



RE-MEMBER

Prologue

And now we have come full circle dear reader. The ancient rishis, as we have noted in my previous offerings, recognised that cosmic time is cyclical, rather than linear. So have the astrologers right- speaking of the Age of Pisces, or Capricorn- with the zodiac signs taking turns over time. In addition, according to some schools of thought, a straight line is just the arc of an infinitely large radius of a circle- appearing straight in a local sense, but curving when you zoom out far enough. That explains why we, tiny specks on a cosmic scale, appreciate time as linear.

We started Eunoia with a crisis in the normal and average life of a contemporary hero who was about to unravel, with a near-death experience. In Eunoia we learnt that four is a sacred number — representing stability.

Four energetic bodies: physical, emotional, mental, and spiritual.

Four realms: physical, ancestral, angelic, and divine.

Then in Yoga Nidra we spoke of the framework of remembering, knowing, understanding, and also embodying. Four to-dos while here.

We even spoke of the four Purushartas- artha, kāma, dharma and moksha.

And now we also have four books — Eunoia, Principia, Yoga Nidra, and this final offering in the series, Re-member.

Four.

Symmetry. Elegance. Poetry.

Eunoia — we went in, medias res, into a near death experience, an initiation moment that helped me ultimately find my voice. You see dear reader, words are spells — and so I became a shaman, keeper of sacred knowledge, now sharing it through books. Casting spells if you will. Remembering.

Principia — knowledge on philosophy. Gathered through gnosis. Using a drone and a remote as a metaphor. Fundamentally questioning if reality is real.

Yoga Nidra — understood, explained through a religious lens. Vishnu dreaming a divine improv play, so consciousness could experience itself.

Re-member — embodying, after slotting back our fragmented selves- through a psychology lens.

Pearl: The Sphinx — Guardian of the Threshold

Before we cross into this story, we must pause at the gate. And the gate, dear reader, has always had a guardian.

The Great Sphinx of Giza crouches at the edge of the Giza plateau as it has for millennia — how many millennia, precisely, remains deliciously contested. The orthodox position places its construction around 2500 BCE, during the reign of Pharaoh Khafre. But the geologist Robert Schoch, examining the deep vertical weathering patterns carved into the Sphinx enclosure, argues compellingly that the erosion is the work of prolonged rainfall — rainfall that Egypt last experienced in abundance around 10,000 BCE or earlier. If Schoch is right, the Sphinx predates the pyramids by thousands of years, making it perhaps the oldest monumental sculpture on earth, gazing across a civilisation it watched being born.

I find this exquisitely fitting. The Sphinx does not belong entirely to any one era. It is a threshold keeper — older than the story it guards, wiser than the dynasty that claimed it.

Look at its form.

The body of a lion: raw instinctual power, the Lower Egypt of the psyche — survival, sovereignty, animal grace. I could stretch the metaphor and say it's the three lower chakras. I could, but I would never!

The face of a man: consciousness, discernment, the capacity to look outward with intention rather than merely react- the upper chakras, anyone? None, okay.

The Sphinx is the union of beast and sage held in one form, gazing eternally eastward toward the rising sun. It is, in Jungian terms, the Self (Capital S) before the Self has been articulated — the integrated archetype that precedes the drama we are about to witness.

In the Greek tradition, the sphinx poses a riddle. Answer correctly, and you may pass. Answer wrongly, and you are devoured. The riddle, as

Oedipus famously discovered, is about the human being itself: what walks on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three in the evening? The answer, of course, is man — crawling as an infant, walking upright in his prime, leaning on a staff in old age. The sphinx guards not a temple but a mirror.

We begin this book at the threshold. The riddle has been posed. By the time we reach the Outro- like those 90s HipHop albums, dear reader, I trust you will have your answer.

But let us not be too hasty. Let us find a relatable hero. An ancient one. As promised in previous offerings, and in case it was not obvious from the title and the cover art, this will be a psychological take on my current view of life. Psychology101, from your favourite shaman- wink wink. That hero will be the ancient Kemetic god-king, Osiris.

A disclaimer is necessary, if not indeed mandatory. I write in my shamanic capacity, not as a professional medical doctor — so none of this is medical advice. It is also worth noting that all the Jungian psychology discussed here

is self-taught, and interpreted through a shamanic lens, rather than a purely

academic one. That research is augmented considerably by direct transmission, gnosis, in the form of downloads. In fact, ancient shamanic sacred knowledge does a lot of the heavy-lifting, as you may have noted throughout our journey thus far.

With your permission, as a salute to my old life, the one that had to go through the Eunoia moment in a process called imvumakufa (death as a human, and rebirth as a shaman) in Nguni, allow to me pepper the chapters with some neuroscience here and there. To all those years spent

poring over physiology and anatomy textbooks. A paragraph here, and another over there, you will barely notice it, unless it interests you.

We have spoken of the hero's journey inspired by Joseph Campbell before.

Let us use it as the scaffolding to relook at an often misunderstood story that is of the royal and divine siblings of Kemet, ancient Egypt — often read as a tragedy of sibling rivalry culminating in revenge by the offspring of one.

Indulge me an entirely different interpretation: that of a god-king going through a version of Campbell's heroic journey. If you could also allow some self-indulgence, I have been through a harrowing and yet enlightening journey myself. With your permission, as we look at Osiris and his siblings, his journey, his redemption arc, we shall also examine mine.

Set is the villain, yet a necessary one — helping our hero, Osiris, to have his own Eunoia moment.

Isis is a helper, just as Carl Jung was mine.

But, I like the Osiris-Isis metaphor better because it illuminates an important part of the psyche — Isis being Osiris' anima. But more on that in due course.

In my other offerings I waxed poetic about how brilliant Carl Jung was.

I even called Jungian psychology the Sistine Chapel in the field of the mind studying itself. You may feel that I am twirling for Carl, or even fan-girling.

Oh, dear reader, but I am! He did not study the mind merely like a scientist;

he pored over it like a shaman too! He finessed that liminal fine line between

the abstraction and categorisation of the left hemisphere that Iain

McGilchrist refers to as the Emissary, and the context-and-relationship

aspect embodied by the right hemisphere, the Master. This is credited by many as the reason for the drift between Jung and Sigmund Freud, who embodied a very left-hemisphere approach in his psychoanalyses.

In 1913, soon after this break with Freud, and until 1918, Jung is said to have experienced a psychological breakdown. I proffer that as the scientific way of looking at it. Mystically, he was awakening — having a series of Eunoia moments, much like I had. Becoming Osiris.

Re-membering.

Anyway, Osiris needs to find his boon by the end of this book.

The stage is set. I shall now take three steps back, and let the story write itself. I hope I do it justice, you dear reader, be the judge.