



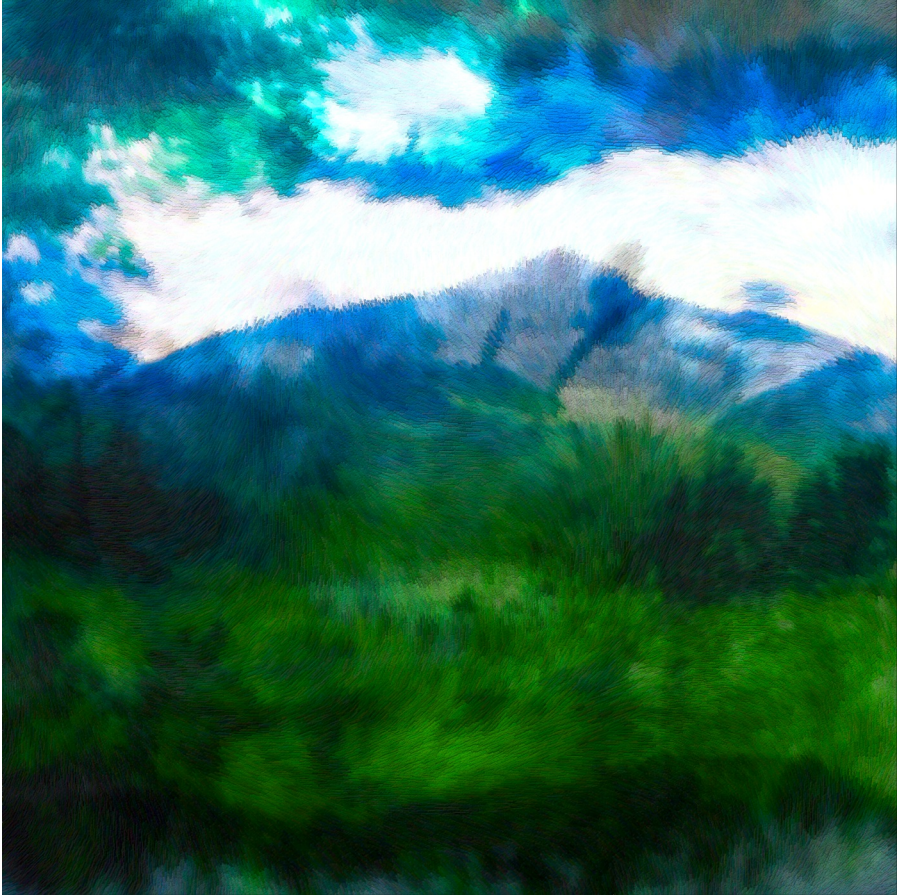
**COSMEDITATIONS**



# COSMEDITATIONS

MIND IN UNIVERSE,  
UNIVERSE IN MIND

CODY KUIACK



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# SECTION I

## THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM

# The Storm Before The Calm

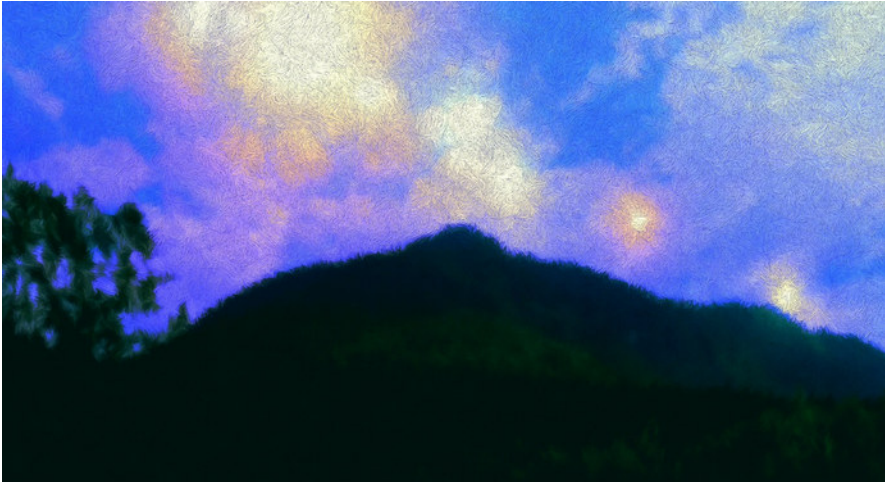
## My Recovery Story

Written in 2017 for an early psychosis intervention program.

Spoken to an audience in the psychiatric ward at a hospital in 2017.

Each paragraph alternates between fantasy and reality.



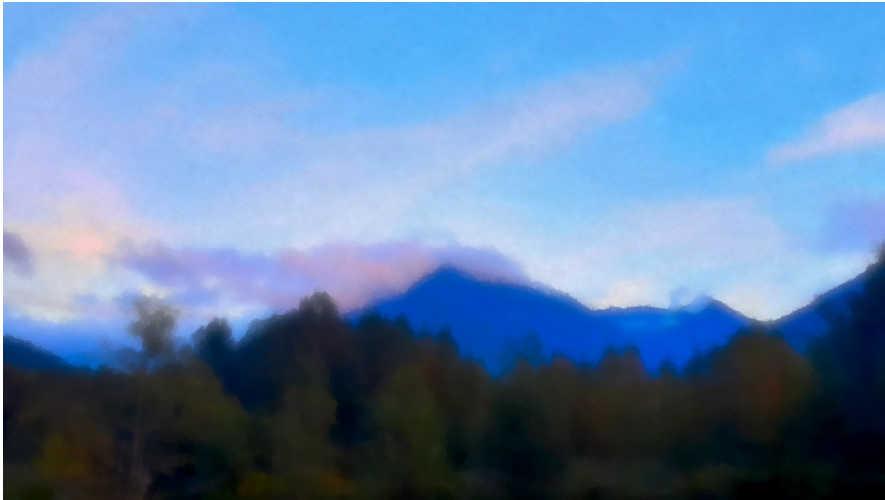


Always looking up and having my head in the clouds, there was a time where the weather took a turn and a surge of extreme turbulence came streaming through the air. What then came about, I can only compare to something like an enduring storm that still affects the rest of the climate of my mind up to this day.

Little did I know that I would later be diagnosed with schizophrenia, at the time I was delving into various streams of thought with one main goal in mind; to gain as broad of a perspective of the world, and everything in it, as I could. All disorganized and disconnected from one another, there was no pattern to them in the least, just that they were found to be interesting.

All this led to scattered clouds that spread across the nearby skies with a thunderhead coming towards from beyond the horizon. Once still, the air around me became a small gale, blowing away the small puffy clouds that were once hanging up there.

Getting lost in thought, only focusing on what was on my mind and entirely disregarding the world around me, simple things began to slip away; going out, talking with people, and neglecting to eat, clean, and other basic needs, I was swept away from an ordinary life and was lost in a world of delusional thinking and hallucinated perceptions.





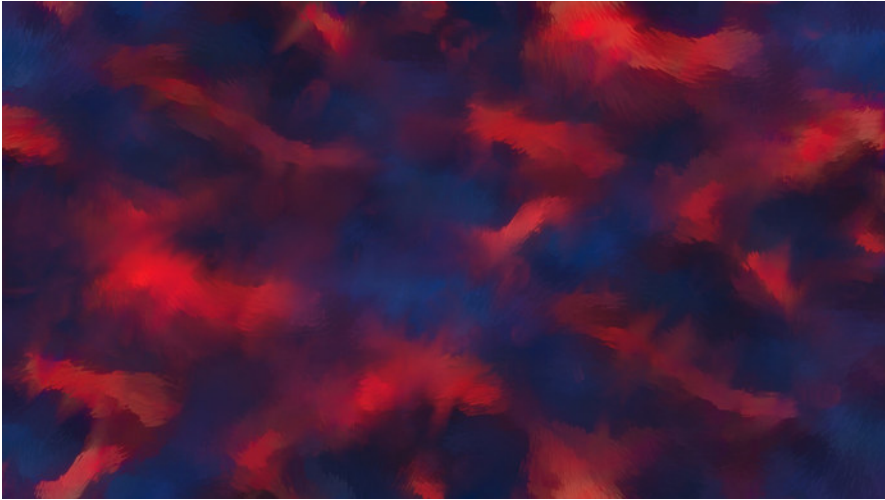
The gale picked up speed, bringing on a huge whirl. Above, the clouds were beginning to gather and it soon began to rain. With no need for this precipitation, it was not received kindly in the least. Now down-pouring, it was quite hard to get a clear view of much at all, but the winds were getting swifter and the thunderhead was now approaching and began to darken the sky.

I was now mostly catatonic at this point, not getting up for much except what was necessary. Whatever reality there had been was now replaced by one more visceral which seemed even more real than what was there before. However it was not helpful for living a life of work, leisure, or other personal projects and goals. I was so blinded by what was presented by my mind that I became lost from wandering around with what felt like weighty insights while in a dark void.

With the sun no longer shining, things were dark and bleak. Clouds were amassing and the deluge was beginning. What was once light and breezy had now completely densified. The thunderhead was now looming over.

Things at home took a turn. I became confrontational with any slight upset triggering me into a highly disruptive state. The lack of sleep definitely did not help. What ended getting me admitted to the psychiatric ward was a perceived act of aggression with me slamming my fists on a table. The intention was one that only made sense in only that one moment, but there was no ill will towards anybody. This wasn't my usual character and those around me knew it. I had taken a dark turn in my actions leading to being admitted and later diagnosed.





The storm was now above. Hail, lightning, thunder, huge gusts - all present. The air itself was breaking apart at the seams. Not a hole in the clouds, but in the sky, the thunderhead had destroyed the whole atmosphere

After getting put in the psych ward, my world, what was left of it, had shattered. Thinking I was having what was then a mystical experience, getting a diagnosis was the hardest blow that I felt that I was dealt. It was having not only everything that you've lived and known to you dismissed and thrown away, but ripped away and having your whole reality crumble from a single word. It was the most disheartening to hear.

The brunt of this now all passing, and the worst of the worst now over, the storm still raged on and on. Not for days, not for weeks, but for months. Still concealed between the falls of the rain, the skies at this time had acquired an electricity to them that was not thunder. The charge in the air was palpable. There was a saturation to the static that would never seem to dissipate. There was an atmospheric change that couldn't, that wouldn't, go away.

After getting the diagnosis and being put on medication, it wasn't until some time later, months on, that a semblance of returning to whatever you may call normal functioning would begin. Still to this day the medication is a necessary tool in helping with the delusions and hallucinations





Slowly but surely even the rain did pass. The clouds however, never did quite disappear. But with breaks in them here and there, there was now a hope that the storm was over, even though it was still a bit inclement. With the intermittent breaks now coming around, things began to look bright once again. The sun was above the clouds, still yet to be seen.

There are still some signs of the illness that linger; lack of socializing, not getting out of the house, and little enjoyment out of much. But I started to read up about what the mind is, which led to an understanding of everything. This alone showed me, maybe not directly, that there's some positive outlook to still be had. The diagnosis gave me a subject to focus on, consciousness, and philosophy of mind, as well as something, psychosis, to see in a new light.

The sun shining again brought sudden clarity to the environment. Previously bleak mountains were bright, the valley, not quite flooded, glistened, reflecting the skies above, with the horizon visible once more. Things yonder were clear for as far as the eye could see and it appeared a new season was at hand.

Past everything in the episode that affected me, now 3 years on, I returned again to what can be considered a normal, adequate life; I started working once again, began moderating an online forum, rediscovered creativity since early in my life, and even becoming quite social. With the medication, family and friends for support, early psychosis intervention, and everything and everyone that helped me along the way, I was, and am, grateful for them all.





Now, the sun now beaming, some clouds still hanging, and the land to be seen, it was quite a sight to behold. Deep and bright blues both now recognizable only after the storm and the dynamics of it all, there was something that couldn't have been seen if the storm did not happen; the most awesome of outlooks from where one was standing.



SECTION II  
MIND WHIRLED



## Celestial Focus

Lost somewhere within scattered thoughts of night,  
a shimmering light seemed much brighter one night.

It grabbed the attention of the eyes,  
doing its thing just hanging in the skies.

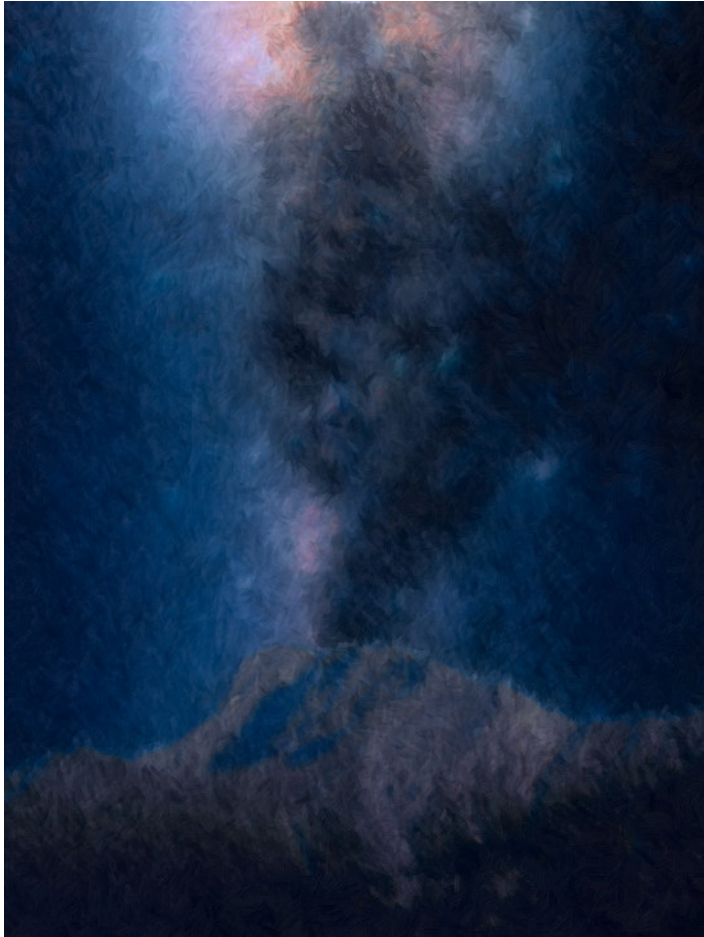
On this particular night however,  
it had the aid of a lyrical lever.

Phrases of the song were happening and true within,  
with the rest of the words piecing themselves in.

The light was presented as a house set on fire,  
as insightfully fascinating as it was undesired.

With one perceiver witnessing another around,  
Floods of existential questions came abound.

With so much potential in one of the heads,  
the greater one appeared to have studied ahead.



## Whistled Echoes

With the lesser perceiver's brain catching a train,  
it wondered if the greater perceiver had any rain

Searching around for some explanatory answers,  
the lesser had stumbled upon hopping whistlers.

