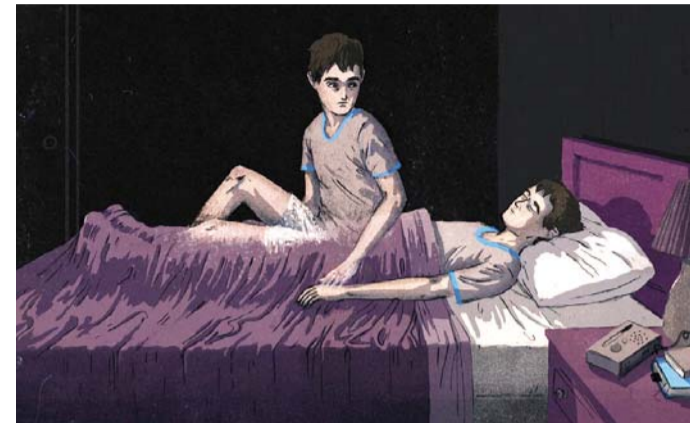


## #MIND & BODY

### The Source of Out-of-Body Experiences

Researchers identified a brain region that can create sensations of weightlessness or falling, and it could help develop new forms of anaesthesia.



During an out-of-body experience, you might first feel weightless, like you're drifting away from the ground. Then, you might see your body from above, as if detaching from it into a phantom twin.

These startling sensations occur in an estimated 5 percent to 10 percent of the population and in many different cultures.

An out-of-body experience can happen when someone goes under anaesthesia for surgery, has a near-death experience or wakes up in the night temporarily unable to move or speak, a phenomenon called sleep paralysis.

Now, scientists have pinned down a part of the brain that may be going haywire during out-of-body experiences. The findings, published last month in the journal *Neuron*, hint at how the brain creates our everyday sense of reality and could point researchers toward new types of anaesthesia in the future.

In 2019, an epilepsy patient visited Josef Parvizi, a neuroscientist at Stanford University and senior author of the recent study, and said he sometimes felt like he was floating.

The patient felt "like an observer to conversations" going on in his mind. The neuroscientist had a hunch that whichever brain area was undergoing unusual activity in the patient due to his epilepsy could also play a part in this altered state of consciousness.

Since that meeting, Parvizi and his team have tracked down a part of the brain that may be involved in out-of-body experiences. The culprit is a small sliver of tissue, buried deep within the fold running down the top of the brain, called the anterior precuneus.

During the study, stimulating this area with electricity resulted in unusual sensations in eight volunteers with epilepsy.

When scientists sent electric pulses to this chunk of



# FISHING IN NOT SO TROUBLED WATERS (...1)



Around 2 in the morning, I instinctively sensed a slight change in the trim (the submarine was tilting nose up). Even before the DO could switch on the intercom to report the changed situation, I rose from my bunk and rushed to the Control room. A quick glance at the instruments warned me that for some strange reason we were involuntarily losing depth and slowly rising to the surface.



Wg Cdr Unni Kartha (Retd) aka Cyclic is a retired IAF pilot with a penchant for storytelling

I am Commander Vinayaka S Agashe, now past my prime, tired and retired, with grand children who probably view me as a useless 'Grand Pa' because I couldn't, or wouldn't, talk about anything that I did in the submarine arm of the Indian Navy. Nevertheless, not too long ago, I was a soldier in whites with gonads charged with testosterone. The only proof I have now, that I was such a man, is a coin sized 'Vishisht Seva Medal' with a ribbon, kept in a box in my bedroom, a rarely noticed object, just like the submarines that I sailed.

The submarine arm of the Navies of the world is generally referred to as the 'Silent Service' because one rarely gets to see it, and what it does routinely for a living is usually classified under the draconian 'Official Secrets Act'. Very rightly so! A submarine is a deadly, silent, strategic weapon system that could start a war on its own, even with one's best friend, or stop one with one's worst foe. Therefore, in peace or war, if a submarine is seen or detected in any place other than its home base, every attempt is usually made to kill it at sight, because more often than not it is always behind enemy lines, doing something fishy. A submarine is usually perceived as an infamous 'Peeping Tom', wielding strategic as well as tactical weapons to make war, and hence to be punished, killed by friend or foe, with utter prejudice!

