

WHAT IS THE SPIRIT OF THE DEPTHS SEEING NOW?

Every thing must be at rest which has no Force to impell it; but as the least Straw breaks the Horse's Back, or a single Sand will turn the Beam of Scales which holds Weights as heavy as the World; so, without doubt, as minute Causes may determine the Actions of Men, which neither others, nor they themselves are sensible of.

—John Trenchard, *Cato's Letters*, London, 1724

PM. Thank you for this question, Russ. You certainly rang my bell! And you presented it so directly, simply, and without frills—that it was indeed like a hammer striking an immense bronze bell. I still hear the reverberations of that great bell, as if it were tolling from dark, underwater depths.

Many readers will recognize the term “Spirit of the Depths” (hereinafter referred to as the SOTD). It is associated with Jung’s courageous labors in the diamond mines of his own psychic depths. Decades later, he invoked that spirit

again when he wrote his electrifying letter to Sir Herbert Read, on September 2, 1960, the year before he (Jung) died. As you well know, that letter was a landmark. In it, Jung invokes the tremendous image of the "Coming Guest," which to me was a direct outgrowth of his profound work during the Red Book years of 1914 to 1930. Thus, I take the SOTD as a reference to *whatever force governs and informs the deep psyche of the collective unconscious, which cannot be known directly, but only through its manifestations.*

As I considered your question, Russ, an image came suddenly and spontaneously to mind: the monstrous, sub-seafloor earthquake-and-tsunami of 2004, in Indonesia. The image presented itself so forcefully that I am giving it serious consideration here. However far afield it might seem to take us, I feel it is worth exploring. So, I will at least try to sketch out the connection between a sub-sea earthquake and the tsunami it spawned in 2004, and your question, which points to the future.

The seismic "mega-thrust" event that came to mind was the "Boxing Day Tsunami" of Dec. 26, 2004, in Indonesia, where a sudden shift of tectonic plates beneath the Indian Ocean generated a massive earthquake finally estimated to have broken the Richter scale, at an "unprecedented" reading of 9.3. The tsunami death-

toll of ca. 230,000 in 2004 Indonesia was ten times deadlier than the Fukushima event of 2011 in northern Japan—ca. 20,000 or more.

Even as the tragedy was still developing on that dark Boxing Day, 2004, in the tourist meccas of Indonesia and elsewhere, scientific measurements and reports began to emerge. Over the years since, many scientists added detail to the slowly emerging picture, as they mapped and calibrated the events originating in the depths of the Indian Ocean. Their reports are a valuable human attempt to reduce an unimaginable horror to something graspable, half-way manageable, that we can hold in our hands or heads. Not so that we can continue our efforts to “control nature”—a fool-hardy enterprise at best—but so as better to prepare ourselves for the next unexpected but inevitable shock.

As I explored the scientific findings, a few things jumped out at me, and they all add *body* to the strange, otherwise-invisible image I’m trying to piece together here: i.e., what the SOTD is “seeing.” Parts of a metaphorical puzzle. I make use of scientific data here, yes, but almost for poetic or imaginative purposes. Thus, I do not want to reduce “the horror, the horror.” Rather, I want to recover it to an extent, to save some of that horror for its cautionary value. I will offer some details from the 2004 undersea megathrust earthquake.

At around 8:00 AM on “Boxing Day,” December 26, 2004, a seismic event took place nineteen miles *beneath* the elastic “bedrock” sea-floor off the NW coast of Sumatra, where a north-south fault-line runs between the India and Burma tectonic plates. That event occurred in two main periods of movement, separated by a brief interval of about 100 seconds. What happened? The two plates, both subject to their own obscure and irreducible necessities, succumbed to conflicting forces bearing upon them, and “slipped.”

The fault-line that did the slipping was 1000 miles long. That “rupture,” as it’s also called, was rapid. The first phase, to the south, sped along the *solid rock plate-boundary* at ca. 6720 mph, which is “supersonic” (= Mach 8.78+). The second phase did not rupture quite so rapidly, due to local plate conditions, running only at 4700 mph (= Mach 6.13). But before any tsunami waves could have a chance to form, the slipping plates would first have to displace some water. How much water? A lot.

The scientific measurements give us an idea. There was a north-to-south seafloor ridge close to a mile high in places, a result of previous seismic actions, close to the rupture zone. So great was the shaking that much of that ridge collapsed, triggering landslides several miles wide. One of those slides consisted of

a single block of rock estimated to be 330 ft. high and 1.2 miles long. Other displaced rocks, each weighing millions of tons, were *dragged by displaced water* across the sea floor for as much as six miles. Titanic forces indeed were needed to cause such geologic mayhem a mile beneath the waves!

