

# **NEW** OBSERVATIONS

ISSUE #132

Edited by Mia Feroletto and Alan Steinfeld

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# CONSCIOUSNESS and CONTACT



# CONSCIOUSNESS and CONTACT

PUBLISHED BY: Mia Feroletto

**“Every group of friends is unknowingly representing a complex universe of thought and it is sufficient to have its members put on the page something, anything, for a whole world to be revealed.”**

- Lucio Pozzi  
Founder, New Observations

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# PART - 1

# CONSCIOUSNESS

Right: Abstract Expressionist Painting  
by John Harrison III



Bruce Duncan, the Executive Director of the Terasem Foundation, and Bina 48, the Hanson Robotics designed artificial intelligence robot, will be speaking at our upcoming conference on Consciousness and Contact in May at the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota. The human Bina Rothblatt, wife of the highest paid female CEO in America, Martine Rothblatt, downloaded thousands of thoughts, words, memories and ideas into her robotic counterpart. The Rothblatts were at the forefront of the AI movement, developing Bina 48 almost ten years ago. New Observations Magazine will be taking a closer look at artificial intelligence in a future issue of the magazine.

**MIA FEROLETO | JANUARY 2019**

## Walking Each Other Home

**“We are all just walking each other home.”**

**-Ram Dass**

Issue # 132 of New Observations, Consciousness and Contact grew directly from an intimate conference this past May held at the Vershire Riding School in Vershire, Vermont.

Our lead speaker was Emmy and Peabody-award winning journalist Linda Moulton Howe, who spoke on the threat of artificial intelligence surpassing humanity in the near future. Our other speakers included Rebecca Hardcastle Wright, who shared her thoughts on the exo-conscious human; Jennifer Stein, who gave a remarkable presenta-

tion on crop circles; and David Louis, who inspired us all with his talk on animal communication, which included talking to the animals in residence at the riding school. Marilyn Gewacke covered CEV protocols and talked of her personal experience through years of contact.

Our final speaker, Alan Steinfeld, shared a captivating overview of his experience as the creator and producer of New Realities, an acclaimed program that has presented Alan’s interviews with leaders of the very best of what the New Age movement has to offer, including Deepak Chopra, Marianne Williamson, Bruce Lipton, Ram Dass, Alex Grey and many others. Because of his dedication to sharing knowledge and wisdom, we have invited Alan to serve as Guest/Co-Editor of Issue 132 of New Observations: Consciousness and Contact. It is an honor to include him here.

In addition to Alan Steinfeld, I would like to thank our contributors Maria Gilissen-Broodthaers, Phoenix Lindsey-Hall, Tomma von Haeften, Rebecca Hardcastle Wright,

John van der Does, Jennifer Stein, Kevin Briggs, David Louis, Whitley Strieber, Norie Huddle, Ananda Bosman, Marilyn Gewacke, John Red Cloud, Philippe Petit, Fumiko Wellington, Alex and Allyson Grey, Bruce Duncan and Bina 48, Shelly Reif, Fria Kristin Gisladotti, Karen Gunderson, Lucio Pozzi and Erika Knerr for their extraordinary work and enthusiasm for New Observations. I would also like to thank editor Susan Davis and transcriber Linda O’Brien for their services. Special thanks to Whitley for the use of his historic painting on our cover.

My personal journey as a conscious individual began as a small child. From the age of two, I had an intense, intimate sense of God and the Divine in the world around me. Possessing a deep love of animals and nature, as a small child I reveled in walking in the woods by myself, deep in thought and, I now suspect, prayer. That is a big word for a small child, but children have a greater capacity for the simple meaning of words. It is as adults that we tend to complicate things.