Life on board electric / diesel propelled submarines of yore was like living in the stomach of a hydro dynamically curvaceous crocodile, hidden in the 'Purdah' of the dark depths of oceans, once in a while coming to periscope depth on dark nights to charge batteries, or surface to rendezvous with supply ship to take on board fresh rations, exchange personal mails, spares for machinery if required, or evacuate sick personnel. A submarine carries fuel, lub oil and dry rations to stay on patrol for up to 100 days without any support. As far as possible there is total electronic silence; to and fro coded messages are sent or received underwater on VLF.

During Sep / Oct 1986 I was in command of INS/M Vagli, a diesel electric 'Foxrot' class submarine, a vintage boat compared to the Nuclear submarines now. There was a party, Command

Reception' of some sort, on the lawns of Command Mess in Mumbai and everyone was enjoying their drink. Someone came and told me that Capt Suresh, the Captain (Submarines), was looking for me. As soon as I met Capt Suresh, he told me to come along to C-in-C's office. In C-in-C's office, there were Flag Officer Submarines and Chief of Staff. The C-in-C, V Adm. Chopra, asked me if I am ready to sail right away. I was briefed by the Chief of Staff and I left the party immediately and went on board Vagli.

During the next 3 hours all personnel were recalled, fresh rations along with a team of 12 clearance divers with 4 Gemini (inflatable rubber boats) were loaded, torpedoes were armed, Vagli was prepared for sea and we silently left harbour. So silently that ships secured alongside our berth also did not come to know.

My sailing orders were for an innocuous 'operational patrol', an euphemism for clandestine gathering of technical intelligence of every kind, whether to do with natural changes in oceanography, access into harbours, monitoring acoustic and magnetic signatures of ships of every kind, radio & radar intercepts, assessment of maritime threat scenarios, infiltration or infiltration of intelligence operatives .....And so on, basically espionage. This particular mission was to snoop around for 30 odd days and we were to go close inshore, submerged as

usual, and operate with acute risk and caution. We were to go into the territorial waters of Sri Lanka, a country which at that time was neither at war with us, nor showed any hostility. But in the murky underworld of espionage, a friend today could be an enemy tomorrow and hence it was our job to keep a track of friends as well as foes, knowing full well that if caught, surrender was not an option that we would be destroyed on sight, and no mercy would be shown to Peeping Toms.

The sea-surface picture obtained using 'Sonar', like an underwater radar, indicated 4 trawlers, 3 merchant ships and 2 hostile war ships-possibly frigates. We crawled past avoiding the hostile vessels, like a silent shark, closer and closer to the shore line. We rose to 50 mts depth as planned. My men went about silently doing their own independent tasks of surveillance and gathering a plethora of strategic and tactical intelligence. The clock ticked loudly and time flew at super speed. I handed over the control room (Con), the nerve centre of the submarine, to the Duty Officer (DO) On Watch and retired to my cabin a few yards away from the Con to cook a short routine snooze.

All compartments checked correct", he reported. Just a few minutes had elapsed since I took over the Con from the OOW. I could feel the sweat on my brows. I felt cold starts coming around me. I ordered, "Flood Comp-2, one ton" The Captain was expected to be ice cool in an emergency, and here I was in cold sweat. I clenched my fists to take control of myself.

"Flood Comp-2 one ton", I croaked, trying to use my will power to stop the submarine from going up on its own. 'Vagli, sweet-heart, listen to me, I spoke to the submarine silently. It seemed that Vagli actually heard my appeal; it started to very slowly come to heel. We stopped coming up.

"Go back to 50 mts depth", I ordered. The Ex-O repeated my order. In my consternation I had not noticed that Robin had come in quietly and taken over from the OOW. I exhaled slowly; it was very comforting to have Robin besides me.

"Flood Comp-2, half ton", I commanded. The DO dutifully repeated my command to the

## #THE 'SILENT SERVICE'



Reception' of some sort, on the lawns of Command Mess in Mumbai and everyone was enjoying their drink. Someone came and told me that Capt Suresh, the Captain (Submarines), was looking for me. As soon as I met Capt Suresh, he told me to come along to C-in-C's office. In C-in-C's office, there were Flag Officer Submarines and Chief of Staff. The C-in-C, V Adm. Chopra, asked me if I am ready to sail right away. I was briefed by the Chief of Staff and I left the party immediately and went on board Vagli.

