

The Dark Night and Bright Day of the Soul

A BOOK ABOUT QUANTUM PHYSICS

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Time in Chaos

Once again, I looked at the film taken during our trip to Lebanon. It's odd that the film still touches me in spite of the fact that I have seen it several times. It was the end of September 2017 that the Kronoberg County Council arranged a trip to Beirut in Lebanon for people who worked, or came into contact, with refugees in Sweden. We were 26 eager travelers who visited volunteer organizations, FN organizations, refugee camps and the newly opened Swedish Embassy, or rather the Ambassador's residence. Furthermore, we met influential Lebanese political and religious leaders.

As if this was not enough, the journey had another dimension for me – my spiritual development.

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After a long journey, including a six-hour wait in Istanbul, I was in my hotel room at last and started to unpack. It was the first time I had used that suitcase and I had definitely packed it myself. Then how was it that there were two keys on the top of my packing? I didn't see them when I closed the suitcase back home. After having experienced sim-

ilarly unexplainable things many times before in my life, I didn't worry too much about it but fell asleep and slept the few hours that remained of the night.

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Both my parents during their lifetimes were interested in foreign politics. They met in Germany just after World War II where they worked for the Red Cross feeding orphaned children. My father was in fact ordered to go to the train station and collect my mother when she arrived to take up her duties in Essen. They simply couldn't miss each other. It was not the first time they had been overseas. My mother worked her way over to the United States on a boat five times and my father had participated in the Finnish Winter War that lasted from 1939 to 1940. He belonged to a group of Swedish volunteers who went to fight on the Finnish side after the Soviet Union had attacked Finland. My father continued serving overseas even after he had married my mother. In 1953, during the Korean War, he was stationed in North Korea while my mother and three-year older sister were home in Sweden waiting for me to be born.

In 1958 he served in Jerusalem and we three other family members spent a year with him there. Was it perhaps the similarity to the seething life in Beirut that reminded me of our life in Jerusalem or why was I affected so much?

Like many others, I followed in my parents' foot-

steps, which in our case meant an international life. I studied English at a girls' school in England, French in Provence in France and was a travel guide stationed at various destinations in Europe and the Caribbean for a few years. When I was working at a shelter for women outside Bangkok in Thailand, I began to realize that a university education was pretty much necessary if I wanted to get further. Social anthropology, international relations and human rights became the topics I studied at Stockholm University but, in spite of this, I did not find any work where I felt I had landed right.

During the years 2003–2006 I was in Tajikistan two months every Autumn and two months each Spring, together with a young Tajic man, Shavkat, and a slightly older Swedish man, Ingemar, whom I had got to know at a school in Skåne. Holma College of Holistic Studies was the name of the School and there were students there from many different countries. Absolutely amazing teachers from all over the world came to this school outside Höör and all of them taught various aspects of holistic thinking and here I came in contact with quantum physics for the first time in my life without then understanding the significance it would have for me later in life. Our Tajic school project consisted of trying to create a holistic college in the town of Khujand in the north of Tajikistan. A consequence of this was that we should also build a campus using environmentally friendly materials. At last I had found my mission in

life, or so I thought. All I had done before that was, of course, a preparation for the college project.

But no! After those three years, our relations had ended completely. Shavkat had met his future wife and moved to Dubai, Ingemar had left Tajikistan long before the definitive break and I realized that there was nothing else to do but to go home and give up.

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It was no fun realizing that our project was a complete failure. Sure, it was nice to be at home in well-functioning Sweden with electricity around the clock. Electricity could be cut off for several days at a time in Tajikistan and even if it was connected sometimes during daytime, it would be cut off sometime between seven and nine o'clock in the evenings. It wasn't connected again until the next morning, at best. The weekends were no better. I used to get up around seven o'clock in order to have time to shower and cook breakfast before eight o'clock when the electricity was cut off, even if there were any water and electricity at all.

It was also wonderful to eat Swedish food and meet friends but deep down inside gnawed the feeling of a project that had failed once again. What would happen now? How would I pay my rent in Stockholm? Although I lived in a very small apartment, the rent still had to be paid. It wouldn't help if I swapped it for a smaller one.

