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 through within our lifetimes weave with others in a myriad of ways - some seen and some not. I have come to view consciousness as resonance in frequencies, a dream-like simulation and correspondence with unseen fields. This notion emerged through the exploration of esoteric subjects, drawing me to interpret them in visual and written works. I have attempted to represent the shadows of our shared experience as well as the light breaking through them.

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 and 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. Its true nature remains elusive, veiled and enigmatic.

I've entered this inquiry through intuition, dreams and internal observation - threads that, in many ways, have guided as much as 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 medium, I've grown curious about the internal and external filaments influencing our perceptions. From a host of historic cultures, philosophers and 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, holograms nor parallel timelines in a technological multiverse. I mean something closer. Adjacent. I mean a veil that shimmers within 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 may be 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 predator's 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 as an observation and not merely as a metaphor; 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 by interdimensional puppeteers? What then becomes of free will?



Oculus

I have come to observe consciousness not as a steady stream but as a wave, rising and falling across time. In the peaks, I glimpse wider self-awareness and expanded clarity. This presents a marked difference from self-consciousness. To be self-conscious is to be trapped in the mirror, while to be self-aware is to witness the self within a larger field of presence. In those higher states, there is broader 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. The problem, as I see it now, is differentiation. Surrendering our sovereignty to an external belief is a risky prospect without fully knowing what we are surrendering to.

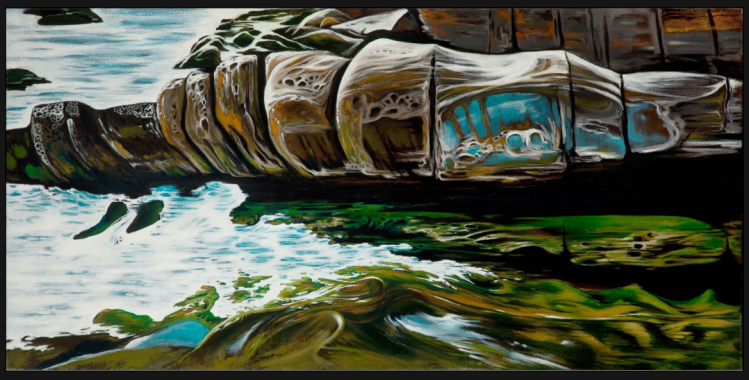
There are few people alive, I suspect, who haven't felt this in some way, some internal contradiction, some strange impulse, thought, rage, envy or despair that does not feel fully theirs. I have seen this in myself. Not once or twice, but across years. It rises like a tide and then recedes. It's as 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 and begins to watch the machinery of thoughts as one might watch clouds gather, it becomes hard to believe that all of it is random or merely self-generated.



The Monkey Bars

In what may rightly be called a seminal work of paranormal 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.



Circumstantial Evidence of Time II

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.

Each modern voice seems to reflect 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. I no longer believe these are mere allegories, but were understood as an active presence 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 the words 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 helpless. There is something within us that remembers - something they called *Anamnesis.* This is not an intellectual exercise or accumulation of knowledge - it is a sudden, radical recollection of our pre-material form.



The Fates - Moirai

The ancient Hermeticists - like the Gnostics - saw the visible realm as a mirror, at once divine and deceptive. *"As above so below,"* was intended 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 see how they articulate natural law in its purest form. The ancient principles of Mentalism, Correspondence, Vibration, Polarity, Rhythm, Cause and Effect, and Gender are mirrors of our reality, timeless truths that describe how consciousness moves, echoes and replicates through all dimensions. "All is mind" is 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 of remembering. For those of us who seek to break the spell of illusion for ourselves and to the benefit of others, these principles appear like keys of liberation. We forget our soul's essence because we have

been mesmerized, not because we are unworthy. And to awaken is to realign, to resonate in sovereignty once more with the Divine Source of origin.

Again, I do not believe we are living in a simulation as the term is typically presented - lines of matrix code, silicon architecture, quantum algorithms rendering a false world. I sense something nearer. Insidious. A moderated realm. A domain of control and manipulation with layers of deception, seeded with symbols, lit by false light. Simultaneously, our world permeates with an ineffable beauty in the subtlety of nature's whispers and the splendour of its grandest displays, and the wonder 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.



Sophia

Ultimately, 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 only a prison within a garden, but a farm?

Buddha's First Noble Truth states that life is inherently marked by suffering - *dukkha*, which is derived through attachment. Some have suggested that suffering here is not incidental, but intentional. That pain generates a kind of energy called *loosh* or psychic emission, and that this energy is harvested. That we are not merely 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 *entities*. 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 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 prophetic. 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. Most ancient civilizations recognized this. That mainstream science of the nuclear age dismisses such knowledge as primitive superstition appears not as enlightenment, but as a diversion towards a paradigm of material delusion.

> *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



Ego

From Siddhartha to Christ of the Gnostics, from Carl Jung to Sri Aurobindo, the teachings seem to converge here: the ego within us acts parasitically. To free ourselves from illusion, 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 through clarity of reflection and sovereign intention: tending to the essence of our being, learning to discern what is innate and what is implanted and rehearsing presence until we remember who and what we truly are.

We cannot placate, ignore or wish the ego away as it will merely shape-shift into another form of expression. Facing ourselves through integration is an arduous process, yet it is essential to free ourselves from subconscious programs and unseen manipulation. Our soul's sovereignty lies in choice when we observe and act from discernment.

Finally, while the question defining consciousness remains unresolved, it ultimately appears to operate metaphysically. It is perceptions that can be disturbed and distorted by internal programs of the shadow and psychic entities that channel into the unobserved recesses of the psyche. Memory plays a key role in the distinction between being truly awake and sovereign, and operating mechanically.