During the next 3 hours all personnel were recalled, fresh rations along with a team of 12 clearance divers with 4 Gemini (inflatable rubber boats) were



## BABY BLUES



## Happiness Happens Month

What makes you happy? Happiness Happens Month is a whole month dedicated to celebrating what makes you happy. Even though Happiness Happens Month sounds silly, it does have a very important purpose. The month reminds us that happiness happens one small moment at a time and it's our job to recognize those moments when they happen. It reminds us that sometimes a small action boosts our happiness. It reminds us that happiness is a personal experience and it's also contagious!



usual, and operate with acute risk and caution. We were to go into the territorial waters of Sri Lanka, a country which at that time was neither at war with us, nor showed any hostility. But in the murky underworld of espionage, a friend today could be an enemy tomorrow and hence it was our job to keep a track of friends as well as foes, knowing full well that if caught, surrender was not an option that we would be destroyed on sight, and no mercy would be shown to Peeping Toms.

The sea-surface picture obtained using 'Sonar', like an underwater radar, indicated 4 trawlers, 3 merchant ships and 2 hostile war ships-possibly frigates. We crawled past avoiding the hostile vessels, like a silent shark, closer and closer to the shore line. We rose to 50 mts depth as planned. My men went about silently doing their own independent tasks of surveillance and gathering a plethora of strategic and tactical intelligence. The clock ticked loudly and time flew at super speed. I handed over the control room (Con), the nerve centre of the submarine, to the Duty Officer (DO) On Watch and retired to my cabin a few yards away from the Con to cook a short routine snooze.

All compartments checked correct", he reported. Just a few minutes had elapsed since I took over the Con from the OOW. I could feel the sweat on my brows. I felt cold starts coming around me. I ordered, "Flood Comp-2, one ton" The Captain was expected to be ice cool in an emergency, and here I was in cold sweat. I clenched my fists to take control of myself.

"Flood Comp-2 one ton", I croaked, trying to use my will power to stop the submarine from going up on its own. 'Vagli, sweet-heart, listen to me, I spoke to the submarine silently. It seemed that Vagli actually heard my appeal; it started to very slowly come to heel. We stopped coming up.

"Go back to 50 mts depth", I ordered. The Ex-O repeated my order. In my consternation I had not noticed that Robin had come in quietly and taken over from the OOW. I exhaled slowly; it was very comforting to have Robin besides me.

"Flood Comp-2, half ton", I commanded. The DO dutifully repeated my command to the

Panel Chief, a senior sailor responsible for taking in water in Comp-2 filling water in the ballast tanks to make the boat heavier so that it would stop going up.

"Flood Comp-2 half ton" I repeated the commanded, rather superciliously. I could see that the Planes-man was already struggling with the planes control to get the submarine back to horizontal position, taking reference from the trim indicator on a panel in front of him. The submarine trim was controlled by Forward and Aft planes, using a pull push control, much like the joy stick of an aeroplane.

The normal laws of hydrodynamics and submarine control system did not seem to be working. Vagli was responding rather erratically and seemed sluggish. If this continued, if we surfaced involuntarily and got detected, the consequences were unthinkable. It was as dangerous a situation as I could get myself into. I began to sweat despite the air conditioning.

"Inspect Compartments". My voice was hoarse with tension and perhaps too loud for the confines of the control room. My command was dutifully repeated by the Officer of the watch (OOW) on the intercom. I could imagine every man on the ship scurrying about like rats inspecting every part of the submarine from head to toe and top to bottom. One by one they called from their individual stations to report 'All Correct'. The OOW used a check list till the last man called.

"All compartments checked correct", he reported. Just a few minutes had elapsed since I took over the Con from the OOW. I could feel the sweat on my brows. I felt cold starts coming around me. I ordered, "Flood Comp-2, one ton" The Captain was expected to be ice cool in an emergency, and here I was in cold sweat. I clenched my fists to take control of myself.

