

7/27/21

In the Stream of Consciousness

Chapter 15B – The Stream of Consciousness

Nitya rounds out his Part I presentation in spectacular fashion, clearly demonstrating that Vedantic insights preceded neuroscience by several thousand years, but the laggards are at last able to establish the underpinnings of the ancient wisdom in replicable ways with instruments. He'd be delighted with the new findings, and would agree that we should be celebrating that admirable leap in human understanding, instead of drowning in a sea of denial and anger, as it seems the noisiest among us are. Let's see if we can hold on to that quality of balanced wisdom during the transition to the next phase of earthlife, whatever it turns out to be.

Nitya has presented the essence so well that I can't help quoting him at length here:

We have five senses of perception and five organs of action which are always bringing in hundreds of messages to either perceive or act upon. Visual images flow onto the retina of an open eye not by the millions but by the billions. If the mind had to respond to every beam of light that was being reflected from one object or another, our visual perception would be overwhelmingly chaotic. Instead, a careful screening device is employed so that focus is laid on the object of utmost interest that is centralized in each given gestalt.

This selective function is not arbitrary or haphazard. It is in the selection process that we see how the potential of a memory aroused by a conducive environment exercises its capacity to point out the possibility of reliving an enjoyment of the past. If the recollection is not of pleasant purport, it can also come as a caution or warning to flee from a dangerous situation that is feared because of the similarity of the circumstance to a previous one that proved to be dangerous.

For the selection process to function properly, all irrelevant

stimuli are to be screened out and kept hidden from the envisioning potential of modifying consciousness. The negative function that accomplishes this is called *nirodha*.

That's the *nirodha* of Patanjali's first premise, *citta vritti nirodha*, and we begin to sense that the simplistic way it's usually understood may be far off the mark. It's not about shutting down the brain to achieve something mystical, but resisting the multitudinous distractions to permit the genius of our innate abilities to function the way they were meant to function. Which is a magical mystery tour all its own.

Deb commented in writing on this, bless her heart, because Susan, our recorder, continues to enjoy her mountain retreat, internet free:

In this chapter, In the Stream of Consciousness, I am noticing Guru's revaluation of Patanjali's yoga terms. Instead of *vritti* being a frozen and static modulation, it is more a pausing in the river of consciousness or the attention on something within that river. Which is where *nirodha* comes in—not simply a negative obscuring factor but again something which allows focus and vision. Both, in Nitya's presentation, are constructive aspects of one-pointed attention, *ekagram*. This type of focus allows us to cultivate an awareness that is calm and centered, not scattered and depleted. Of course, as Nitya writes, when either of the above are used imprudently, they aid in fantasy and retreat and maladjustment. Ah yes, always the need for discrimination!

It's actually essential for smooth brain functioning to *not* always be stepping back to observe how our minds are constructing our reality. Just let the damn thing flow “whithersoever the governor listeth!” (John 3.8) We must relax to be 100% in tune with ourselves. But we do need to take the setup into account, which is the role of contemplation and, yes, science. *Brahmavidya* is the *science* of the Absolute. We need to know

what's going on and then learn how to live it seamlessly, without hesitation or impediment. Letting it Be.

I have included a section of excerpts from neurologist Lisa Feldman Barrett, in her *7 1/2 Lessons About the Brain*, in Part II, presenting an up-to-date understanding of the workings of the brain. It looks like optimal brain functioning is grounded in healthily-processed memories—memories covering the entire spectrum of human experience, and not just a selection of fairy tales, as all wishful thinking, including many traditional religions and world views, clings to.

The relevance of Patanjali's terse formula is first hinted at in Nitya's sentence: "When the power of nirodha is not regulated by a well-oriented value system, it can also engage in the folly of masking the valuable." Quite an understatement! Well-oriented values have been abandoned by incautious materialistic attitudes, along with the poorly-oriented ones, with nothing substantial offered as a substitute. Discovering *value* is a primary endeavor of the Gurukula studies. Nitya tells us what this leads to:

When the irrelevant is screened off and the relevant is brought into focus, there manifests a total concentration of the individual's mental energy so that the whole psyche is permeated with it. This state is called *ekagram* or one-pointed attention. Meditating yogis, attentively scrutinizing scientists, ambitious people carefully working out their project (such as robbing a bank at midnight), lovers fantasizing communion with the beloved, and fugitives sitting in their hideouts listening for the approach of the posse are all in states of *ekagram*.