My mother had died the year before and left me a sum of money so I managed for a while but I had to find a job.

There was no work in my world at that time that tempted me. I had inherited a dog from my mother, a small black dwarf schnauzer called Hedda. She was probably my salvation. As always when I'm not feeling so good, I put on a lot of extra pounds. The dog needed exercise and so did I. We started taking long walks.

It was easy to have a dog in Stockholm. One of the first days I was at home we were going to take the ferry from Slussen to Djurgården park. The strange thing was that I, very clearly, got the idea that I should take some money with me. I had locked my apartment door from the outside and should just leave and my logical brain said that I didn't need any money at all. I was only taking a walk with my dog and I could use my monthly ticket for local transport in Stockholm. The voice in my head, however, was insistent that I should take some money with me. I went back in and got some money. On the ferry, I met a woman with a Cocker spaniel who lived near us. I hadn't spoken to her before but like the dog owners we were, we started chatting and I asked her if I could buy her a cup of coffee. So lucky that I had some money with me. I really needed to get to know some neighbours, particularly those with dogs, as it could be very useful to be able to tip each other on various dog clinics, dog cafés, etc.

The feeling I had when I returned to the apartment to get some money, remained with me a long time.

It felt like I had floated into a sort of fluffy cloud, perhaps another dimension. It lasted until I met my neighbour with her Cocker spaniel. Had I understood the message from the voice in my head, that it was the meaning from the beginning that I should meet my neighbour and offer to buy her a coffee? Was that why I needed to have money with me? It certainly felt so.

Sometime in the 1980s I read Shirley McLaine's book "Out on a Limb" and was completely intrigued by all the so-called supernatural things she had experienced. Naturally I believed everything she wrote. Why would she lie about things that were so incredible, she was a famous actress with good reputation? That I myself would have some kind of medial ability was completely out of the question. Sure, I had listened to lectures that ended with a guided meditation but I neither saw nor felt anything, so meditation was a complete waste of time for my part. But what was it that happened when I went back into the apartment to get some money?

Since I've suffered from eczema for more than 40 years, I had long ago turned my back on traditional school medicine, at least as far as eczema was concerned. I was only prescribed Cortisone ointments whose effect lasted about 24 hours, but with the side effect that my skin became thin and cracked. The only thing that helped was genuine sun, not tanning

beds, and thus working abroad was something that I hoped could help me.

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My first destination as a travel guide was in Cyprus. I had been there on “holiday”, i.e. on holiday from eczema, several times earlier. I really loved that island and pretty soon learned its history, culture and ancient customs, to be able to inform tourists on excursions. One of the first excursions I made with tourists was to the old Stone Age village, Khirokitia. It was early in the Spring and the corn daisies shone yellow under the olive trees that glimmered like silver. It was incredibly beautiful and I experienced a real “beauty shock”, which I much to my own surprise repeated many times for the tourists.

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Holosync is a great system to get focused and relaxed, said a friend to me one day in Stockholm. It’s sort of like meditating but you don’t have to do it yourself, the disc you’re listening to meditates for you. Shall we try?

It sounded like an excellent idea I thought until I had heard the price. We decided to share the cost of these expensive discs which you had to subscribe to. It was probably not entirely permissible but to pay such a monthly subscription myself was out of the question for me.

After about a month my friend asked me if I didn’t

think it was a great meditation technique. I felt absolutely nothing and was neither focused nor happier. On the other hand, I thought it was nice and relaxing to get comfortable on the couch with the headphones on and listen to rain pelting against a roof or waves lapping on the beach. That this rainy weather and the lapping waves were something more than just sounds was something I already knew because what happens actually is that the listener sinks into the various brainwave alpha- gamma and delta levels and becomes considerably relaxed. After an hour of listening I felt a little more energized and could at least deal with ordinary daily tasks.

