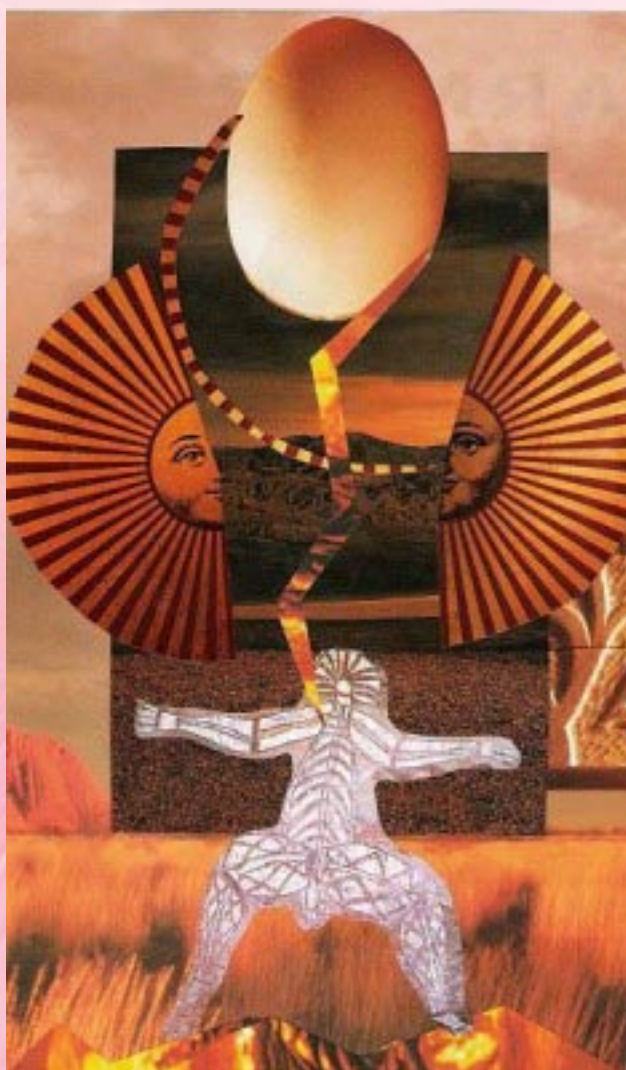


APOCALYPSE NOW AND THEN 2012, SOPHIA AND THE NEW THERAPEUTICS

Keith Hackwood

*Exploring Nine Dimensional
Alchemy, Sophia and the
Soul of the World...*

*... towards a therapeutic
psychology of service*



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Remember the Millennium? It may feel like a lifetime ago, but I know you recall it – the collectivised paranoia over the so-called Y2K phenomenon, worrying would our computers really turn feral and attack us or else pop their chips and release everything from the country's worst criminals to the time-locked nuclear waste held in hi-tec underground storage? The monetary systems of advanced capital collapsing, transportation grinding to an utter stop, panic, chaos, turmoil. That world, where the human-baton was passed from a spent century to one newborn, ended with a distinct whimper, rather than the foretold, even anticipated catastrophe so milked by the tabloid mindset of prevailing Western culture. Nor did any other planetary catastrophe emerge – no comet impact, no super-volcano, no pestilence, famine, death and war. Or did they?

Sure, we haven't witnessed alien revelation yet, nor a world-killing single event, but it hasn't exactly been business as usual either as the 'naughties' approach their mid-point, a cursory glance at your favourite source of news-drip should confirm that. As should the contents of your own dreamlife and the quality of fear and despair currently abroad in the *modus* of human relations. In amongst all this, those of you with active client practices will also have noticed reflections of the outer unmistakably manifesting on the inner, within the not-so-safe-after-all safe space of the therapeutic relationship. Whether it be 11/9/01 and the 'war on terror' (Terra), the tawdry polarising activities of Washington or Whitehall, the mangled flying body parts throughout Iraq and the wider Middle East, the implacable nightmare image of tsunamis sweeping swathes of bright life aside without warning, or the dawning realisation that even the weather is set upon a retributive course with humanity's beingness. And all this without attending to the inner worlds, where the soul's sense of an annihilating moment just around the next corner brings fear into every possible corner of

the imagination, the mind, the very cells themselves. Against such a background it seems legitimate to ask just what exactly is going on? But who can we ask? Who knows whether these are Biblical end-times, a quickstep between yugas, or the twisted epiphanic mass projection of some dreadful Hollywood disaster flick?