In the course of the tectonic *subduction* process, the seafloor was uplifted several meters, displacing around 7.2 *cubic miles of water*. As with Fukushima, the inevitable tsunami waves at the surface of the open sea were detectable but relatively mild—maybe 20”—whereas as the displaced water (i.e., the tsunami proper) reached as high as 167 feet when the main surge hit land. Spreading in rhythmic pulses, the energy propagated across entire oceans. In open water, with nothing to stop it, the energy-wave moved at over 6000 mph. The “ripples,” if we can call them that, reached around the world. The wave patterns “diffracted” around Cape Horn and extended northward, at least as far as northern Chile. The whole earth wobbled slightly on its axis. Nearby islands in Indonesia were relocated as much as 60 feet, and maps will have to be redrawn.

Armed with these sketchy details, I can now return to your question.

To me, this whole seismic process is a resounding metaphor for the *magnitude* of what we humans are most likely to undergo, one way or another, in this *Age of*

Consequences—aka “Saturn’s payback.” I am not saying that we should expect a replay of the 2004 tragedy. But I do think it “came to me” as a warning—that what the SOTD portends is, in its potency, just as catastrophic as the Boxing Day earthquake-and-tsunami, and perhaps far more.

We have both emphasized in these writings how humans have never before faced anything quite like what we are beginning to see taking shape right now. “It” has already begun to happen. And anyone with “eyes of fire”—thank you, William Blake—can see, at least in dim outlines, the shape of “what is to come.” If nothing else, the megathrust earthquake that produced the Boxing Day Tsunami, and shook the entire planet on its axis, should serve as a *cautionary metaphor*, and thus help us to imagine the *scope* of whatever the Spirit of the Depths has in store.

Having plunged in my imagination to the bottom of the Indian Ocean—and dragged perhaps a few intrepid readers with me—I can now surface again, and point to a few images I have recorded over the years. They come from a few dreams out of a thousand or more; from one “vision”; and from synchronicities, i.e., things that are “not supposed to happen.” Theoretically, anyone can have dreams with similarly deep implications. I think such dreams are happening all the time, but most of us ignore them. Taken together, dreams and visions, along with

the various forms of “accidents” and synchronicities you have pointed to, Russ, undoubtedly bring unexpected value with them. I select the following images for presentation because, like the Boxing Day Tsunami, they too have “presented” themselves to me, as I write this response to your question:

1. **Swollen-river dream:** I see a large river flowing. From bank to bank, it is full of debris, apparently from some catastrophe that has occurred “upstream.” Suddenly, the whole scene goes through a *phase-change*, and instantly becomes much larger than it seemed at first. Everything is now happening on a larger scale than before—river, speed, debris, everything. [End of dream.]

My comment: This phase-change has happened more than once in my dream-life. It also happens in our worldly, waking life, as, for example, when water goes through its phases of solid, liquid, and gas. and back. The silica in stoneware pottery glazes goes through a phase-change in crystal size when undergoing a high-temperature fire in a kiln. And even this entire universe, in theory, went through a phase-change called “inflation,” where the entire scale of all that came into being from the Big Bang, as it were, instantly expanded in scale to a hard-to-imagine degree.

My only premise at the moment, from my limited point of view, is that the phase-change in my swollen-river dream might suggest a phase-change from personal dream-content and import to collective dream-content and import. I say that in part because, as I age, I notice more and more how “things” begin to take on more dimensionality and depth, as if the older I get the more I get to see, even as my body reflects the aging process. Much of what I see is poignantly beautiful; but much of it is grim, no matter how much I might want to avoid or deny that—as so many hale and hearty souls evidently prefer to do. I would not be writing this if I did not care.

2. Diamonds and tornado dream: Decades ago, I dreamed that a tornado was approaching, and there would be no escaping it. I was in a house with a few other people, three or four, preparing for the approach of the tornado. We do so by (1) practicing such maneuvers as sky-diver teams might practice in order *to join hands to form a circle while in free-fall*. The other thing we have to do is to *swallow a handful of diamonds*. A square opening has been *built in* the ceiling, for the purpose

of facilitating our being sucked up into the tornado. It arrives. We are all sucked up into the howling vortex. We try to join hands. It is very difficult.

My comment. I don't want to go into the details of this dream, except to say that the image of the dream-tornado still resonates with what I see happening, perhaps fifty years after the dream. Sometimes I think to myself: "So, I'm in the tornado again." But to say that *I* am in the tornado, suggests that *we all* are "in the tornado." I believe that dream was of collective import. I wrote an essay about it.

3. **A vision.** I wrote about this vision in our third volume of *Dreams, Bones & the Future: Endings*. It was a vision of whirling clouds on a dark night, the clouds being shredded by the fierce winds. I *saw* a face coalesce from the blowing clouds. It was quite indistinct, but I saw that it had two dark spots where one would expect. The "eyes" seemed to reflect a sentient, observing presence. And as I looked at those eyes, the eyes were looking at me. The punch-line of the vision was delivered as a firm and succinct statement by Intuition: "I am seeing the person or being, that is behind all the manifestations of our planetary Climate Chaos." I have no reason to doubt that statement, hard to believe though it may seem.

