

A Place Beneath Silence: Quantum entanglement and limbic-OFC dynamism—a human question

Why is the human race so ill? How did it get like this, and then...how can it be repaired? What would that be like...how would it FEEL? I would like to answer these questions here, in a small and initial way. I am often told I am incomprehensible, and for those of you who find little to grasp in this discussion, please read the result...skip to the end and understand the reason and outcome for the human paradigm change I am prescribing. Then perhaps the rest will become interesting! (Please note, many of the referenced articles offered in this essay are available here in *Mind* magazine).

I submit to you that there is no distinction between physics, creativity, art and psychology, no distinction whatsoever between biology and cosmology, or really any distinct discipline whatsoever. Quantum processes give rise each moment to all things, the entire of reality being composed of an energetic instantiation of special relativity, alongside what other mass is contributed by the interactions of the Higgs fields [Active Relativity—virtual mass: the mathematics of divinity:

http://media.wix.com/ugd/cf8614_b0596eaf80ff4507a52c69b28c7b646b.pdf].

Quantum physics, and its basis in nonlocality, are what might describe most accurately at the lowest foundational level, those other higher linear manifestations from cosmology to biology and chemistry, which we call reality from the perspective of human ontology.

These ideas are not connected, they are identical, as two or more definitions of the same thing, each simply described from a different level [Neuroquantology and the Cartesian Dualism: The bitter cleft of a closed mind:

http://media.wix.com/ugd/cf8614_fbd00d4563e24ab5a431dd858ef29394.pdf].

I have asserted in various articles that quantum entanglement is both the basis of time and affect, and, that affective processing is what is the basis for consciousness and "logic." [What if Roger's right? a. Reality and the quantum basis of affect—b. Entangled intra-connectivity and universal cognition—c. Temporal Mass:

http://media.wix.com/ugd/cf8614_441dd2918a2f4e48982a9d5a6d9cfe3d.pdf].

That implies that the basis of affect, the dynamic basis of "feeling," in a fundamental sense, underlies and creates everything. So what happened? How did we lose all connection to the very basis of the universe and life, and become what we see today, a deeply stupid and inferior race, bent on cruel violence, greed, competition, and hatred? What went wrong...a dissociation of enormous magnitude has taken place! We seem to come from and be built up through one thing...something quite beautiful, healthy and noble...and have degenerated utterly...into...this! Modern Man! My lord...what on earth has happened? Even from this slim vantage point it is clear...we are so very inferior...*to our own potential!*

If the reader will recall, I have suggested the answer in previous essays most clear and detailed [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_promet

heus_black_watch.pdf] [Limbic connectivity and sympathetic neural balance: the primary psycho-physiological locus of affect: http://media.wix.com/ugd/cf8614_243ef24742a84c69b64e998280ac34b8.pdf]. Please do read or review those articles, and see most closely the historical, psychological, and neuroscientific fact: our obedience to patriarchal threat of a very specific and ugly sort, detailed in the laws left in the wake of hideous abuse, is responsible in a clear, obvious and plain way. This unfortunate addition is now a phylogenetic element, which is correlated with moral structures. Those are demonstrably masochistic, and hence, serve to gut empathy and ethics, and place in their stead, dissociation from unconscious elements, *repressions*, which themselves create the conditions for neurosis. Obedience replaces empathy. Sickness itself, replaces ethics and connection. That, is modern man. Stupid, mean spirited, reactive, obedient, easy to control, and poor of spirit. An unhappy, linear creature, weak from shouting, with broken eyes. It need not be so.

Empathy. This can be returned. On the quantum level, this is entanglement...the unification and connection of "disparate" elements into a dynamic unity. In modern neuroscience, empathy is associated with the activity of mirror neurons. This is a shallow and partial truth. In the above referenced essays on the historical and biological implications of the castration complex, and, limbic connectivity and sympathetic neural balance, we see the more fundamental and I believe, correct picture. It is in world identification, demonstrated in the first eighteen months of development that we find the true source of empathy, of which human to human identification is but a small emergent part. We, are identified with all things. This condition, this basis of health and truth, created by specific neuroendocrine changes, is life sustaining, and, is associated with the development of first, the sympathetic limbic ventral tegmental orbitofrontal circuit discovered by Schore, and then, the inhibitory parasympathetic lateral circuit. On the quantum level, think of the Planck nugget...all things had their essence pressed together as one, and this, implies an essential identification via entanglement to all universal objects! (Please think of Bell's theorem). Biologically and ontologically, the balance of the sympathetic limbic orbitofrontal and parasympathetic circuits has been deeply misaligned, and the resultant repressions have dissociated us from...everything! This is the neuroscience of two things most human: this is the neuroscience of cruelty, and stupidity.