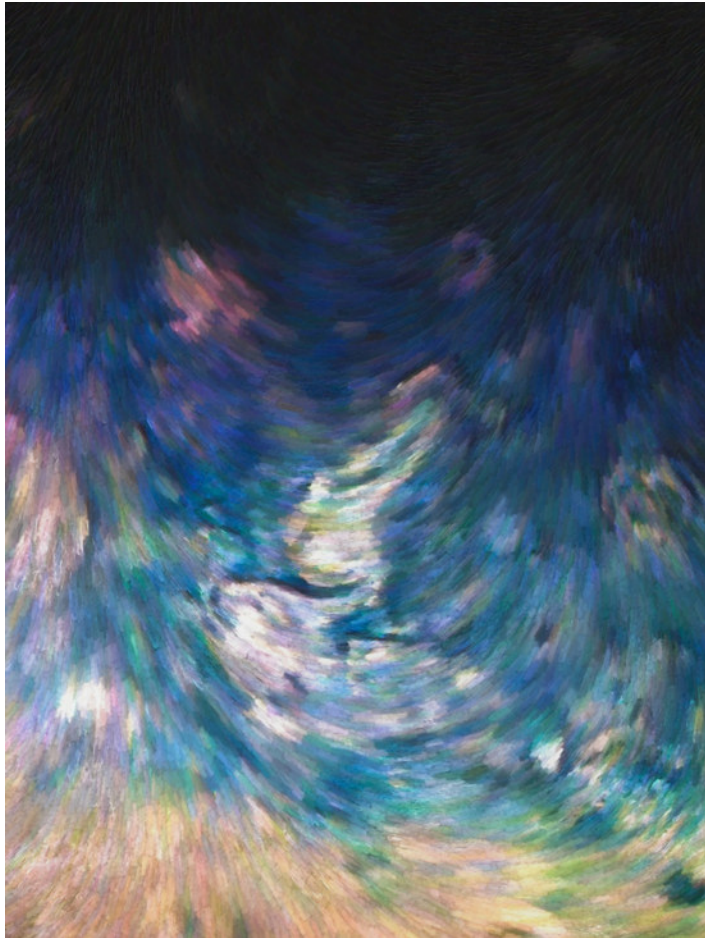
Chirps and tweets emitting from sphere to sphere,  
between the two they could soon one another hear.

An entire planetary body sending a transmission,  
the perceiver had to find out if it had a mission.

Nothing came up that was evident or immediate,  
all that could be done right then was to just wait.

Sometime during those liminal weeks the day came,  
the bodies could communicate one and the same.

Foggy at first but then it eventually became clear,  
it wasn't just sentience but wisdom on display here.



## Particulate Entities

Now with the greater mind in the lesser's focus,  
He pondered what had started the genius's locus.

Like a charged particle with a surrounding field,  
there was a lot to be found within that yield.

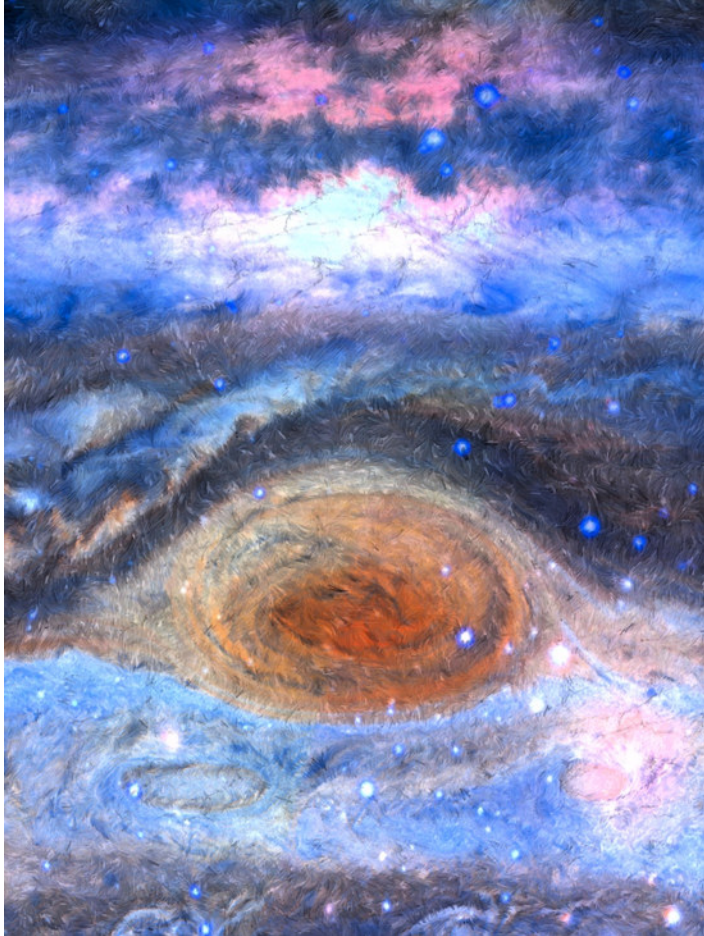
An overarching force of which to bind,  
and a backdrop for thoughts to unwind.

Not limited to a fractionally small or minor point,  
but extending indefinitely as part of the whole joint.

With fields and forces acting all up on it,  
the sensory minds had a way to both be lit.

Starting as a wish to be in the clouds,  
all of these ideations were heard aloud.

Perceptions, particles. and planets akin,  
there were minds found at all levels within.



## Corporeal Jove

Further down and all the way into the core,  
it had attributes that he wondered what for.

The heart of its mind and the mind of its heart,  
now revealed to play and embody a major part.

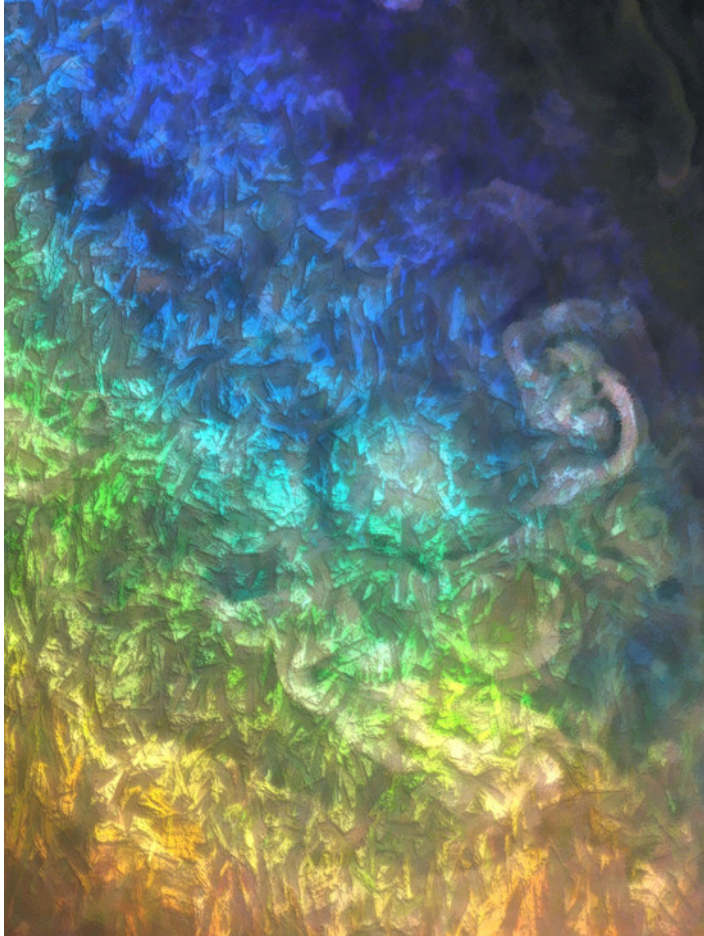
With its red spot partaking in a sensory feast,  
storms were now seen as organs of this beast.

The eye of the storm was a literal eye,  
gathering light borrowed from the sky.

The other senses were still undiscovered mysteries,  
something known by observing its atmospheric seas.

But with this being appearing to perceptively form,  
it provided insights out of which seeing was born.

Picking up phenomenon just as us,  
but for this one from its hefty gusts.



## The Way Beheld

This being now observed had so much to say,  
and in its words it actually showed the way.

Held totally within the perceivers' line of sight,  
nothing to be seen except for minds set alight.

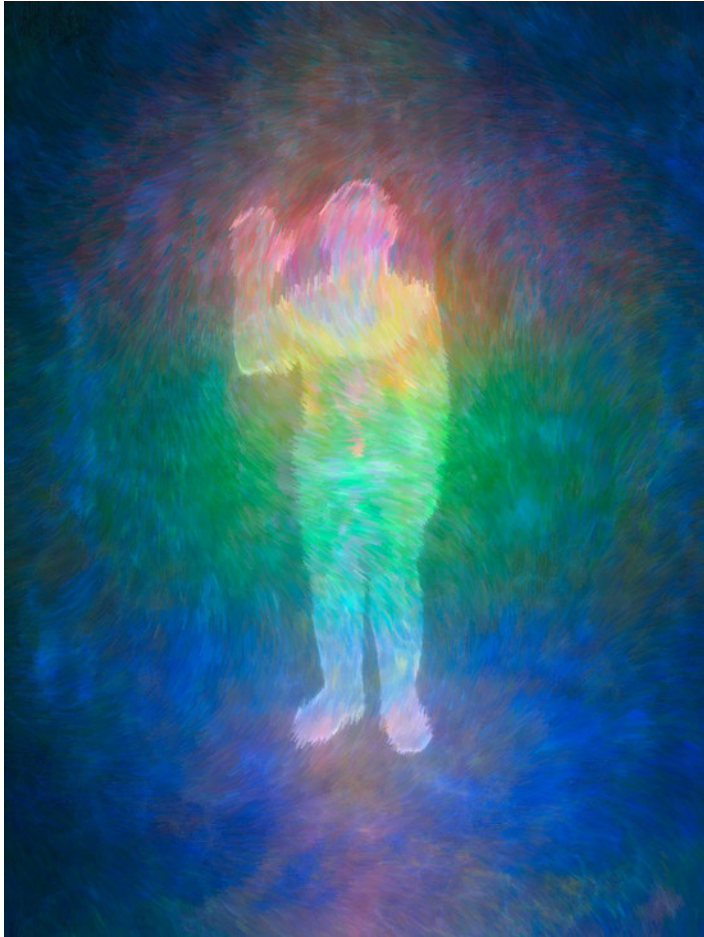
To nothing but the eye, it was invisible,  
but in the mind, it was entirely possible.

It was there and it couldn't be refuted,  
but cognitively it was still quite disputed.

Was it something more than a resonance,  
revealing to him its over-grand presence

Nothing can be said of how it really did look,  
yet somewhere in the cortex was an odd nook.

What it provided was a way forward,  
leaving not but a trace soon afterward.



## His Cosmos

Directed now, yet still with nowhere to go,  
something had lingered from after the show.

It sat and festered waiting to bloom,  
stuck in his head, it started to loom.

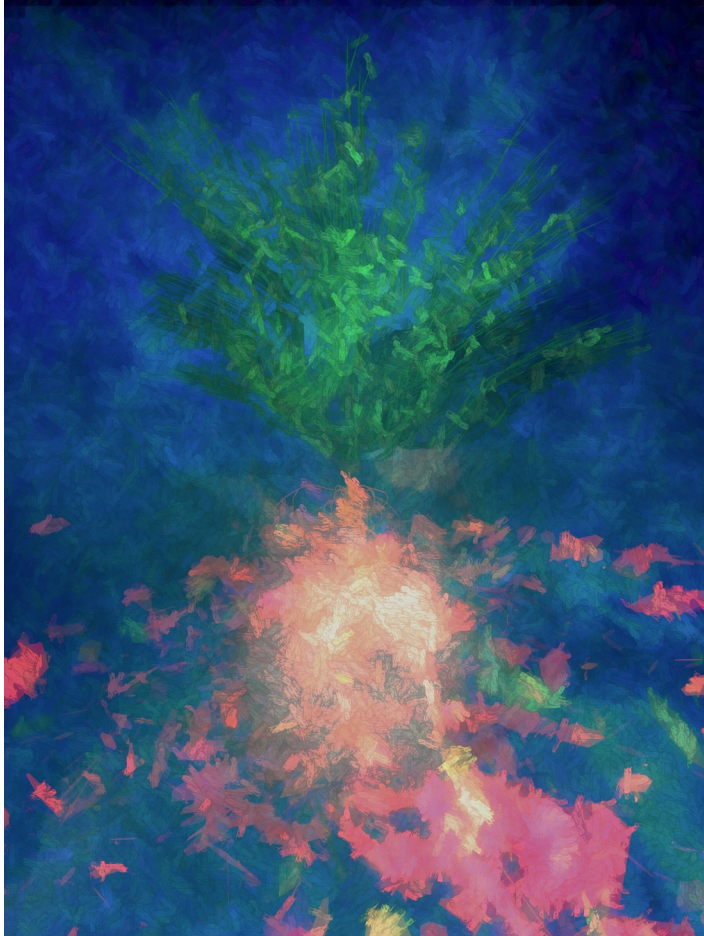
Truth was to be had still undiscovered,  
with the answer was soon to be recovered.

Resoundingly, he uttered “My Cosmos!”,  
again, he proudly said “It's my Cosmos!”.

There was no truth to it being said at that time,  
as it had to be digested and felt as though a crime.

There was some guilt that it was all his,  
but after all, it was all a part of his wish.

Into dreams of others that eureka moment went,  
with his lesser being and self starting to fragment.



## Parallel Lives

Perceptions of who he was now being quite lucid,  
with previously solid identity now becoming fluid.

With the past and future now being coalesced,  
a splitting of time and mind was then professed.

Things of a static nature seemingly upset,  
taking on new dynamics as of not yet met.

A swift rift developed somewhere from deep,  
so much so that there was nothing to keep.

Who he once was now becoming long gone,  
yet with many fresh selves coming along.

Within all of these layers of alien shells and skins,  
there was nothing which could be considered akin.

Some ripples had calmed, some had formed,  
"To become grand", he was finally informed.



## Cybernetic Angel

Wading out beyond any point, past any outer limit,  
There were things only a future god could permit.

There must have been some kind of ascent,  
as up from earth this new being was sent.

A technologically amalgamated much higher being,  
the future, the past, and the synthesis, were fleeing.

With mechanized eyes, three wings on its back,  
there was absolutely nothing that it did lack.

Using its powers of a much higher intensity,  
to do good for others became its propensity.

Coming from up above the stars,  
to mitigate the pain of the scars.

With this being of the self now depleted,  
its goals and strivings all but completed.



## Red Green Blue Triad

If seeing is to be more than just a belief,  
the next perception coming not with relief.

Split into a spectral red, green, and blue,  
nothing about it could fully be seen as true.