For my part, I claim no secret gnosis, nor any vested interest, nor is it my intention to scaremonger or fuel any fires, natural or otherwise. But somewhere amidst the apparent chaos and the daily unfolding personal and planetary drama that so characterise the early twenty-first century, there is a story to be told, to be witnessed and owned. A story that has the merit of providing a mythos that fits the predicted needs of a suffering species at a time of inescapable crisis. It was the great myth-restorer Joseph Campbell who predicted that only stories that worked on a global level and included the world and all within it would have any usefulness, indeed any place at all in the future of human beings. Could it be that this future has arrived already? Is it all over bar the shouting? And if so, what kind of shouting can we expect, if we stick around for it? The rest of this article will try to perform an act of epistrophe upon the times we inhabit, using two major sources to synthesise a workable world-myth and a conscious practice for the moment. A makeshift body-mind-spirit survival pack and first aid-kit, if you will. Our sources will be the psychologist, archetypalist and Sophianic disciple, **Robert Sardello**, and the astrologer, healer and deep time-researcher, **Barbara Hand Clow**.

Nine Dimensional Alchemy

To begin at the beginning, the works of Barbara Hand Clow cover much ground and carry much of significance, from her early writings on personal deep-memory and prior-life regressions, to her channelled material (most notably the Pleiadian Agenda), her astrological work (especially in *Chiron: Rainbow Bridge to the Outer Planets*) and most recently her writings on anthropological new

science (Catastrophobia). However, the book upon which her work to date best pivots happens to be her most recent, *Alchemy in Nine Dimensions*. Here Clow details and elaborates a comprehensive, global (universal?) system of much grace and elegance, through which new lenses open on the times in which we dwell. Much of her thesis is drawn from indigenous wisdom traditions around the world, synthesised with quantum and cosmological physics and applied to the lived experience of the moment. Hence, one central paradigm in which the work operates is seen to be the Mayan calendar. That such a calendar exists seems clear, that much new age dribble has obscured its potential significance, equally obvious. However, mathematical wranglings over precise dates aside, it is generally accepted among those who have focused their attentions upon such matters, that the Mayan calendar ends either on 28th October 2011 or 21st December 2012. What can such a statement possibly mean? Well, let us put aside our cultural conditionings for a moment and release any fire and brimstone visions we may wish to conjure around Last Judgment, Second Coming, Revelation, Eschaton, Apocalypse and so on. The Mayan calendar describes timelines in relation to the earth's being and that of our sun, having calibrations operative through vast swathes of human time and not reducible only to our own more-or-less compulsory Judaeo-Christian mindsets. That is not to say that such a lens isn't also valid or useful, only that it is not singular and has no monopoly of interpretation here. As Subcommandante Marcos, a modern Mayan and nominal leader of the Zapatista resistance movement in Chiapas, Mexico, puts it 'welcome to this corner of the real world, where we are all the same because of our differences'.

So time, as described by the Maya, ends (or changes at least), in about seven years from the time of writing. What does this information mean for us? Clow's insight is multifaceted and multi-levelled; she first explores how knowledge of the

Mayan calendar actually provides a means of control to those who have it (some see the calendar itself as an attempt by the Maya to control their own destiny in relation to the earth's journey with the sun – in effect to 'fix' certain aspects of time in a golden age) – and that through this the potential exists both for very heavy conditioning (the catastrophobia hypothesis – we are all collectively traumatised survivors of a prehistoric inundation registered in the flood-myths of all cultures and perpetuated by the powerful elites of the world in order to keep three-dimensional reality 'stuck' and therefore malleable to their will) or liberation (founded in the realisation that time as we know it is only time in three dimensions, and that the human being is the vehicle of choice for an experience of time in multiple dimensions simultaneously, once the means of accessing these states are remembered). Straight away 2012 polarises into the end of the world by destruction or the liberation of human consciousness by evolutionary leap. But there is more afoot, much, much more. Let us explore, briefly, the nine-dimensions of consciousness described by Clow and the distortions that occur at various levels and which harden into psychopathology or physical sickness.

The first dimension relates to the very centre of the earth itself, which is largely unknown to conventional science, but esoterically is described as a molten layer of iron surrounding an iron core crystal, resonating at 40 Herz. This holds one end of a central axis, a vertical experience penetrating matter and human beings equally (Jacob's Ladder in a kabbalistic sense, or the 'spindle of necessity' from a Platonic point of view). It radiates life force and is the 'sun of the earth', the planetary logos, if you will. Through it life exists in material form, its broadcasts penetrate our bodies, minds, souls, and we in turn are its feedback mechanism, the consciousness of the earth as a living being. Next comes the layer of molten and lava-like matter through the crust of the earth, from the outer core through