Note how Nitya always includes the broadest purview for individual ingenuity (though the bank robbing is a bit of a joke). Each of us is a unique expression of the Absolute, and our inner mechanisms should be given their head to find the best way back to the barn, to use a horsey metaphor most of you have likely never heard before.

It bears repeating that societies pretty much everywhere try to dictate a narrow range of acceptable behavior to their members, and their most-honored citizens (consumers, really) aggressively toe the line. We modern humans are also lambasted by an explosion of commercialized attractions and distractions, which inevitably separate us from our dharma—our true nature. The need for meditation and other forms of withdrawal is simply to restore us to ourselves, and usually requires *nirodha* of all that glamor: the screening out of all irrelevant stimuli for contemplative purposes, at the minimum.

In public life we can readily observe an endless parade of what Nitya calls here phantom values. We might try to imagine a psychopathic narcissist like Trump standing in for “family values,” and inspiring vicious hatred to reinforce the fantasies, but there is no end of far more subtle examples. The ones that matter most are our own, and those are much harder to notice. Nitya writes, and this is crucial:

When the concentration is aroused by a phantom value, it manifests as a state of infatuation.

In a state of infatuation with, or uncritical acceptance of, a situation, the meaning of the experience is dictated by the recalled memory. When this happens there is a progressive loss of energy from the interest, and increasingly desperate measures must be taken by the mind in an attempt to revitalize the imaginary interest. Remembered experiences that are habitually repeated become more and more empty of living energy, since they are no longer original but a production of the fantasizing faculty of the mind.

These are the dissociative urges that can build up to violent or suicidal levels, as psychic energy keeps being poured into bottomless containers. The consequent frustration ignites the explosions. Nitya doesn't waste time in proposing the antidote:

On the other hand, when there is the possibility of a critical revision of the previous memory, resulting in the introduction of a new way of seeing, we are led to fresh illuminations, and also a drastic correction of the conditioning caused by the previously formulated memory can be made.

You know, this revising—upgrading—of our framing shouldn't be that hard to pull off, yet our entanglements and their delusory tantrums are very clever to trip us up and divert us into dead ends. This is why Nitya advocates an assistant of some sort, ideally a guru who is freed by the boundlessness of friendship to go beyond the necessary strictures of a hired therapist. A trusted friend, lover or therapist is much more likely to be available. At the same time, he leaves the door open for us to work out our own tussles if we can. This is from earlier:

The indication of the failure of a discipline... is the unanticipated recurrence of a structure of memory which was not successfully deconstructed on a previous occasion. To throw light on this and other similar questions, we should have a good look at the stuff we are handling *either as a guru and disciple or as a self-disciplining aspirant*. (My italics.)

So, we can discipline ourselves or take recourse in a guru, but either way it is a *discipline*, because something in us acts as a saboteur, a nemesis. I often recall the words of Father Sogol, in Rene Daumal's *Mount Analogue*:

It seems that during adolescence a person's inner life is suddenly weakened, stripped of its natural courage. In his thinking he no longer dares stand face to face with reality or mystery; he begins to see them through the opinions of "grown-ups", through books and courses and professors. Still, a voice remains which is not completely muffled and which cries out every so often—every time its gag is loosened by an

unexpected jolt in the routine. The voice cries out its great questioning of everything, but we stifle it again right away. (43)

Destructuring a habit-happy psyche has a drastic side, which makes for intriguing tales of guru-disciple antics, and you may recall the opening line of this chapter: “Yesterday after my morning dictation a young friend listening to it made a remark that what I said about the guru-disciple relationship amounted to saying that the disciple is asking to be murdered by the guru.” By now Nitya has laid the ground for his less dire clarification:

In an encounter with a guru or in the follow up of a meditation, the most valuable benefit is the destructuring of a previously established stable state, which releases the mental energy to move freely for a fresh appraisal of truth. So if the guru “murders” a student, it is not by throttling the neck but by turning them away from vicious thinking and deluding fantasies.

Innumerable are the impressions we gather in the onward flow of the stream of consciousness. Because of this, self-tutoring of the psyche may not always adequately cope with the elusiveness of the individuated state, which is well armed by the negative principle of nature, called maya, to exercise many delusory tantrums to perpetuate its game.

