

GOLD, SILVER, ZEPHYR, HARMONIUM:

A Call to Dreams

Paco Mitchell

*“If the flow of instinctive dynamism into our life is to be maintained, **which is absolutely necessary for our existence**, then it is imperative that we remold these archetypal forms into ideas which are adequate to the challenge of the present.” [Emphasis added.]*

—C. G. Jung¹

“The process of coming to terms with the unconscious is a true labour, a work which involves action and suffering. It has been named the ‘transcendent function’ because it represents a function based on real and ‘imaginary,’ or rational and irrational, data, thus bridging the yawning gulf between conscious and unconscious.”

—C. G. Jung²

Introduction

(PM) Russ, your response to my ONTSO #6 was stunning, rich, and compelling. As usual, I am flooded with associations. In addition to opening the floodgates, you may also have opened for me new ways of thinking about dreams. These “new pathways” are also calling me back into the depths of *archetypal dreams I recorded decades ago*. So, I find myself re-considering the question of “old dreams.”

I have written before about how, even over a lifetime, dreams *never seem to get stale*. They remind me of how, even after thousands of years, the honey used in Egyptian mummification practices does not go stale.³ Is that kind of longevity *characteristic of archetypal dreams in general*? I suspect as much. And perhaps *alchemical motifs* as well, wherever they may be found—whether in dreams, synchronicities, accidents, or commonplace situations in general—are far more common than I have yet understood. I’m even starting to think we’re all swimming in a sea of archetypal images and energies, all the time, like fish. The same thing is true of the psyche. It is our sea and, as its fish, we are just some of the universal psyche’s specific

¹ C. G. Jung, *The Undiscovered Self*, (Mentor Books: Boston, 1957, 1958), p. 82.

² C. G. Jung, *Collected Works* 7, par. 121

³ Cf. my comments in our ONTSO # 6, on the Egyptian uses of honey for embalming mummies.

components. Our very “constitutions”—mind, body, spirit, soul—are, in every sense, expressions of the cosmos

Part One: Earliest Epiphany

Before I present the dream that came to mind upon reading your “call to arms” question, Russ, I would like to recount the first *epiphany* of my life. It occurred when I was around age two, and it involved an encounter with a flower and a honeybee. The connection between that earliest epiphanic experience and the recent Virgen-Lute-Honeybee dream I wrote about in ONTSO #6, is why I referred to the Virgen-Lute-Honeybee dream as “*a dream for a lifetime.*” Those two honeybee events—one early-childhood waking experience and one powerful late-in-life dream—drew, as it were, a direct line, like a string, between age two and my present age of 81. It is as if my personality were a celestial, musical *monochord*⁴ fastened at both ends of my earthly life—beginning and end—vibrating to the specific frequency of my share of the world-soul.

The childhood epiphany took place around 1944 or 1945. Our house was perched on a steep street in a hilly area of Southern California. My three older siblings were playing down below, at street level, but I was too small, so I remained seated at the top of the concrete steps that ran straight uphill from street level, a fair distance for one so young as I. (Where was my mother? I don’t know. I suppose my siblings were told, or expected, to “keep an eye on me.” Good luck, mom.) An **ice-plant** bed ran uphill next to the steps. It was a day when the ice-plant, bottom to top, was in bloom. The flowers could have been multi-colored, but the only color I remember was a brilliant fuchsia. It was mesmerizing.

As I sat enthralled by the wordless-beauty of those ice-plant blossoms, in the crystal-clear, golden, Southern California sunlight the color of honey, I was overtaken by an epiphanic moment. Yes, I was only two, but I had never before witnessed such dazzling beauty as that flower. It was clearly a “first.” I felt a spreading heat suffuse my little body. Despite being so young, I now realize that, despite my tender age, I was virtually IN LOVE with that ice-plant blossom. This was undoubtedly my first, barely-conscious experience of ecstasy-in-the-face-of-divine-beauty, my first taste of Eden.