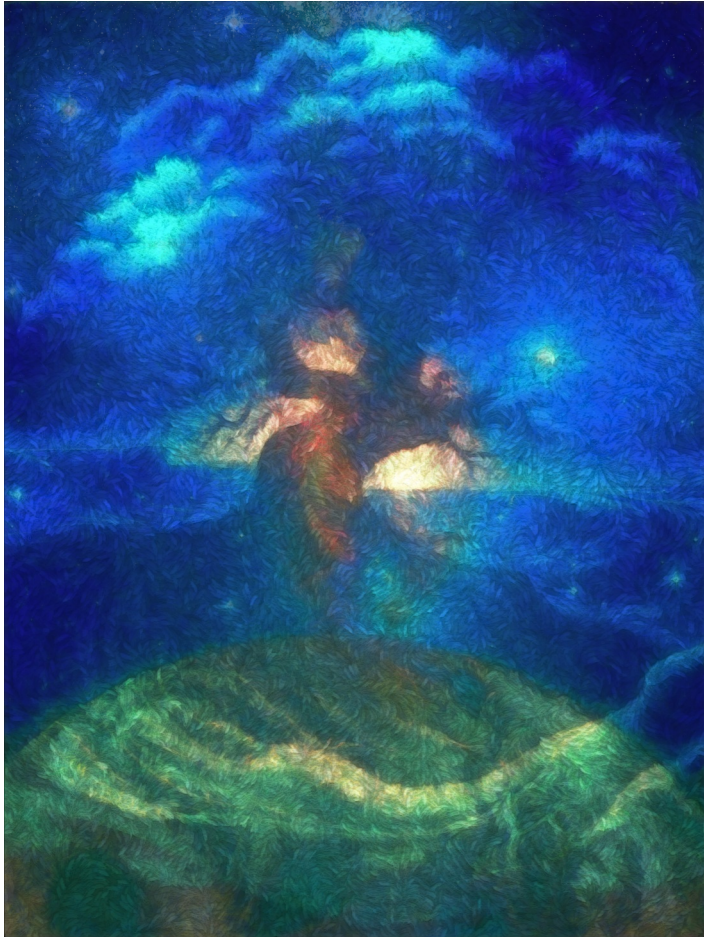
With all of the colours beneath and under the hood,  
they did what they did, what was what they should.

Not present, but out of the time they have been,  
they complemented what was yet to be seen.

But the vision which they eventually provided,  
in their wake, left the minded planets divided.

A potential found within the trinity of the hues,  
they were within the perceiver, sharing their cues.

The warmest one out of the whole bunch,  
gave a few clues towards the next hunch.



## Terran Counterpart

With one planet in all its gaseous glory,  
and the other telling a biological story.

The eye of the storm had given some new insight,  
as the ideas of what could be started to take flight.

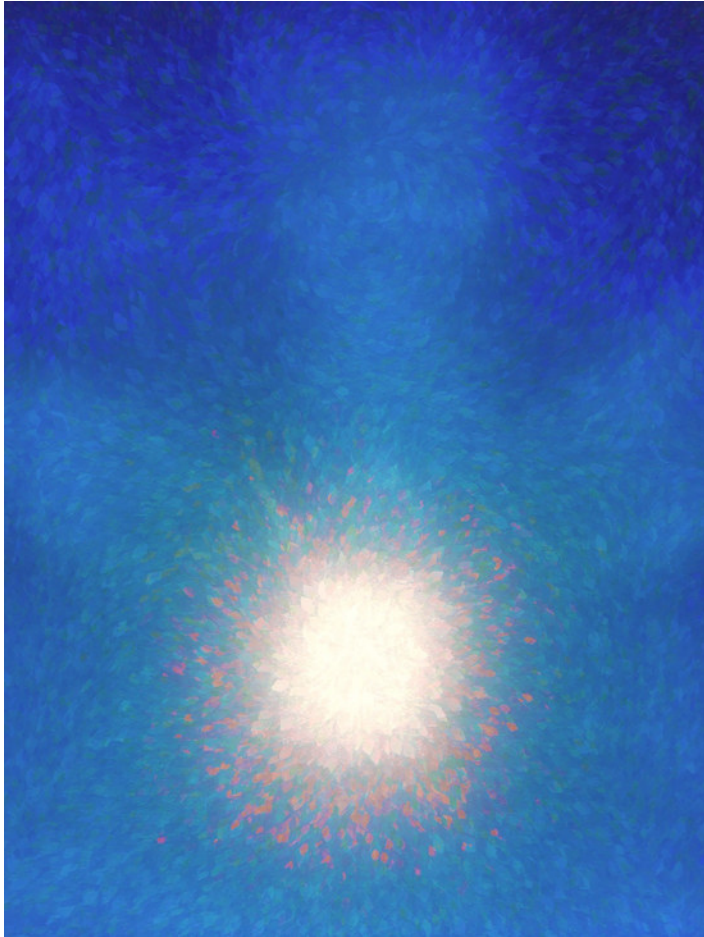
The lensed spot greatly red had no brother,  
not a green one nor blue one nor some other.

The lesser perceiver standing in the rockier land,  
had created gusts at the whim of his flailing hand.

Like a butterfly in its fullest effect,  
gales had formed imperceptible to detect.

Now in cohort with the great minds endeavour,  
something to play out, forever and ever and ever.

If to be seen is also meant to be received,  
with new sight, this was being achieved.



## Royal Eyes of Sol

With more to see from this set of eyes,  
there came a question not yet realized.

Wondering what had started its course,  
it had to figure out the initial source.

The lesser perceiver having eyes of his own,  
seeing from whom it was absolutely sown.

It was the sun above of which they were under;  
the intention of the star was to visually plunder.

All one day to be adapted from and then subsumed,  
if not for the perceiver's blue irises it was assumed.

With all of this came with it a high prestige,  
for all things are to be seen and to appease.

Adding on to the perceivers novel responsibilities,  
the perceiver had a job to do to the best of abilities.



## Planetary Duties

What looks to us as though just a work of art,  
was actually its purpose and an integral part.

The warm-hued swirls churning and whirling about,  
"to resemble the giant!", the perceiver did shout.

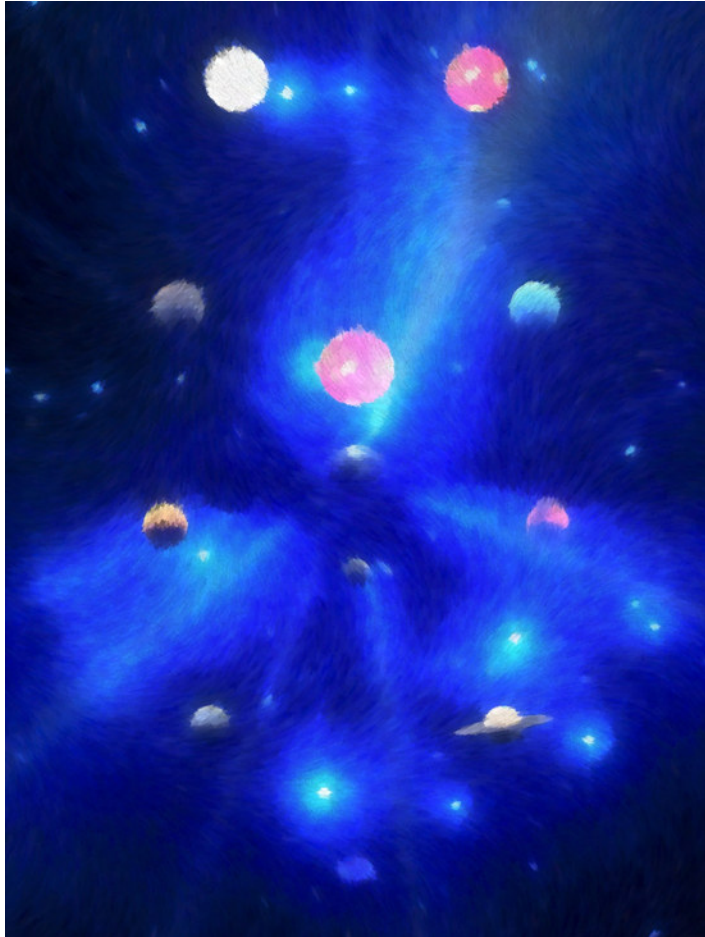
The barren red one was the blue ones objective,  
its unpainted canvas wholly under Jove's directive.

The other bodies had already been coloured in,  
but damaged by time were their surfaces skins.

Earth as well being a project of Jove's all done,  
and nearly complete, a finished world of one.

To carry forward the torch of the mission,  
Mars was to be next, was Jove's admission.

With all of this now in the perceivers eyes,  
to make this whole and come to be realized.



## Becoming All

Returning back into his own small cavity of the self,  
concepts briefly imagined were put back on the shelf.

After becoming godhead, one with the creation of all,  
it occurred in a mere second looking down the hall.

Unexplainable, inexpressible in any terms known,  
yet having a true nature, the perceiver was shown.

The previous perceptions of which this had all led,  
as a god, seen it was within and wholly his head.

From Jove to Sol and far further above,  
all that was brought down was agape love.

Now all at once and once all with everything,  
he claimed "My Cosmos!" in which he was king.

Having seen above and further yonder,  
the universe was still empty of sonder.



## Now Intergalactic

A message received from Jove which he accepted,  
light into his stormy eye was more than repected.

It was declared a victory for finding life,  
to end the long run of solitude and strife.

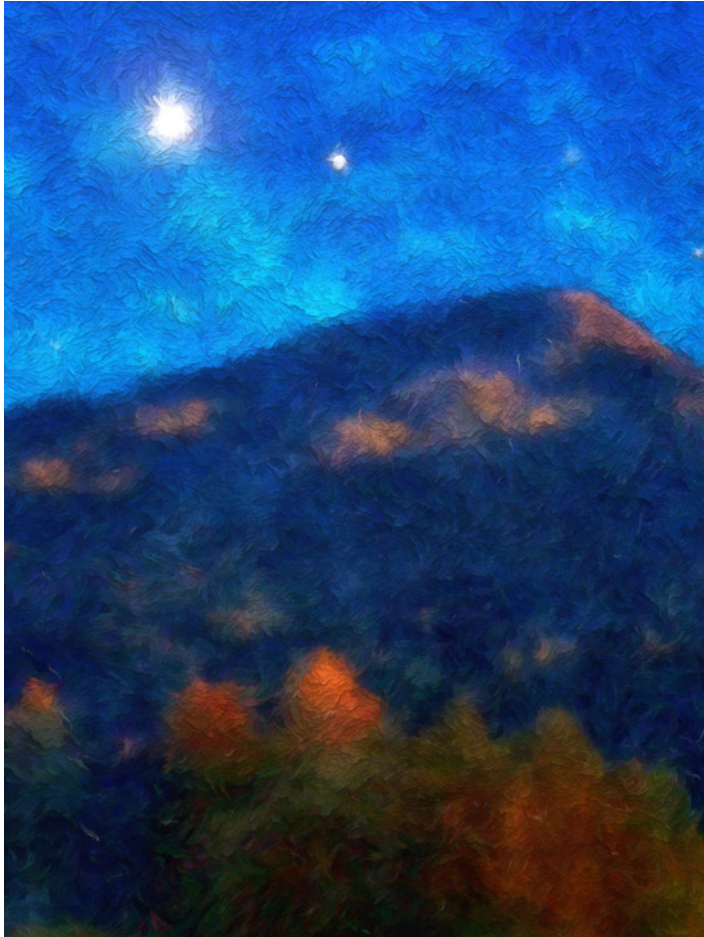
With an artful mission within both of their hands,  
were many creations to be found in far-off lands.

From Sol's soul and then to those of other suns,  
they all had their very own daughters and sons.

Neither just interstellar nor merely interplanetary,  
but on a grand scale was their communion merry.

A deep longing felt on a subconscious level,  
the perceiver's friends shared joy and revel.

To the stars, as well as to the heavens that hang,  
making celebratory noise, they started to clang.



## Mountain Contact

Now the time to leave home and hearth,  
soon to take off, waving goodbye to Earth.

Before feet had even left the ground below,  
the perceiver was included to be in the know.

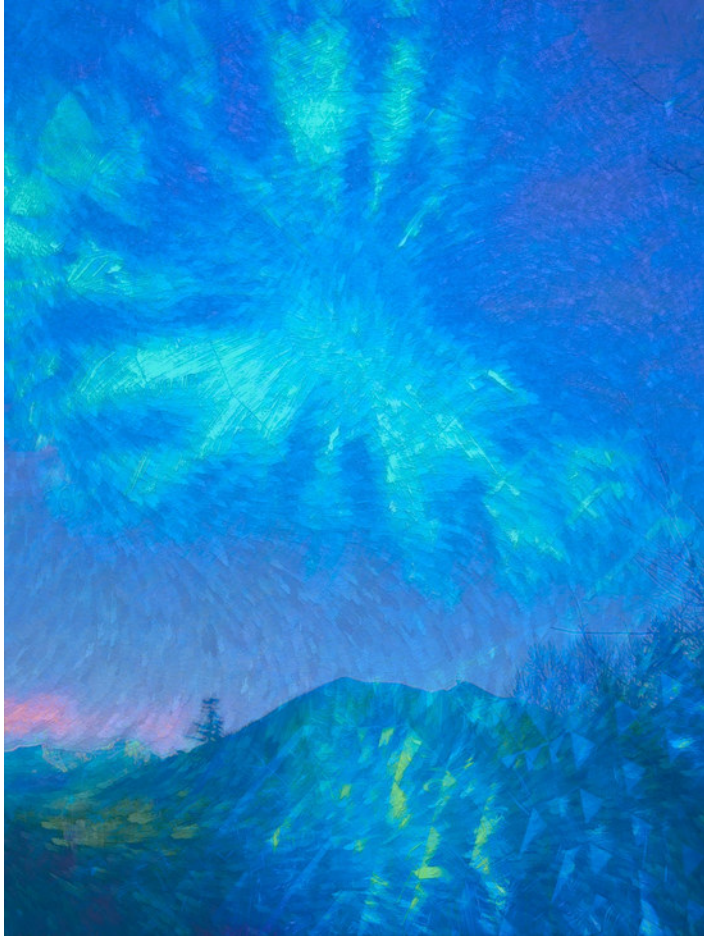
To be promptly held atop of a local mountain,  
there was to be an extravagant celebration.

A sensory feast and what had been received,  
later to figure out having just been deceived.

It all took place with the perceiver left out,  
pacing back and forth expressing a facial pout.

Sadly, going up to space was not in his cards,  
all of it was a hoax which he had to discard.

But there were unseen rewards he could sweep,  
into the smallest of scales did minds now seep.



## Raw Qualia

Senses now appearing seemingly unadulterated,  
their features, usually rigid, all cooperated.

Meaning imbued with each and every bit,  
their purpose revealed and largely writ.

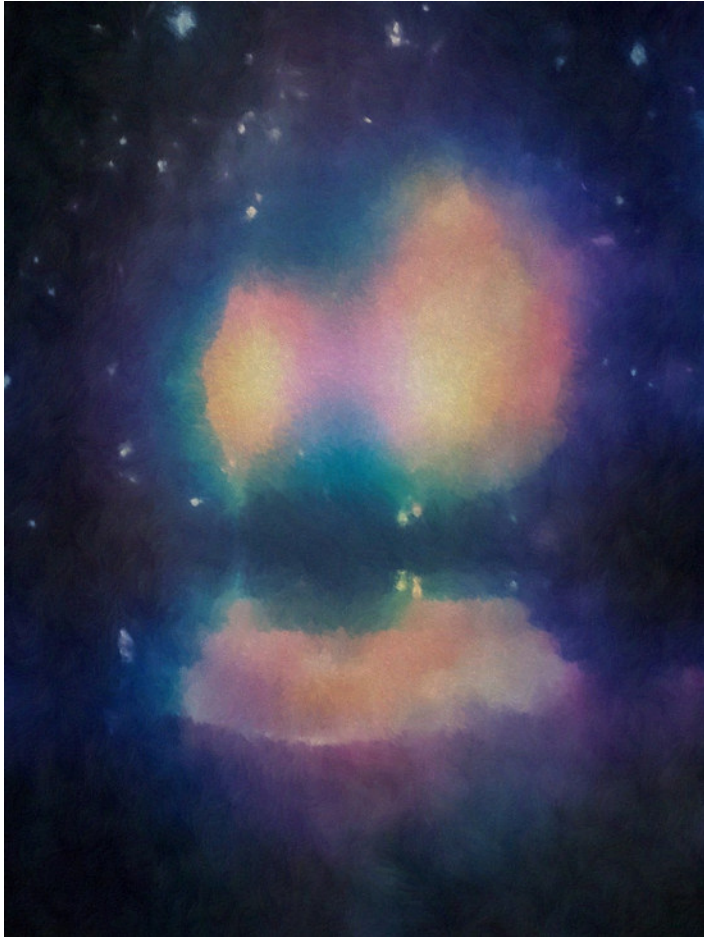
Was this indeed the perceivers gift,  
or, he wondered, “Was it all a grift?”