Trying to keep pace with our own delusory tantrums is a fascinating aspect of any serious spiritual discipline, since maya has no trouble staying well ahead of us. We make it ourselves, or better, it makes us, so it knows us more thoroughly than we do.

There are more distractions per capita now than there have ever been in human history. I rarely see humans sitting idle anymore. They’re all busy pushing buttons on small, lit-up rectangles. As Andy put it, we’re all distracted by the kaleidoscope salesman. A major part of the necessary discipline is to wrest our

attention back to what is truly valuable for us. We live in societies where grabbing your attention, followed by your wallet, is the foremost industry. The game specializes in being attractive, so we *will* be attracted, and caught. The healthiest thing we can do is shut that process off for significant periods of time. It doesn't have to be always. Just part of us.

Nitya's idea was that all the screening of irrelevant stimuli is at the behest of the inner director of our lives, the brain or mind or whatever, which is acting like a snowplow, clearing the roads we walk on, choosing where we turn aside. Because of this, much happens without our making it happen, just "naturally," due to the inner adjustments the brain is making. The Barrett quotes in Part II describe how this could be taking place, convincingly enough for a solid scientist to accept.

Looking back as an elder, it is easy to see the coherence of all the "accidents" that served to build us and provide us opportunities, often unanticipated. Deb invited all of us to give an example of an unanticipated change in our life that led to greener pastures. This is a worthy subject to reflect on at home, as well.

Deb started us off with her own example, placed in Part II, that inspired not only a lifetime of self-examination but one of her very best poems. She also contributed an explicating paragraph this morning, skipping me as the middleman (so praiseworthy!):

One time when I was meditating I realized that somehow I was bifurcating my consciousness —one part was in my body concentrating on the chakras but the other part was outside looking on and orchestrating the "action". How weird is that? Yet it is just what we do all the time. We look at ourselves from the outside rather than being completely the whole inner-outer person. I think that must underlie why when we discuss organizing principles or large design patterns we immediately posit an outside director. We are the pawns, as it were, being moved and inspired by something or someone outside. What Guru Nitya is always at pains to show us is that it is we who are

the manifestation, the embodiment, of the intelligence and creativity we experience. The direction and the capability, the coherence, all come from inside us. We are, as he loved to say, co-creators of our world. We aren't separate or a single subject or even some point that has been objectivized. We are participants of an amazing, complicated reality. I have been reading a wonderful book, *The Entangled Life*, by Merlin Sheldrake, about the seemingly endless roles of fungi in our world. They penetrate and interweave plant, animal, soil, and human all together into a complex life. Which, I think, is a very helpful way to look at all of our lives—interwoven, interdependent, inseparable. The directions or design of our lives arise from that entangled being, or multiple beings, from our inner depths that envision and motivate.

Anita's example was strikingly similar, in a way, about the bifurcating consciousness. She had been working closely with a shaman for some time, and was dancing alone in her room one morning, when she suddenly found herself seeing the scene through her third eye. Then she was looking down at herself from a corner of the ceiling. Soon she was out of her body and watching a Native American man dance ceremonially around a fire, after which they briefly exchanged bodies. She was perfectly sober, and observing clearly throughout, so the utterly convincing experience changed her forever. She is now perfectly certain there are other areas of existence than the ordinary one, and there are ways to access them. And she's maintained super high standards for dance partners ever since!

(I made up that last sentence, because Anita has a good sense of humor and will eventually forgive me.)

Jan, just back from visiting Santa Fe, New Mexico, a place she loves, related how as a teenager brought up in a staid family, she was thrilled by the atmosphere of eccentrics and artists she found there, and it ignited an urge to live more joyfully, as a free spirit, from then on.

Paul's favorite aha! moment was a two-year-old boy he saw in ecstasy over grass, a most taken-for-granted substance to him as an adult. It reminded him that everything is a miracle, and we could still see it that way, if we chose. If we had the eyes of a child.

Karen's example shows how profound even a simple shift can be. Out of the blue, she was offered a job as a massage therapist she had never imagined doing, though she had absentmindedly gotten a license for it years before. It was as if she had been plucked bodily off the ground and set down in another realm, and she has loved her most satisfying (and well-performed!) job for over thirty years now.