Then, as I gazed into the depths of the blossom, a honeybee landed on the flower—beauty compounded. The tiny bee diligently began gathering pollen out of pure instinct, that is, out of its pure devotion to its Goddess. I can give voice to archaic language like that today, although decades would elapse before I could even *think* that way. All I knew back then was that *my love was so great, that it encompassed both the fuchsia ice-plant blossom AND the honeybee.* So, in a burst of proto-logic, I thought to myself, as if generating a toddler’s algorithm: *I love the flower, therefore I love the honeybee.* So, I “decided” to pick up the bee, because I loved it so much. (I still remember making that decision!) With loving tenderness, my toddler’s fingers carefully grasped the tiny stinger-equipped honeybee. I wanted to hold it—maybe even play with it?—in any event, a form of lovers’ communion. The bee would understand the love I was sharing—wouldn’t it?

⁴ See <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Monochord>

Inevitably, the honeybee proceeded to sting my tiny little finger. I didn't know that bees could *sting*, nor had I ever experienced such pain. I screamed out my dismay. Did my siblings respond? I don't recall, but probably not. If so, they weren't upset, as I was. But I have never forgotten that moment. Now I am 81 years old, so the bee-sting took place around 79 years ago. But I still remember it with surprising clarity, even though today my memory is "patchy."

Decades later, Russ, while I was engaged in dream-analysis, I devoted some time to recovering *the earliest memories of my life*. It was an interesting experiment, since I was actually able to recall a few brief incidents that *pre-dated* the "honeybee epiphany," and many that *post-dated* it. But as I look back on it so many years later, the childhood honeybee experience remains my first awareness of, not just the magnificence of (cosmic) beauty,⁵ but also, in a subtler way, the *conjunction of beauty and pain*.

Interestingly, between then and now, I had one brief yet major dream *in mid-life* to add to this mysterious motif of beauty, and the dream lent a kind of mystical, mythic, archetypal grounding to the motif. That dream was a simple, declarative statement: "*I have an Aphroditic responsibility.*" It's hard to imagine a more concise dream-statement. It speaks for itself, yes, but rather like a link in a golden chain—an aspect of destiny. Funny how much profundity can be packed in so few words in a dream.

Part Two: Your "call to arms" question

Russ: "What would a "call to arms" look like in terms of mobilizing a large number of humans to take up a relationship with psyche?"

There are many problems today that would interfere with any attempt to mobilize a "large number of humans" for any purpose besides warfare, commerce, sex, games, and the like, let alone "taking up a relationship with psyche." I'll explore a few of those problems.

1. A relationship with psyche

First, your question about a "relationship with psyche" implies something *more than* our ho-hum attitudes about ourselves—i.e., the widespread assumption that "psyche" equals "consciousness." A real *relationship*, however, implies "recognition or acknowledgment of an 'Other.'" It's amazing how naive, even pugnacious, humans can be when confronted with the possibility that there may be "other personalities" within them—as, for example, the persons of their complexes, the realities of their shadows, or the figures in their dreams. Many people won't even admit that they dream, or they *pretend* they don't dream. I cannot count the number of times I've heard someone say, "I never dream!"

⁵ I'm using the word "cosmic" a lot lately, since the earth, and everything on earth, is a *result* of the larger process of this universe, or, as I prefer, "cosmos."

So, from the outset, I would guess that the number of candidates for your “call to arms” will only be a terribly small fraction of the *eight billion* of us on this planet.⁶ Will that small fraction be enough? I don’t know, but I doubt it. And, would such a revolutionary shift as is needed be possible without *forcing* people to change their thinking? Again, I am not sure, but I doubt it.

I do wonder if there might be something like an alchemical “tincture,” where a “mother solution,” or a “*bath*,” is chemically altered with only a drop or two, and the whole “bath” is altered—something like an idea, a song or poem, an image that “goes viral.” On the negative side, we can see something similar in the spreading *contagion* of the “Trump disease.” We could give it other names, but the political spread of malefic impulses, words and ideas, becomes an epidemic—when there are sufficient numbers of people who are inwardly adrift, I suspect. In that sense it becomes *pandemic* among those who are susceptible to “dark,” unredeemed emotions.⁷ When millions of people drink from the same tainted cup, it does not bode well for a country like ours, which—at its best, at least—has always been too hospitable, too open, too susceptible to twisted thinking, and where persons of low to non-existent morals can gain access to microphones and cameras—and the fame, money, and power they offer, to damaged goods like Mr. Trump and his “damaged followers”—the very freedoms we strive to protect, can have the opposite effect, allowing them to spread their poisons. Idiots can run for Congress! We are witnesses to such a process today.