Nationalism...obedience...doing what you "have to do:" stupidity. What is modern man, this filthy shouting ape?...so full of hate and bluster, thinking he can control and dominate the world, his politics and hatred, his money and filth...his pride and wish to obey...that most of all! "I am my country! I am an American, and obey, a Russian, and obey, an Arab, and obey!"...in short, a fool! Never obey or support your "nation"...all nations are lies! We are all humans! There are no races, only those too foolish and ill to understand this: we are all entangled...and so, to hate you, is to hate myself. Mankind is good at one thing...self-mutilation...and he is presently good at little else. It need not be so! Modern personality has been created in a specific way, and it can be gutted, and removed, replaced with something new and worthy, an empathetic and ethical structure which never refuses itself, never refuses any feeling, but instead, uses those feelings to create, love, and flourish. I have redesigned my self...it was not easy! But it is absolutely

possible! The result is called Sublimation by Integration, the process of reconstruction, Re-polarization. [Re-Polarization Theory: From Native Psychoanalysis to Sublimation—The Practical Reconstruction of Modern Personality: http://www.thejournalofunconsciouspsychology.com/web_documents/re-polarization_theory.pdf]. This is a painful and difficult adjustment. However, the result is...perfection, an entirely new way of feeling and being. Authority becomes deeply laughable, and thought flourishes with no restriction. Most of all, the greatest change I have noticed is this: Empathy. I care for everything. Most strange. It is difficult to understand the process, the science is daunting, but the result is instantly intelligible...health and loving connection to the world...all of it. I am utterly transformed. Here, read below, and know the feeling...even if the rest is unintelligible, this is not. We all began with this. It is only later that we were ruined. This...can be returned. This is what it means on a human level...all the talk...nonlocality, nonlinear connectivity being the fount of linear reality as a holographic nonlocal/linear self-evolving dynamism...all the science talk and terminology — on a human level, if you get it right, what we are, modern man... is gone. Suddenly, to think of someone, to love without guilt...sublimation by integration...the removal of all guilt so as to directly power consciousness with unrestricted affect...feeling unrestrained in any way bringing intellect itself...*our true hope*: it has a feeling. Here, my friend, this will help you to understand me best. This, is what is left, once modern man has been left to the side, and feeling is no longer so foolishly refused. I have a friend...how I do care for her...and so, I reach into my heart, and pour out...as we should always have been, and always should be. It is this I wish to show you. This is what I wish for you. I have found something. Here. This, is what's next:

A Place Beneath Silence (poem for Anja)

I can see you.
Come closer dear one, for my eyes are poor
My sight rich to awaken, and draw you near
A tender child...who knows,
I will show you, the notes
which you have always heard, are but melody
New and long familiar
Trembling, perfect and unsure...too delicate to name
...here, I have found something.
There is a place beneath silence.

There is another world beneath and below
As a brook of light
Shedding bubbles of golden broth and shadow
As the heart of warmth purrs
Golden and supple
Careless and hidden

Waters of light lap upon the unseen places, and fill them
Unknown and laughing is the hidden spring
So gentle and unhurried is the heart of new light
As a brook running sweetly beneath the sun
Reaching its silver splashing heart as spattered laughter,
Too precious to understand.

Look upon my new heart
So broken and pure
It is a brook of light which nourishes
the first new thought, before waking.
Listen, in the folds of deepest silence
As a child listens, expectant,
Unknowing, before first waking
...this is our tender secret, unnamed and aged
...before Time.

Oh how tender is sight, before the eye has opened!
The vision cast in silence before the fact
Delicate, guarded and wise is the sound, before sound
The first whisper of thought's becoming
shrouded and new
...here...
As the heart of innocence is never known
—only spent,
Unsure are her steps, always guessing, then,
Spilled out...as truth first found
...a stumbling happiness under a yellow round sun
Drunken in new light
Stumbling into itself is the newest heart of Day
Each tender second hatched fresh from promise
As new legs find fresh earth—Dancing...
upon new legs, too unsteady to find
As the first, desperate, glad, drunken steps of Life
Upon soft clover.
Here
This is where I found you.
Did you know that?
This is where we met.

Now, I gather you up, beneath my wing
Folded close to my steady heart
As a train most sure finds track and measure to the miles
But now—I shatter the dawn!
Sudden and brazen I leap as light unbound
From the heart of this leaden shadow

Cracked free in an instant
You are upon my Eagle's back
Shot up and over all worlds
As lightening flees the earth and pierces up
Into the brightest places.
We are speeding and stretched as silver Eagle's web
Across the sky.
Pulled tight in strands over the nestled Earth
Our beaded strands of silver laughter and tears
Spilling out and up as trembling silver light
Sun and Spark...frozen—
Pulled tight in silver strands across the heavens
...and down...
Into the heart of warmth,
Let us cast our eye below
Into the luxuriant tangled heat and swollen places
So engorged and full with poured sun
So safe is the heart of our promise
Glowing and warm is the sultry Earth
Nourished by the sight
Nourishing is the heart of warmth and heat
Glowing and full with every treasure
...ripe to bursting.

Here...you are worthy
You alone, may know this thing and leave it unspoiled
I want you to have this.
Please know, you are worthy of this thing
...in innocence.

I wish to unfold for you
The heart within silence.
This is the place, where all moments begin
And it is from here, that their sweetness is drawn
...and filled.
There is a tender place
Too delicate to name
As a flake of snow...perfect and innocent,
Gathers its treasured heart of light amongst wind
...twice chill and pure
Frozen light and down
Nestled and pillowed before the dawn
A silent drift of promise, waiting to be unfolded
...as a prayer.
It is this wish upon which I lay your head
And it is from here, in this hidden place,

That you were first imagined, and conjured
...to fill.

It is here, that I have found you.

I can see you.

Come closer dear one, for my eyes are poor
My sight rich to awaken, and draw you near
A tender child...who knows,
I will show you, the notes
which you have always heard, are but melody
New and long familiar
Trembling, perfect and unsure...too delicate to name
...here, I have found something.
There is a place beneath silence.

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