

Moments of truth, or episodic retreats into bouts of ever-greater self delusion? Such is the complexity and mystery surrounding the phenomenon of life, existence and death, that often we are confronted with extreme paradox and dichotomy, especially when our most dearly held convictions and beliefs can seem empty and without substance in the face of hard, stark reality.

We can remind ourselves of these moments. We can remember what we were doing, how we were feeling, and the circumstances. We can remember whom we were with, perhaps we were alone. We can remember the events leading up to the moment, and how these moments of truth were revealed to us.

Did we see something unique and out of this world? Did we absorb an experience that forever changed our view of the world? Were we persuaded by the thoughts and words of others – ideas that acted as a catalyst, and which crystallised what we may already have believed, but never realised – until now?

Can the power of love provide the vehicle for spiritual and mystical revelation, or merely increased self-delusion of a high order? Is it possible for the power of love to alter consciousness and unlock secrets of life and death?

And if the words and ideas of certain philosophers also solidify and add meaning, substance and depth to these mystical experiences, are those moments of truth given further weight, or is the self-delusion becoming ever more serious and far-reaching?

And if these moments of truth would appear not to contradict the laws of physics, does this not serve to further reinforce our ability as human beings to make sense of this strange phenomenon known as existence?

And what secrets might be unlocked were we to attempt to explore our primal feelings as we experienced them in the dawn of our own creation, and that period in our mother's womb when we were closer in temporal terms to our very own conception?

There are a set of thoughts, feelings and ideas that explain the inexplicable. They are contained in an exploration of the form of the universe, the nature of consciousness, death and life, and the power of love.

What can we say about life? Apparently, it has a beginning. Life is extremely resilient, and organisms in life will fight Heaven and Earth before relinquishing it. Life itself would appear to have little or no moral or ethical component inherent in it, other than one of survival, which means protecting its young, possibly to the exclusion of everything else.

Life can be compared to the workings of the internal combustion engine. Although the components of the engine are always in existence, a point is reached in its construction when it can accurately be called an engine, even though it may not function as one. Even before fuel and electricity have been supplied, it can still be defined as an engine, though there will be a grey area when it may, or may not, be an engine.

At some moment in the existence of the embryo or foetus, consciousness is switched on. However, the moment of consciousness is not the same moment as when the organism becomes alive.

From time to time, we make statements or phrases that we tend not to give a moment's thought to, but which are in actuality profoundly significant. Take the phrase *getting through life*. What exactly does it mean? It could figure in a question we might ask ourselves – what do I need to do in order to get through life without too much hassle? Pass my exams, get a good job, marry a kind, considerate person; provide security for my children etc.

An analogous phrase to *getting through life* is *driving through a tunnel*. The tunnel is not actually part of ourselves, but in order to get through to the other side, we need to confront it; we need to embrace its characteristics, powers and strengths; we need to negotiate the winds and bends inside the tunnel.

We need to know that life is strong and powerful, able to withstand the pressures and strains put on it by everyday living.

We also need to know that there is an exit from the tunnel. A tunnel with no exit would be a very strange tunnel indeed – for one thing, there would be nothing to look forward to when we reached the other side.

So it is with life. Unwittingly almost, we have given ourselves a phrase that says much about our time on this planet; for it would appear that *life* is not necessarily a part of *us*, but is more in the nature of a vehicle that allows us to get from one point to another just like the car we are driving when we travel through the tunnel.

Since we are talking about life rather than tunnels, it would appear that our existence is made up of three different states, or to be more precise, three different states or levels of consciousness. There is our consciousness before life, our consciousness whilst in life, and then the third stage of consciousness – the exit from the tunnel, or what is more commonly referred to as death.

But death is not synonymous with non-existence, although death and non-consciousness may be one and the same thing. When we drive through the tunnel and come out the other end, the tunnel has not ceased to exist; it is simply behind us; it is more the case that our whole environment has changed as we begin to experience what is on the other side of the tunnel.

Life is something we, as highly complex organisms, embrace and use. But whilst life is essential to the 2nd stage of our existence, it is not actually part of *us*, in the same way that the tunnel is not part of us; even though we are compelled to negotiate the tunnel whether we like it or not. Once we are in life though, it would become devilishly difficult to leave the tunnel through routes other than what are already in existence. In other words, to a greater or lesser extent, our lives have already been mapped out, for the exit is already in place. It's just that we don't know just how far along the line that exit is.

So, what is the common thread linking the three stages of our existence – before life, within life, and after life? It is consciousness in which we are all immersed, in much the same way as the car that takes us into the tunnel and out the other side.

But what of death? In the same way that there is a temporal interval between the moment when the baby's consciousness is switched on and the moment when the foetus becomes a living baby; so we ask the question – is there a similar interval between when consciousness is switched off and when the human being ceases to live – no matter how this may or may not be observed by other people?

Were the life-and-death cycle of the human merely a closed shop, there would appear to be no point in exploring the subject further. Yet as we get older and more thoughtful, more curious, more philosophical, sooner or later, the question pops up –who am I, and begs an answer.