2. How long do we have?

The *time remaining*⁸ to accomplish any significant *renewal* sets a major limitation to the realization of your question. Or perhaps I should simply ask, “Is it too late?” A corollary question would be: Are we even capable of reaching a global agreement about anything? Judging from our present state of division, and the regressive momentum toward fevered fascist impulses and forms of dis-organization, any “global agreement” takes on the quality of a *chimera*. It would be delusional to assume that we are *in control of the process*. (Hint: We are not.) I have studied and pondered climate questions and articles—both scientific and journalistic—for over twenty years, and I realize that so much momentum is already “baked in” to the complexification, disruption, and distortion of earth processes, that the only way back to a “simpler age” that I can see, is through collapse. I don’t think we can “back out” of this tunnel we have dug our way into.

You and I once discussed the phenomenon of “exponential growth,” so readily visible in practically every “metric” dealing with most aspects of climate and ecological systems, and much more. Your comment gave me the shivers. You said that a feature of exponential systems is that, when the “unwinding” inevitably occurs, the measurements and magnitudes of what had been accelerating, taking on the familiar characteristics of the “hockey stick” profile—inevitably shifted to the “down-cycle,” the return to simpler, earlier magnitudes, volumes and rates, is *also exponential, just as rapid* at first, as the increases were at the end of the up-cycle. Only toward

⁶ A recent global population estimate, places the figure now at just over eight billion.

⁷ The “redeeming factor” is to be found by joining conscious and unconscious. Otherwise, the unredeemed emotions tend to overpower ego consciousness, as is happening practically everywhere today.

⁸ See my dream-essay “The Time Remaining”:

https://www.academia.edu/35945954/THE_TIME_REMAINING_A_DREAMS_EYE_VIEW

the end of the collapse does it finally slow down and “peter out.” It's basically just the reverse pattern, as we move from “exponential increase” to “exponential decay,” which is also called “rapid simplification.”⁹

I recognize that this mathematical, algebraic outlook, about which I defer to you and to others who are familiar with such things, may seem awfully abstract to some of us. But that does not mean anyone is magically immune to the implications of the mathematical perspective—what the numbers say about planetary processes.¹⁰ If we're listening, those numbers might actually dissuade us from the temptation to “put our thumbs on the scale,” if we don't like what we're being warned about—as if we could forestall collapse by “wishing otherwise.” The clear implication of *exponential phenomena* is that “this cannot go on forever.” As old Saturn would remind us, were he alive today,¹¹ “There are limits.” The reality of runaway feedback loops in the *circular*—not linear—climate system, are largely overlooked, not even factored into our highly complex computer climate models. There are more of those self-amplifying feedback loops than we realize, as for example the methane releases taking place in the arctic, bubbling up from the thawing sea floor in the shallow Siberian sea, but they have yet to be included into those very conservative, but extremely complex models! Why are they not included? Their absence cannot be justified indefinitely. The methane is a far more powerful greenhouse gas than CO₂, maybe 80% greater—and even when it finally decays after decades, it converts into CO₂, which last hundreds of years in the atmosphere. And the trapped heat increases all the more. Even the Bible, for those who are partial to its teachings, has its finger in the pie to a degree, in its somewhat poetic way:

“For everything there is a season, a time for every activity under heaven. A time to be born and a time to die. A time to plant and a time to harvest. A time to kill and a time to heal.” (Ecclesiastes 3:1-8).

I take that homily as a cautionary note, insofar as it gives voice to *natural limits*.

Part Three

Finally, here is the dream your “call to arms” question reactivated for me. It took place in the mid-1980s:

⁹ See Dr. Joseph Tainter's excellent lecture: https://video.search.yahoo.com/yhs/search?fr=yhs-iba-3&ei=UTF-8&hsimp=yhs-3&hspart=iba&p=joseph+tainter+collapse+of+complex+societies&type=smff_10230_FFW_ZZ#id=1&vid=901b988c46ba350a80241d956ed38e3f&action=click

¹⁰ A reminder (to myself mainly) that I've been making notes for a separate essay titled “How Many Hiro's?” The idea is that we cannot form a clear idea of how much incoming solar energy it takes to move the needle of global average temperatures even a tiny fraction, which “climate trolls” love to mock, failing to grasp the actual magnitudes involved.