the mantle to just below what we know as the surface. This is the two-dimensional realm, called the Telluric realm, where devic activity holds patterns and potentials for all form ever manifested or yet to manifest on surface earth. As such this realm has archetypal resonances, as well as those relating to elemental beings, and it is here emerging into and interfacing with Linear Space/Time that human economic activity impacts upon subtle realms through the mining out (literally) of material for exploitation as fuel or wealth creating goods. Much destructive patterning has been wreaked on our two-dimensional heritage (and future) since the Industrial Revolution, and this continues into the third dimension in which we most generally live. The surface world of space-time, conditioned by gravity and the bodily experience, and, in recent times (last two to four thousand years) a place largely dominated by patriarchal behaviours and their very own flavour of trauma, is three dimensional reality. War, dominion through distorted expressions of power, economic, religious, genocidal and greed-addicted waves of experience colour this level and condition our contemporary experience. This is also the level corresponding to the human will, the implication being that as individuals our will's are largely subsumed by the vaster forces of his-tory, and the dominator hierarchy model applies – the will-in-action in three dimensions is largely (or has largely been) that of a few not-so-good men. The third dimension is our natural home, we are its gatekeepers, however much we have forgotten that. Hence when we encounter the fourth dimension, Collective Mind, that of archetypal reality and, if you like, the astral plane, we hit real difficulties, since the hierarchical conditions in three dimensions condition our entry into four. In other words, similar forces operate in four dimensions to control, shape and manipulate action in three dimensions – the main one being, naturally enough, fear. An example might be how fundamentalist forms of religion deny their adherents the inner space and freedom to explore

their true individuality and instead place injunctions around any such Self-exploration, usually characterised by one form of sin or another and carrying penalties of death and eternal damnation for any transgressor. The fourth dimension is therefore perhaps one of the contemporary keys before us, since equally there are those who connect with it readily and have learned to navigate its shores, through shamanic and artistic integrity, through magick, through transpersonal therapeutics and practices of other kinds. The fourth dimension is in many ways the balancing point and the struggle before us as a species, and upon the outcome to the question 'will humanity establish, en masse, an anchored sense of itself in 4D?' hangs the basic shape of the 2012 experience. If we can answer yes, then the evolutionary outcome prevails, if no, then the doomsday scenario plays out, or some timeline-fracturing splintering (Tikkun newly wrought?) is brought about. The fourth dimension is also one particularly reachable and workable with via Psychosynthesis and other therapeutic approaches that allow for a collective unconscious, an anima mundi, an astral experience, and is thus deserving of being revisited later in this piece.

The final five dimensions of consciousness are increasingly rarefied, but worthy of brief inclusion, since they complete the vertical axis and open up new approaches and levels of work. They are also quite beautiful and may speak directly to the 'higher' aspects of our beingness. Fifth dimensional reality represents the midpoint of the vertical axis, the cosmic sun, if you like. It is said to be ruled by the Pleiades, relative to earth's perspective. In simple terms it holds the forms of fully realised Love and Creativity, both as particle and wave, something like the Kabbalistic sense of Tiphareth of Briah, or the Sambhogakaya manifestation of Chenrezig, the Buddha of Compassion, from a Tibetan Kriya tantric point of view. In bodily terms it relates to the heart centre, to the fully opened heart chakra in union with its

front and back sides, and is golden-green in colour. It reminds me a little of Rudolf Steiner's description of the human heart, not as some sort of biological pump, but rather as the organ of perception through which we are able to connect and maintain connection to everything in creation, from the outermost reaches of cosmic space to a specific grain of sand or an exquisitely ugly dwarf, simultaneously. The fifth dimension opens to all spiritual experiences supportive of absolute unconditional love, compassion and surrender into the absorption of life's unceasing flow.

Sixth dimensional reality is christened 'Platonia' by Clow, after Plato, since it is said to consist of mist like ethers that continually condense into and dissolve out of complex geometric patternings. As well as its Sacred Geometry it is also known as the place of Morphic Fields. Among these are the Platonic solids, but also far more complex extended geometries, non-Euclidian hyperdimensions, and every (un)imaginable mathematical language representation. Ideas form here as shapes, before being loved into archetypal patterns as they move down through five and on into four dimensions. A basic sense of how these patterns communicate with us is found in our experience of symbol systems of all kinds, and also in natural forms (fractals, the shapes formed by crystalline structures in semi-liquid forms, or by sand or iron filings placed under magnetic influence etc). The seventh dimension is a world of sound, literally the harmony of the spheres, where cosmic order is created through the harmonic resonance and communication of patterns in the form of music, Galactic Highways of Light. The eighth dimension, the Divine Mind, is the world of light, pure white light stepping down into coloured aspects of the cosmic wavelengths, giving a first intimation of the emanating Rays; and the ninth dimension is the far end of the vertical axis for human consciousness, intimately linked to the iron core crystal in 1D, but located in the supermassive black hole

that pulses with gamma rays at Galactic Centre of the Milky Way (approximately 26° Sagittarius). A tenth dimension is also implied, twinning our Milky Way galaxy with that of Andromeda, the only galaxy appearing in blue-shift to ours, and therefore heading *towards*, rather than away from us. Could Andromeda be our galactic twin, our galaxies forming a binary system dancing across the cosmos in a manner far beyond our current understanding or intuition?

