A Note from our Director, Alex Gómez-Marín

Profound ideas whose time has not yet come Thoughts without a thinker await incarnation The magic of the moment seems imminent. If only some words would become flesh But they don't.

Sages through the ages have nurtured the soil, Sowing without certainty of reaping But, certain it is within reach, Have firmly held onto their vision. Hallowed be this flame.

Hands, heads, hearts change
As older generations pass the baton
Sometimes dropping it, or bending it (as they should).
The younger ones shake hands
And heads and hearts, once more
Holding the vision tightly.

But now, what? And then, why? If so, how?

Science has lost its temper and banished its soul, Culture has become a mindless kind of cult, The 'new age' has grown old... New paradigms always near But never really made real here.

Projecting our solutions to problems (not?) our own, Part of the solution brings the problem back home.

Why don't we just ask?
And listen
In dialogue,
As we speak,
Our voice is better heard in silence.



Perhaps invoking Pari's patron saint, Saint Blaise For throat blessings, Protecting what we say And also what we keep for ourselves, Without forgetting or lying.

We are onto something, And something's onto us. Is the shaman's wound a sham? Is poetic prose a rant?

Hermeneutics of suspicion Lost ecologies of trust The end of conversation Theory and practice lost in lust

Preaching but not reaching Another sage is on the stage Without being strategic Things ain't gonna change

Human beings (some humane) Love is the cosmic trade Agreement overrating Love (your neighbor as) yourself

Spiritual awakenings Mundane scrimmaging Existential dilemmas A time for reckoning

A pilgrimage to Pari,
Zoomingly or in the flesh.
Savants' horizon in a medieval landscape,
A concrete physical place, endangered,
In the era of limitless virtual space,
Where guests become hosts,
And hosts switch roles again,
And play, and drink, and dance, and weep.

The Future Human is at stake, Bootstrapping our fate, Enlarging our kinship, Fostering the dignity of the spirit, Celebrating scientific savoir-faire.

The implicate order winks to manifest,
The explicate, in turn, humbly submerges
It's the dance of eternity,
Learning to unlearn,
A longing for belonging,
The hour is... now.
Perhaps,
For sure.

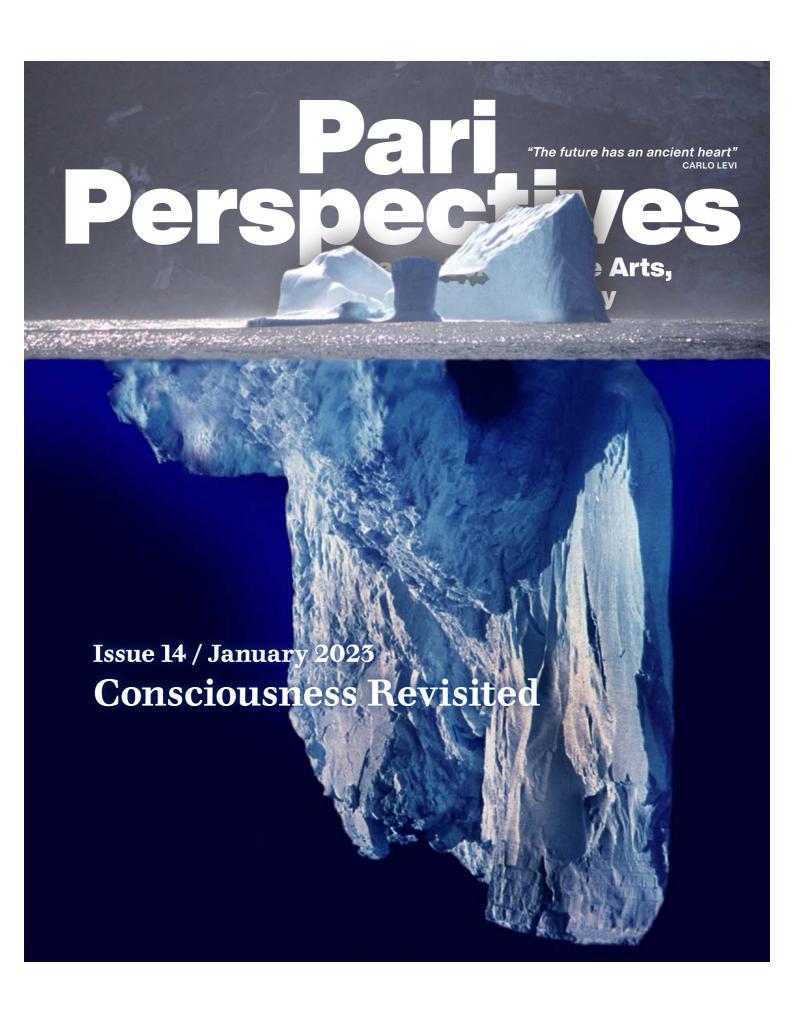


TABLE OF CONTENTS



page 11

Relativity and Quantum Theory in Virginia Woolf's The Waves WES ETTINGER



page 24

The Brain and Our Encounter with the World IAIN McGILCHRIST



page 108

ALAN TRIST

page 104

Consciousness TODD BUREAU

Naming the Dead:

The Grateful Dead. Word Coinage,

Serendipity, and the Creative Process



page 49

A Science of Harmony and Gentle Action F. DAVID PEAT



page 59

Mundane and Mystical: A Panentheistic Perspective on C.G. Jung's Late Thoughts about Consciousness, Ego, and Self RODERICK MAIN



page 115

Poems from The Wine Cup: Twenty-Four Drinking Songs for Tao Yuanming RICHARD BERENGARTEN



page 120

Creative Oneness: Intuition as a **Vehicle for Transformation** MARY PEARSON and PAUL GROF



page 81

MORE PERSPECTIVES Bohm, Leibniz, Blake, and the Paintings of Yana Trevail



page 126

Introduction to Holoflux: Codex LEE NICHOL



page 91

Revisioning Consciousness as **Primary: Does it Change Anything?** JOAN WALTON



page 131

From Panpsychism to Neutral Monism... and Back Again (?) WILLIAM SEAGER



'Spontaneous Revolutions': Darwin's **Diagrams of Plant Movement** NATALIE LAWRENCE



page 144

The Pauli-Jung Conjecture and Its Relatives: A Formally **Augmented Outline** HARALD ATMANSPACHER