¹¹ Which he undoubtedly is!

GOLD, SILVER, ZEPHYR, HARMONIUM—A DREAM

I am alone, walking across an empty city square or plaza. People are nearby, but nowhere in evidence where I am. Overhead, I see at the horizon, three shiny, delta-wing fighter jets, boldly flying off to a mission somewhere in the far lands across oceans and continents, a projection of military power into distant “theaters” (theater = a strange term for places we go to bomb people, to destroy “enemies”).

In a quick “editor’s cut” compression of time, the same three delta-wing fighter jets are soon returning from their mission, only now they are no longer clean and shiny. They are dirty, battered, and beaten up. They are spent. Furthermore, they are clearly losing their thrust, and can barely maintain their altitude.

*Then the three fighter jets **transform into a single large commercial airliner**—as if fighter jets and commercial airliners were implicitly different aspects of one another—also dirty, battered, and struggling to maintain altitude. It is obvious that the vessel of this (collective) passenger airliner is “not going to make it,” and I say so to myself.*

The failing airliner sinks lower until it disappears behind several commercial brick buildings (where all the people are). As soon as the plane disappears, I hear the explosion and see a huge, roiling mass of greasy, black and orange flames and smoke. The airplane, with all aboard, has crashed. No one could possibly have survived that crash.

“This is a tragedy,” I say to myself.

*Then I see four large, transparent, iridescent globes, about 4 to 6 feet in diameter, floating up from out of the flames and wreckage. They float up slowly, vertically—unaffected by the turbulent flames. Obviously, they do not follow the normal time-space physics of gravity, combustion, aerodynamics, etc. They exist on a different level. Then they stop in mid-air. This defies all expectations. It is like nothing I, nor anyone else, has ever seen. It is “impossible.” Next, the four globes glide, slowly, horizontally, and eerily, in my direction. They are in a row—a “formation,” we might say—but unnaturally so. They are coming toward me. It is as if they have something to do with me, or I with them, but I don’t know what. Adding to the mystery and power of the image, I realize that the four globes have **names!** The names are: “Gold, Silver, Zephyr, and Harmonium.” Associated with the last element, Harmonium, is the image of a **Tree**.*

I take shelter behind a nearby building, but the globes continue gliding toward me. They come to a halt before me, then glide downward, and stop in mid-air, hovering a few feet above the ground directly in front of me. It is obvious that they have “come for me.” This is not an abduction, but it is definitely a “call.” I run into an adjacent building, empty save for a platform where an authoritative woman is standing by herself. I tell her what I have seen. She is not surprised. In fact, she apparently knows about the globes, saying, “Yes, people are working on those globes all over the world.”

[End of dream.]

A few comments on this dream:

1. To me, the four *gliding*, translucent, globes, *rising from out of the flames* (another alchemical image?) evoke the four classical elements (Fire, Water, Air, and Earth). The alchemical flavor extends to the four elements themselves, especially in the number symbolism of three, culminating in a fourth.¹² In the dream, the fourth element completes and harmonizes the series. I think that's why it bore the stunning name "**Harmonium**," and why it was associated with the image of a *tree*.¹³ This fourth earth-plus-tree element is the culminating factor.¹⁴ The image of a *tree* symbolizes (to me) the "spirit of the earth," definitely an alchemical image, whereas the three fighter jets evoke the power-motive inherent in the *Christian trinitarian symbolism* of the last two thousand or so years—three-fold in number and in shape (cf. the "delta" wings). Jung's massive researches into alchemical studies¹⁵ have thrown light on the mysteries of the deep psyche for us today. I can even think of the tree as an "alchemical tree."¹⁶

As I advance in years, Russ, I am more and more interested in my intuitive-feelings, to which I try to pay close attention. Intuitive-feelings are a potentiality we all carry within ourselves, but too few of us bother to hone, craft, develop, or practice our intuitions. So, intuition often ends up being suppressed and denied, as if it were of little or no value, a matter for scorn or avoidance, rather like "women's intuition." But even so, what is wrong with "feminine intuition," or any other "feminine functions," or "intuitive functions," for that matter—in this bizarre age of over-thinking, and an almost hysterical hyper-masculinity, which has gained in both quantities and in deadly qualities?¹⁷