Conclusion: I could have responded to your question, Russ, starting at this point, skipping all of the above details about earthquakes and tsunamis. Easier on the reader, I know. But I feel a greater responsibility than just to economy with words, or the momentary pleasure of the reader. I know that this entire topic is difficult, as it should be. We see and hear far too little from *homo sapiens* as a species, to warrant shaking our heads and laughing it off. Whoever is able to grasp the relevance of such magnitudes as the Boxing Day Tsunami, or the Fukushima nuclear disaster (still ongoing), and whatever else awaits the triggering “grain of sand”—those individuals who can, should. Should what? At the very least, they should pay attention to dreams, take note of their own dark intuitions, confront their deepest fears, become familiar with their own dark potentials, and do or say or write or otherwise create whatever they can or are moved to create, while they can, ~~and~~ even if their contributions, like mine and yours, Russ, are only grains of sand on those scales of destiny. Far too many of us are “choosing madness” over sanity, or finding evil “out there” in others, rather than “in here,” in ourselves. Our very hubris is madness, as we persist in our selfish denials of truth. Human hubris may even be “attracting” the attention of the SOTD, especially in its capacity for

“punishment,” like an archaic god of the past, dishing out what our species “deserves.” And, like melting ice, things are moving faster than we realize.

This is not a plea for “solutions” or “sustainability.” It is a plea for a general homecoming to ourselves, with all our flaws and imperfections, in this world, with all our earth-community sisters and brothers—animal, vegetable, and mineral. I believe Jung was essentially correct: *We* are the problem. Personally, I doubt we have enough time remaining to turn the “juggernaut” around. Which simply means that, the more we can come to terms with deeper truths than we are managing to do at present, in our burgeoning billions—the better.

Buckle up! Turbulence ahead!

Drained and Replaced

RL. As you detailed the horrific effects of the Boxing Day tsunami, I too felt the overwhelming sense that this was a potent metaphor for what the Spirit of the Depths was seeing. It was part of, as you said, “a metaphorical puzzle, a global seismic process as resounding metaphor, providing us with a cautionary metaphor for our time and our psyche as well.”

The night I read your chilling description, I had a dream. The dream was a voice dream. The voice announced: “It is not a metaphor.”

This took me by surprise. If not a metaphor, then what is it?

The dream’s intent seems to be a “corrective” of some sort. I felt it must be taken seriously even if I didn’t quite grasp what was intended. Perhaps, it (the “other” speaking) does not want us to see these horrific events as anything other than *realities* we need to take in, in some *non-metaphoric* way that we are *not* doing. After all, a metaphor is something that helps us understand but is not literally true. I think the dream wants to call attention to some aspect of reality that we are not tending to. There is a problem with reality, or, rather, a problem with how reality is being related to. We have written of the breakdown, the collapse, the dysfunction, and inaction at all levels. But we have not quite identified what is at work. One sense I have is that reality is being drained of something vital. Or, more exactly, our usual meaningful response to reality is being *drained* and being *replaced* by “something else.” The something else is evident in all the lying, denial, disinformation, ignoring, and other such. Meaningful responding to the disasters confronting us and looming in ever larger degrees cannot occur on the human scale needed if reality is degraded and drained of necessity as is happening. And, too, the

metaphoric function of reality loses all vitality and potency for those caught up by the plague of denial.

What kind of response can we make to this?

The key may lie in the dreams and other deep psyche experiences you present. If I am correct when I say that deep dreams are about the future (as would be visions and synchronicities), then it would be the spirit of the depths that would be the architect of these deep rumblings. The spirit of the depths knows what is coming, what is brewing in the deep psychoid connections with the “outer” as well as the “inner.” Clearly, though, the number of people tuned in or receptive to what the “other” tells us in dreams and visions and synchronicities is vanishingly small. Still, both of us feel the need and necessity of “speaking out” no matter how few ears may be hearing what we say.

What stood out to me in hearing your dreams is a very specific quality of reality: (1) what was an “ordinary” disaster shifted into something else, a vast disaster; (2) what was inescapable, none the less led to an action involving several in a difficult task leading “somewhere;” (3) and finally, the archetypal “who” behind these manifestations, is revealed.

You end with the idea that there will be more “turbulence.”

This cannot be doubted.

Your dreams point to the idea that there is no turning things around, no avoidance of what’s coming, but nonetheless, there is something we can *do* in the face of “the end.” But that doing is not going to come from the usual conscious ideas, it will not come from consciousness at all. It will come only from the Spirit of the Depths, from the deepest psyche, through dreams and other manifestations. I’m not sure I can make it any clearer than this.