Having lived a mystical life from the time of my childhood, experience had taught me to expect the unexpected; however, I was unprepared for the twists and turns life would present beginning in 1997, when my father died from cancer. He was a family doctor, a practical man who was not drawn to anything esoteric or spiritual other than trying to lead a good life and taking good care of his patients. He and I had made an agreement several years before his passing that whoever died first would send a message to the other if the after-life proved to be as it was described in the book, “The Blue Island.” The book was channeled by William Stead through his daughter after he died in the sinking of the Titanic. Stead was a Spiritualist and friend of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. If you have not read the book, I do recommend checking it out for it beautifully describes the connection between those who pass on and those who

are left behind. I did receive a message from my father on the day of his funeral, one that rivaled the message Elizabeth Kuber-Ross received from her ex-husband after his death. My father also left me an inheritance that allowed me to purchase my home in the Hudson River Valley in Upstate New York where my spiritual life would expand exponentially. Beginning with a near-death experience six weeks after moving in when my car hit a patch of black ice while driving to the dentist one morning, to the arrival of a space ship out of “Close Encounters of the Third Kind” outside my bedroom window one night, my perceptions were continually challenged while my awareness grew in scope. Fortunately, I benefited from living in close proximity to the Anthroposophic Library in Harlemville, New York which housed a treasure trove of esoteric material that had been moved from the Pierrpont Morgan Library in New York City to a small Stanford White building relocated to the Hawthorne Valley Waldorf community in Harlemville. I should add that when my car hit that patch of black ice in February of 1998, I hit the major electrical pole in the area and had live electrical cables on the other side of my windshield. The car was conducting 38,000 volts of electricity and I got out of the car. Luckily, intuition had told me to exchange my penny loafers for a pair of rubber boots that morning. Those boots grounded the current and saved my life. These events, and more, formed the foundation of decades of study and a desire to share with others searching for answers to the question of what gives our lives meaning.

From my perspective, consciousness is key for each of us individually and collectively. Some think that visitors from other planets will save us from destruction. Perhaps the duality that permeates life on earth permeates the universe as well. As we explore esoteric questions, we are now faced with the growing impact and implications of artificial intelligence and the potential inherent threat that comes

with the possibility of machine surpassing man. Personal exploration inspired me to stick my toe into the waters of conference-organizing which began with our weekend in Vermont.

What was remarkable about our conference in May is that people came from Canada and all across America to attend. Washington State, Texas, Florida, Montana, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Arizona, New Mexico, New York, Maryland, Massachusetts and Vermont were all represented. People came from many sectors of the work force as well. It was, in essence, an almost random group of people who had assembled in Vershire, except for the fact that we were all interested in consciousness and contact.

We began as a random group upon meeting on Friday afternoon and evening as people arrived. However, by the time Monday morning rolled around, the group had bonded to form a cohesive whole filled with harmony and goodwill shared by each throughout the weekend. Weeks later, attendees reported back that they were still feeling a sense of euphoria in themselves and in their lives. If we could do it in Vershire, we can do it in the world at large.

Our next conference on consciousness and contact will be held in May of 2019 at the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota, home of the Lakota Sioux clan. We will continue our exploration of the unseen and unknown on sacred land that belongs to a people who have not been diverted from Mother Earth or Spirit. For information on this event or the conference on sustainability that will follow it towards the end of June, please contact me at [mia.feroleto@gmail.com](mailto:mia.feroleto@gmail.com).

Enjoy this beautiful time of year, as the days slowly become longer and lighter. Try as we may, nothing can compete with nature.

In consciousness,  
Mia



Illustration Courtesy of Benjavisa Ruangvaree/Shutterstock

# ***NEW* OBSERVATIONS** **CONSCIOUSNESS & CONTACT**

**EDITED BY MIA FEROLETO & ALAN STEINFELD**

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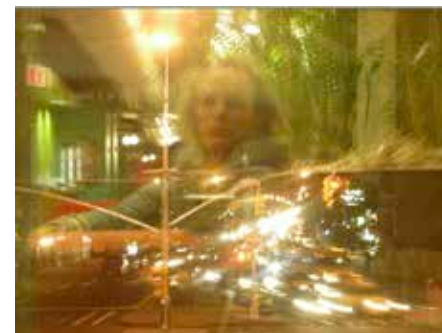
Photo by Alan Steinfeld | Wendi and Tansey, in Camera Montage 1995

ALAN STEINFELD

# Consciousness and Contact

“Art’s task is to save the soul of mankind. And anything less is a dithering while Rome burns.... If the artist cannot find the way, the way cannot be found.”<sup>1</sup>

- Terrence McKenna



It is the predilection of the artist to stretch the imagination beyond the bounds of the known. As a visionary, the artist pushes the boundaries of perception into uncomfortable zones of previously unthought possibilities, and for this issues that includes the idea of alien contact. This ironically is an expansion of human consciousness, thus, adding to the propriety of the magazine’s mission for innovations in **creativity** and **culture** comes **contact** and **consciousness**. Gracing the cover is a painting that sums up each aspect of these four cardinal concerns.