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Thrity Engineer is an Indian lady living in England. She wrote a book called “Super Coherence: The Return to Love”, which was a monthly book in some Book Club. The same friend that I shared the Holosync discs with asked me to read the book. She didn’t have the time herself but could I, as I was unemployed, please read it and pass on the contents to her when I had read it?

The book was about frequencies contained in small test tubes which could immediately cure everything from allergies to anger. When Thrity Engineer came to Stockholm to launch her book and give a talk about the frequencies, I felt that I needed to be there. After the lecture it was possible to buy the frequencies that were now contained in beauti-

ful small pieces of glass instead of as liquid in test tubes.

At the end of the day when I walked across Stureplan Square and along the street Biblioteksgatan, it felt almost like I was flying. Every day you should hold the small piece of pink glass in your left hand for about 15 minutes while holding the green piece in your right hand, to get balance in life. I read a lot about the frequencies and realized that I had entered the so-called zero point field when I held them and even for a moment afterwards.

After using the frequencies for a few months more I noticed a striking difference. I started to be guided in, for me, a perfect way. If I went down to the Underground or to the bus stop, the right form of travel would arrive just in time. I was in the countryside one day, weeding, and waiting for my nephew to come and collect me when I noticed that it was not the time we had agreed on that applied, because just as I had finished weeding I heard his car coming up the hill to the house. Then I started to understand what “flow” means.

Summer was coming to an end and in August it becomes quite dark when living in the middle of the forest without street lighting. Before returning to Stockholm I felt that I was very fortunate to have my nice little apartment in Old town Stockholm and to be able to come home to a safe place with there is always street lighting, kind neighbours, friends and home comforts. Even my dog seemed to prefer com-

ing home and the first few days it took forever for us to walk a few blocks away just because she wanted to sniff at everything that she had missed since we were last there.

Spirituality
Religion
Worldview

What is the history of humans? Let us start from scratch.

Karin Bojs, a science journalist working for the Swedish daily newspaper “Dagens Nyheter”, writes in the book “Min europeiska familj om människans utveckling från de senaste 54.000 years” (“My European family, about human development during the last 54,000 years”). A group of people wandered from Africa to the Middle East more than 50,000 years ago. Soon afterwards, the group split up and some wandered east and became Southeast Asians and Australians. Some stayed in the Middle East and Caucasus. Some even started wandering towards Europe.

She wrote a short story, much abbreviated below, about how it might have happened when one of the first women from the area around Lake of Genesis had an intimate meeting with a Neanderthal.

If she got pregnant by force, she wouldn't have had a chance against him. He was coarser and lighter-skinned than she was and his nose wider and bigger but otherwise about as tall as the woman. A little boy was born, a large and robust boy, and he was

wrapped in gazelle skin and laid on a bed of dried grass. After three days, the Shaman held a ceremony. She danced wildly until she reached the gods. Meanwhile, the mother and the others sat around the fire and sang. The Shaman had a lot to tell when she came back from the world of the gods. The boy's future meant that he would have many descendants who would wander in all directions and spread across all the lands, without end. "He shall be called the son of the gods and the gods will give you the strength to raise him," the Shaman told the new mother.

Karin Bojs wrote that the Neanderthal could have forced himself on the Asian woman and that the Shaman was an important person in the societies such a long time ago. That man has always turned to a higher power sounds likely, but what about men's superiority? Is this a pattern that has been repeated since the beginning of time or have there been times when the status of women was equal to the man's?

There is no evidence that there has ever been a strict matriarchal society according to Wikipedia. Maybe there has never been a purely mirrored society to the patriarchal society that sees itself superior to the opposite sex, but matriarchal societies where girls inherited the mother in terms of name, property and belongings, have existed in several different ages and places in the world, according to some writers. Even today there is a population in India practicing that way of governing. Another example is to be found in Swiss professor Johann Jakob Bachofen's

(1825–1887) book “Das Mutterrecht” (The Matriarchic Law”). He believes that there have been other legal orders before the patriarchal order. He also believes that in the beginning people lived in clans controlled by women.