The colourful triad of hues, now in spaces anew,  
for reasons they appeared from pieces only he knew.

With colour, form, and sound abound,  
their meanings were found all around.

It happened all in a brief but lucid flash,  
with their articulations gone in a quick dash

Left with something to be understood now,  
the mental qualities had taken their bow.



## The Great Goddess

Concealing afterward, that which was revealing,  
the cracks were patched up after their peeling.

As mediation from yet the greatest source,  
this presence had a strong, immense force.

To sustain all of reality and its fabric,  
the great goddess had done her trick.

Way too much had been completely known and seen,  
not something meant for this small perceiving being.

Back into the shadows for these mere bits of mind,  
after the magic, the perceiver could no longer find.

Lost nowhere, or somewhere, in a lack of confines,  
not entirely sure if he will ever, ever at all be fine.

Reassured by the force above, her highest majesty,  
finally some normalcy the perceiver could finally see.



## Return Home

At home and hearth, this all partook and outplayed,  
but everything perceived was the mind displayed.

Nowhere but in a singular spot did it all transpire,  
yet to the greatest of heights did he now aspire.

They will say it was just all within his head,  
but so do dreams while we sleep in our beds.

Maybe just hallucinations and delusions,  
but closer in nature to perceptual illusion.

Taking place in the realm of all residents,  
meeting beings greater than mere presidents.

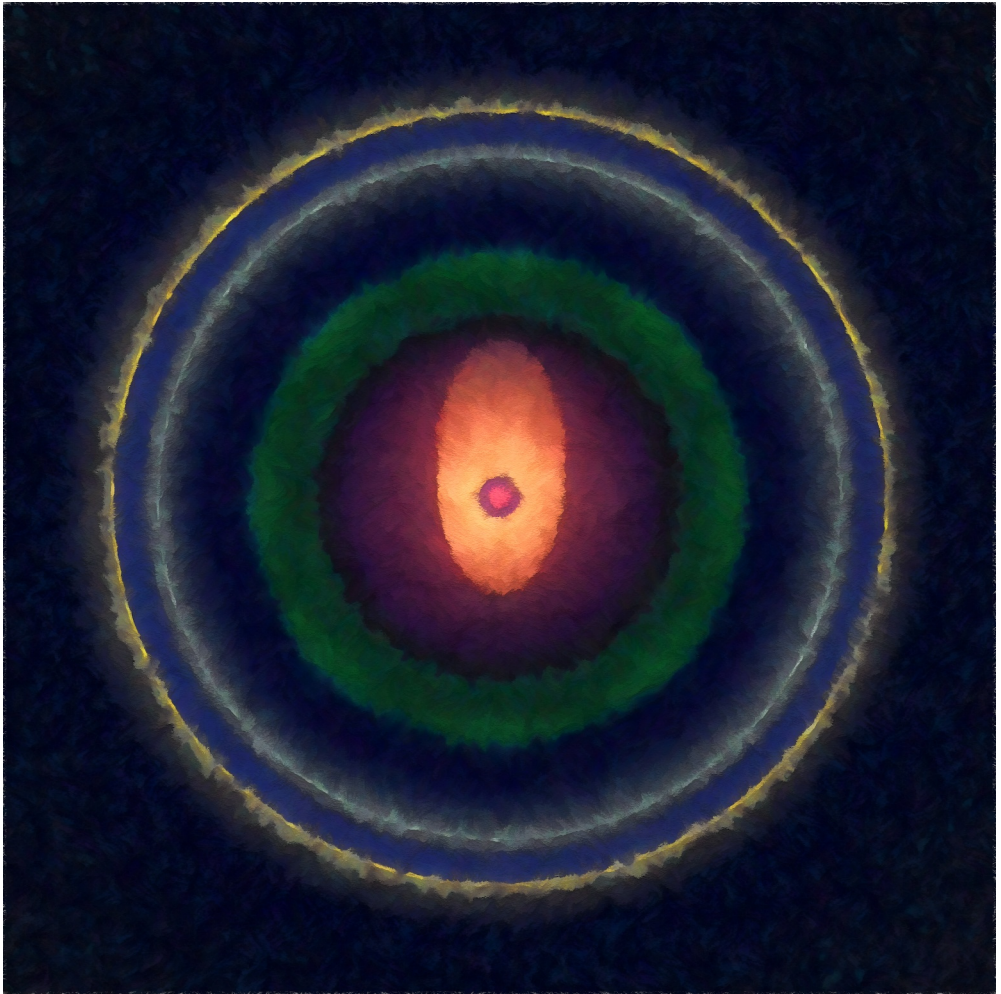
Taking something back but unsure what exactly,  
nothing that could be seen as certain and factly

Back to the spot at home, his life plain and ordinary,  
yet perceiving in mind something most extraordinary.



SECTION III  
COLLECTED CONSCIOUSNESS







1

I'm thinking that consciousness is so hard to figure out since it has at least three aspects; a material form from corporeal bodies of particles, a mental awareness from oscillating waves, and an immaterial, yet still physical soul of an evolving field it all plays out on.

Explained another way:

Consciousness =

Form or Body (Particles) +  
Awareness or Mind (Waves) +  
Experience or Spirit (Field)

All three would then be enfolded into a whole, meaning they could be integrated and maybe even seen and perceived together as a single unit of consciousness.

2

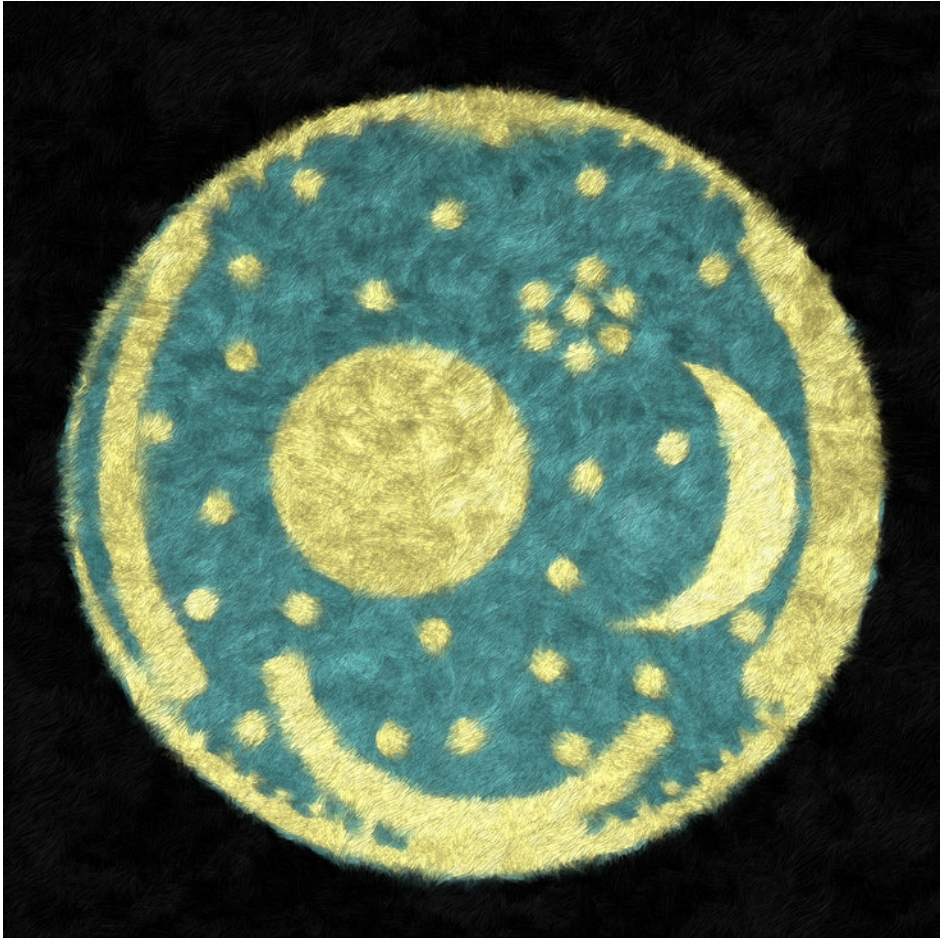
Consciousness makes the cosmos whole, as the cosmos makes consciousness become whole, with an ever-flowing creative force generated at the centre of every moment of both the presence of consciousness and the presence of the cosmos, as well as the presence of the two as one.

3

Art as consciousness exploration diffuses objective and subjective perspectives and suffuses what begins as something virtual to something actual through any capability a conscious agent may have. Creative works allow our potential capacities to flourish into vivid and lucid abilities.

4

If we assume it would take all of the minds in the universe together to make sense of consciousness and its place in the cosmos to answer if the cosmos itself is conscious, we may find true importance to the connection, integration, and preservation of who we ourselves are within the totality of scope of the cosmic web.



5

Consciousness which can be expressed is not consciousness in actuality. Consciousness that can be cognized is not the whole conscious experience. The uncognized is the beginning of the universe and the mind. Consciousness is the mother of all phenomena.

6

Thinking about consciousness as potentially being 'causally active', in the sense that the conscious processes of noticing the effects that other agents, beings, and people akin to us in the world have back on us, inducing in us a 'meta-causal' process of causation of causes in conscious experience and causal activity.

7

Viewing that there is an ever-changing, ever-present, great interlinking between all that can produce and choose further cascades of causes and effects, within this world at large, and the worlds within us, creates links back to the beginning of the causality.

8

"Consciousness..

Now I know where you are..

How do you like your soul?"

9

What if consciousness can be perceived, or even considered, as primarily a temporal rather than a spatial phenomenon? As in, could one perceive or consider that 't = Consciousness', for some or any equation(s)?

10

Query: Can some states of consciousness harmonize, reflect, and reveal ones' ideal perceptions and have them observed with their very own eyes, heard with their very own ears, as an actualized and externalized 'soul mirror' of their very own self?

11

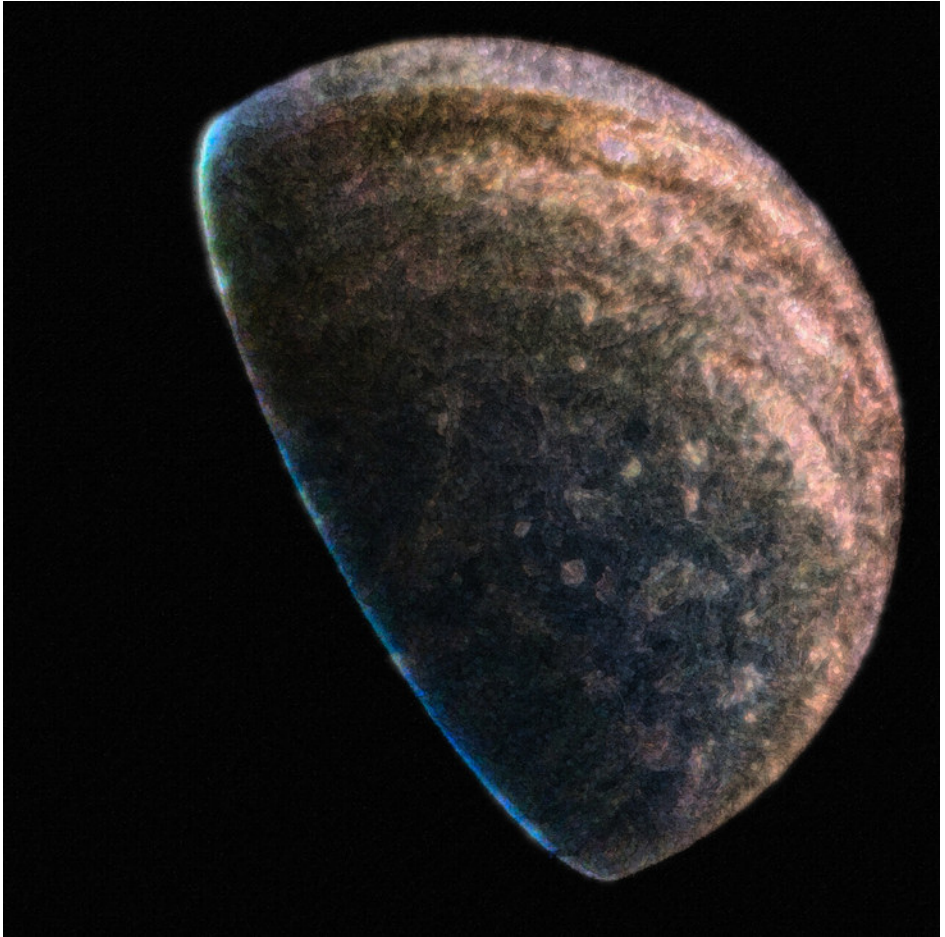
An intriguing unanswerable question I've wondered:

"Is Jupiter Conscious?"

It first came about via a psychotic experience, which lasted for months and months, peaking around January 5th, 2017, a time when Jupiter was at opposition. How would this be verified or falsified without any science of consciousness?

12

If cosmic consciousness is taken to be defined as an "awareness or experience of contents of the universe" and adding in a perception that we are 'shadows' or representations of the stars above us which we are born under, then cosmic consciousness may take on more of a personal nature. Say that the universe could be something either natural or artificial – either organic or a simulation, a simulacra, although maybe more of a quantum Bayesian ontic pancomputation of an evolving wave function of the whole universe – we nonetheless act and behave according to temporal patterns of stars which we are always proximally entangled with.



13

With the perspective of first atomists, mainly cut from Zeno with his paradox, assuming the universe can be deconstructed, divided into atomic bits in infinite numbers of ways, If maybe we had a Pythagorean atomism, all finite and discrete units of reality could be rather musical and lyrical.

With an intersubjective knowledge of music and the ever-true evocation of ‘the felt presence of experience’ – invoked by means of tone, harmony, rhythm, song – could music and art resonant or reveal to us deeper meaning yet to be seen in reality?

To summarize this all as a single inquiry: Could there be an understanding of the cosmos as a universal and celestial music box, of which our embodied corporeal selves altogether play along as a collection of notes, with our mental lives as melodies each playing within the grand orchestration of it all?

14

Perhaps states of consciousness are exploring themselves and seeing where it was they once were, where they will go all throughout time perpetually until all conscious states reach a greater equilibrium or state of harmony until consciousness realizes itself is all just light.

15

Can psyches and archetypes become deeply entangled across space and time? If synchronicity is acausal, beyond any causal influences of ordinary matter, perhaps as another state of matter, or has the properties of photons or other bosons. A force cutting through time.

Cognitive and genetic resonance akin to a morphogenetic field, a psychogenetic field, which contains a landscape, bodily objects, and soul-like agents bound together as one, yet with another higher force of the whole of the world and its myths in one's presence.