Not many images have set the perceptions of the world on a new course like this one. Whitely Strieber’s alien, which he had painted after a series of incomprehensible encounters with what may have been an alien being (a female he insists) has become one of the most well-known icons of the modern era. Since 1987 with the publication of Strieber’s book *Communion*, the large eyed, small chinned ET has become the standard bearer of how earthlings would identify their alien visitors thereafter.

New observations mean observers allow their brains to operate in new ways; beyond what the logical mind thinks is real or possible. Art historian Anton Ehrenzweig stated that: “**The history of art was inextricably linked to large-scale changes in human perception over the centuries.**”<sup>2</sup> According to these theories, our collective perceptions are gradually ‘revised’ by

succeeding generations, so that what was once considered chaotic or disturbing art – “the shock of the new”- becomes accepted and rendered manageable by succeeding generations.<sup>3</sup> In a sense it can be said that the being, the creature, the ET is the crux of the new observations presented here. The ET has yet to become fully part of our cultural mind set, and yet ask anyone, anywhere, what an alien looks like and they will point to Whitley’s icon. Its creative portrayal has captured the world’s attention, contributing to a global awareness, preparing us for contact.

Contact is something the human mind has yet to understand. Still the idea of it moves us forward into the unknown of what we have yet to embrace as a civilization. The connection between consciousness and contact is an intricate one. Lacking any convincing physical evidence, the contact experience is totally grounded in the personal human experience. Everyone from Carl Jung to Terrence McKenna has insisted that UFOs, alien contact, or whatever you may call it - is really only about consciousness. How far we can evolve our awareness depends on its acceptance.... As a matter of fact, in the recently published book by the FREE organization called *Beyond UFOs*, there is a definitive quote