The switching-on off consciousness is the moment when the human baby receives its identity, and is the moment when the baby can safely call itself 'I'. But there is a paradox. It is the paradox of uniqueness of consciousness within a unique human being; yet such an arrangement could so easily be disrupted were the human to not exist, and instead a different human conceived via a different egg cell and/or sperm.

And so the question is posed – is the baby's innate consciousness of itself uniquely part of the billions of cells that make up its body, or is consciousness an indefinable property that can be likened to a radio signal carried within the electromagnetic spectrum, and which is received into the radio apparatus via its antenna? The radio signal would have no point in existing if it could not be detected by the radio, yet the signal itself is independent of the radio. Radio 1 can be said to be unique; it can be ascribed an identity which it could call 'I'. The radio itself cannot call itself Radio 1; it can only be called a radio that happens to be tuned in to radio 1.

Likewise with the relationship between the human being and consciousness. If we think of the human as a vehicle for the propagation of consciousness, the riddle of 'who am I?' vanishes. We, as human beings, do not own consciousness; thus the consciousness that we experience is the consciousness of a single, external source. We as human beings tap into that consciousness – a common consciousness shared by all living creatures, but which can only be utilised in breathtaking ways by humans on account of our adequately developed brains.

This is in no way to confuse or subjugate those characteristics and properties that do indeed make us unique individuals – our conscience, memory, morality, our hereditary and genetic characteristics etc.

Consciousness is our link to the mystical, the spiritual, the soul, the past, the present and the future. It is our link to the wave-particle duality of nature. In a quantum mechanical world where all space and time can be divided into discrete quanta or amounts, so consciousness infuses the whole, it being continuous and timeless in the truest sense of these words.

For who amongst us has not at some time felt that there is something distinctly different and unsettling about consciousness as an entity. It appears not to be corroded

by the passing of time. It appears not to do anything, it is simply there. Unlike our memories that can often play tricks on us. Memories can be prone to the passing of time, and how often do we complain of being more forgetful the older we get?

Once, long ago in the dim distant past when we lived in a world that was totally dark, warm, and there was nothing, we became conscious. Then we became conscious that we are conscious human beings. It's always there in the background, gently egging us on to the next moment in time. Quite when we became conscious that we are conscious is another of those baffling mysteries that raises disturbing questions.

Consciousness is timeless; it occupies no space. It appears to have no properties other than one of existence. Consciousness appears to have a temporal seat, and that is the present moment. Taken in isolation, this is an obvious statement, how could it be otherwise? In order to give the statement some meaning, we need to explore the form of the universe.

We live in a world that is up and down, right and left, forwards and backwards. In the absence of any further analysis or prompting, we can safely conclude that there is nothing more to add. But then we are told –it's time to go to work, it's time to reap the harvest, to plough the field. And the sun plainly moves around the earth, for if it did not, it would never get dark or light.

Somebody must have invented time. Time forces us to worry about things, about having to keep appointments. We invent clocks to measure time, as if it is something that in some way changes, when in fact what changes is the position of objects relative to each other. This is what we observe, as well as changes in colour.

But what kind of time does the universe keep? It is relatively easy for us to define space in dimensions. A dimension is a mathematical concept that allows us to conceptualise one line dimensions when in reality, three spatial dimension can only ever exist.

A single dimension does not exist in reality. Neither do two dimensions. Two spatial dimensions can only exist within three spatial dimensions. Likewise, a one dimensional line can only exist within a two-dimensional plane.

The existence of entropy means that disorder can only come out of order; thus the one-dimensional arrow of time only moves forwards, never backwards. In other words, it is not possible to achieve order out of disorder.

The phrase- only moves forwards – is misleading, but within the framework of the dimension of time, the seat of consciousness appears to stay within the same frame of reference as time. Our measuring instruments reinforce a state of existence that is necessary to give us points of reference. The eye, for example, must necessarily be able to focus on a single point in order that the brain can assimilate specific pieces of information. Without it, chaos would reign and we would not be able to survive.

In reality, there is no forwards movement; it is simply a convenient term that people agree on – in much the same way that we agree to using money as a convenient method of exchange.

Time is made up of what we call the past, the present and the future. As if something comes into existence that previously did not exist (the future), remains in existence for a period of time (the present), but which in fact is no time at all, and then, just as mysteriously, once again ceases to exist when it has now become the past.

For how long does the present exist? It is a continuous, on-going process that is fortunately mirrored precisely by the seat of our consciousness that appears to move forwards at precisely the same rate that the future passes into the present and then becomes the past.

So what is it that is calling the shots? Is it our consciousness, or is it the passing of time? The meaning of time, and the way we live our lives, are so closely monitored and regulated that it is difficult, if not impossible, to decide whether or not there is an alternative way of analysing the mechanics of existence and its relationship to time, life and consciousness.

Is it possible to attach meaning and significance to the ideas that yesterday still exists and tomorrow already exists, only we have not got there yet? And what do we mean by 'we'?