Back to the dream: As I said, to me the tree, as the fourth element, symbolizes the living spirit of the Earth: *Harmonium*—the name rolls off the tongue. It suggests that ONLY if, or when, we re-learn how to live in harmony with the earth, ourselves and others, can we possibly be *whole persons*, in the sense of being *whole individuals*. The name *harmonium*, by itself, embodies what I call the *super-intelligence*, or the *genius*, of dreams. As you know, Russ, I would never have come up with these images on my own. So, I think of the tree as the "Tree of

¹² Cf. the Axiom of María Prophetissa: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mary_the_Jewess

¹³ See Jung's "Der Philosophische Baum" (= The Philosophical Tree): https://books.google.com/books/about/The_Philosophical_Tree.html?id=OQTcxQEACAAJ;

see also, the "Flammarion Woodcut," whose central image is a large tree: https://images.search.yahoo.com/yhs/search?p=flammarion+woodcut&fr=yhs-iba-3&type=smff_10230_FFW_ZZ&hspart=iba&hsimp=yhs-3&imgurl=https%3A%2F%2Fm.media-amazon.com%2Fimages%2FI%2F61td03ZUbzL.jpg#id=3&iurl=https%3A%2F%2Fm.media-amazon.com%2Fimages%2FI%2F61td03ZUbzL.jpg&action=click

¹⁴ The unusual name of "Harmonium," the fact that it is the fourth element, and the fact that it is the only element associated with an actual image, suggests that the fourth element has a special status. This was the goal of alchemists for many centuries—to resolve the three into a realization of the fourth.

¹⁵ See C. G. Jung, CW 12, Psychology and Alchemy;

¹⁶ There are many aspects to symbols like these, and one can weave any number of mythic webs around them. As archetypal images, they can even evolve over time, though slowly and in the "luminous darkness" of the unconscious. I am indebted to Dr. Daniela Boccassini for this felicitous phrase, "luminous darkness."

¹⁷ By the way, speaking of feminine intuition, isn't it about time for Trump the Donald to drop his "strong man" act? Is he really that strong, or is he simply that sick? And doesn't that mean that his "followers," especially the so-called "political leaders" who grovel before His Grifting Majesty, are just as sick as he is? Just a thought. But, am I the only one who thinks this way?

Life,” say, or perhaps, “The Tree As Symbol of the Living Earth.” Jung often pointed out that the tree’s branches can only reach toward heaven because its roots reach down toward hell.

There are lines in a beautiful Rilke poem that touch poetically on that insight:

If we could surrender to the intelligence of nature

We could rise up rooted, like trees.

It’s too bad poetry like Rilke’s is not heeded more often these days.

At any rate, Russ, I find that *the implications of the four globes lie in the archetypal symbolism of the Individuation Process.*

2. Jung said somewhere that *the dream is its own interpretation.* This dream is straightforward in that sense, in that, as far as I can tell, it says exactly what it means to say. And when I say that “the implications of the four globes lie in the archetypal symbolism of the Individuation Process,” I am *following the dream* in suggesting that the impending¹⁸ tragedy of the “crash” of our hyper-manic, over-complexified civilization, is actually **releasing**,¹⁹ *out of the very process of destruction and falling apart*, the necessary elements required for an alchemical *coniunctio*, or union. The fact that a catastrophe can release creative potentials, by the way, is no guarantee that the “creative response” will happen, just that it is possible.

The Four Alchemical Elements (= aspects) of Individuation, the “Marriage of the Sun and Moon,” the “Chemical Wedding,” etc.—these are some of the ways that might be expressed. At any rate, individuation symbolism suggests that, out of the dark midst of the mounting chaos, there will be *released* certain determining factors as will best prepare any “chosen” individual—but *not crowds*, which do not have the requisite ethical focus—to enter the culminating, individuating phase of their personality (Harmonium) with which to help the world, and to conclude their life.²⁰ It would be like saying that we—some of us—will “fold” into an exquisite origami-like “shape,” and, alchemically, promote our after-life posture in the “dirt-bed” of the grave. To me, that is not at all morbid. Actually, it seems like a “healthy” or positive way to die.²¹

3. Recently, I pulled a Jung volume from my bookshelves. I had not read it for 15 years. The book was Jung’s seminar on Kundalini Yoga,²² which he conducted at the Psychological Club in Zürich, in 1932.