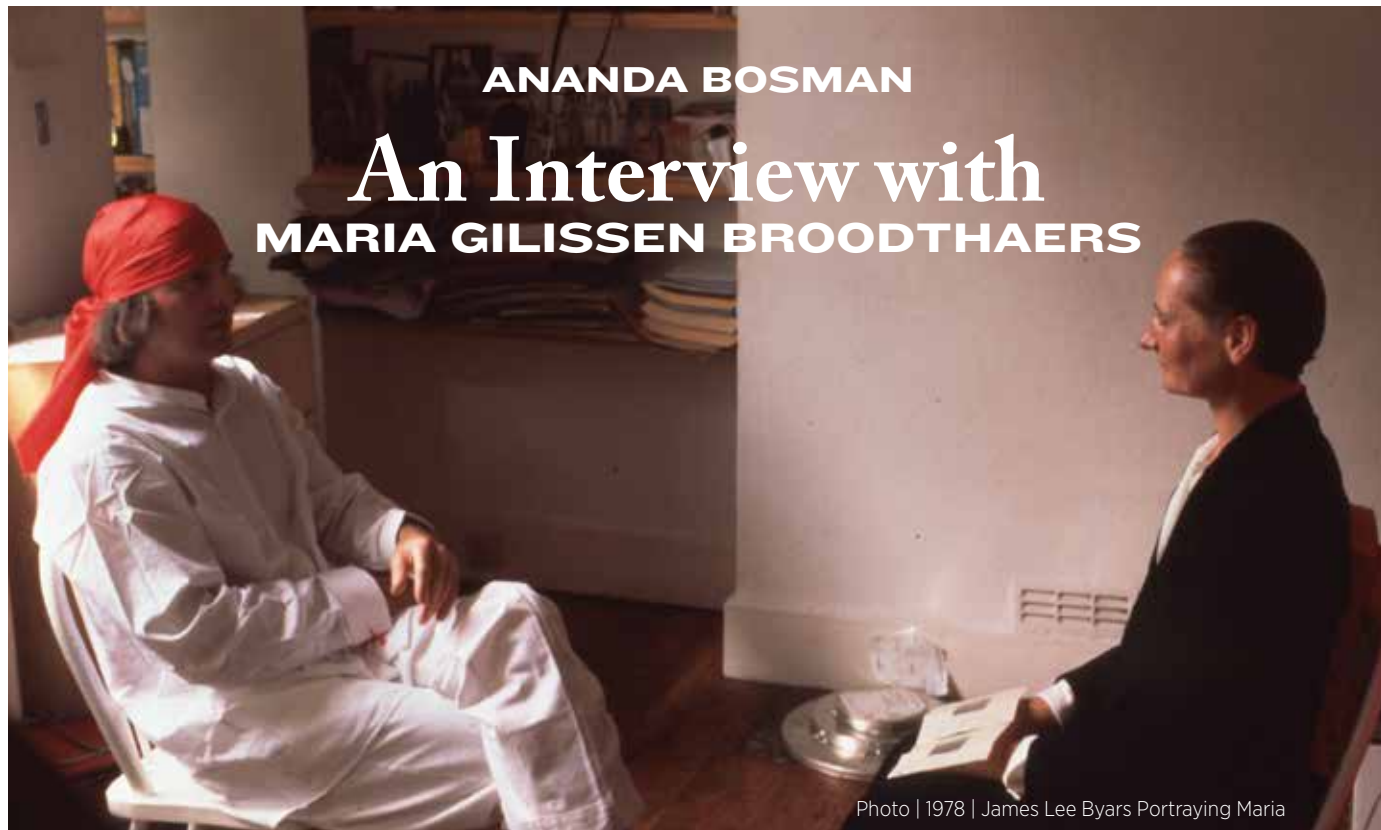
by the organization’s founder and the 6th man to walk on the moon, astronaut Edgar Mitchel, who publicly declared that “**The experienter of Contact with non-human intelligence is the key that will open the door to what is consciousness.**”<sup>4</sup>

As assistant editor of this edition, I ask the readers to take in the art and articles to allow a transformation of the mind. Accept the visions and the words you perceive to be an extension of your own consciousness, and see where that takes you. In being open to what we have yet to understand, we expand closer to what we truly are. Krishnamutit affirmed: “The true human is free from the known.” A peek into the unfathomable is what new observations on the arts can do. They prepare the population for a heretofore unacknowledged aspect of being to come forward and make itself known. In accepting the unknown we can collectively move beyond survival and war and open to the subtler realms of a mysterious, untold universe. What we see laid out in the following pages is a reckoning whose time has come. The power of these contributions can give birth to new realities... Henceforth:

“Let us go then, you and I,  
When the evening is spread out against the sky...  
To lead you to an overwhelming question,  
Oh, do not ask, “What is it?”  
Let us go and make our visit.”

- T. S. Eliot

1. - Youtube video: Message to Artists from Terrence McKenna [1990]  
2. - Nicola Glover, PSYCHOANALYTIC AESTHETICS, essay on Anton Ehrenzweig and the Hidden Order of Art Chapter 5. [www.psychanalysis-and-therapy.com/human\\_nature/glover/chap5.html](http://www.psychanalysis-and-therapy.com/human_nature/glover/chap5.html)  
3. - Nicola Glover  
4. - Beyond UFOs: The Science of Consciousness & Contact with Non Human Intelligence (Volume 1) by Reineiro Hernandez J.D. (Author), Rudy Schild PH.D. (Author), Jon Klimo PH.D. (Author), page xxiii.



**ANANDA BOSMAN**  
**An Interview with**  
**MARIA GILISSEN BROODTHAERS**

Photo | 1978 | James Lee Byars Portraying Maria

**ANANDA:** In 2007, you gave me an award for the lyrics of our song “Love Staara,” you used the symbol of a pot with a single eye. This is a symbol seen in ancient Sumeria as the Kalu Bucket of magical ambrosia. Why did you choose the bucket icon, and what is your story behind it?