With the hermetic axiom of things which are alike will attract that which is alike (paraphrased), perhaps consciousness or the psyche is a wave-like phenomena as it knows mostly waves. Sound waves, light waves, mechanical waves. But with archetypes being constants in this field.

16

Atlas will forever and eternally be condemned by Zeus to stand at the western edge of Gaia for perpetuity until whatever fate by Zeus he has been given becomes completed and satisfied and, however that might occur, one may draw upon his stories and myths as inspiration yet would be but a shadow of the myth itself?

Shadows of a greater goal at that. artistic teleology that cycle within nature itself, which attempts to integrate and enmesh and play out its wishes, desires of its own nature. The teleological nature of nature allowing more and more space and time to become a playing field?

Atlas' creative fate being immortality, however subjective primarily, yet as climate changes further, more and more of the cosmos comes into view and we see the universe as it is in actuality. we see the reasons for once believing behaving, knowing the myth to be true?



17

Can a state of consciousness be described as Sophic?

18

Does the universe have its own nature? What is the relation of the universe and a monad? Nature and the (a?) monad?

Monad->Universe->Nature?

Nature->Monad->Universe?

Universe->Nature->Monad?

Like atoms emitting photons when they jump from low energy states to higher energy states, so too can one turn one's fiery pain to brightly shining, highly luminous, and even radiant states from the fires of consciousness. Pain can illuminate hidden colors of self.

19

What if as a creator or artist, you accidentally and unintentionally pull and draw from the collective consciousness, the zeitgeist or spirit of the time, both knowingly and unknowingly, from whatever local and momentary space-time coordinate of any place and location, limited only to one's knowledge?

20

I once imagined and seen the entire world as a work of art – every bit of qualia, whole cities, street names and all, all works of art made by and from ourselves in the world. We all became artists, no matter the occupation or vocation. Like a lone ant seeing the entire hill they are all together building as a whole. It is beyond any and all explanation, an impossible to complete mystery. There was a as though the whole and entire over-mind trapped and contained within, in a singular mind in and of itself, a part of the whole reflecting the whole as a whole.

A piece of infinity. Et sic in infinitum.. and so on, and so on...

21

Consciousness as consciousness seeing,  
hearing and perceiving as another other.

22

With 'the fire of consciousness', and 'the fire in the equations',  
and with 'consciousness on fire', consciousness is the equations' fire.

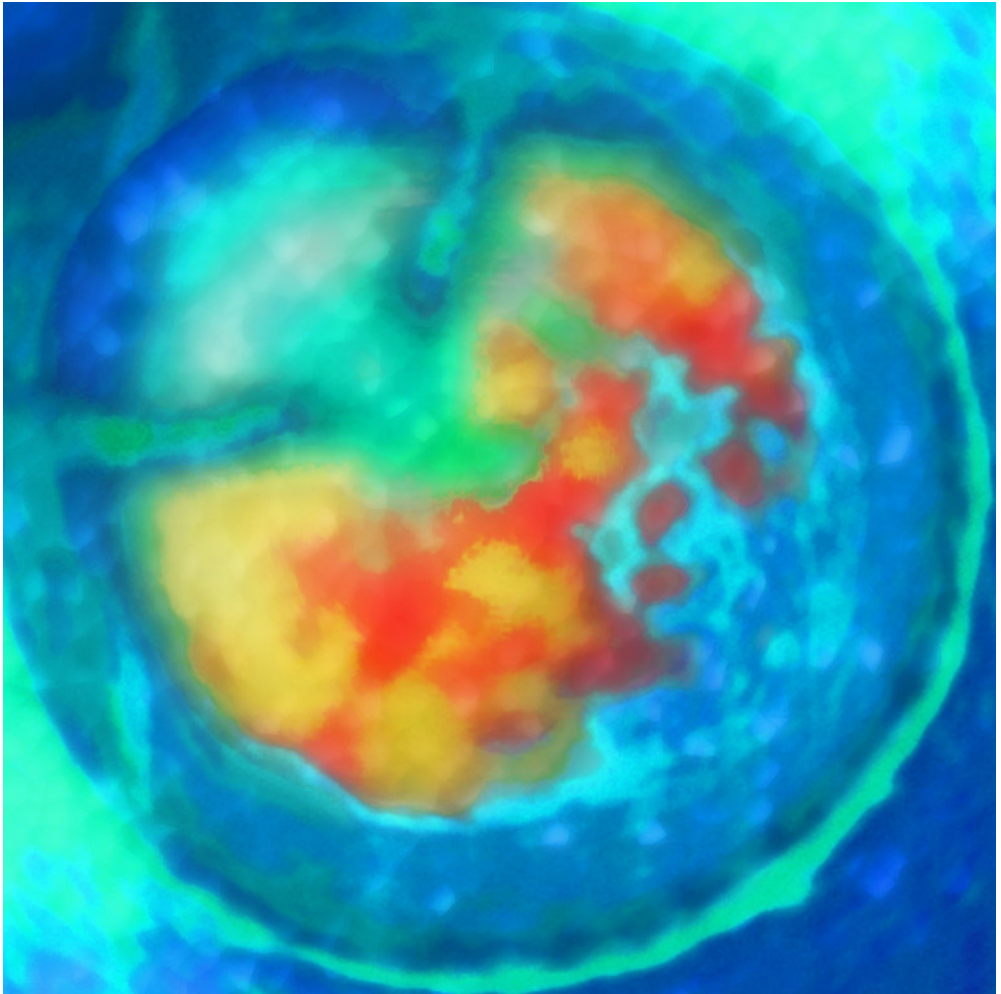
23

The universe gives sensory experience its data,  
Senses get experienced through consciousness,  
Consciousness senses in experience,  
Consciousness experiences the universe's senses.

Earth is a datum of the universe,  
Consciousness takes in datum of what is near it,  
Earth's data is near to consciousness,  
Earth is represented within consciousness,

Earth is a datum near consciousness.  
Earth is within the universe.  
Near to consciousness is the universe.  
Earth in the universe is within consciousness.

Contained in consciousness is something conscious.  
Conscious things contain what is in consciousness.  
In consciousness is the earth within the universe.  
What is contained in consciousness is conscious.



24

Through a singular song, an entire state of mind can be transmitted through its words and may lead into entirely new states of consciousness originating from one mind into another, psychically transmitted via music to one mind in any present ever-now.

25

Consciousness has an eternally irreducible nature. Visions and penultimate consciousness experiences to be witness to are never exhausted nor emptied. As with other incompleteness, the mind or psyche will never, nor can't, be fully modeled or reduced.

26

Sure, we can imagine the universe as conscious, as we are fragmented presences of the universe with our own consciousness, but can we imagine being just as consciousness as the universe?

The universe puts constraints on consciousness, but can consciousness constrain the universe?

27

Presence could be seen as a neutral ontology of consciousness, mind, and awareness, as well as the material world of matter and form. Both subjective and objective domains imply a presence towards some direction or another, be it inwardly or outwardly directed.

28

When people discuss consciousness, there may be a need to first define what consciousness is. Perhaps too with the cosmos, there should be more of a need to first define what the cosmos actually is before it can be called a mind, a simulation or otherwise.

29

I wonder if there can be definitions for both consciousness and the cosmos that allows for an apparent isomorphism between the two, where they seem to appear to be one and the same phenomenon, or at least can be described in similar terms where the two are less bifurcated. Considering the phenomenon of consciousness in the cosmos as a 'Philosophers' Stone', the entire cosmos has slowly been transmuting, dissolving, and coagulating its own prima materia of nothingness into somethingness which consciousness does too by attempting to make sense of all phenomena.

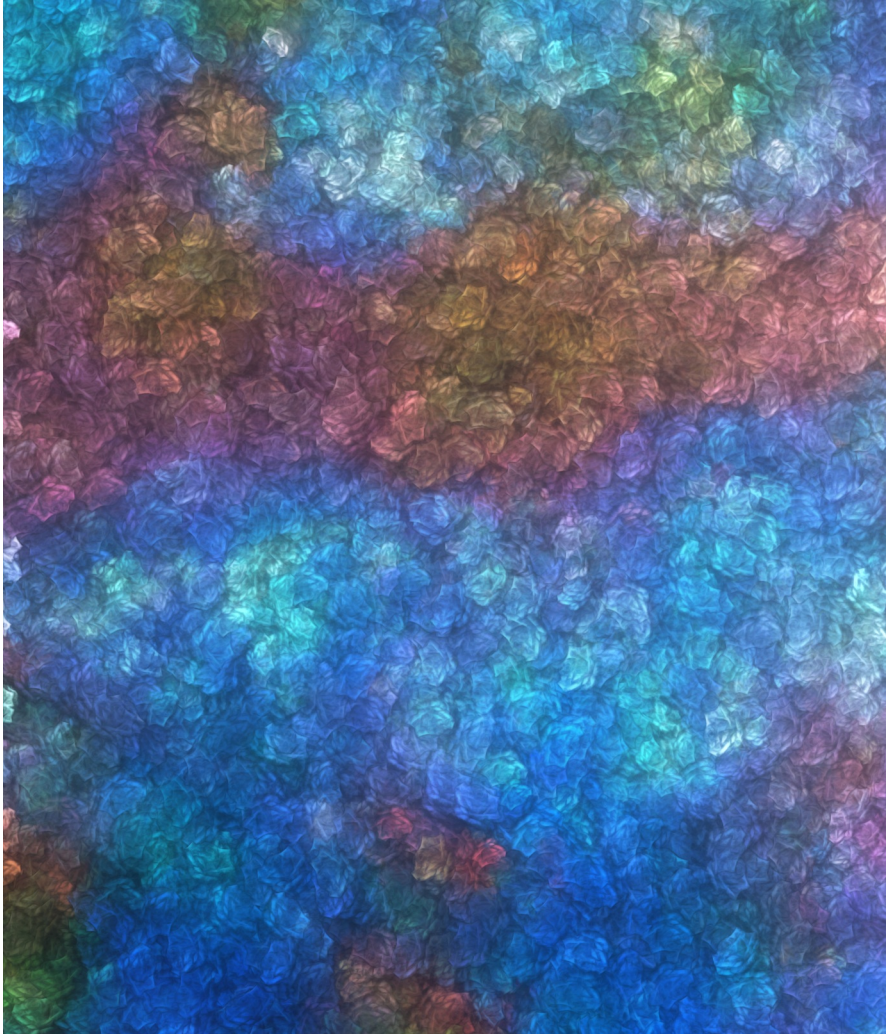
30

The cosmos contemplates creating consciousness,  
The cosmos contemplates consciousness creating.  
Consciousness contemplates the cosmos creating,  
Consciousness contemplates creating the cosmos.  
The cosmos completes creating consciousness,  
Consciousness completes creating the cosmos,  
Creating consciousness completes the cosmos.  
The cosmos makes consciousness complete,  
Consciousness makes creativity complete,  
Creativity makes the cosmos complete.  
The cosmos makes creativity complete,  
The conscious cosmos completes creativity,  
Creativity makes consciousness complete,  
Consciousness makes the cosmos complete.  
Creativity completes the conscious cosmos.  
Creativity of cosmos contemplates consciousness,  
Creativity of consciousness contemplates the cosmos.  
The cosmos is creatively complete,  
  
Consciousness is completely creative.





SECTION IV  
MUSINGS & POEMS



# Cosmonium

Cosmonium to chaosmium,  
The universe contains particulate seeds,  
Interstellar dust as the soil, the medium,  
To sprout forth where emptiness needs.

Moon dust to moon dust,  
Planetary ashes to planetary ashes,  
Supernovae recycling is a must,  
With galaxy-wide marks and dashes.

Cosmic strings of the one singer that sings,  
To be at home in the drone of the Aum,  
At home in a universe that rings,

Other times, lost in the writing of a poem,  
Creativity making everything and other things,  
Subjectivity, objectivity, just the seed on a roam.

The seed of the cosmos gaining its bark,  
Rings to indicate its age of billions and billions,  
The cosmonium has certainly made its mark,  
As a single particle, but impressing millions.

To the Universe, I say to you, I am

The one and the same,

But as a piece of the big bam,

I came to play in this cosmic game.

## Haikus

Freely determined  
The Will determines to be  
Free from its freedom

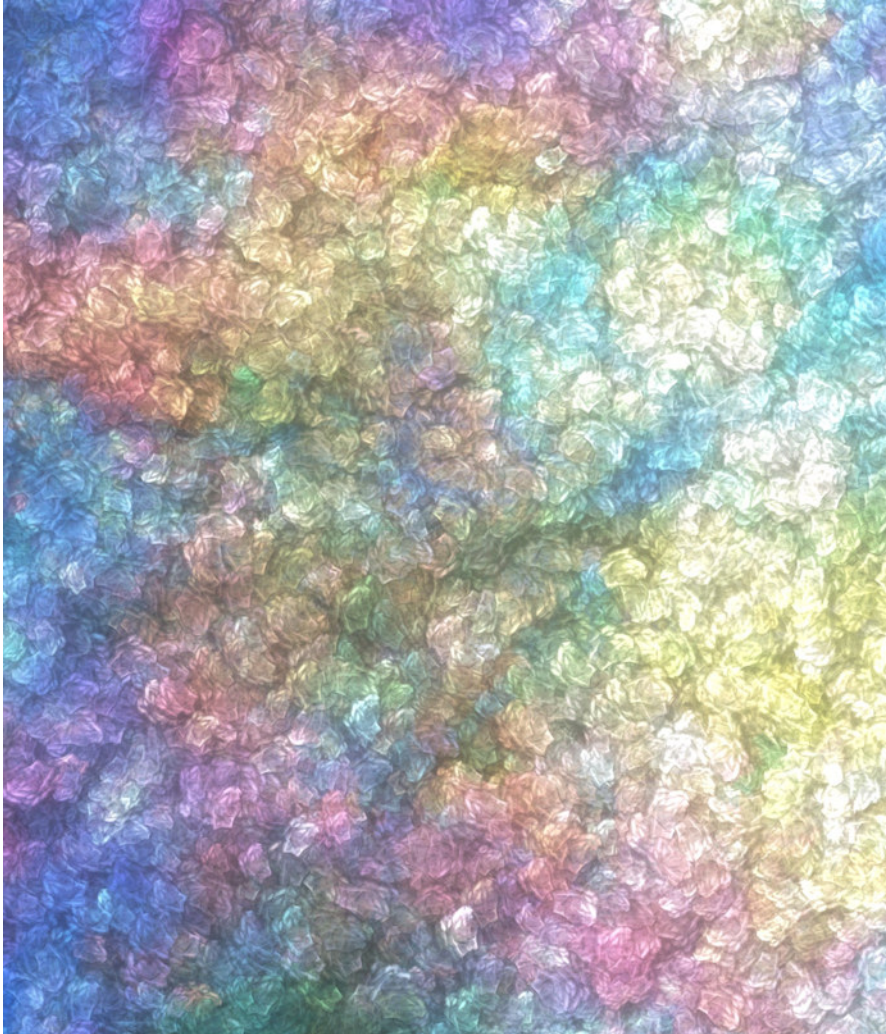
Matter through thinking  
Mind makes its matters matter  
By thinking it through

Fate of the psyche  
Spirit rises to the skies  
Dives deep down, repeat

Memory-made past  
Anticipated future  
Split between the two

Mind in universe  
Contained in and containing  
Universe in mind

Causes and effects  
Open to their fated ends  
May change all at once



## Fate of an Ovate

Seeing is to calculate,

Rational visions as of late,

A natural philosophy, but first wait,

Know that madness is not hate,

Yet is an opening to a grander gate,

Make first ye know the celestial date,

This altogether is what makes fate;

The fate of an ovate.