Pondering how awakening our relationship with our inner intelligence leads to ananda-joy, Steven expressed that the more he practices ekagra—single-minded centering—the more his pleasure increases, in whatever he's doing. Lately he's become absorbed in poetry, a new interest for him. He finds much of what he reads incomprehensible at first, but when he comes back to a poem he's read previously, it begins to make sense, and before long makes a lot of sense. The process is most exciting to him.

I find that too, when I hear a complicated new piece of music. A first listening might be tepid or flat-out strange, but with each successive hearing my appreciation grows, until, with the best ones, they light me up in spectacular fashion. The unfolding is like a flower coming into bloom. And with truly great art in any field, the flower keeps on blooming.

What imaging has revealed about this is that our brains are busy processing new input even after we turn our attention somewhere else. In fact, turning our attention away after some initial exposure can be an essential part of the assimilation of new material. Isaac Asimov's essay on *The Eureka Phenomenon* is still about the best account of this I know. It's elusive on the web, but it's up again now:

<https://www.yumpu.com/en/document/view/4657323/the-eureka-phenomenon-by-isaac-asimov>

Steven thought of all this in relation to Nitya's final section, on yoga and bhoga, how they can be circles that barely overlap or, at the other extreme, circles that are concentric. Our joy of absorption, the bhoga, approaches and even merges with the yoga of utter peace. Bhoga is engaged while yoga is detached, in this particular framing. Nitya's conclusion to Part I brings together our inner and outer lives in harmonious accord:

Man seeks happiness. The two main elements of happiness are the experiences of peace and joy. The serene state of peace is passive, and in that state there is a natural tendency for the experiencing mind to become more and more undifferentiated from the experience. When this is at its peak, it is called yoga.

The state of joy is more active than the state of peace. A close look at the activity of the mind when it experiences joy will reveal a continuous output of energy towards the object of interest and constant movement from expended interests to new ones with the potential to nourish the mind with a fresh supply of the joyous state. In this there is the simultaneous pursuit of happiness and the recognition of happiness. When the sense of agency is polarized with the appreciation of the ongoing experience of happiness, it is called *bhoga*.

The two circles of yoga and bhoga can overlap in a wide range of patterns, anywhere from a minimal amount to being absolutely concentric. To study the total personality involved in yoga and bhoga demands very close attention, and there are areas which are so elusive that one cannot enter them without the danger of losing one's personal identity. In such cases the only recourse may be to lapse into silence....

Part II

Some relevant neuroscience, from *7 1/2 Lessons About the Brain*, by Lisa Feldman Barrett (Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, Boston, 2020):

How does your brain decipher the sense data so it knows how to proceed? If it used only the ambiguous information that is immediately present, then you'd be swimming in a sea of uncertainty, flailing around until you figured out the best response. Luckily, your brain has an additional source of information at its disposal: memory.... In the blink of an eye, your brain reconstructs bits and pieces of past experience as your neurons pass electrochemical information back and forth in an ever-shifting, complex network. Your brain assembles these bits into memories to infer the meaning of the sense data and guess what to do about it. (66-7)

This whole constructive process happens *predictively*. Scientists are now fairly certain that your brain actually begins to sense the moment-to-moment changes in the world around you *before* those light waves, chemicals, and other sense data hit your brain. The same is true for moment-to-moment changes in your body—your brain begins to sense them before the relevant data arrives from your organs, hormones, and various bodily systems. (72)

Predictions transform flashes of light into the objects you see. They turn changes in air pressure into recognizable sounds, and traces of chemicals into smells and tastes. (72)

If your brain has predicted well, then your neurons are *already firing* in a pattern that matches the incoming sense data. That means this sense data itself has no further use beyond confirming your brain's predictions. What you see, hear, smell, and taste in the world and feel in your body in that moment are *completely constructed in your head*. By prediction, your brain has efficiently prepared you to act. (75)

* * *

In a fascinating twist, memory appears to be related to *spatial awareness*:

https://getpocket.com/explore/item/the-brain-maps-out-ideas-and-memories-like-spaces?utm_source=pocket-newtab .

What happens when our navigational intelligence, which looks more and more like the basic ground of our thinking, is substituted for by computers via smartie phones? Check this out:

Recent insights have prompted some researchers to propose that this same coding scheme can help us navigate other kinds of information, including sights, sounds and abstract concepts. The most ambitious suggestions even venture that these grid codes could be the key to understanding how the brain processes all details of general knowledge, perception and memory.