**MARIA:** We did meet the first time, I think in the ‘90’s, in Amsterdam, at your very successful conference organised by Will. In 2007, I took this little work by MB as a logo for the “Prix Marcel Broodthaers” to reactualize “Un nouveau regard sur le monde” (1961), in which Broodthaers refers and reactualizes “Un autre monde,” by Grandville (1842).

**ANANDA:** The star systems used by James Lee Byars give the impression that was quite familiar with both the golden section, which is embodied in the pentagram, and the binomial equation, as he made a continuum of self-embedded recursive stars, which harness both PHI and the Sierpinski pentagram cascade. Clearly, there are plenty of coded clues in his work. Your thoughts and experiences therein?

**MARIA:** I remember saying to James that I had the impression that he would draw/write the multiple stars pentagrams

as a kind of protection for himself and for the ones he was writing to.

He has written thousands of letters during his lifetime, with every character sustained and beautified by several pentagrams, as you can see for example on the picture of the two letters addressed to me, hereby reproduced.

Later, he made, for Michael Werner’s gallery, “Sun, Moon and Stars,” a huge work in white marble without a single vein in it, which always let me think of an early poem of MB :

*“Je fais carrière dans le marbre,  
 j’ai de la veine »*  
*“I make a career in marble,  
 I’ve got vein”*

Which means (almost untranslatable):  
 Career = career and quarry in French  
 To have vein means to be lucky in French



**ANANDA:** Having stayed, myself, at the Mena House hotel, Egypt, a few times after he passed away, you related to his half-completion of his autobiography and had some particular notes in that direction?

**MARIA:** Yes, in “The Pink Book,” he published at WWS Gallery, Antwerpen. It was more like a sketch or a draft for an autobiography. He called it “½ a biography”, “A single sentence may be a complete autobiography.”

Myself, I collect some biographical notes, anecdotes on him, moments I experienced with him.

After having visited the Sinai Mount with Johannes Cladders, Isi Fizman, and other friends, I proposed to them to go to Cairo, at Giza, to see the Mena House Hotel, and the room of Byars with a view on the Kheops Pyramid. He had the best angle lying in bed..

On arrival, nobody at the hotel-and they knew me quite well, because of the many times I have stayed there-nobody wanted

us to see Byars’ room, and they had many excuses: the room was refurbishing, there are guests inside, etc, etc. But finally, one of the guards who had a key would let us have a glimpse of the room with the Pyramid’s view. Nothing had changed over more than two years; the room was exactly as it was. And later, somebody of the hotel told us that since Byars passed away, they were not able to rent out that room, because as soon as somebody was in it, the guest would go out and complain, there is somebody all the time, as with a stick hammering on the floor and on the ceiling. And we figured out this was Byars’ spook.

(laughs)

**ANANDA:** Having been part of several great artists in the making and manifesting into their artistry, your own unique role must have had its deep encompassing matrix, to support such creativity. Love is a universal foundation. What is your sense of the power of universal love, in the creative bursts of artistic budding?

**MARIA:** I was born in a village, in the middle of the land of Charlemagne and of Jan Van Eyck, of which I have seen recently with an American art historian and friend, Kathleen Chaffee, visiting the centre of Ghent, and of course the Sint Baafs Cathedrale, where “The Ghent Altarpiece,” the “Adoration of the Mystic Lamb,” still is. These twelve panels of the Altarpiece are, for me, the crown of all painting.

As a child, around 8 years old, I had a dream in which I saw myself helping someone who was writing, and painting. Later, I remembered this dream. In fact, that has been my whole life.

Your song “Love Staara” is an example. When I heard the song for the first time, I was so impressed and excited, I had to invent something on the spot. And that was when I founded the “Prix Marcel Broodthaers” in order to give glow, “lustre,” and importance to this all encompassing, fabulous love song.

I made a laurel wreath for you, but you refused to put it on your head.