On pp. 4-5, I read this passage:

¹⁸ I say “impending” out of modesty, but in truth I see it as “ongoing.”

¹⁹ The fact of this specific image of “releasing” is one of the most portentous aspects of the entire dream’s message.

²⁰ Jung used to cite the Biblical saying: “Many are called but few are chosen.” (Matthew 22:14—“The Parable of the Wedding Feast”). I believe he found individuation symbolism in the saying, as I do.

²¹ Please note: I am not presuming to say anything about life after death. I have ideas about that, but this is not the place for them.

²²C. G. Jung, *The Psychology of Kundalini Yoga*, ed. Sonu Shamdasani.

The instinct of individuation is found everywhere in life, for there is no life on earth that is not individual. Each form of life is manifested in a differentiated being naturally, otherwise life could not exist. An innate urge of life is to produce an individual as complete as possible. For instance, a bird with all its feathers and colors and the size that belongs to that particular species. So the entelechia, the urge of realization, pushes man to be himself. Given a chance to be himself, he would most certainly grow into his own form, if there were not obstacles and inhibitions that hinder him from becoming what he is really meant to be. So the klésa²³ that contains the germ of personality can be called just as well the klésa of individuation. Even if you don't become a complete realization of yourself, you become at least a person; you have a certain conscious form. Of course, it is not a totality; it is only a part, perhaps, and your true individuality is still behind the screen—yet what is manifested on the surface is surely a unit. One is not necessarily conscious of the totality, and perhaps other people see more clearly who you are than you do yourself.

This got my attention. I had already read the book, but over fifteen years much can change, and I have recently entered a VINT (my newly-minted acronym = Very Interesting New Territory), due to my being so much older now. (I call it the “glide path.”) As an octogenarian, then, I find that I “see” more than ever, even as my flagging body continues to slow down.

But when I re-read Jung's reference to individuation as an *instinct*, as a psychic reality from birth, even if it remains unconscious to the individual, I realized I had to re-consider my sense of “the individuation process.” Taking it now as an “instinct,” we can see that it proceeds on its own, rumbling along in the luminous darkness. Only when one becomes *conscious* of the previously invisible factors and dynamics of and within one's own psyche, does individuation become something that one *undergoes*—that is, that one *suffers consciously*. That's why Jung quoted the biblical saying, “It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God” (Hebrews 10:31). I think he was talking about the individuation process, which is not a picnic. Here is how Jung completes the passage I cited above:

So *individuality* is always. It is everywhere. Everything that has life is individual—a dog, a plant, everything living—but of course it is far from being conscious of its individuality. A dog has probably an exceedingly limited idea of himself as compared with the sum total of his personality. As most people, no matter how much they think of themselves, are egos, yet at the same time they are individuals, almost as if they were individuated. For they are in a way individuated from the very beginning of their lives, yet they are not conscious of it. **Individuation** *only takes place when you are conscious of it, but individuality is always there from the beginning of your existence.* [Emphasis added.]

3. Note that, in the Harmonium-dream, I find myself in an open space, **alone**, within an unnamed, generic city-scape. I am not part of a crowd. I can see clearly what's happening. In

²³ On p. 4, there is half a page of footnoted definitions of the Hindu term *klésa*. Here is Shamdasani's version on Jung's shorter definition: “In his commentary on Patanjali's *Yoga Sutras*, Jung stated that the *klésas* are “the instinctive urges and oppressions. These are the compulsive mechanisms which lie at the base of the human being. . . . Not knowing our true being is the foundation of all the other *klésas*.” *Modern Psychology* 3, 16.

fact, there are no other people in evidence. In other words, *the dream-perspective does not vouchsafe the vision of the globes to a crowd of many people ganged together*—they are on the other side of the buildings, and that’s where the tragedy of the “crash” occurs. In this dream, the dream-vision is reserved for me, as an *individual*. That emphasis on individuality is part of the dream’s message.