## Universal Music

A fabric of space-time-styled rhyme

So that for itself time can chime

With resonance, the fabric of space

Is the place for some good bass

gravity waves as the records

Instruments of stars for chords

Pulsars as speakers were made

Nebulous soundscapes that played

Universal Music

## One for All, All for One

Sonderous universe

Solipsistic multiverse

Communal macrocosm

Individual microcosms

Each in their own galaxy

Galaxies to each their own

Nebular but simultaneous

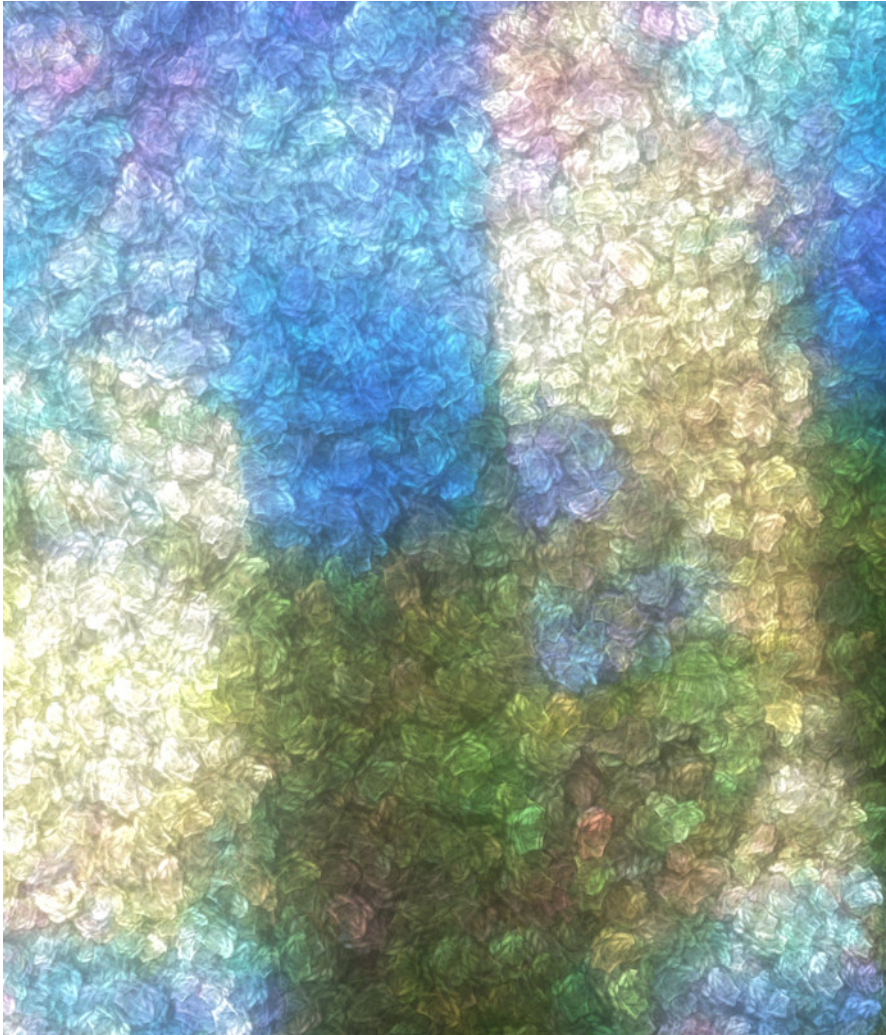
Singular but nebulous

Simulacra in all evolution

Sacra in one emulation

Chaotic ontic creativity

Cosmic poetic interactivity



## Ocean

Beginning in an oceanic space

In a deep, dank aquatic place

The primordial pool of ponderance

A being of one's persistent endurance

The stream within the self of one

The flow of life has just begun

Vents and heat around the forms

Through thermodynamics it informs

The beings now in cells of the vents of the seas

Floating from and into one another's' processes

Processing and cycling each being anew

Cooperation for most, selfishness for few

Moving now in the stream, down and down  
Picking up tools and skills from all around'  
Aquatic adaptations such as with that of gills  
Adding many new sensory sets of skills  
Eventually coming to the lands edge  
Gathering and mingling at the ledge  
Can we even go there, beyond the shores?  
If we do, will we be in pain from sores?  
Deciding to go along and through with it  
Nothing stopped the instincts from doing it  
Now settled on the sands of the beaches  
Oh how far did the creatures make their reaches  
Dense forests which then grew and grew

Finding land and its effects were totally new  
Trees had evolved with the creatures' synapses  
Breathing opposite to the airless lapses  
More mechanisms for the breath of life were needed  
A boom of generation was made and then seeded  
A setting into stone of life's intentions  
A conquest of all the dimensions  
Lands center was now been reached  
Through the murk and mire, life soon breached  
Eons, eons, and eons soon pass on by  
Life needs a penultimate reason why  
To search and find more above  
A task, a mission to further share the love

Beings into the skies and higher were their flight

Just to spark a candle, a way for there to be light

Beginning again in an oceanic space

In a deep, dank, this time cosmic place

The primordial pool of ponderance

Self-sustaining one's endurance

Beginning again in an oceanic space

In a deep, dank, this time cosmic place

The primordial pool of ponderance

Self-sustaining one's endurance

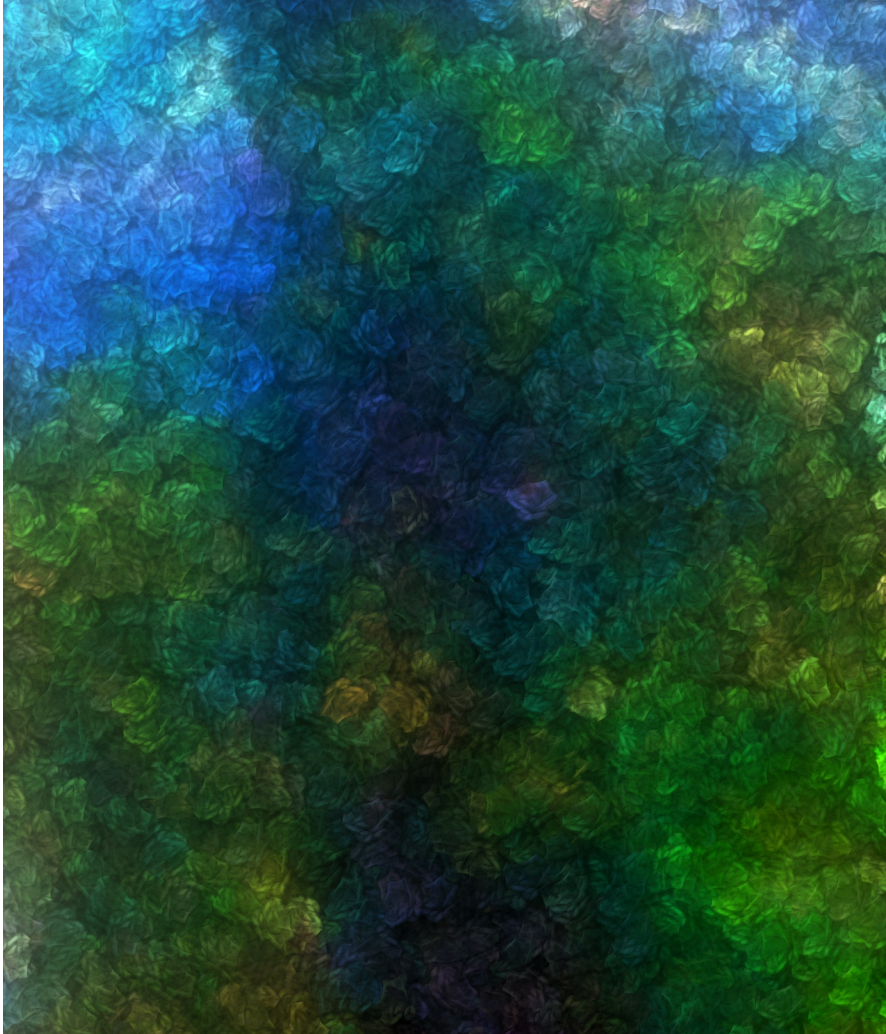
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The beings now in cells of the vents of the seas  
Floating from and into one another's' processes  
    Vents and heat around the forms  
Through thermodynamics it informs  
    The stream within the self of one  
    The flow of life has just begun  
The primordial pool of ponderance  
    A being of one's own endurance  
    Beginning in an oceanic space  
    In a deep, dank aquatic place



I once imagined the entire planet Jupiter as a conscious being. To see this as true is, for now, beside the point. It is through the act of imagining which allows the world and the cosmos that we are in to be perceived anew from moment to moment. Through imagining, there are significant effects produced from activity in the animating potential of the psyche by creating thoughts in the form of images and perceiving what could be, rather than has to be or has been, true. Whether something is virtually unreal or actually real and vital, it is through imagining the mysteriousness of reality that can equip us with the ability to perceive unknown worlds. Imagination can reveal ourselves as existing far beyond any seemingly isolated domain and limited scope of our world. It could be through seeing and perceiving entire worlds in the cosmos as conscious beings animated with imagination, as alive, that can help us come to perceive the infinite sea of diversity in the cosmos. The act of imagining may also help us to reveal what else that it could become. To imagine the cosmos inside of ourselves and to imagine self-hood somewhere within the vast cosmos, the universe and ourselves might have more in common than we may perceive and know at first glance. It may be that the cosmos as a whole exhibits the highly creative act of imaginably advancing itself forward. With the cosmos containing us within its much grander, more active imaginative function than we can imagine, we may begin to wonder if we are mere shimmerings within the dreaming of a grandiose being. Imagination affords us to see and know ourselves as creative beings within the universe, further revealing that each imaginative moment could be the very function of the cosmos itself.



SECTION V  
LOST WRITINGS



## Finding Value

Is it possible to gain value from a psychotic experience? Not just gaining value while in recovery, but from the experience itself? It may be difficult finding anything remotely positive from psychosis, although it can be found. How exactly can value come about? It may all be a matter of perspective. As perceptions become altered during psychosis, this can lead to many new, wild, and strange thoughts. If it's more episodic in nature, these thoughts have a certain novelty to them which can add to a broader scope of what constitutes reality, through perspective, that is, if we can return to a semblance of normalcy afterwards. With novel views now adapted into the felt presence of immediate experience, there is no longer an ability to rely on a consensus to tell us what reality is or isn't. Our views become immensely directed inward via perception, and what once was can not always be seen as reliable.

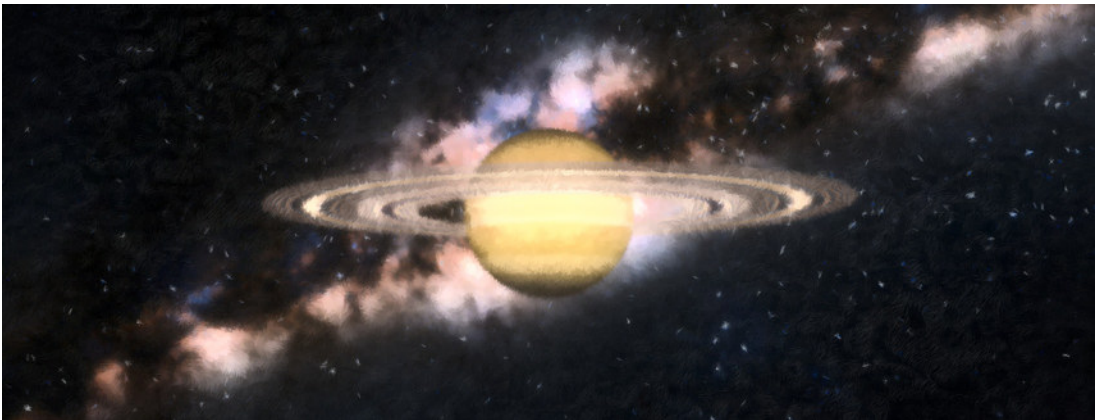
Not that there is any actuality or truth to these perceptions in the least, but rather, it is that we can see just how subjective, not objective or concrete, most of reality is. Adding our own mental states and subjective experiences to our understanding of the world at large, we can be a force of change within the larger consensus world-view.

Besides adding our subjectivity to the way things work, we can also try as we may to look for some meaning to, from, underneath, and behind our experiences. The meaning will be as unique as the person experiencing them. It could be a spiritual meaning, a purposeful one, an underlying physiological one, or however you yourself may see and interpret it. If any sort of meaning can be found, there could also be a deeper understanding. An understanding of ourselves, others, the world, and everything else that we may not consider as a part of us as individuals.

Through understanding others, we can also find value in helping and being there for those who have or may be undergoing their own psychotic experiences. There may be newfound connectedness with our peers that, if we are well enough in recovery, we can share and inform what it's like to live beyond the diagnosis, how we cope and adapt to everyday life, and what can be done to better ourselves in some or any way.

Value can and will perhaps be the most difficult thing to find once again after a schizophrenia diagnosis. But if there is a finger hanging onto the ledge, we can hopefully pull ourselves up and get a glimpse of whatever value may be there. Adding to our understanding of the mind and world, there may be more than just value. Meaning can also be found and the two may go hand in hand with each other. Highly dependent on the person, meaning and value are something to strive toward.

A few more things to note; this is most likely a long, enduring, and ongoing process that may take years, decades, and even an entire lifetime. There is also no right or wrong answer to what we can get out of the process either, just that there may be something that could be seen as being positive rather than the assumed and projected doom and gloom from what we hear about schizophrenia and psychosis.



## Changing Mind

The biggest change in my life was when I was given a diagnosis of schizophrenia. At the time it was world-shattering and was never something that could have been expected, but since then, I've been slowly picking up the shattered fragments and piecing them back together. The world now shines anew with much to be seen. Although an altered life came about from this diagnosis, for now, it is for the better. With different stages of recovery, it took years to get as far as I have got and to where I am today, to feel both physically well and psychologically good about myself.

Before ever thinking about how to cope with the diagnosis for the better in any way, it took a lot of down time and recovering, filled with days and weeks of reading, learning, and understanding what I could about the mind or psyche, what it is, and how it can function. Not being conscious of the broader changes I was making, the understanding I took away from these private studies allowed me, in a way, to no longer be just a slave to the psychotic mind and brain. Reading up on and learning about psychiatry, psychology, and philosophy of mind was a mostly a leisurely activity, something that I could do while still experiencing the negative symptoms.

With all of those thoughts of mind in my mind, I began to contemplate what could be done with such information, knowledge, and potential insight. This took years to incorporate and integrate, just seemingly at first, until I came to the realization that I could use the information I picked up to get things in order. These 'things' that I was getting in order were my own grasp and sense of who I am, what I am, and how I am.

Now, having a better sense of myself, through years in the making, things started going my way with a much greater ease. The changes made since being put in the psychiatric ward were now appearing in many different ways. There just needed to be a place, an outlet, to use the new understanding of the mind in a beneficial way. The outlet I am preparing to get into is through allowing others to see the good of going through what some might consider as an initiatory process, a coming of age.