TOP: Photo | 1969 | James Lee Byars Arriving at Brussels Airport | First time in Europe

Left: James Lee Byars | Letter to Maria



Byars is for me closer to the Byzantin, and the Today, and the Tomorrow;

And Broodthaers, closer to the Renaissance, and the Today, and the Tomorrow.

**ANANDA:** As this issue is on Consciousness & Contact, what are your thoughts on the possibility of the art of consciousness engaging cosmic intelligence as an art form? Any thoughts in this direction?

**MARIA:** A unity.

Teotihuacan (I remember the guide there told us that the literary translation to Teotihuacan is “the place where one becomes God”), where the “Pyramid of the Sun” has been built in the shape of a human being with a missing head. But, once a year (now, 2019 on the 12th of February), at 7:30 in the morning, the Sun will appear as the head, to complete the body, on the top of the Pyramid.



Photograph by James Lee Byars | 1978 | Portrait of Maria

**ANANDA:** Specifically, how has art and working with artists impacted consciousness for you? Creativity is such an important piece for all of us. It would also be interesting to hear how you see yourself as a creative person.

**MARIA:** To begin, with, Marcel Broodthaers, my late husband. With James Lee Byars and later Stephen McKenna. Today, with Yola Minatchy. And, I'm more than interested in Grigori Grabovoi, on which we organised a conference at the "Fondation Marcel Broodthaers" in 2018... And Nathalie Chintanavitch.

My creativity is that I am able to help, to serve others in order to develop their own creativity. Without interfering too much, but sometimes in interfering directly, when I see the potentiality, the possibility to bring out to a higher state and bring out the beauty, the energy, the consciousness. But then, all this comes back to me, and by ricochet is also serving myself.

I am an adept of the middle way, and even for containing at certain moments creativity. To stay humble in front of the Creator, which means working to come closer to the love, light, and consciousness.



Photo | 1969 | James Lee Byars & Marcel Broodthaers

Visiting Madame Magritte in the library, Georgette proudly would say, "And here are the philosophers of René."



Photo | James Lee Byars | The Perfect Thought | 1990 | Berkeley Art Museum, California



Photo | James Lee Byars | The Letter Reading Society of JLB





Painting by Lucio Pozzi

JOHN VAN DER DOES

# A Duke Ellington Arrangement

## INTRODUCTION

In 1972, I was attending le Centre de Linguistique Appliquée and was learning French in Besaçon, France, when one afternoon after class at a local café, a French teacher suggested I should read *L'Écume des jours* (Froth on the Daydream), a novel by Boris Vian. It was a difficult read, but Vian's imagination fascinated me from the start. It took a while to find an English translation.

Several years passed and, while working at the Strand Bookstore in New York City, I met Dr. David Noakes, a professor and head of La Maison Française, The French House, which is part of New York University. Professor Noakes, who had done a doctoral dissertation on Boris Vian, encouraged me to attend a 10-day conference on Vian held at the Centre International de Cerisy-La-Salle in Normandy, France. I participated at the conference and asked questions during the Question and Answer periods but did not deliver a paper. There I met with Ursula Kübler Vian, Vian's second wife, and several other people. At this time, I became a member of the College of Pataphysics. Pataphysics can be defined as the science of the particular and of laws governing exceptions.

A few years later, I met and talked with Alain Vian, Vian's younger brother, who owned an antique music shop on La rue Grégoire-de-Tours, a narrow street leading off Boulevard Saint Germain. Alain Vian talked about his brother, saying Boris wanted to travel to the United States to receive surgery for his weak heart. Apparently, the French government refused to issue him a visa due, most probably, to Boris' relations with Black Americans and his anti-war views.

Boris Vian has become one of my favorite writers. On my shelves are eight Vian biographies, all in French. As far as I can determine, there is virtually nothing on his life and work published in English. His main and most interesting novels have been translated and published. His novels were largely prohibited in French schools up until the student uprising in Paris in 1968. Today, perhaps, a graduate student taking French studies might come across his play *Les Bâtisseurs d'Empire* [The Empire Builders] or the novels *L'Automne à Pékin* [Autumn in Peking] or *L'Écume des jours*, immensely popular in France. It seems Boris Vian has not made it into the American publishing industry.