The globes strike me as symbolic, archetypal mythologems,²⁴ as, for example, the Virgin Birth, which, according to our consensus-based, time-space reality-world of ego-consciousness, is *impossible*. But in the dream, the globes hint at *transcendent possibilities released out of the grim reality of collapse*. We should keep in mind, however, that a possibility is not a guarantee.

The intensifying ecological chaos we are witnessing today—if our eyes are open—foreshadows the still stricter discipline of catastrophic collapse. What is clear is the trend toward confusion, regression, division, etc., and the accelerating tempo in many areas, even as we grind to a halt in others. Know it or not, like it or not, we are seeing the unraveling of what with great effort we wove over millennia.

It seems to me that the strict discipline of catastrophic ecological chaos (Mother Nature’s whip?) that is already upon us, is the result of our “progress.” But we *don’t have* 2000 years to do as we please, in my view. We were smart enough to cook up many marvelous machines, but not smart enough, or courageous enough, and too greedy, to calculate the true costs. Now we pay the price for our obtuse, selfish greed. We think we have the luxury of choice—“sure, technology will save us.” (No, it won’t.)

I am nowhere near being finished with this exegesis of the *kairos*, in its greater aspects, that we are in. I actually think we have virtually run out of time for any deep and significant changes, though that does not mean we should quit exploring, experimenting, and testing—most of all, dreaming. We need to find a radically different—but not unnatural—way to relate to ourselves, to one another, to the earth and her creatures. Something more harmonious and loving than we are doing at present. *More like honeybees, making honey for their Queen*, I would say.

So, clearly, I think that, in our tests and experiments, and explorations, we should be pursuing other avenues than the ones we have engaged with so far, the ones that have brought us to this tragic impasse. In my own way, I “pray” that we will find ways to engage the powers that have us in their grip.

I know this is a “minority report,” as P. K. Dick might say. But, even if we fail trying, that’s better than “more of the same.”

²⁴ Years ago, while thumbing through a Jung CW volume, I was stunned to see a woodcut from April 14, 1561, in Nuremberg, Germany, showing spheres in the sky that resonated profoundly with my globe dream: <https://publicdomainreview.org/collection/celestial-phenomenon-over-nuremberg-april-14th-1561/>

A DREAM'S AGENDA

Russell Lockhart

You've done such a masterful job with your incredible dreams that I was left speechless, nay wordless. So, I "waited" for something to come to me to initiate my reply. The following are the things that came to me. Keep in mind I do not "decide" on how to respond. Something "other" points the way and then I gave voice and words to what I am "presented" with. In a sense, I accede to the "other's" hints of direction.

ONE. *Dreams Never Get Old or Stale*

I have many childhood memories. I recall vividly my parents gathered close to the radio listening to the president describing the "day of infamy" following the attack on Pearl Harbor. This was shortly after my third birthday. I did not understand any of this at the time except for my parents' emotional concern for the fate of my uncles who were stationed in Pearl Harbor. This is my earliest memory. This memory "imprinted" on me the *feeling* of surprise attack...something like a sensitivity I am acutely aware of even now more than 80 years later. It's like an atmosphere in which the sense of surprise looms. Most of the time, nothing happens. But when it does, it is always something "out of the blue," and powerful.

About this same time, I recall being in the back seat of our car while my parents were in the market. They had already brought out some bags of groceries. I discovered a carton of eggs, and quite gleefully began to drop them one by one out the window. As they came out of the market again, they saw what I was doing and started to laugh. This experience encapsulates the essence of my childhood. It was full of humor.

What I want to point out is that these early experiences never die out but continue to become *threads* for fabricating one's individuality which you describe so eloquently. As you know, *eggs* became a major symbol in my future development, from important experiences to important dreams to the titles of my first collection of essays (*Words As Eggs*).

This image of thread and fabric points to weaving and this points to the *fates*. With these experiences and dreams, *as psychic materials*, one's fate is woven—not by our conscious ego but by something *other*. Becoming conscious of this weaving is the crucial element in one's individuality becoming the *ground* of individuation.

TWO: *Dream Response to a Call to Arms*

Many have observed that all great ideas begin with an individual. But why limit this to ideas? Can there not be great feelings, great intuitions, great sensations? And, of course, as your telling reveals, there can be great dreams, great imaginings, great creations.