Pretty serious tradeoff for convenience, I'd say, but maybe it's just the natural evolution of the species as it evolves into a machine....

I'd also like to advocate for discovering such principles through contemplation and self-study, without the need to *prove* anything. You may not get what constitutes *scientific* proof, but you grasp the working principles without torturing animals.

Speculatively speaking, there is evidence that aging effects these navigational abilities, and "it's possible that a pathology that destabilizes the spatial grid system might have a more general effect on the stability of memory and other areas of cognition." Or might a technology do this too?

* * *

Deb was kind enough to write up her example of an unexpected opening up of an aspect of her life, giving you a full accounting, and including possibly my most favorite of all her poems:

Claribel Alegria is a poet from El Salvador, who for much of the 1970s and 80s lived in exile from her country. One of her poems, Documentary, has a section that uses letters in alphabetical order to begin each line. In a writing class I used this as a prompt for all of us. My own poem, begun somewhat naively, used the letters of the word 'missing' to start certain lines. Little did I know that this exercise would unearth memories of childhood not actually repressed but certainly padded off as low key and inconsequential. What was awakened was a deeper understanding of an early part of my life, of class and race, and a shame and regret about what did not happen. To me it shows how that focus of interest in our psyche can be a probing, revealing teacher about who we are. It can be a guide to us in our deeper self-understanding.

Here is the section of Alegria's poem:

A for alcoholism
B for battalions
C for corruption
D for dictatorship
E for exploitation
F for the feudal power
or fourteen families
and etcetera, etcetera, etcetera.
My etcetera country,
my wounded country,
my child,
my tears,
my obsession.

Here is my poem using a similar format:

Your Name Was Ethel

Page after page, old royal blue albums, brown ones
edged in gold, filled with small black and white photos
of the forties and fifties—hats, fitted linen dresses,
men in uniform, my father on his North Atlantic sub-chaser,
birthday parties for my brother and me and cakes with circus animals,
wading pools in small patches of green grass filled with splashing,
cavorting bodies; our new cars, sleek and powerful reminders
of America's bristling might, its simmering wanderlust.
I search through all these but find no trace of your presence.
There in our first Detroit neighborhood are all the children, lined up,
awkward and enthusiastic, caught in a quick flash as we ran through backyards.
You were there, but behind a door, in the next room and
no one ever thought to photograph you or include you
in the lineup of friends and family, this despite the fact
that for my first eight years you were the one, along with my mother,
who held my hand, read me books at night, sat with us at dinner
and then cleaned up. You scrubbed the floors, did the ironing,
watched out for us as we ran from neighborhood house to house.
Let me be clear—there was affection and consideration
between you and my mother but there was also—
how do we frame these words?—a space, an emptiness where
no one ever went. Certain things were accepted, some were not.
I never met your husband or your children,
I didn't even know their names or where your house was.
One day you and I were both getting into the car and I asked you,
“Ethel, your skin is different from mine. I am white and you are brown.
Why is that?” There was a moment when you and my mother hesitated,
who knows what you were each thinking, and then you took my hand
and said, “Honey, it's like ice cream, I'm chocolate and you're vanilla.”
Peoples' hearts and food, light falling on eyes, versions we have
of others' lives, and nothing ever said to the young child
who fell asleep in your lap, trusting in your protection and care.
M is for the mother's hand on my hot forehead when I had scarlet fever.
I is that small me, not knowing the deep fissures that divided my world.
S, again and again, for the soft feel of our hands held together as we walked.

I wonder where you are—after our move I never heard your voice again.
N is for nuts, chestnuts smooth and shiny, dark, a beautiful weight in the hand.
G is for grief when we lose what is right there in our palm.

Part III

We included the short Reaction and Review # 4 at the close, because of its relevance, and so I could read out a section of Love and Blessings that fits the topic so perfectly.

Question: Isn't there a contradiction when your guru proposes on the one hand that there must be no violation of the "nondual stand" between you and him while at the same time insisting "I am the guru, and you are the disciple"?