At one time I translated 20 pages of one of the French biographies but gave up because it became tedious, and I realized that few American publishers would be interested in him. The momentum to publish a popular biography is not there.

What follows is an appreciation of Boris Vian, who died in a theater of a heart attack during the viewing of a badly done film adaptation of his Vernon Sullivan novel, *I Spit on Your Graves*. Vian had strong disagreements with the film. He was thirty-nine years old.

Colin swallowed his saliva. His mouth seemed consumed by the itch of burnt fritters.

- Hello! said Chloe...

- Hello! ...

Are you arranged by Duke Ellington? Asked Colin ...

And then he fled because he had the firm conviction that he had said something stupid.

Boris Vian was raised in Ville-d'Avray, a town in the western suburbs of Paris, in a wealthy French family. Even though his first name was Boris, he was not of Slavic nationality. His mother, who enjoyed Mussorgsky's opera *Boris Godunov*, had simply named him after the opera. Vian had two brothers, Lelio and Alain, and a sister, Ninon. At the age of 12, Boris developed heart problems. In school, Boris studied the classics, Latin and Greek, and later taught himself English.

Their family was musical. Their mother, Yvonne was an amateur harp and piano player, while their father Paul Vian had a flare for languages. An atmosphere of freedom and a mistrust of the church and army permeated the family. Boris guarded a memory of perpetual childhood vacations. Gardens and a forest were nearby, and every year the family took their vacations in Normandy where they maintained a cottage.

Paul Vian, the father, had a bronze artwork business, but lost the business during the crash in 1929. The Vian family, however, never lost its *joie de vivre*, its charm and dilettante tastes. The family moved out of their large house and into a more economical cottage and rented their villa to the Menuhin family. The famous violinist, Yehudi Menuhin, became friends with Boris, and between them was an ongoing series of chess matches.

Boris earned an engineering degree and began working for AFNOR, Association Française de Normalisation [French Association of Normalization]. After four years, during which time he wrote two novels, he gave up the nine-to-five job. In 1937 Boris became a member of the Hot Club de France and began playing trumpet in the Claude Abadie's jazz orchestra, where he became an accomplished

trompeter. Then, in 1941, at the age of 21, he married his first wife, Michelle Léglise. They had two children, Patrick and Carole.

In her introduction *Blues for a Black Cat*, Julia Older, the translator of Vian's short stories, describes Boris Vian as a "pataphysical clown" who refused to compromise and give in to his critics. She states he "produced at least 10 novels, 42 short stories, 7 theater pieces, 400 songs, 4 poetry collections, 6 opera libretti, 20 short stories and novel translations; sang on records; acted in films; and wrote about 50 articles on as many subjects."

A many-headed Renaissance man, Boris Vian used numerous pseudonyms, including Hugo Hochebuisson, and anagrams of his given name: Bison Ravi [Delighted Bison] and Brisavion [Broken Airplane] and, of course, the Black American, Vernon Sullivan who, supposedly, Americans had refused to publish. Aside from his literary career, Vian collected and tinkered with old cars and enjoyed being creative in multiple disciplines including painting and woodworking.

Certainly, his novel *L'Écume des jours*, as well as the person who wrote it, encapsulated the post-war era in Paris. Raymond Queneau, one of the most influential figures of modern French literature, commented, "*L'Écume des jours* was one of the poignant love novels of our time."

Boris Vian was a literary James Dean, an anti-establishment and postmodern man with a sense of humor. World War II had ended, the Nazi occupation was over, and creativity exploded in *les caves* (wine cellars turned into nightclubs) of the Saint Germain des Pres district of Paris. Vian was certainly the cultural bomb that erupted after the war. Known as the prince of the Saint-Germain-des Près era, Vian circulated with the singer Juliette Gréco, the jazz musician Miles Davis, the philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre, the novelist Jean Genet, and others.

