

Years ago I had the intuition, right or wrong as it may be but I still cling to it, that 'our life is an experience of Life' and there I had to stop, that is, the impossible question "What is Life?" (with a capital 'L') remained obviously unanswered; humanity is searching that since its inception. While relaxing under the shadow of a jacaranda tree in my spoiled verandah, the sky brownish from the dust carried up in this period by the desert's winds (kamsin) from the lowlands and foretelling the approaching of a desperately needed rainy season, a new thought crossed my mind (if this '*mind*' is really belonging to me; I have some reservations about that!): biological life, all of it be it a unicellular organism, or your pet, or anyone of the seven billion humans moving on this beautiful planet independently of the sensory organs perceiving them – *is made of images*. That grand projection of threedimensional images which make up the universe *so as we perceive it*. These images, which I call mental 'formulations' are mental expressions which do not really belong to the perceiver even if the percipient appropriates them as a *sine qua non* which is an indispensable existential means of any organic form of life. This concept apparently enlightened my vision of Life or, to say it differently, disclosed the important truth that Life itself – without plunging ourselves in teleological doctrines or the metaphysical problem of what sustains it – is a great mental process loosing itself into eternity, eternity into space, time and quite likely some other dimension which must remain undisclosed to our perceptions. Hence the meaning of "we are an experience of Life" looses its nebulousness and a new threshold is crossed, a new vision appears: Life is a mental process with no bounds hence now I fall into the subsequent logical question: if this is so there is no illusion into it, no Hindu *maya*, and the concept arises that nothing of that which *apparently* belongs to *our* mental processes gets lost, everything adds up into an infinite bucket with no holes holding it for its own cosmic existence, or evolution. This rises the possibility that everything is exactly how it ought to be, that is, the perception of a *Helicobacter pylori* invading a stomach, that of a cat missing a step and falling off a skyscraper, of a fighter killing an enemy, or a scene of sensual love are real in themselves and as such appear to the percipient which however is sustaining an illusionary form of his own mind. Clearly there is a sequence, a mysterious common medium not completely at odds with Henri Louis Bergson's *élan vital* which has to be synchronized between the nervous and sensorial systems of diverse organisms (taxonomically related) which

enables diverse spectators to experience the same vision.

I am not sure how clear the precedent conceptualization is, so I will add this: the keyboard I am tapping is as real as the person who is tapping it but this is the classical *cogito ergo sum*, a relative reality, that of the perceiver and the perceived and as such belonging to a world which *to us* is tangible and real - a world made up of images - but which, of itself, is an idealization of something beyond our concept of reality. We live through the illusion of this world's reality and it needs to be so, the *sine qua non* giving meaning to life, yet the world is not an illusion, just knock your head on a stone if you want to prove otherwise; the illusion is the mental perception of the same, even the tangible reality of the pain we feel after such a feat!

Paradoxically, **that** which creates the illusion gives us the means to perceive it (the phenomenal world) as real but only that **that** is real and therefore we cannot perceive it.

This brings me back to Krishna's "The unreal never is: the Real never is not" (Bhagavad Gita 2:16) which interestingly, so as I can interpret it within the frame of the above disquisition, contradicts the elaborate Hindu doctrine of *maya*, or illusion, even if the Bhagavad Gita is a stepping stone of Hinduism. My riddle concerning Life apparently solved, the next question goes to another ancient problem of mine: "what is the mind?". One answer comes by itself: Life, which I spoke of as a *mental process* of cosmic scale and Mind (capital "M") equate and here there is no way I can trespass. Then there is that mind which supposedly is a mental process exclusive of some inferior beings (*Homo sapiens sapiens*) who think that they are the culmination of creation (sic!). I fully agree that these beings have an intellectual machinery encased in a bony shrine which enables them to think but I have some reservations concerning the human mind, or an individual mind as such, I am prone to exclude the individuality of any "mind" whatsoever in the phenomenal world which we belong to. This, however, does not mean that we are marionettes at the mercy of a puppeteer, doubtlessly we are granted a certain degree of freedom.

Here I have to go back to " a mysterious common medium, an *élan vital* which has to be synchronized between the nervous and sensorial systems of diverse organisms" and visualize a new image - or better - a system which acts on all biological life; this must be that same intelligence which spins the electrons around the atomic nucleus and all the way down to particle and

quantum physics.

For the present purpose I will take into consideration *those beings who are the culmination of creation* even if those below down even to a virus invading a unicellular organism are all included in the system, therefore I will use the words 'human mind' but exclude '*my*' mind in what follows albeit I have to make a concession to the undeniable fact that I do have a brain; a piece of incredible biological electronics whose circuitry is made up of capacitance, inductance and resistance which however does not come serially off a conveyor belt; it is an electrical powerhouse, it is a camera, a computer, a timer, a color television set, an organizer and everything else but there cannot exist, as luck would have it, two equal brains anywhere in the cosmos, coming from the same blueprint and strictly obeying equal parameters; what their degree of freedom is in the system I cannot know, they are actors in a comedy, *the comedy of life*. (Ponder the last three words!)

Then there are the strands of double helixes of DNA and RNA, great natural coils which somehow control the system but I have to eschew this genetic topic due to my ignorance in the specific matter although coils are my preferred pieces of electronic components ; let me abide by my knowledge of electronics and scanty knowledge of neural circuitry for any analogy and my obsession with resonance. Resonance is an effect of a tuned circuit (the flow of an electrical current through an inductor and a capacitor connected in series or in parallel) and every biological entity which somehow invariably harbors this circuitry has a specific resonance, be it an elephant, the person reading these lines or a *shiga bacillus*; even the earth as a whole has a specific resonance (Schumann resonance, 7.8 cycles per second) and no less so a cosmic galaxy; resonance is what maintains the balance of every form of life, not less so even of apparently inert matter; untune it (dissonance) within its own environment and what depends on it will become extinct.

My point of view is that, eschewing an individual mind (a human mind) there is a medium which our brain's circuitry can access to, use or elaborate upon in accordance with its resonance, or affinity - within a restricted band - with some part of this mysterious medium which displays similar resonant frequencies. Were it not so there would be no affinity between two similar - although nonidentical - brains and the span of perceptions common to them; each one of us would be a lonely sort of zombie lost somewhere on the planet, unable to share or communicate with each other. Hence what I

envisage is that which I called a 'mysterious medium' to which we have limited access, so far as we can tune into it and which is a commonality for that specific organic structure which does have an indisputable existence, that human brain which is, to use an analogy, the microprocessor coordinating all the activities of the structure which brings it along. This stated, I can say that what I wrote down to this point is none other than the elaboration of some information, clear or confused, right or wrong, *tuned or untuned*, which my brain perceived but which does not belong to me individually - to a strictly personal mind. It is like fishing in a muddy pond, you see a small surface but you have no idea of what the line will bring into the open air.



This is a draft, an afternoon's *fallout* from my brain. The next step, if ever, should be to think and frame it properly. On the whole the hard part however is to accept the concept that I am mind-less, to throw away my individuality.

June 2017
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