To condense this information into a story – wherever it enters from (Andromeda?) energy emanates in a pure stream from the Galactic Centre in nine dimensions, it steps down into eight dimensional light energies forming Rays, then condenses into seven dimensional sound harmonics, which in turn condense into geometric patterns and fields of complex structure. These geometries are stepped down into the heart energies of fifth dimensional cosmic love and then expressed in four dimensions as available archetypal and astral images for humans to glean in dreams, pathworkings, inspired reveries etc. In three dimensions we are fully responsible for which of these forms we choose to express in our lives and relationships, our creations and our destructions, in coterminous conversation with the two dimensional elemental/devic world and the radiant core crystalline life force in one dimension deep inside the Earth herself. Human free will is represented by our being the gatekeepers of three-dimensional experience, and it is in the second, third and fourth dimensions that the greatest accumulation of shadow, distortion and damage accrues through our negative choices and through the control and manipulation agendas of elite power. The greater part of the work of therapy has been traditionally construed as taking place in the third dimension, perhaps with an edge of fourth dimensional awareness in some cases, even a sense of two dimensional foundations in practices such as eco-psychology. Our challenge, in these terms is now to make much more explicit our lived experience *of all*

nine dimensions within each moment, as an act of creative individuality and in direct defiance of the numerous conditioning programmes and restrictive/repressive paradigms under which we labour.

The 2012 story is entirely reflected in this nine dimensional alchemy, since it implies that time is a function of these dimensions, and that whatever is 'ending' in 2012 will be ending in three dimensions. So, our business is to become stable vessels, disconnecting ourselves from increasingly redundant dramas that hold 'old' patterns (such as patriarchal forms of violence dressed up as war, economic imperialism, empirical scientism or distorted power relationships of all kinds) and instead actively attuning to the opening up of all the dimensions, which, as the Mayan time-script hastens towards its completion, all become infinitely more available. Think of the nine-dimensional model as a sort of imaginal GPS system, by means of which you can always orient yourself within whatever events are unfolding about you – be they traumatic or blissful, personal or collective. This is the first item I promised you, so put into your survival kit if you will (by the way, the only survival kit worth having is the one that you can carry around in your head and use through your heart). In addition to the vertical axis describing nine dimensionality, you can also envisage a circle (zodiac) around its equator in twelve equal sections, which manifest balancing archetypes at various levels, and can be used by us to restore equilibrium when we sense it becoming skewed (e.g. six pairs of polarities, as in the astrological zodiac, constellate the capacity for restoring balance).

There is far more that could be said in regard to Barbara Hand Clow's work, which I have barely touched here. Especially interesting and useful are her astrological methodologies for applying the catastrophobia material and the nine-dimensional paradigm to mundane events, either with a degree of predictive (horary) use, or by means of detailed interpretation of collective

events. For this a regular check in with her website (handclow2012.com) is heartily recommended. I would also stress that any sense that this work is somehow 'heady' or overly mental, or that it ignores the body and is therefore somehow ungrounded, is entirely down to my failures as a scribe, since the material itself and Clow as an author, are at pains to be completely located within the bodily experience. Indeed there are many body exercises included in her work, including research into shamanic posture and breathwork as a means to entering various relevant transcendent states.

Sophia & the Soul of the World

I want to turn now to my other guide to a world beset by time collapses and traumatic echoes, Robert Sardello. Sardello's work, though imaginally infused with and reacting to the same issues as Clow's, is at the same time entirely different. His works are neither channelings nor scientific paradigm-shifts, but rather poetic musings, startlingly tender epiphanies and practical heart koans that dwell in the service and the presence of the World imagined as Sophia. Sophia, that is, not just another goddess, not another name for Gaia, but Sophia the Gnostic aspect of all-that-is, the World-as-Imagination, the feminine World of 'everfaithful Wisdom' manifested through, among others, the Gnostic text 'Pistis Sophia'. In other words the Trinosophia, Mother, Daughter and Holy Soul, the triple aspected shekinah who dwells with God the Father (heavenly Sophia), with the lion-faced being filled with pride (chaos Sophia), and with us all here on earth (earthly Sophia). As with Clow, his most pivotal works are also his most recent, especially *Love & The World*, subtitled 'A guide to conscious soul practice'. Let us say right at the outset that for Sardello, the 'end of the world' refers to the end of the world we know in our heads (a correct magickal understanding born out of metaphor and will, rather than a crude literalising into dead 'fact' – such as 'the earth will explode') and hence is as much about the

‘beginning of the Sophianic world and a crisis in its unfolding’, as it is about death.

How can this be? The answer Sardello gives is the Grail quest, again, not as some new agey goo wrapped up in a denuded romantic fable, but through a dynamic, powerfully heart-centred antidote to the postmodern condition, a call to wholism with the world as partner. In pursuing this line, Sardello brings about a remarkable cadence, interweaving Gnostic sources with Sophianic initiates such as the Russian mystic Vladimir Soloviev, and along the way does for Rudolf Steiner what James Hillman did for Jung. He also breaks open (as far as I am aware, unconsciously) beautiful and unexpected new territories and languages for describing the process we call Biopsychosynthesis:

“Our I is everywhere the same as the individuality of our body”

and:

“(this) complete dominance of rhythm says that the unity of the Soul of the World has to do with the development of the capacity to see all things in their activity, motion, mobility, ever-changing movement. The kind of consciousness that is capable of doing this, we have described as the activity of the I.”

