http://www.jneurosci.org/content/30/19/6588.full>

Object Recognition and Location Memory in Monkeys with Excitotoxic Lesions of the Amygdala and Hippocampus, Elisabeth A. Murray and Mortimer Mishkin:

<http://www.jneurosci.org/content/18/16/6568.short>

This gives a simple diagrammatic representation of the hippocampal cortical sensory pathways as they interact with the Rhinal cortex:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rhinal_cortex

I have now very briefly demonstrated the plausible connectivities between sensory informational processing, some few limbic, cortical and mnemonic component structural contributors as they interactively affect ventral stream sensory functioning.

The notion of two visual processing streams which emerge as parallel, interconnected distributions from area V1, was first adopted by two scientists in 1982: Ungerleider and Mishkin. The slower processing speed of the **ventral** or **occipitotemporal** pathway specializing in object perception and recognition, a "what" pathway, which determines the identity of objects, and also, a more rapid pathway which determines the location and moving trajectory, a "where" pathway allocating the defined spatial orientation of scenes and the relational dynamism of objects within them, the **dorsal** or **occipitoparietal** pathway.

In the most general sense, from area V1: the superior longitudinal fasciculus includes axons terminating in the posterior parietal cortex, where object location ("where" information) is derived, and, the inferior longitudinal fasciculus contains axons terminating in the inferotemporal cortex, a region implying object identification ("what" information) (Gazziniga et al., 2009, p. 209).

Before I artistically demonstrate this affective qualitative alteration, one more idea is needed. I have stated that the ego, and its super-ego repressions, are to be thought of as an "experiential template," meaning a structure which by way of its level of resistance (repressions or lack) allocates valence, meaning quality of a positive and negative sort, in a complex associative structure. That, is how feeling, is allocated by way of memory, to define the existence of and quality of objects. The same goes for our definitions of situational dynamics and implications...all are qualitatively assessed, from INTERNAL associative mnemonic/affective processes.

The implication there, is that this structure of resistance can be altered, and, we will then see, the quality of the world itself, will change alongside it. This quantum notion, that the measuring apparatus affects the experiment, is a valid attribution to ontology as well, on a great many levels. Here we see neurosis, psychosis or health, as attribution and learning. The effects are both existential, and also, qualitative. Without affective attribution to gain a probable guess at the correct quality of the object, the object would not exist, and the guess, the affective/mnemonic attribution associated with the stimulus provides our working assumption of reality (think of the work of Stickgold), an affective/mnemonic qualitative instantiation to produce object recognition and qualitative valence.

Ergo, the quality of experience, is an unconscious function of affect, allocated by the resistance of ego to its repressions, which can be altered: the experiential template changed.

The way to change it, is to raise up in the template structure, a memory from before there was damage to personality. That will allow that memory, to allocate valence to experience. This will change the world.

Change the measuring apparatus. Change the world. Psychology is a matter of unconscious probable attribution: therefore, it is quantum.

Demonstration:

This morning I awoke, and felt well enough. However, I am sure 5-HT serves the purpose of quelling feedback in the brain, as I am unable to resist the cascade. To see the world events and reactions, made me frustrated and annoyed, these problems are not any but simple, and the dire result sure— but all cheer for the wrong reasons, and we are as good as dumb or dead to behave as children watching WWF wrestling...we will die as idiots. I was annoyed, to see the reaction to world events. Bomb this, troops go here, bombs there, bodies everywhere. Go team! The reactions to world events had started a transference in me, this silly fake nonsense was as my family, and just as world history as well. No learning seems ever to have occurred in all of time. Obvious! The intransigence, of my personal upbringing where obvious truth was always denied, and bluster rewarded...and all of human history, which I know a bit of, combined— and my gullet started to rise. I wrote an essay.

That failed to clear my head, and I had interesting work to do, so I went for a walk. I have found treasure, the memories from the time before the basic structure of my personality was formed, there was a beautiful thing, so wonderfully warm, golden and smooth...the rhythm of it, so different. Not anxious, or angry, not reactive or shouting, not shrill or abrasive...those are the things which tell you, you see and hear: Illness. No.

