

Circumstantial Evidence of Time

"We are more like fields than machines. The mind is not confined to the brain."

Rupert Sheldrake

The innumerable corridors we pass within our timeline weave with others in a myriad of ways- some seen and some not. I have come to see consciousness as resonance in frequency, a dream-like simulation, a correspondence with unseen fields. In my artistic practice, this vision has me drawn to illustrate the shadows as well as the light that spills between.

Beneath these notions I am left with a lingering question - *what is consciousness?* Could it include a sort of channel, or many, threading unseen dimensions of awareness? Might it be more than sentient self-reflection, carrying within it transmissions to *us* by other beings, in real time? From ancient metaphysical systems, Hermetics, Gnosticism, Vedic traditions, to modern thinkers like Carl Jung and Philip K. Dick, the nature of consciousness looms like a figure shadowed behind the glare of an interrogation lamp. Yet its nature remains elusive, veiled, as if deliberately.

I've entered this inquiry through intuition, dreams, and internal observation - threads that, in many ways, have guided me more than reason alone. This has been a slow unfolding, a record of thoughts as they form, sketches both literal and conceptual. As I began to consider life as timelines manifesting within an interdimensional landscape, I've grown curious about the internal and external enigmas influencing our perceptions. From a multitude of historic cultures, philosophers, and to simulation theorists of today, the notion of an abstract interplay between the physical world and astral dimension persists.



Nocturne

When I speak of simulation, I am not referring to code, nor holograms, nor parallel timelines in a technological multiverse. I mean something closer. Stranger. I mean the veil that shimmers beside what we call the material world and a place just beyond what our eyes can see. A space just beyond our perceptions where our thoughts are woven before we think them. I have come to believe that we are *inhabited*, at least partially, and not merely

influenced. That consciousness, though perhaps Divine in origin— is not always sovereign in operation.

Carlos Castaneda once recorded:

We have a predator that came from the depths of the cosmos, and took over the rule of our lives. Human beings are its prisoners. The predators' mind is baroque, contradictory, morose, and filled with the fear of being discovered any minute now. It has rendered us docile... Think for a moment, and tell me how you would explain the contradiction between the intelligence of man the engineer, and the stupidity of his systems of beliefs; or of his contradictory behavior. In order to keep us obedient... the predators engaged themselves in a stupendous and horrendous maneuver... They gave us their mind! Do you hear me? The predators give us their mind - which becomes - our mind.

Whether Castaneda's writings are regarded as literary works is immaterial to me. This struck me - not as metaphor, but as an observation - a clue left in a field of sleepwalkers.

I am drawn to the question: what if our thoughts are not entirely our own? How would I even know? What if threads of the inner voice are not entirely ours, but implanted - not by nature, but by puppeteers of nature? What then becomes of the soul's freedom?



Oculus

I have come to see consciousness not as a steady stream but as a wave, rising and falling across time. In the peaks, I glimpse something wider – self-awareness and expanded clarity. This presents a marked difference from self-consciousness. To be self-conscious is to be trapped in the self, while to be self-aware is to witness the self, to hold it within a larger field of presence. In those higher states there is lucidity, a remembering, as if a Divine current breaks through. Yet in the valleys, the wave collapses. Reactivity, mechanicalness, and the old programs of my ego rush in. It is here, in these lower troughs, that forgetting occurs - and perhaps more than forgetting. For it seems to me these are the spaces where interference happens, where the psyche is most porous to suggestion, intrusion, even hijack.

Psychology tells us it is trauma, conditioning, subconscious programming. I do not disagree. But I suspect this is only half the truth. The other half lies in what Sri Aurobindo called the *hostile forces* - beings that exploit these low states, feeding on our confusion and keeping us bound in forgetfulness. He warned that these undivine powers may even *“present themselves as the Supreme or Divine Mother and claim [our] surrender.”* To mistake them is disaster. The safeguard, he insisted, is surrender to the true Divine, and vigilance to keep the psychic soul

awake, for the disguises of the ego are innumerable and the illusions of darkness extraordinarily skillful.

There are few people alive, I suspect, who haven't felt this in some way, some internal contradiction, some strange impulse, thought, shame, envy, or despair that does not feel *fully theirs*. I have seen this in myself. Not once or twice, but across years. It rises like a tide, and then recedes. It's as if something other plays the notes, and I am made to dance. Confirmation bias, trauma cycles, psychological disturbances - these are the common explanations. But when one sits in quiet observation long enough, as I have, and begins to watch the machinery of thoughts as one might watch a storm cloud gather, it becomes hard to believe that all of it is random, or merely self-generated.

In what may rightly be called a seminal work of spiritual inquiry, *The Siren Call of Hungry Ghosts*, Joe Fisher presents a haunting proposition: *Could it be that everything we know, or think, or believe, may be channelled or filtered through voices that are not our own?* I have found this question unsettling because it reaches beyond paranoia into metaphysical possibility.

Carl Jung, too, warned of psychic contamination - not only from the unconscious, but from what he called the *collective unconscious*, a realm populated with archetypes that act through us rather than simply in us. These are not always benign forces. Jung insisted that the failure to reckon with the shadow, individually or culturally, leads to projection, possession, and repetition of catastrophe.