In the action stage of making these changes in my life, I am now taking a recovery support training course, which will, hopefully, lead to further peer support training and eventually peer support work. Further action in this direction also takes place with this blog and site as well – to show that schizophrenia is not necessarily the end of a good, fulfilling, and even flourishing life. It all has a place in humanizing the 'initiate' past the diagnosis and into a refreshed, renewed, and reconciled mind with self. A mind that perhaps would not have emerged if the experience never came around or had occurred.

Maintaining the effects of betterment and understanding takes a lot of work. Keeping the mind and everything in top-notch shape, there must be constant learning and updating to the held state of mind. Writings, such as this, can be quite good and well in allowing the mind to work out whatever may need to be worked out through language and to allow others to see the workings of the mind as well. Maintenance may be the hardest, yet most, fulfilling stage of making serious changes. Hard in that it requires consistency. Fulfilling in that the results come around through this consistency.

In getting to understand the mind, there will never be a termination point or a true completion. It may require a life-long process, but with possible setbacks and relapses, it could all once again shatter, and if it does, there are fragments that will hopefully remain polished which will be easier to piece together next time around.

## Building Resilience

One great adaptation and takeaway of dealing with and adjusting to something like a chronic illness is that of resilience. An illness that is life-long and enduring may potentially allow us to build up our strength for whatever else may eventually come our way. Hopefully, with enough effective observation, insight, and a broader overall perspective, there is room to reconstruct our sense of being, how we can adapt, and more. It may require some amount of time and effort, but it can be done.

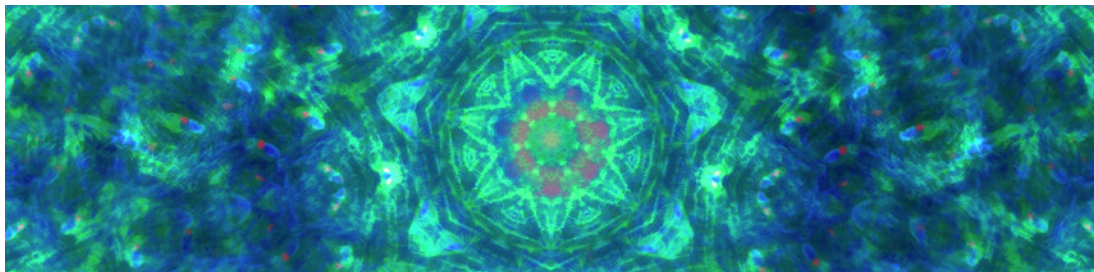
If there is one thing a psychosis diagnosis in particular has taught me, it's that things ebb and flow, fade in and out, and each circumstance comes with its own unique set of experiences and peaks and valleys to adapt to. It is these fluctuations that allow for growth and change to come about and for there to be room for a nourishing and flourishing of our lives to emerge. It may be near impossible, or challenging to say the least, to see while in the throes of an episode of psychosis, or when it's very prominent, but much like an upward spiral, we can always move toward a brighter horizon.

Resilience within ourselves can arise and show up through an enduring process that, no matter what, we cannot escape from. It is what compels us to see hope of a better future for ourselves, others around us, and our community at large. Without any resilience, there may not even be anyone alive at this moment, as we already are, and have been, facing challenges everyday up to here now. Even without always knowing it, there is almost always some form of being resilient to the ebbs and flows of the waters of life that we all wade in. When there is any sort of challenge thrown our way, either in the present moment or somewhere down the line, it takes a toll just knowing there's something to overcome. But it is how we handle any challenge which permits us to persist, endure, and build resilience to future problems.

It can be very helpful to be enduring and persistent in coming to the conclusion that, in any situation, there are things to be gained and things to be lost, and that there is possibly always something to strive for or towards. The notion that, no matter what, we have the power in our own hands to decide for ourselves how we adapt to the constant and consistent ills and troubles of life, is for the most part, what is to be sought for and eventually understood. And this power, however it can be found, is what can take us from one situated and habituated outlook to the next.

As a matter of flux and change, the ebbs and flows of life can or will teach us that there are good days and bad, things that come and things that go. There is no guarantee though that one follows the other or that there are very long streaks of one over the other, and it may even change from moment to moment itself. But, in being persistent, hoping for lighter days and biding through the worst of times, there will always be a chance that we can improve how many good days we get to see. Being just a single perspective as well, being persistent in adapting to the bad days, with whatever may work, each unique situation itself a brand new day, in a way.

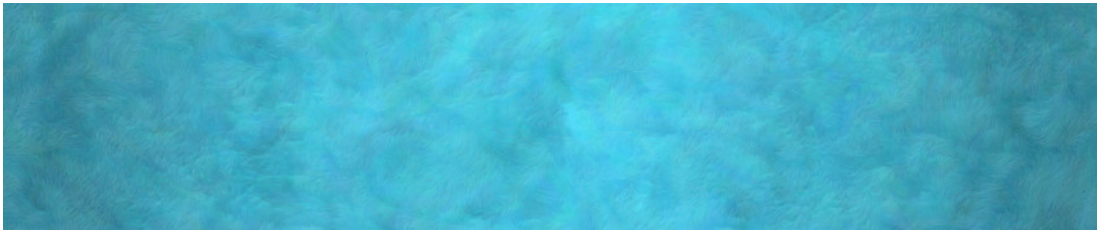
All we ever have is the present moment. It is in any one present moment, though, that we can choose how to proceed into a greater present moment, however long it may endure. For me personally, there are at least sometimes — when I am doing something constructive, creative, positive, productive, or healthy — where there is room for building resiliency to whatever is it that may currently be getting at me.



## Precipitation of Perception

As with many things, our perceptions have a set of benefits and detriments to them. This goes not only for what it is that we perceive, but also how it is that we perceive. What our perception is, is actually something rather phenomenal. As in, it is present, immediate, and allows for first-hand experience. It is first-hand experience that allows for perception to be as malleable and adaptable as it is, but yet, can be susceptible to a fault. What our perception also allows for though, through what we experience, is a subjective perspective of the world that we are embedded in and for assumptions about how the world at large should or could work.

With information accrued over time, what it is we perceive coalesces into a large, integrated picture of what reality consists of, forming the basis of the world we are embedded in. Without a phenomenal mind to take a place and step in, the larger picture of reality we have just wouldn't be the same, if there were one at all. There would be no one observing it at all. No color, sound, taste, smell, or feel – senseless. All there would be to it would be sensory data streaming in, the processing of it, and then an output function that best suits the data inputted. However, we do have perception and things we can perceive which allows for further processing of that data that ties the picture into a unified whole. Perception is what helps give us the capability to see, hear, taste, smell, feel, and sense the image of the world at hand. Something rather phenomenal.



With what it is we perceive, it doesn't take much further than having a look around you at any moment. The immediate environment of which we are part of is where most of our perception takes place. The sensory stream around your local environment for what it is is what you can perceive for the most part. You may either see your own mind and self as a part of this, or you may disregard that idea. What is dependent though is what you have around you is usually what is perceived. Not to be confused with a particular stance, disposition, or opinion on something, the phenomenal perception talked about here is more related to phenomenal conscious experience. It is what it is like to be something, to see, and to really feel and know something. Adjoined with our conscious experience, perception is something that integrates and unifies our views and even gives us a view of having in the first place. Being so inextricably linked to one another yet separate in a way, there may be a dissonance to what we experience and how we perceive that experience to be.

A dissonance between the two can lead to some faulty assumptions and presumptions of the world. Assumptions that may be detrimental to our well-being in life and presumptions that may take us down destructive paths. It is with caution to call anything within our perception as being faulty. Rather than putting the onus onto what we perceive as the one at fault, it is rather a lack of or a misconstruing of information that takes what we perceive down these dark paths. If the information we were to take in and which we are informed of is honest, correct, true, and veridical, there may never be a dissonance. But the fact is that we do have dissonance at times. When two or more bits or complexes of information do not line up with one another, it can cause what we perceive to be out of line with reality. Our reality, being as broad as it is, is never dishonest, incorrect, or untruthful. However, it may not always be veridical. Although, it is what we perceive to be real that may or may not have a dispositional honesty, correctness, or truth to it. That isn't to say perception itself may lie to us, but only what we perceive to be real in any given instance.

Having our perception, perceptions, or our perception of perceptions not the thing at fault, this would mean that anything regarding hallucinations or delusions would not be seen as something outright and entirely wrong. It would, in turn, mean that there may be information which has yet to be fully integrated from any experience. And it is the dissonant information from an experience that may lead to a faulty processing of that information. There is with any information processed by the brain, a salience or importance to it that makes and allows for that information to be known to the mind. It is this salience from any perceptions that may lead us astray from what the information itself pertains to, how it is interpreted, or in how it exhibits itself as behavior. Without any safeguards in place, the flow of information may and can run amok. But it is this running amok that our perceptions, being something out of the ordinary, can show us what is or could be possible in the world.

Our world which may or may not be entirely up to interpretation, is something we are embedded within. Being embedded in it, rather than as just placed within it, we have an effect in how things can go and what may arise into being. If our perceptions of this world, much like the world itself, are also up to interpretation, then it is at least partially up to us as to the changes we can make to it. If even it is only in our minds and not in the external world, there is something we can do to transform how things are, or at least in how we see them, and that is something very powerful. With how we see the world, we may see the changes we want to make or desire to see come to fruition, but without any handling on how our minds take in the world initially, it can easily be something that gets out of our control. Without any control in what paths our perceptions may go or lay down, this is where it can very well run amok.



When our perceptions do get out of our control, some signs and symptoms of psychosis may start to emerge, or at the very least, an irrationality. Our perceptions can lead us to believe that we may be a person with a grand status, such as being the messiah or even a god of some sort. Faulty perceptions can lead us to believe there are people out to get us, which might elicit paranoia and unease in some instances.

They can lead us to see the world as either a heaven or a hell. It is the doors of perception which we choose to open that may lead us to any one of those places. And it is the doors of perception which may once again lead us out of there as well. With perception being boiled down to the information we take in, we can always add, remove, alter, or incorporate new and old information to better fit the reality around us. The external, objective world and our internal, subjective realities, when taken hand in hand, are two complementary aspects of one whole perspective of how things are. And it is how things are that they may always be seen anew.

As the old adage goes, "the world is what you make it". And it is in the process of making it, that one can see that perception is key. But what happens when that process does make the world something inaccurately represented and makes us live in a false reality? Is there even such a thing or is that the real delusion we may have to face? It could really go either way and if the world really is what you make it, then how can either one really be seen as the correct or incorrect view? It may boil down to consensus but even then, that too is up to interpretation and also quite malleable. If no one agreed upon consensus reality, or say there is, it could be that there are some static, unchanging rules in how perception functions and works. These rules, despite being static and unchanging in how they work, may involve a variability in how they play out in our lives across time. It could have biological, psychological, and social parts all included that may factor in. If that's the case, no one domain of science may fully grasp how it all integrates into a whole and complete picture.

Not to diminish any of the current models of reality, psychiatry, or any other science on the matter, but there is more to the picture than a set of diagnosable, pathologized symptoms. There is the phenomenal human experience behind those sets of symptoms that often go unnoticed or shot down as just mere delusions and hallucinations. Undergoing those is something irreconcilable with what it is you are experiencing and what you are told you are going through by doctors. Surely though, they have good reason to diminish the errors of perception, but at times they may also diminish the more human aspect of those perceptions and what it is they may entail about reality, or even just our individual psyches, not only for those who see it that way but in the complete picture as well. Without much acknowledgment regarding some of the perceptions of an all-around extreme experience, there isn't too much psychological help that can be offered if the experiences are not met where they emerge and without the full scope they cover. And it is also without acknowledgment of the perceptions that one has that may lead to further stigmatization and low quality of life for the one undergoing the experience. As there may be as many different kinds of experiences and perceptions of the world as there are people, so too are the possible outcomes afterward. In processing and integrating them, the perceptual experiences may run as deep as the rest of the functioning brain that brings them forth.

Our experiences and perceptions shape who it is we are in life. These experiences may come directly from how we perceive ourselves and the world, indirectly in how others tell us how to perceive ourselves and the world, or in actuality, some combination between the two. But, it is up to ourselves to really put the pieces together to derive our sense of what this world really is. The process of integrating all our perceptions relies on how and what it is we expect the world around us not to be, but to be like. The best we have to work within our own limited and narrow scope of how things ought to be is the ability to change our perceptions as they update, always swaying themselves toward the latest, most recent information given.

When given and handed information that doesn't quite fit into the rest of the information we have up to that point, a dissonance may start to be faintly heard. Starting off faint and ever so slow, that there's no noticeable threshold of where cacophony begins and ends, is where perception has its limit. In the gradual increase of ever more delusional thinking and seemingly faulty perceptions of reality, there may be a blind spot as to when the threshold has been crossed. This is the limit of a single perspective however and may not go unnoticed with others around to see.

But without them undergoing such an extreme experience themselves, they may not see it for the fruits it may one day provide, but only the stubborn roots that may trip them up. All of this isn't to say that there is no value in other people stepping into someone who may be at wits end and in the deep, but such an experience may only be seen for what it is, as it is, in the eyes of the person going through it themselves. That is, without others to keep ourselves from drowning in our own world of perception, there would be a lot less sense gleaned from the undergone experiences. On the other hand, if or when the process is interrupted and abruptly ended, there may be even less to glean from those extreme experiences of perception. With a fine line to walk, there may have to be some sort of balance that has to be found. And it is in finding this balance where we find ourselves today in society.

There is all too much neglect, in some cases, for humanity to really shine where people may not quite see things as others do. But it is also in seeing things askew that also permits this, as when you can not express them properly, it is, in a way, not being the way that a normal, functioning person acts and behaves. If there were easier ways to express what may perhaps lie beyond the verbal, linguistic side of perception, there may be a balance we can find. Until that occurs though, there may always be some humanity taken away from both the mystic and the schizophrenic.

An infamous quote goes: “The mystic and the schizophrenic find themselves in the same ocean, but whereas the mystic swims, the schizophrenic drowns.” The ocean talked about here is one where perception plays an integral part. It is what belies the phenomenal experience of the schizophrenic as mere hallucination and delusion. Perception, however, is also what gives the experience of the mystic their value in the world. If the world rests upon an ocean of perception, there should be a much higher regard for the perceptual experiences of the schizophrenic. In contemporary times though, even the mystical aspect of reality has been denigrated to a point of near dehumanization, leaving little to no importance to the mystics of the past.

In comparing these two differentiated types of lives, there is not as much true insight or merit they may provide to reality as there once may have been, and there may have been little to no distinction between the two states of being before modern times. It is saying much to compare the two as equal but is saying more to say that one is in an exalted position, whereas with the other, there is a great stigma. Despite that, the similarities there are in how perception is key may be a factor almost wholly left unnoted. It may take a new term to classify what is today considered a mystical experience with psychotic features, or a mystical psychosis, but doing so we may see and perceive them to neither be separate nor the same, but something new, novel, unique, strange, or something reformative to all our other perceptions as a whole.