Following Steiner he notes the esoteric significance of the number 666 – the obvious connection to the Beast of Revelation and Sophia’s appearance therein, but also the repeating story of worlds in transition. Hence, in 666CE the Academy of Jundi-Shapur was founded in Persia, born out of the collapse of the Greek mystery schools after Justinian’s year zero approach to any forms of pre-Christian knowledge. Out of the Persian Academy eventually grew the materialistic science and prevalence of technical bias we know today. Sardello sees this as a thwarting of a Sophianic moment, just as in 1322CE (2x666) Philip the Fair of France crushed the Knights Templar in order to seize their

wealth, and in so doing brought about another thwarting of Sophia (the chapter of history accounting for the Templars can be read as supporting an agenda to bring soul into the things of the world, through hospitals, charities, public art etc – instead of which we eventually got Philip’s world-steering economics of profit). Next, when 666 is multiplied by three, we have 1998 – is/was this another moment of Sophia *in potentia*? And isn’t that Millennial date itself pretty linked to the final countdown of the Mayan calendar already discussed? For Sardello this is a chance worth taking – a gamble not only on soul but on Sophia as Soul of the World, so to speak, is propitious for the times we are living in:

“if soul, image, depth, mystery, myth, dream, interiority, quality, beauty, unity, wholeness apply only to the individual soul and not to the world, then as far as the outer world is concerned we are all fundamentalists.”

Depth psychology, archetypal psychology, the way of Jung, Freud, Adler, the Gestalt movement, to say nothing of more mainstream approaches with their narrower agendas and, frankly, distorted mono-ocular vision of the nature of the human being, are not enough. They are not *wrong*, it’s just that they’re not right either, and to a greater or lesser extent they behave as though they were and, in so doing, sell humanity short, keep us locked into an old form, the past, which has been interesting and vital but increasingly holds no keys to our truest needs. To switch back into Clow-language a moment, they are languages and image systems coming out of a distorted connection to the fourth dimension, containing some useful but increasingly obsolete paradigms. Steiner names this phenomenon also, noting how in the current world, the forces of Arhiman and Lucifer are often intertwined, life is increasingly complex, it cannot be described in simplistic terms (Sorry Dubya) as good or evil, since that which has been good can become, relatively, an evil when used past its

sell by date. What Sardello and Clow both agree on (together with a select few other luminaries in their occult, counter-cultural and aesthetic fields), is that, from a human perspective, *time is speeding up*. Whether this is literal truth, or experience born out of the perspective of the information age, wherein the total content of human knowledge doubles at an increasing rate, currently somewhere in the region of once every year or so by most best guesstimates, no-one can say with certainty. However, the implications are startling – commentators in this field suggest (strongly!) that by 2015 (another date in our range) the totality of human information will be doubling every quarter of a second, and that by such a point the world *as we know it*, will have ended of necessity, since its old forms could not hope to contain the speed of change. In other words, our culture is being alchemically heated up, quickly boiled, so that some suggest the metaphor of it moving from a fluid state to a vaporous state sometime in the next seven years. What is information, in this context? Could it be the innermost-outermost reaches of soul? Could it be the experience of light refracted through the polished lens of the heart and now moving at the speed of love? Could it be the reunited trinity of Sophia enthroned over a truly opened, enlightened world? It *could* indeed be any and all of these things and a billion, billion more possibilities besides. What it certainly is not, is the world, ourselves, and our lives in any way we have ever experienced them before. We are talking the biggest régime change planet earth and homo sapiens has yet known – no matter what they tell you, the status quo is not an option.

But I was talking about Sophia, and Sardello's masterly touch, and there's more to be said. For example, if we do, as individuals and in collectives, choose to encounter these startling times from a place of inner consciousness and outer intimacy with the world, how are we to go about it? Well, just as we have nine dimensions in which to perceive and

operate, so we have not five, not even six, but twelve senses (five inner and seven outer) with which to engage ourselves with the world and one another. And it would be a highly desirable thing to familiarise ourselves with these innate capacities at the earliest opportunity, to make them a part of our life practice. The brief version of the complete list of human senses (again, after Steiner) goes like this – this is another item for your first-aid kit, I invite you to pick it up:

Sight – awareness of the outer world through sight
Warmth – senses the relationship between body and surroundings through temperature
Hearing – awareness of the outer world and deep structure via sound
Taste – awareness of the outer world through flavours
Word – hears the particularity of sound through speech in the world
Thinking – awareness of thinking as a process in self and other
Ego – awareness of the individuality of another
Life (inner) – senses well-being or ill-being
Touch (inner) – internal response to contact with the outer world
Movement (inner) – awareness of the body in relation to motion
Balance (inner) – orients us to the world via direction; filling out
Smell (inner) – awareness of the outside world through odour; filling in