"Flood Comp-2 one ton", I croaked, trying to use my will power to stop the submarine from going up on its own. 'Vagli, sweet-heart, listen to me, I spoke to the submarine silently. It seemed that Vagli actually heard my appeal; it started to very slowly come to heel. We stopped coming up.

"Go back to 50 mts depth", I ordered. The Ex-O repeated my order. In my consternation I had not noticed that Robin had come in quietly and taken over from the OOW. I exhaled slowly; it was very comforting to have Robin besides me.

"Flood Comp-2, half ton", I commanded. The DO dutifully repeated my command to the

Panel Chief, a senior sailor responsible for taking in water in Comp-2 filling water in the ballast tanks to make the boat heavier so that it would stop going up.

"Flood Comp-2 half ton" I repeated the commanded, rather superciliously. I could see that the Planes-man was already struggling with the planes control to get the submarine back to horizontal position, taking reference from the trim indicator on a panel in front of him. The submarine trim was controlled by Forward and Aft planes, using a pull push control, much like the joy stick of an aeroplane.

The normal laws of hydrodynamics and submarine control system did not seem to be working. Vagli was responding rather erratically and seemed sluggish. If this continued, if we surfaced involuntarily and got detected, the consequences were unthinkable. It was as dangerous a situation as I could get myself into. I began to sweat despite the air conditioning.

"Inspect Compartments". My voice was hoarse with tension and perhaps too loud for the confines of the control room. My command was dutifully repeated by the Officer of the watch (OOW) on the intercom. I could imagine every man on the ship scurrying about like rats inspecting every part of the submarine from head to toe and top to bottom. One by one they called from their individual stations to report 'All Correct'. The OOW used a check list till the last man called.

"All compartments checked correct", he reported. Just a few minutes had elapsed since I took over the Con from the OOW. I could feel the sweat on my brows. I felt cold starts coming around me. I ordered, "Flood Comp-2, one ton" The Captain was expected to be ice cool in an emergency, and here I was in cold sweat. I clenched my fists to take control of myself.

"Flood Comp-2 one ton", I croaked, trying to use my will power to stop the submarine from going up on its own. 'Vagli, sweet-heart, listen to me, I spoke to the submarine silently. It seemed that Vagli actually heard my appeal; it started to very slowly come to heel. We stopped coming up.

"Go back to 50 mts depth", I ordered. The Ex-O repeated my order. In my consternation I had not noticed that Robin had come in quietly and taken over from the OOW. I exhaled slowly; it was very comforting to have Robin besides me.

"Flood Comp-2, half ton", I commanded. The DO dutifully repeated my command to the

Panel Chief, a senior sailor responsible for taking in water in Comp-2 filling water in the ballast tanks to make the boat heavier so that it would stop going up.

"Flood Comp-2 half ton" I repeated the commanded, rather superciliously. I could see that the Planes-man was already struggling with the planes control to get the submarine back to horizontal position, taking reference from the trim indicator on a panel in front of him. The submarine trim was controlled by Forward and Aft planes, using a pull push control, much like the joy stick of an aeroplane.

The normal laws of hydrodynamics and submarine control system did not seem to be working. Vagli was responding rather erratically and seemed sluggish. If this continued, if we surfaced involuntarily and got detected, the consequences were unthinkable. It was as dangerous a situation as I could get myself into. I began to sweat despite the air conditioning.

"Inspect Compartments". My voice was hoarse with tension and perhaps too loud for the confines of the control room. My command was dutifully repeated by the Officer of the watch (OOW) on the intercom. I could imagine every man on the ship scurrying about like rats inspecting every part of the submarine from head to toe and top to bottom. One by one they called from their individual stations to report 'All Correct'. The OOW used a check list till the last man called.

"All compartments checked correct", he reported. Just a few minutes had elapsed since I took over the Con from the OOW. I could feel the sweat on my brows. I felt cold starts coming around me. I ordered, "Flood Comp-2, one ton" The Captain was expected to be ice cool in an emergency, and here I was in cold sweat. I clenched my fists to take control of myself.