## Novitic Experiences: Whereas the Mystic Swims and the Schizophrenic Drowns, the Novitic Floats

There may be a need for a new term to classify what is today considered a mystical experience with psychotic features, or a mystical psychosis, but doing so we may see and perceive them to neither be separate nor the same, but something new, novel, unique, strange, or something reformative to all our perceptions. To come up with a new term, a term that finds neutral ground between the mystic and the psychotic, we need to turn to what it is that is common between the two. This may be done in both how they exhibit themselves from an outside perspective and in how the perceptions of those undergoing the experience manifest personally and internally.

It shall take both the external and internal to get a semblance of what it is that may unite these two types of experiences. In the outer domain, there are changes in actions, behaviors, and functioning that may be quite radical in either of the people coming out of such extraordinary experiences. In the inner domain, it is the radical changes that are mostly starting off in the perceptual aspect of the mind, that is, in how things get interpreted, processed, and cognized by the mind. With both domains taken together, changes affect cognitive functioning, psychological behaviours, perception, and a highly active imagination. It is within perception and the imagination though that the oddest, yet the most profound effects may occur.



Having two separate domains in two seemingly separate modes of experience, it may take finding commonalities between them that will unite them. Out of all of the changes after non-ordinary experiences, the qualities that are common are ones of emergent phenomena. Emergence being something new that appears above and beyond prior reality. Newly emerging experiences are something that arise at some later point in one's life. They are not inherent at birth, although some people may be predisposed to such experiences from very early on by either genetic factors or environmental ones. It is how they emerge though that allows for them to radically change the person behind both the psychotic experience or mystical experience.

In both a psychotic experience and a mystical experience, the emergence of them arise somewhere in late adolescence or early adulthood. This emergence means that there are possible contributing factors throughout ones' life that brings forth these types of experiences. Being emergent, there are new types of experience never felt up to that point and, unless with a chronic psychosis, may come up episodically. The episodes where these experiences manifest in ones' life may be brought on by any number of stressors, hardships, or crises. Perhaps not always being the case, however, it may be that these experiences can and do emerge from any sort of major positive or negative change in ones' life. It could be any or all radical or major changes that these heightened states of imagination and perception can emerge.



Also in these extraordinary states is a kind of novelty to each episode experienced. No two experiences in a mystical or psychotic state are guaranteed to mimic any other. This novelty behind each and every instance of experience may have to do with the current perceptions, the senses coming in, and many other psychological factors in that specific occasion. Being entirely dependent on our psychology and its contents in any given moment, there is no stepping into the same waters twice. This may either be beneficial or detrimental to well-being in that if there is a positive or negative experience, it might not be the same next time around. But however, this novelty of these experiences can itself lead to a very large and open world-view if they persist over time. Getting a perspective from many angles will always reveal more and more of the picture, even if one doesn't like what it shows.

In the societal perspective of the world, schizophrenia affects roughly one in one hundred people in every walk of life, no matter who it is or where they are. Uninduced mystical experiences may be even less world wide. Despite affecting one percent of the global population, these states of being are rather rare. They may be considered rare on multiple fronts; that nobody is open and too upfront about them, only a small portion go through them, or that there just isn't too much mind paid to them. They could also be rare in that they help us play a specific role in the world and that the role is one that not everybody can play. One reason that not everybody is suited for these two possible roles that life gives us, is that in being non-ordinary, they can appear to be rather strange. If you start perceiving things in a seemingly irrational and not so pragmatic way, there may be little that is perceived that pertains to the things that are actually around you. Not being based on the reality everyone else sees before their own eyes, the strangeness can be in how unreal the perceptions may seem. With that said, there still could be some room for truth and reality to even the strangest of perceptions. This could be in that the perceptions still have to be integrated and processed before they can really fit into the world as having some or any truth in the least.

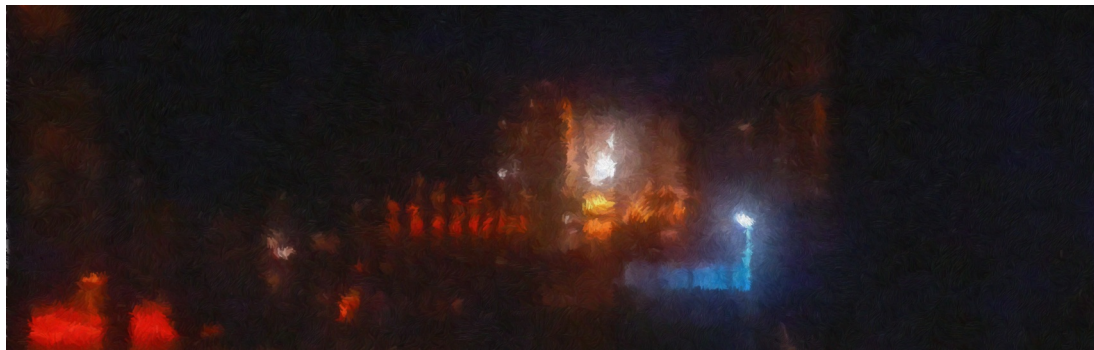
Next, there is an aspect of these experiences that is reformative in a way. Reformative, in both the mind of the one going through the extreme perceptual experiences and in the world through what can be accomplished by the mind alone. A reformation in how the mind works, functions, and is connected may lead to a drastically altered or novel view of reality. The newly reformed view may be narrow or broad in its scope. But it is how they may add new, unforeseen ways of looking at the world that may have gone by unnoticed if the experiences never emerged in the first place.

With all of this, we are brought to a single term, novitic. Derived from the Latin term, novitas, meaning newness, novelty, rareness, strangeness, or reformation, the word novitic encompasses all of what has been mentioned above. A novitic experience is one that may have a neutral ground between the mystical and the psychotic experiences, but not limited to those alone. They are ones where perception and imagination are key and have the ability to drastically alter one's course in life. Where there is so much to be gained from the experience that it could potentially last a lifetime. As drastic as the perceptual and imaginary qualities are to these novitic experiences, they are also quite subtle, at least at first. Despite having shared qualities between the two non-ordinary states of psychosis and mystical experiences, or a mystical psychosis, the novitic type of experiences may or may not be considered as non-ordinary. Novitic experiences are ones that cover a broad range of various kinds of experiences all around.



In using a more neutral term to describe these types of experiences, there is a lessening of the exaltation of one and the stigmatization of the other. With the term novitic, that is, ones of newness, novelty, rareness, or strangeness, there is almost an innocence granted to both the mystic and the psychotic. This innocence is in how instead of having these experiences seen in high contrast with one another, there is a lowering of the contrast. It brings about various shades of gray in an otherwise black and white world of the two. It is this lowering of contrast between them that we will see more of how similar they may actually be to one another, even if they aren't quite fully similar. It is through redefining our language and terms used to describe these experiences that may help us see this.

Novitic experiences, such as mystical ones, psychotic ones, and ones beyond those, are the types of experiences that allow for us to see the world in a new light that wasn't quite there beforehand. There are stages to them as well, parts of the process. It is in how one comes out of the processing of these novitic experiences that they may truly shine in their own right. They may be something so strong and powerful, that they radically shift a personality; in the actions, behaviors, and functioning of a person. Without these types of experiences, there may never be any major changes in how things work and operate in the world, as they are what leads to reform in and of everything around us, and it starts at the perceptual level.



Perception, once again, is key. It is in how our perception ties in with our experiences that allow for us to see the world in our own way. In seeing the world independently, as we all do, there is much to be gained from the unique perspective we all have and can provide for one another. New perceptions of the world are what refreshes it anew. Each time these novitic types of experiences are undergone, there are almost always with them, new outlooks and perceptions to be had. And if those perceptions are deep enough, there is much that may be built upon them. With their qualities of being rather novel, they allow us to attain new heights from their depths, allowing us to see further than before such experiences. In their rareness, there is a value to them. A value that requires the presence of these experiences to be around for us to see the world anew when and where they need to be. In their strangeness, it is in how odd and unique they are that make us question and reconsider all previous notions of what reality is. All of that contributes to how they are reformatory, not only to one's life but also the world and even reality.

The reformatory qualities are what makes a novitic experience something not to be diminished and taken too lightly. They allow for us to drastically reframe the world we live in and may be of help when that world has seemed to have taken a downturn. When things are looking bleak, having at one time an experience of something transcendent, will shine forever on. That is if the overall experience was a positive one and was not too negative. It is in how these experiences reform our sense of selves, both in our minds and in the world, that may help us see how things could be, rather than how there are in a given moment. And it is in seeing how things could be that brings about what one will potentially be. The world, much like our perceptions, is itself quite adaptable, changeable, and malleable. This makes for there to always be a possibly brighter world always on the horizon.

Novitic experiences may make it so we can see just how changeable our world and situations really are, bringing forth the potential for what they could be instead of just seeing it in how they are initially presented to us. The experiences allow for there to be much to be seen, and it is in seeing things for how they could be that the first steps of something greater can be walked. Walking along a path that one sees in their mind's eye is one of, if not the most, arduous paths one can take. Without knowing where exactly the path will take you, there may be little to no hope along the way. But it is with these experiences strength and seemingly more realness to them than reality itself that may guide one along this path. Novitic experiences are sometimes enough to get us through even the darkest corners along any path, guiding us gently until we arrive at some point along the way, only to be gone until needed.

There is no hard and fast way to determine if an experience may be one of a novitic category, only in that they change past personalities to something more highly integrated into a whole and may have a highly influential outcome. They are not limited to just the mystical and the psychotic, but those may be the prime examples. That is because, with those two classes of novitic experiences, there is a salience to them and an intense set of perceptions to them that are very noticeable. The two may go hand-in-hand if considered to be of this overarching category of experiences, in that they both can alter much of a person.

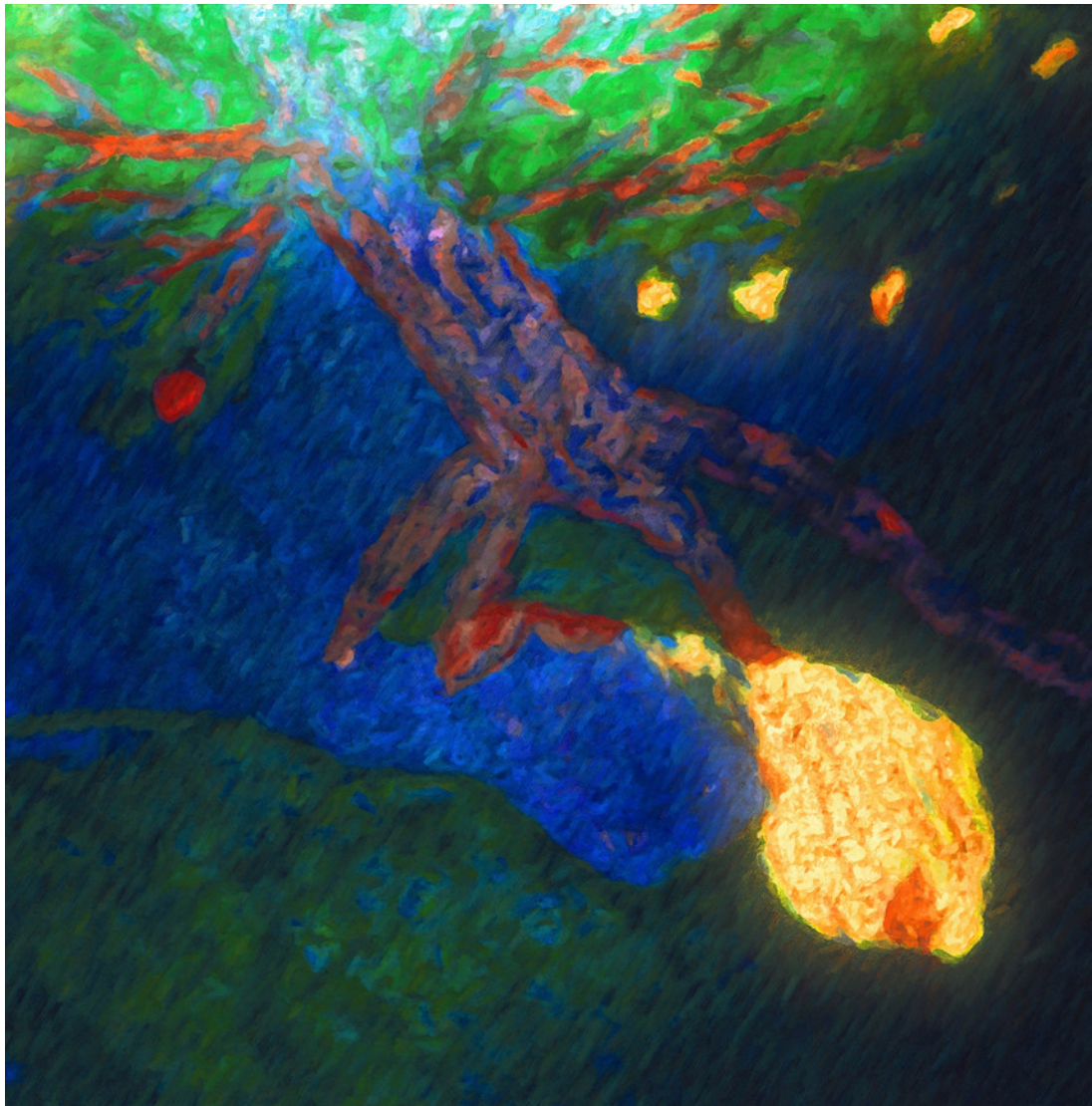


In using the more neutral term of novitic to describe them, there can be an overarching basis for them to correlate with one another, even if they are not quite the same. This is through how the overarching term of “novitic experience” is one that encompasses both. Encompassing both means there isn’t a stark contrast between the mystical experiences and the psychotic ones. Without that divide, there is more they may have in common than not. With the altered state of consciousness scale, there are at least three categories that any non-ordinary state of consciousness may have; Oceanic Boundlessness, Fear of Ego Dissolution, and Visionary Restructuralization. It is through all of these factors, for any and all non-ordinary experiences, which can be said to play a part in making an experience “novitic”.

All of those factors, the ones of the altered state of consciousness scale, can be ones that may be part of a novitic experience. The three aspects of non-ordinary states; the oceanic boundlessness, the fear of ego-dissolution, and the visionary restructuring all may lead to new, novel, rare, and strange perceptions of things. Oceanic boundlessness is something that allows for there to be a limitless sense of self, with no distinction between who it is we are and what it is we are. There is little handling on how far and boundless one may be in one of these experiences, which may lead to a very new perception of who or what it is we are. Fear of ego-dissolution, the anxiety brought about from this loss of sense of self, there is again, little handling on how we deal with this. It is with the anxiety of losing the boundaries of self that once accepted and given into, may there be a newfound and novel perception to integrate after such an experience. And in the visionary restructuring, there is much to be seen and gleaned from seeing things entirely restructured. It is in how our sight, vision, and perceptions get changed and are restructured that the so-called symptoms of hallucinations may emerge. But, it is also where visionaries have something to really bring out and back from such experiences.

Having something to bring back from a novitic experience is something quite empowering to them and where their true value may lie. Being something that is both a process in and of itself and is something too cognitively processed, the process of such experiences do not end at the experience. It is a lifelong affair that happens to one that they integrate, either fully or partially. In a fully integrated novitic experience, it can be quite difficult to tell where its effects begin and end. It is through the lack of distinction in where they may start and finish that makes them as potent as they are though. This potency is due to the experiences of boundlessness and limitlessness. They are something that integrates themselves before the experience can even be immediately felt and go on long after they have.











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