Suppose we ask the question – what took place between 8 am and 8 pm on any particular day? Well, we moved within three spatial dimensions, though it would always have been in one specific direction. That one direction would obviously be plottable within three spatial dimensions, even if the journey required moving between two locations – between the shops and home for example. For the earth is rotating on its axis, the earth is orbiting the sun, whilst the sun is moving around a gigantic galaxy. In reality, we are only ever moving in one direction – it only appears as if we are treading the same ground over and over again. And it is at speeds in excess of thirty miles per second.

Suppose at 8 pm in the evening, the seat of our consciousness were somehow to return to 8 am in the morning. We could do something completely different – though it could never be proved. Yet we could therefore coin the notion of an alternative future, and with it the idea that there must be at least two dimensions of time. There may be only one route between London and Edinburgh, but it is contained within two spatial dimensions and means we could travel between the two cities via a finite number of alternative routes.

The same must be true of time. One time dimension must exist within a two-dimensional plane of time, for we have a finite number of real choices in how we spend time when moving from the present and into the future. Are 'we' moving through the universe, or is the universe moving through us? Is it the future becoming the present, or is it the present that moves into the future?

Or is there in fact no present, no future and no past? How long does the present last? No time at all. Is it only the intervals between moments in time that have meaning and significance?

Consciousness is the single, unbroken continuous thread that links all the moments of time in a universe that is governed by quantum-mechanical laws. Whilst consciousness is timeless and occupies no space, so the physical universe by contrast is fixed in position at any moment in time. The physical universe exists as a quantum mechanical phenomenon, whilst the seat of our consciousness changes in order to give the semblance of motion, and with it, the illusion that we are in some way moving forward in time.

An alternative future means an alternative past and therefore two temporal dimensions. Is there a third dimension of time?

To answer this question, it is now necessary to explore the degree to which our imagination can take us, for there is no proof, only conjecture and romance. Possibly, it is all false and misleading. We do, however, like to think of a human race that is evolving, and that with each generation, the human race becomes a little wiser, a little more compassionate. But ultimately, we are nothing more than machines designed to breed, watch our children grow up, only to repeat the cycle.

But what of the individual? Is our life solely one of being born, growing up, pro-creating and then dying? Is there not perhaps a more ingenious plan?

If such a Grand Plan does exist, can it not also include personal evolution of individual human beings? And if so, what would be the mechanism for realising just such a personal evolution? How many times have we said to ourselves – if only I'd done such and such differently?

Supposing there are moments of truth in our lives that almost compel us to want to relive those moments again, to experience something so incredibly beautiful and revealing that to live it only once would surely be a crime against living the experience in the first place.

And so we are drawn to the idea that would seem to make immortality a reality for certain specific individuals,

Every point in space exists for an infinite period of time. Every moment of time embraces every point in space. The eternal now.

From the moment consciousness is switched on to the moment it is switched off, consciousness knows the precise route, both spatially and temporally that we have taken. Consciousness is not bound by the normal rules. It is timeless, so the seat of consciousness at any one moment determines *when* we are.

One could say that the Angel of Death pulls the switch on consciousness, while the Angel of Life throws it. At the moment of death, the Angel of Death takes the seat of our consciousness and reroutes it back to our own beginning through the Primal Gate which she then hands back to the Angel of Life.

A new life is about to be lived; though it is not the same life that went before. The new life can live in the two-dimensional plane of alternative future, but separated by a once-only movement along the third dimension of time.

We hypothesise that the past still exists, and the future already exists (only we have not got there yet). Further, the present exists, but for no time at all.

A true paradox. Although consciousness is timeless and continuous, it is the focal point of consciousness (its seat) that we define to be the present moment in time. Consciousness knows the precise route its carrier has taken from beginning to end.

What are the implications behind the hypothesis that the seat of our consciousness could be repositioned along our time line? Could this be realised by certain fundamental particles that remain fixed in space and time, and which act as nodes or markers. The so-called dark matter of the universe? So while the universe races ahead, these particles at the moment of their creation stay fixed at their space-time point of creation – much like a buoy bobbing up and down in the ocean. Buoys would not be subject to quantum mechanical laws or relativistic field theory. No wonder we don't see certain fundamental particles for more than a fleeting moment.

Suppose fundamental particles such as tachyons endowed with negative energy could provide a means whereby the seat of consciousness can jump between buoys, each buoy having an entrance and an exit defined according to our 6 dimensional coordinate system. However, if the seat of our consciousness were to be repositioned from the present to the past, then to all intents and purposes, the carrier would appear to be dead, since his consciousness would have left him. At the very least, he would be in deep, deep coma.

Of course, at the real moment of death, this is what happens, and it is merely conjecture to suggest that the seat of consciousness could somehow be repositioned at the beginning of life while the carrier is still in life. It would do this by passing through the Primal Gate which would have to have been confronted and opened, and even this would be governed by forward movement along the third dimension of time. So perhaps time travel, even it only involved repositioning of the seat of our consciousness i.e. there is no physical displacement, is illusory and impossible. But who can tell?