By way of example, let us choose one of the senses as yet undiscovered by science to consider more deeply, let's say warmth. In its coarse form this sense is reduced to informing us about the extremes of physical temperature relative to the body, however, if related to the other senses in a balanced and harmonic (seventh dimensional) way warmth can function, for example, through sight, so that, like Goethe we can have a living experience of the warmth of red hues or the coolness of certain northern blues, not as empty metaphor or tired convention of abstracted speech, but as living thrill,

as part of the lived richness of soul in the world, as true activity of the body. Sardello says:

“To be fully engaged in the world through the body, rather than to be an observer of the world from the place of body, requires the ongoing rhythmic harmony between inner and outer senses. If this rhythmical relation is unbalanced, confusion in sensing easily sets in.”

This ‘confusion in sensing’ is the world in bits. The fragmented world of fear-based egotism, rather than the co-created world of imagination-in-flux, where soul meets world through body. “Egotism is nothing more than love trying to function without a complete world in which to function” in other words. However, it is important to note that our contemporary world is awash with just this confusion, individually experienced as alienation and cut-offness, pain, lack of depth of feeling, numbness, deadness, ennui – but also promoted, promulgated, produced and performed *ad nauseam* by those for whom profit reigns supreme. In other words, and by way of another example, advertising debases our senses into image-only spectral hunger – it does not converse with our balanced, rhythmic sensory dance between inner and outer, it unbalances us, quite deliberately, in order to produce a specific behaviour, motivated out of a degraded (fallen) desire. Similarly, pornography (of every kind) distances us from our bodies by making longing into an abstracted picture, or the chart ‘music’ of the day whose meanness of soul (and glibness of marketing – as if Sophia could be downloaded as a ringtone for your Vodafone external unifying centre) pushes us further into dulled states of alienation *from our selves*. True spiritual experience, as true art, has no part of the experience of dulling or being dulled, yet rather heightens and strengthens all our senses simultaneously, through which experience we actually participate in the creation of the experience itself. Hence,

“when the I encounters images that

require no participatory activity, it readily experiences them as false. However, since the ego and the I are the same function – in the former case directed inward and relying on the past, and in the latter case directed outward and oriented toward what is coming to be – living in a world of pre-formed images works strongly against the I developing its own imaginal capacities, and erodes such a capacity if it does exist”

In this way every ‘I’ is an artist and a mystic, and our awareness is upon *acts* of attention (at tension) not objects of attention. In a similar way, we could say that as the Sophianic moment approaches, be it 2012, 2015 or any other date you care to choose, we are invited to become poets with our souls, with our bodies and our minds, since as poetry is to language so Sophia is to the experience of soul ensouled. And we would do well to remember that beauty is the consciousness of the heart, radically open and unfinished, for whenever it senses itself to be complete, it partakes instead of egotism and unbalance – the world, Mr Bond, is actually much more than enough; the alternative is a counter-creative hell-realm.

Now it’s about time I talked about time – if you still have time to listen? After all, isn’t that what we’ve been talking about all along, one way or another, with Clow or Sardello or 2012 or the past or the possible future? Subjective experience suggests that time is speeding up, running out, time is money, money is time, we all need a time-out. Or perhaps linear time isn’t the deal at all? Don’t most remnants of more ancient cultures conceive of spiral time, or time operating through vast and tiny wheels or circles? And isn’t it also true that most such cultures construct language that only inhabits a present tense, so that everything that happens or can be imagined takes place within an eternal ever-present now? And don’t such cultures also retain strong connections to ancestral lines and the living presence of the long, long dead? Whereas our westernised sense of time,

post Industrial revolution time, operate as though time itself was a commodity becoming scarcer by the second? Our lives are pulled more and more by virtual time even as the body itself competes to assert its own sense of right timing, often unsuccessfully, so that instead of I-joy we manifest egotistical eruptions, distorted hyper-creative attempts at self-liberation through, for example, cancer? Sardello, acutely, observes that this phenomenon of time fragmenting into unstable splintered history, even as information expands exponentially, has quickened ever since the detonation of the first atomic bomb – an act of perfect evil from Sophia’s perspective, if only an expedient wonder-weapon and self-congratulatory science-boy hard-on for those eggheads who manifested it. You see, human beings, as spiritual animals, live in (at least) two time currents. One proceeds, as we all know, from birth towards death in an apparently linear manner, A to B, extremely familiar and three-dimensional. The other though is less familiar, at least on the surface, and proceeds according to Sophianic laws of ensoulment, in other words it proceeds from the moment of soul towards the consciousness aware of itself in linear time, so that it appears to us as though it approaches from the future, calling us towards its embrace. I say embrace advisedly, since this time stream emanating from the future is itself an expression of love in action. We know this because we can have glimpses of the ‘I’ experience, and from these we know with certainty that it just *is*, it isn’t something learned or earned, it just is, spontaneously, when we allow it.