Response: Experiences can be concept forming or concept dissolving. Social life is a participation in a transactional frame of reference in which a particular face of the ego is related to particular things, events, and specific moods and temperaments of individual people. The game of transaction is primarily carried out by forming concepts, using the mind as a chessboard and formulated concepts as pawns. Implied in transactional experience is the dialectical interplay of the one and the many.

In the concept dissolving experience, consciousness reverses its flow from the specific to the generic. The guru, identified with the Absolute, is the genus of all genera, and all that is to be experienced is the identity with That, which transcends all specific concepts. In this context the Guru stands for That and the disciple for 'I'. 'That' has no meaning, except in the sense of being the only reality, and 'I' is to be understood as the only experience.

The last part of the chapter An Unceremonious Initiation Into Discipleship records a great moment in guru-disciple interactions.

Read the whole chapter for maximum impact. The last paragraph is the one that bears most closely on the question, and I have quoted it endlessly. This is a glimpse that never gets redundant, even after many hundreds of readings, for me:

The next day when I arrived at Fernhill Gurukula, it was four in the afternoon. Mangalananda Swami was gone. Only Nataraja Guru was there. He was all alone in the kitchen. Seeing me walking in, he poured out a cup of tea for me. He held out the teacup and a biscuit. When I relieved him of both the items, he abruptly asked me if I came prepared to join him as his disciple, to which he added, "You have been preparing yourself to be a sannyasi all these years. Are you ready now?"

This was a moment I had long been dreading. I was not at all prepared. Nataraja Guru was ferocious and uncompromising, and I had always had a horror of him. My powerful attraction to his wisdom was counterbalanced by my repulsion of his personal idiosyncrasies. The way he had always thought of me as his disciple was very irritating. In every way he was an absolute contrast to Dr. Mees, who was an ideal, loving Guru. With hesitation I said, "I have to think."

Nataraja Guru looked very offended. Shaking with anger, he said, "I knew this. I knew this. Narayana Guru told me he would have nobody and I would have nobody. So all the enthusiasm you showed these several years was only a bluff. You have no pressure. Your engine is at Runneymede."

It was an insult. Runneymede is a station on the steep mountain railway up into the Nilgiris. Engines usually stop there for an hour to get up a head of steam. So I understood the sarcasm in the analogy. I was furious. In the white heat of anger I slammed the cup and saucer down on the table. Instead of running out of the kitchen, though, I bent down and touched both his feet and said, "Take me. I am giving myself to the Guru for whatever it's worth."

He laughed uproariously. Then he became suddenly calm and said, “That is right.” Thus my surrender to the Guru’s cause and my initiation all happened in a comic manner. Now many years later I understand that the gravity of my gesture and all its implications were a million times greater and more profound than I realized. Suddenly it occurred to me that Ramana Maharshi had probably advised me to read about the Great Tibetan Yogi Milarepa in order to prepare me to be the disciple of Nataraja Guru, who in so many ways resembled Marpa, Milarepa’s fiercely absolutist guru.

Nataraja Guru had no inside or outside. His anger, humor, and compassion all manifested spontaneously. He was never apologetic or regretful. He certainly didn’t believe in the conventional Christian philosophy of “do good, be good,” nor in entertaining people with pleasantries and well-mannered behavior. On the other hand, he welcomed encounters that opened up areas of vital interest in a philosophical point or problem, as in the case of Socrates and his group of young followers like Plato.

The next day when he was sitting musing, I asked him, “Guruji, what is our relationship?” He said, “In the context of wisdom teaching I am your guru, and you are my disciple. In social situations you are you, and I am I, two free individuals who are not obliged to each other. When I teach, you should listen and give full attention. Don’t accept until you understand. If you don’t immediately understand, you should have the patience to wait. There is no question of obedience, because my own maxims are ‘Obey not’ and ‘Command not.’ Instead, understand and accept.” That was the lifelong contract I maintained during the twenty-one years of our personal relationship and another twenty-six years of my relating to him as the guiding spirit of my life.

Dipika wrote:

Lovely!

Deb's words are most profound... as children there are no boundaries, we are taught them by adults to navigate our brand new world.

Vipassana meditation worked with me & was cathartic, as we are totally alone and with no interaction at all with anybody for 10 days. My first 2 sessions were great upchuckers of upsetting incidents from way back in my childhood... at the age I went, I was almost 45, I thought I had neatly tied them up and settled with them... but obviously not, I had to face them n deal with them... and now they are finally at rest :)