"Flood Comp-2 one ton", I croaked, trying to use my will power to stop the submarine from going up on its own. 'Vagli, sweet-heart, listen to me, I spoke to the submarine silently. It seemed that Vagli actually heard my appeal; it started to very slowly come to heel. We stopped coming up.

"Go back to 50 mts depth", I ordered. The Ex-O repeated my order. In my consternation I had not noticed that Robin had come in quietly and taken over from the OOW. I exhaled slowly; it was very comforting to have Robin besides me.

"Flood Comp-2, half ton", I commanded. The DO dutifully repeated my command to the

Panel Chief, a senior sailor responsible for taking in water in Comp-2 filling water in the ballast tanks to make the boat heavier so that it would stop going up.

"Flood Comp-2 half ton" I repeated the commanded, rather superciliously. I could see that the Planes-man was already struggling with the planes control to get the submarine back to horizontal position, taking reference from the trim indicator on a panel in front of him. The submarine trim was controlled by Forward and Aft planes, using a pull push control, much like the joy stick of an aeroplane.

## #RELATIONSHIP

# Being A Supportive Partner



Whether they're struggling with a big or small issue, this is how you can be as helpful as possible.

You might think that you're pretty good at being supportive. You work hard. You compliment. You know when something's up and are there for your spouse.

But it's not really your call. When it comes to support, what you think is not necessarily what your partner feels.

It's all about what they need, and if it wasn't tricky enough, that can change regularly. What might have helped yesterday is not what will work today and might not be what's wanted in an hour.

"Needs can be so different," says Robin Norris, a marriage and family therapist in Virginia. "Some need action-oriented plans. Some need to be heard. It can be more complex than just being there for someone."

So it leaves you with a question: what do you do? And what does being supportive look like? There isn't one answer. But all of the right ones key in on paying attention, remaining flexible, and being willing to be uncomfortable, because when you're called on for support, it usually means your partner is not at their best.

Here are some tips that can help. **Just Ask What They Want**

Yes, that's it. Nothing more complex than opening with, "What do you need from me right now?," says Orna Rawls, a licensed marriage and family therapist in Stratford, Connecticut. You're not barging in. You're not trying to offer a solution they didn't ask for. And you're definitely not trying to be the smartest person in the room by guessing the correct "answer."

"We usually guess incorrectly because we think we're more similar to our partner because we live with them, but we're our unique selves," Norris says.

So asking is good! **Confirm What You're Hearing**

Of all the answers to, "What would help?," most likely the answer will be to listen. "Fifty percent of the time, you'll find out they just need an ear," Rawls says. "People feel supported



when they feel heard."

The same rules apply: Don't be distracted. (Your phone? Put it down.) Make eye contact. Don't interrupt. But there will be a time to talk, and before you do, make sure you understand what they've said.

Often, Rawls says, this is what trips couples up, because there's a figurative interpretation box sitting in between. Words go in, get filtered and heard differently; then it's, "That's not what I meant," resulting in no connection.

What you do is paraphrase back and ask, "Is this what you meant?" If yes, the conversation continues. If the answer is no, you say it again and keep saying it until it's what they meant. And this helps both sides. This is a chance for you to understand and your spouse might realize that they may be unclear on what they're feeling.

**Keep Checking In**

You might be providing what was requested, but periodically ask, "Is this working?" "Is this still working?" "Am I giving you what you're looking for?"

One thing to be careful of is using "help" and "support" interchangeably. They sound similar, but they can elicit different reactions.

The former can imply weakness. The latter sounds like two people

working together, which is why it's good to check in and adjust if necessary.

"We're not always going to get this right, but they trust that we're trying," Norris says.

**Resist That Urge**

You see them going down an unproductive path or convincing themselves of something you know won't work. Unless they ask, keep it to yourself. "They need to come to that conclusion on their own," Norris says. "It's how we learn best."