Bronislaw Malinowski (1884–1942), sociologist and social anthropologist, found a matriarchal family constellation in the Trobriander archipelago in Melanesia. There the eldest woman owns the land and resources belonging to the family and one of her daughters inherits the land when the mother dies. Elin Wägner (1882–1949) writes more detailed in the book “Väckarklocka” (“Alarm Clock”), how the periods of matriarchal rule have alternated between the patriarchal rule. In Swedish one still says “her” in terms of the time of day, a relic from former times. It is important that we start getting the big picture if Earth is to survive.

Even in Samarkand in Central Asia, where there has been trading and also been an arena for battles, it turns out that women have been free and, as queens, ruled over parts of the kingdom. Genghis Khan (1162–1227), who united all the Mongol tribes that ruled the area, and his grandson Kublai Khan are also well known but it has been completely silent on the fate of the seven or eight daughters. Jack Weatherford, a social anthropologist from the United States, has now found that the daughters took part in equestrian competitions and led armies, and one of them was also a feared wrestler. Several descriptions about

women's history have come to light. Who chooses what should be presented as history? Let's hope the world hasn't lacked behind during the whole of its historic time. That would be of no advantage to men or women.

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Jeremy Lent writes in his book "The Patterning Instinct" that much of the hunter-collector-peoples' world view is universal, no matter where on earth they wandered. He writes that the view of Mother Earth was that she generously gave all her gifts which were edible. Even Father Heaven was considered an equally caring parent who contributed by making the climate beneficial to the crops so that there was always food to survive on. If there wasn't enough food in the particular place you found yourself, it was just to wander on until you found another place with another type of crops. In this way, the diet became varied and it was understood very early that dividing the food fairly in the group was a necessity. The people who hunted wildlife may not have been able to kill any animals for several days, so it was a matter of gratefully accepting the nuts, roots and crops that the others had collected. During the winter it would be nice and comfortable to crawl into a cave but since the group was always on the move, no one had any special possessions that were just his or hers.

Wandering was a real challenge for the children. Sometimes they were taken by wild animals and

sometimes they were too weak for the hard life of wandering, so they didn't always get to be so old. This may have contributed to the fact that only the strongest and those with the best advantages survived.

Settling down and devoting themselves to agriculture meant that completely new values emerged. Instead of having previously considered nature as rewarding, the cosmos began to be regarded as somewhat demanding, causing the world some anxiety, which is still with us today according to Jeremy Lent. It is most unlikely that there are any wandering hunter-collector-tribes these days who only live on hunting wild animals and collecting plants and roots. However, right up until the 1970s the !Kung people existed in the Kalahari desert in northern Namibia and southern Angola before they became settlers. The reason I write an exclamation mark in front of the people's name is because it is pronounced as a click sound and not just an ordinary K.

There are many student anthropologists from the West who have studied the !Kung people because they considered them interesting as, among other things, men and women lived quite an equal life.

One of the anthropologists who conducted field studies in Kalahari was Richard Lee, who spent a Christmas there. The !Kung people knew that Christmas was something special for Westerners. They celebrated the birth of the white man's chief god which was something to look forward to, even

for the !Kung people. Then the !Kung people could barter with Westerners who were often extra generous at Christmas. Richard Lee decided to buy the biggest, fattest ox he could find to give to the !Kung people. However, instead of gratitude, he was showered with insults. The ox had the skinniest legs and innards they had ever seen and even though they partied on it for two whole days, they kept on complaining. It was so thin that it was hardly worth while eating it. “It pains us to be served such a thin animal,” they said.

From a Western point of view, this was strange behaviour. Later on, Richard Lee learned that it was a normal way to react when a young man had killed a large animal. Instead of bragging about his hunting ability, he lamented that he wasn’t much of a hunter. The other men agreed with him and wondered if it really was his intention to ask them to come all the long way into the bush just to drag home a pile of bones.

This opposite ritual was important to prevent the young man’s arrogance from being given a free outlet. When a young man thinks of himself as a “chief” or great man and the others as less worthy or even his servants, it becomes too dangerous because his pride means he will kill someone one day. One of the !Kung people informed that they always say to the young man that his meat is worthless as this will cool his heart down and make him humble.