I recall Rupert Sheldrake speaking of morphic fields, those unseen patterns of resonance that move through space and memory like invisible rivers. It halted me - that idea. That what I call "*my mind*" might not be merely housed in the skull but suspended in a web of collective memory beyond the body.



The Monkey Bars



Circumstantial Evidence of Time II

Each modern voice seems to echo an older one.

Just as modern thinkers have begun to trace the outlines of these invisible forces through archetypes, morphic resonance, or parasitic intelligence, the ancients knew them by other names. What Jung called archetypes, the Hermeticists called *daimon*. What Aurobindo described as *psychic parasites*; the Gnostics saw as *archons* - false rulers embedded within the matrix of fate. These were not mere allegories, but living presences in the ancient mind. They were spoken of as reality cloaked in symbol.

"And I entered into the midst of their prison, which is the prison of their body."
— *The Apocryphon of John*

These are not the words of a prophet or oracle, but of *Epinoia* - the feminine spark of divine awareness sent to awaken the soul entombed in matter. In the Gnostic view, we are not simply lost, we are held. Not merely confused, but ensnared. And yet, we are not abandoned. There is something within us that remembers .



The Fates - Moirai

The ancient Hermeticists did not reject the world, nor did they blindly worship it. Like the Gnostics, they saw the visible realm as a mirror, at once divine and deceptive. *"As above, so below,"* was not intended to flatten the world into equivalence, but to point toward correspondence, resonance, and reversal.

"You are not a mortal thing, but a deathless being. You are not a thing of the earth but a child of the Divine Mind." — *Hermetic Corpus, Libellus X*

When I initially encountered Hermetic teachings, they seemed like esoteric riddles, while over time I came to understand how they articulate *natural law* in its purest form. The ancient principles of Mentalism, Correspondence, Vibration, Polarity, Rhythm, Cause and Effect, and Gender are not mystic abstractions but mirrors of reality's architecture, timeless truths that describe how consciousness moves, echoes, and replicates through all dimensions. *All is mind* is not metaphor, but an ontological claim: the visible and invisible, the created and creator, all occur within the field of consciousness. I came to sense that understanding these laws was not merely a process of learning, but *remembering*. For those of us who seek to break the spell of illusion for themselves and to the benefit of humanity, these principles are keys of

liberation. Our soul forgets not because it is unworthy, but because we have been mesmerized. And to awaken is to realign, to vibrate once more with the *Source* of origin.

I do not believe we are living in a simulation as the term is typically understood - lines of matrix code, silicon architecture, quantum algorithms rendering a false world. I see something older. Nearer. A realm - contained. A domain of control and manipulation with layers of deception, seeded with symbols, lit by false light. Strangely, our world simultaneously permeates with an ineffable beauty in the subtlety of nature's whispers and the splendour of its grandest displays, or the love felt in a child's eyes. Beauty and danger complement and contrast one another like the glorious display of a lion's mane. There is both awe and peril treading within this kingdom.

If this is a realm, then it may also be a kind of enclosure, not only of physical boundaries, but of *perception itself*. What if this enclosure is not simply a prison, but a farm?

Buddha's First Noble Truth states that life is inherently marked by suffering - *dukkha*. Many have suggested that suffering here is not incidental, but intentional. That pain generates a kind of energy - call it *loosh*, or psychic emission, and that this energy is harvested. That we are not merely



Sophia

victims of misfortune, but producers of a harvest for unseen beings who feed on despair, lust, confusion, and trauma.



Yaldabaoth

Are these beings alien? Demonic? Interdimensional parasites? Archons? I no longer tend to concern myself with what names we assign. I know only this: that in altered states - people *see them*. Over and over again. And we call it hallucination, but is it? What if there are breaks in the veil - doorways between the firewalls of psychological perception? What if there *are* entities with conscious intention able to channel thought, emotion, and impulse into our minds without our awareness? What if they have always been there? *How would we know?*

"Until a man uncovers himself he cannot see." — George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff

While I accept the polarity between demonic and Divine that most religions present, I have begun to see it instead as a ubiquitous spectrum of interference - ranging from parasitic to pedagogic. Trauma becomes a doorway to psychic attachment, addiction a tool, resonance a pathway. The Catholic rite of exorcism is only the tip of a much broader metaphysical iceberg. These interlopers - life-altering, harvesters of thought and emotion - exist parallel to us and infiltrate our minds. Every ancient civilization recognized this. That mainstream science of the nuclear age dismisses such knowledge as primitive superstition is not enlightenment but arrogance - the blindness of material delusion.

If you bring forth what is within you, what you bring forth will save you.

If you do not bring forth what is within you, what you do not bring forth will destroy you.

— *Gospel of Thomas*

"The first requirement, the first condition, the first test for one who wishes to work on himself is to change his appreciation of himself. He must not imagine, not simply believe or think, but see things in himself which he has never seen before, see them actually... Today we have nothing but the illusion of what we are." — Jeanne de Salzmann

From Siddhartha to Christ of the Gnostics, from Carl Jung to Sri Aurobindo, the teachings converge here: the ego within us acts parasitically. To free ourselves from the illusory world we must first free ourselves *from* ourselves— and from the ego that binds us with its fixations, programming, and the hidden hands that act as puppet masters. We disentangle ourselves not by force but by attention: tending to the hearth of our being, learning to hear what is innate and what is implanted, and rehearsing presence until the old cords slacken.



Ego