Have you noticed how to be in love, all the world looks different, the visual impression is utterly different, so thick and warm, and then, when she is terse, and you feel the sting, and she leaves, again, the world looks different, so brittle and sharp...well, now you know why. The qualitative contributions of affect are primary.

The earliest memories...these are health.

...Smooth, relaxed, warm and sweet, safe, and gentle. The rest, is false. This, is the rhythm, of all things. From here, all is ease. The earliest memories, allow these to contribute qualitative valence, and create the world. I will write of this idea, in detail soon. That, is the key!

The technical papers seemed simple, and my studies of the visual system, soon made sense. It is not so hard. Ease, is reward, and the world, is simple. It looks very different. Go out into the city and feel the tension and painful push, the activity which accomplishes nothing at all but anxious destruction, to create the obsessive appearance of productivity. Pay pay, money money!! Oh, to feel the world, the illness, to hear the politics and painfully ugly reactions gained in the public, to feel it, one resonates, and reacts, and by way of transference, and sheer exposure to illness, the rhythm so very wrong... one becomes ill. I can not imagine a moment's health in that world. Here, this will help. This is the rhythm, of all things:

She is sleeping, her cheeks are round and red, her breath, gentle and pulsing...I kiss her...too gently to feel. Her eyes open, and she knows not why. I pretend to be asleep, so she will get up, and light the fire. It is a chill morning. Slowly, orange flame spreads into heaped tinder, and I can see the shadows licking the round walls of my home, the light of dawn, still dim enough, I can see the fire glow, yet rose rays of morning sun have brought the promise of sight, a warm brush, paint gently spilled, over the sweep of what familiar thing lies below, the modest table and three chairs, in the round heart of the yurt. And she has begun the water, the scent of smoke, fills sweet air, and I will find my clothes, in a warm home, as she shuffles about, gathering her day before herself, a bag of pitch wood, to start the fire, and burn the acres of debris into crackling light and scent...tumbling upward to sweeten the breeze.

Breakfast, is my large meal, and then dinner, a small meal, with no lunch...so I treasure breakfast. Luxury, ruins life. Avoid it, an addiction and a weakness. Appetite, greets happiness, and is satisfied. How beautiful my wife is, after all these years, so filled with health and life, not a shred of fat or weakness...so tight and firm...she works hard, and never notices...like me. Activity, is my luxury. We go for our morning 5 mile walk, before breakfast...then, one may enjoy, what is treasured and craved, with the full measure of want. Luxury, is weakness. Does it disgust you? It is not attractive. Laziness, is not of the rhythm, of life. It is...decline.

The frost finds my steps, pressed into icy dew, crushing new sound beneath my footfall. And breath, hangs, as curls of suspended frost, hanging, in crisp, glass air, turning, and holding, the shafted sun, now alive and tumbling, within the cloud, so gently stretching, ever wider, and more thin, until the tender stain is but a whisper, held in memory. She is ahead, my foot shattered and I never bother, but to tread my own pace, and climb, up into the arch of blue, up the side of the mountain, held under tree and vine, through cupped arms of green and frost... a slow winding pathway. It is here, that silence may treasure the seconds, so double thick and clear...it is here, that new thoughts tease the folds of time apart, and find me. Science, is the child, of silence.

Around the base and over, the sun spills, now yellow and sweet, her heart shimmers in prised ice, crystal dew, teases her, spilled into hue, and bright chips of prism...so delicate is the sound, of dew, as it holds, spilled sun, at once bright, and twice bashful, shining, then retreating, too quickly to grasp.

Beneath, the arch of green and ice, my home rests, the beads of clear rain, now unfold and slip as poured glass, shedding golden sun, ice melting, into trickles of rain, sliding over wall and dome, as glistening jewels, now poured, and vanishing, in cupped yellow sun. The maple's tears of tethered leaf, shroud the dwelling, smoke tracing tender finger, curling and sweet, up into the distant azure, and in golden shroud, emerald and rose, spilling opal of ice and sun, my world is adorned, draped and sheltered, under a chill crystal sky.

... So slow, and right, is the rhythm, of this world.

Reference:

Gazzaniga, M., Ivry, R., & Mangun, G. (2009).
Cognitive neuroscience: The biology of the mind.
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