These things do not originate in crowds or collectives of any sort. But how does what originates in an individual begin its way to a collective phenomenon of recognition, embrace, and action? There must be many pathways. But one factor is certain. We have written about this in several ways. I am thinking of the “readiness” of the many to be open for reception of the “new.” I do not think it is the individual who makes this readiness possible. I think it is a characteristic of the *kairos*, the “moment” however long such a moment might be in daily time. So, not only does the psyche play a determining role in the origin of the new, but it also plays a decisive role in readying the crowd to “take in the new.” These are different aspects of perhaps a phenomenon not yet named, and it's hard to hold back the analogy of *pregnancy*.

An individual is inseminated by the new, becomes pregnant through the agency of “the other.” This new birth then finds its way into the maternal ground of the collective, where it takes on elements of power and force and dispersion. The new becomes “viral.”

If these reflections have any validity, then there are two tasks we might focus on: (1) how to get more people to attend to the *originality* and *individuality* of their dreams, and (2) how to facilitate the transmission of these originalities to the collective. As always, two aspects psychically imply a third. Here, a first guess at the third would have something to do with ethics, as the new does not necessarily mean good.

THREE: *The Dream Is Its Own Interpretation*

There is the conscious ego's interpretation. There is the analyst's interpretation. There is the dream dictionary's interpretation, and others to be sure. But how can the dream be its own interpretation? My sense is that all interpretations beside the dream's own interpretation are based on *power* and *authority*. Such

interpretations are almost always based on what is already *known*. This illustrates why interpretations are *reductive*.

But what of the dream itself?

I would like to propose that the dream does not in fact interpret itself in any reductive sense. And reductive interpretation works against the idea of a dream interpreting itself *as a separate act*. The dream does *not* require any act of interpretation at all because, as you wrote, the dream *is* its own interpretation.

I would like to add to this idea that *all* dreams are about the *future* and hence are bringing into visibility something *new*. If you see a sign on a path that points to a river, is there any need to “interpret” the sign or what it says? No. You go to the river and encounter there whatever it brings. The night I wrote this paragraph, I had a dream. I was at what was called “The River of Dreams.” Fish could be seen leaping, splashing, flopping, and I knew in the dream *that the fish were dreams*. As the dream ended, a fish popped out of the river and landed in my hands. It is easy to see all the potential interpretations. But I did none of that. Instead, as I woke, I concentrated on the *sensation* of the fish in my hands, the *feelings* of awe I began to experience, *thinking* many things all at once about how to *be* with the fish, and finally, an *intuition* pervaded my now fully awake state: it was the dream’s answer to the “misdirection”ⁱⁱ that is characteristic of interpretations. Note how I *experienced* phenomena from each function. I take this to mean that experience is key and that the psychological functions of consciousness may play a more important role than is typically considered in “dream work.” And, to be clear, these experiences of typology are not predictions as commonly understood.

FOUR: Possible and Impossible

Dreams make possible what would typically be described in conscious-world terms as impossible. This is one of the many reasons dreams are disregarded and accorded the status of *nonsense*. But we don’t discard other forms of creation as nonsense just because they “illustrate” the impossible. I’m thinking here of art, literature, and almost all creative activities that are fed and fueled by the *imagination*. So, what is it about dreams that produce this extreme reaction? I think it is because dreams are *fearful* and are *close to the bone* in ways that art and literature and creative engendering’s are not. There is little or no “distance” from one’s dreams in the same sense as there is separation and distance when other creations are experienced.

As I have said, dreams are about the *future*. Along with this idea is that the purpose of dreams is *fictive*. So, dreams are not making absolute judgmental statements about one’s problems, or traumas, or failings, or developmental

inadequacies, but are pointing to *possible* futures. These possible futures are not scripted by ego-conscious wishing, but by something “other.” I find that looking at dreams about the future, in fictive style, is fertile in ways that are quite rich and productive.

Future. Fictive. Fertile.

What do you think about this formulation, Paco?

ⁱ By *misdirection* I mean that almost all interpretive activities lead “away from” the dream itself. Even writing down the dream is essentially a translation that leads away from the dream to the dream text—in words—which is quite different than the cinematic experience of the dream itself (or rather the “memory” of the dream).