Sardello takes this further into our specific field:

“Nearly the whole of therapeutic psychology is based on the sense of being affected by the past. This continues in spite of the fact that everyone, without exception, enters therapy in order to find a way into the future, a way back to the I and a view of the world as coming to be”

From this viewpoint the future is not

some fantasy or projection based upon all the past wounding or compensatory idealism that we have been conditioned into, but is, in its own terms, the time current of the not-already-known. The detonation of the bomb has scrambled the linear time current of the past, the ego-time of the known, making it radically unstable and prone to slippage and collapse. The movement from ego to I, via individuality, becomes evident as the path towards independence from the past, literally, freedom from the known – a truly Aquarian vision. At the same time of course, the effects of detonating the bomb release radiation, radionucleides and isotopic particles that contaminate and destroy matter, body and soul – turning time into lead in some bleak reverse alchemy, meaning that to stay there is, if not to die, to become the half-living of a half-life in a world of Saturn and senex alone.

If the time is ripe, let’s ask the Grail question – whom does this serve? It surely doesn’t serve Sophia, but it isn’t her story – our paddling at the shores of time show us clearly it’s history we’ve been making, history which science, capitalism and various other religiously inclined fundamentalisms would have us believe is ending. That is to say, we’ve arrived – or we are arriving, at the point of completion, closure, the perfection of capital – the patriarchal money-shot, the end of the work of human civilization. Those who don’t learn from the mistakes of their history are doomed to repeat them, right? But aren’t those who are making those mistakes right in front of our noses today, the same one’s who made them yesterday and will tomorrow, if we let them? Isn’t the Ahrimanic neo-conservative administration of the contemporary USA a mirror of the moment the Roman Empire split into its eastern and western forms? Isn’t Bush Jr the Emperor Tiberius, Isn’t Dick Cheney Pope Urban II? Isn’t Richard Perle Emperor Alexius Comnenus? Aren’t we all being just a little bit suggestible here, letting our karma breakdown our inner calm, ignoring the revelation of our

deepest cellular understanding? Time present and time past are both present in time future, to paraphrase T.S. Eliot, and in that time future, which we have already seen is the time of the I, aren't all time-streams co-present, from the Maya to the Lemurians, Old Kingdom Egypt to Dark Age Europe, Atlantis to the missing link, Elizabethan England's golden age of *anima* to the Qin dynasty? And if this is so, then don't our bodies contain these memories, available and spinning wildly, sanely, in more or less expressed echoes of encounters we are always having with our Selves and each other? If this is so, and if we call ourselves healers or authentic descendents of the therapæ, do we not have a responsibility to our Selves, the Others and the World, to open to the full awareness of who and where we are in order to heal and be healed *at this time*?

I am reminded of some words spoken at a lecture I was fortunate enough to be at in the Findhorn Foundation in 1998, given by the Slovenian artist, landscape healer and true Sophianic devotee, Marko Pogacnik. In his talk about Christ and the earth changes manifest in the elemental and physical dimensions and their impact upon collective human consciousness (second, third and fourth dimensions), during which he also, very strikingly, appeared to grow visibly younger and increasingly radiant (and after which he was quite badly ill and remained, most unusually, in bed for a day), he stated that it was possible that a great many people might die as the earth entered more and more deeply into her changes, not because of catastrophic tectonic events, comet impacts or nuclear armageddon, but because, in essence, people would find the beauty being revealed too intense, just too beautiful. I share that thought, for what its worth, as a final offering for your soul survival kit and turn, in the final section, to some practical implications for working therapeutically with self and others at this time.

Towards a therapeutic psychology of service

“from bitter searching of the heart,
quicken with passion and with pain
we rise to play a greater part”
(Frank Scott)

So sings Leonard Cohen on his latest record, 'Dear Heather', and this feels like as good a place as any to begin to articulate some of the meaning inherent in these plangent lines, relative to our work as doctors of soul, keepers of the wisdom and transpersonal therapists at probably the most freaked out, fenced in, impossibly fecund yet paradoxically desertified phase in and out of earthly time ever yet experienced. How are we to make sense of our roles and take care of our Selves in ways that ensure our openness to all that comes and all who present to our practices?