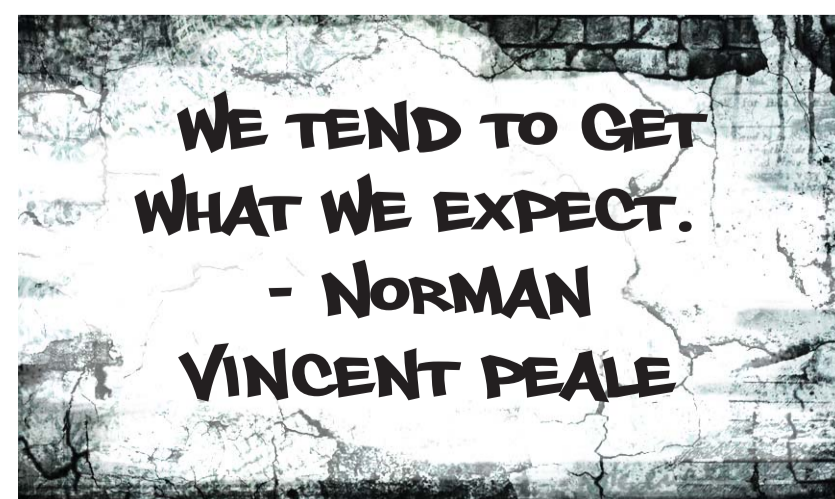
By not jumping in and trying to correct them, it also builds the essential element of trust because you're accepting who they are and whatever they're giving. If their ideas don't make sense? Okay. If they're snappy or grumpy? You can handle it.

"They're coming at you in a vulnerable spot," she says. "That doesn't lend itself to the most positive emotions."

But that doesn't mean to take everything without question. If you don't have the time or focus, it's legitimate to say, "I can't do it now but does 30 minutes work?" Being supportive rarely comes at a convenient time, but you don't have to immediately jump.

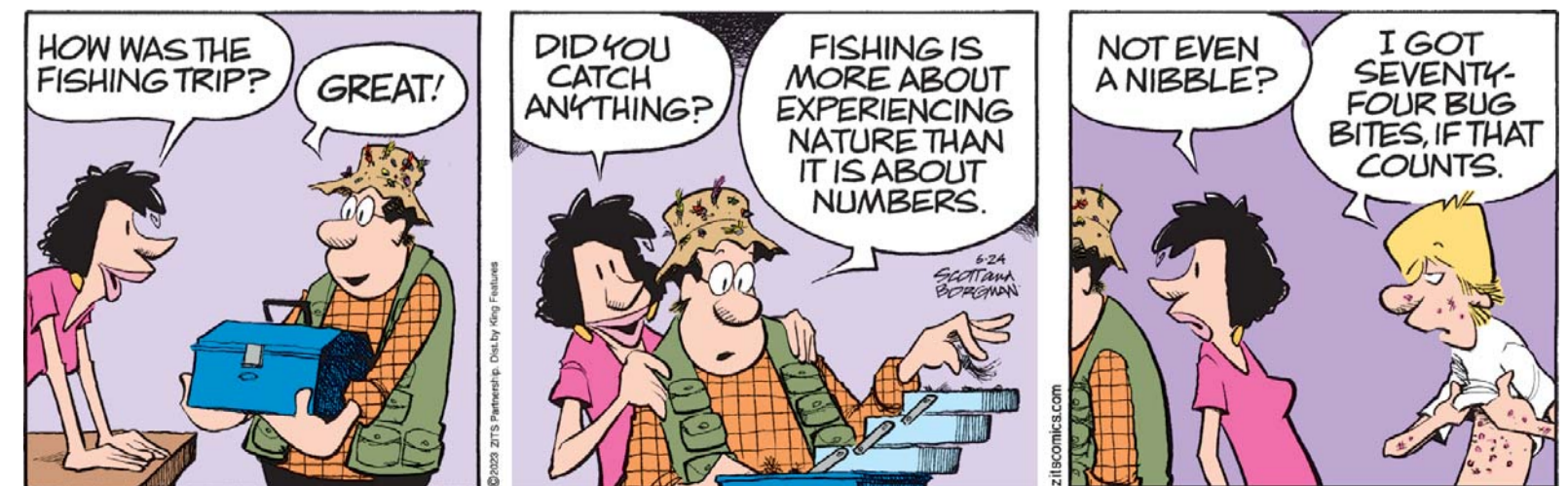
"It's humanly impossible," Rawls says. "You can't be on-call all the time."

## THE WALL



By Rick Kirkman & Jerry Scott

## ZITS



By Jerry Scott & Jim Borgman