The first clue concerns the heart, the fifth dimension, the sun of creative love whose wrathful guardian is jealousy. Perhaps our primary need is to nurture the capacity in our selves to come from this place in all our relationships, inner or outer, and to pursue the work of returning to this state whenever we notice ourselves pulled or skewed from it, which we can do with Clow's system of dimensionality (vertical axis) as it gyroscopically relates to the zodiac, which it wears as a sort of cosmological hula-hoop, and through whose interactions we can witness our own imbalances and redress them with awareness as they arise. In so doing, we not only inhabit the fullness of the I but also make of the world what Sufism would call the Beloved, the Eternal Friend. From this place we see that whenever the world is treated in any way other than as beloved “it is as if she is being taken from us”. Which leads to a second insight – the pain of witnessing the world being stolen from us, as a beloved from a lover, is the pain of jealousy. Jealousy, Sardello has it, is “the faithful shadow of love. Because of jealousy, love can never become a habit”. To take this further, we could say that through the jealously guarded spaciousness in which individual soul

meets world soul, I meets Sophia, soul alchemises its essence into love. Love is the preparation and the developmental capacity that allows humanity to play a part in the destiny of the world – not simply that Earth is the planet of love, but that relational dynamics in many dimensions shape and give form to that love.

“Love is not the fate of the Earth. The fate of the Earth is the same as that of any living being – to be born, develop, age and die. Destiny concerns the transformations that can take place that alter fate”

Next, we need to pay attention to our joy and anguish, as lived experiences from inside the body towards the world, for they will guide us towards experiences of the I-Self, and allow us to know I-joy, the condition of basic human goodness. The twin state of anguish connects us to the sense of danger in the world, the openness to change in every moment, and provides legitimate parting songs for the passing ego state, as well as plugging us directly into the Earth’s sense of herself as Sophia. This is reminiscent of the Tibetan practice of *tonglen*, or taking and giving, in which a practitioner absorbs suffering and breathes out bliss into specific or universal situations of mind and matter, through the efficacy of the opened heart, by means of the diamond will. If stabilised and dwelt within, this experience gives rise to an ocean of bliss and a sense of true anguish, for compassion cannot exist without suffering. The truly open heart partakes of the twin state of joy and anguish, holding the cusp of the two as one, denying neither, simply being, including, breathing in and out.

A similar sense can be gained through working with anger – for anger is fast becoming the language of soul, at least in its earliest stages of expression. And in truth there is much to be angry for, uncomfortable about, bored by, lost in and addicted to. I is the consciousness *in* the self not of it, whereas the nature

of ego is addiction. Addiction often springs from the root of fear, which itself grows out of pain on some level – so the pain-killer replaces the open heart, just as modern pharmaceutical medicine turns generations into state-approved drug addicts, every bit as addicted as the crackheads, smackheads, alcoholics and coke-hoovers lying in the gutters, or on swanky media office floors. To open is to grieve, to be angry, to connect with the soul that could never be anywhere but right here, and yet has not been met until now. I do not mean one should encourage anger for its own sake, since anger is as delusional as any other emotion, and easily becomes recuperated into egotism – becoming an identity of its own; rather, I want to speak up for the soul in anger that perhaps has no other language with which to express itself – a therapist whose inner senses are balanced can know the difference and trust their heart, can take the risk to love beyond the tightly approved boundaries of ‘professional’ codes of ethics. The future of humanity is not written in such codes, nor can it be – they are at best tourniquets upon the unhealing wound of the Fisher King, and for him to be healed some Parsifal is going to have to step out of line, like a Holy Fool or a Knight Errant, or a Sophianic sadhu whose heart is ‘the shape of a begging bowl’.

Finally, in our connection to the I as our home state, and our capacity to locate ourselves in dimensionality, let us pay our deepest attention to the world as partner within the areas of relationship (especially friendship) and of community. And let us value our night-world, even as the old world (which, if we could only *see* it, exists still only through some act of divine grace, the Earth and the Sophianic world having already moved beyond it, hoping for our human following) that so despises it, falls. For in the dream world our equality as vessels inhabiting soul is inviolable. Dream-work, then, can also lead us into the sense-blessed fulfilling of the I in the world. Not through analysis, or extension or any of the dreamwork

methods with which we are all so familiar (though these have their place, they too are passing forms), but in the experience of the I at the shores of dream and waking, co-emergent, unable to bring the one world fully into the other, but developing the liminal capacity, the paradoxical beach between two oceans whose waters continually become one another so long as we allow them their mutual freedom. The world of night and of dream has been used and abused by the privileging of the day world ever since religion abandoned the body to sin, or work fixed the body with clocks – but it has not been, nor will it always be, this way. We do well to meet our clients' dreams as we do our own – with respect, spaciousness and the willingness to not-know. In such a manner we grow the quality of I in the world, we partake of the mysterious *baraka* that allows World-soul to add to itself, rather than reverting to the tired, old modes of consumerism whose days decline even as they flare the sky.

I will end with a poem from Leonard Cohen's 'Book of Mercy', a psalm for the moment of the World:

I lost my way, I forgot
To call on your name. The raw
heart beat against the
World, and the tears were for my
lost victory. But you
Are here. You have always been
here. The world is all
Forgetting, and the heart is a rage
of directions, but
Your name unifies the heart, and
the world is lifted into
Its place. Blessed is the one who
waits in the traveller's
Heart for his turning.

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10-11th January 2005

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