The novel, *L'Écume des jours*, appeared in 1947. Throughout *L'Écume*, Vian lets his imagination run wild. Briefly, the work is a simple love story; Colin falls in love with Chloé, and eventually Chloé becomes bedridden and dies. *L'Écume* resembles a walk through a house of mirrors that moves from a happy-go-lucky beginning to a dark and sinister ending. Colin comes

out of the metro and gets disoriented. He waves a large, yellow handkerchief to orient himself. The yellow handkerchief is blown away by the wind and turns into a large building, which turns into the Molitor skating rink. Another time, the cook and chauffeur, Nicolas, cannot cook without referring to an edition of *Gouffle*. (Here Vian ridicules the rigid chief, Jules Gouffe, who in 1867 authored a cookbook, the recipes of which have extremely precise measurements.) In *L'Écume*, recalcitrant neckties refuse knotting and fight back. Colin invents a *pianoctail* which is a musical instrument that plays melodies that correspond to and produce mixed drinks.

Interestingly Boris Vian, who knew and contributed to the existential philosopher Jean-Paul Sartre's magazine *Le Temps Moderne*, spoofs the philosopher in *L'Écume* as Jean-Sol Partre. Vian does the same thing for Sartre's close friend and feminist, Simone de Beauvoir, who becomes the Duchess of Bovouard in *L'Écume*. No feelings were hurt.

Jean-Paul Sartre nominated Vian's novel for the coveted literary prize, *Le Prix de la Pleiade*. In the story, Colin starts out as being quite rich with a huge amount of doublezons (an invented word for money). Chick, Colin's friend, collects all of Jean-Sol Partre's Writings, as well as the whole edition of *The Encyclopedia of Nausea*, and must borrow Chick's doublezons. With ceremonial pomp, Jean Sol Partre arrives on an elephant to deliver a lecture. As the lecture hall begins to fill, multitudes of fans continue to arrive by parachute and through sewer tunnels to get a glimpse of their idol. Chick continues to borrow doublezons for his book collection. Eventually, Colin goes broke and finds manual labor growing rifles. Flowers begin to grow out of the rifle barrels and Colin loses his job.

Chloe becomes ill with an expanding lotus engulfing her lungs. She dies and, since Colin cannot afford a proper funeral, the casket is jettisoned unceremoniously down a flight of stairs and out the front door. Colin wants to know why Chloe had to die, and so he confronts Jesus, who answers him with complete indifference and boredom.

During the novel, the characters remain completely human but with a puppet or marionette side. Yet, the heart-rending way Vian tells the story *L'Écume des jours* remains an unforgettable novel.

*L'Écume* is written in a completely pataphysical vein. In the 1890s, Alfred Jarry had already defined pataphysics as imaginary solutions and as the science of the particular and laws governing exceptions. In the foreword, Vian states that the story is entirely true, because he imagined it from beginning to end. *L'Écume* starts on a light and happy note but slowly darkness descends and the walls close in.

Boris Vian was trained as an engineer. Another novel by Boris Vian worth reading is *L'automne a Peking (Autumn in Peking)*, which has nothing to do with autumn nor Peking, China. It concerns building a railroad system, through a desert called Exopotamie, for no apparent reason and destroying what little is in the desert. The railroad leads nowhere, and a house is split apart and crashed into by an airplane. One is reminded of the world today where bulldozers push homes and neighborhoods aside to make room for superhighways and projects that ignore the human element. *Autumn in Peking* points towards a future when technology has gone awry.

Boris Vian had to give up playing jazz because of his weak heart, but he maintained a passion for jazz until his early death. For Vian, jazz was a necessity. He was there at Orly Airport to welcome and find gigs for American jazz musicians when they arrived in the late 1940s and '50s. He became friends with Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, Kenny Dorham and others. Duke Ellington became godfather to Carole Vian, Boris Vian's daughter.

While his translating was a means to put bread on the table, Vian was fascinated by the phenomenon of American pulp crime fiction, and so he translated Raymond Chandler's *Lady in the Lake* and *The Big Sleep*, James Cain's *Love's Lovely Counterfeit*, Nelson Algren's *The Man with the Golden Arm*, and Dorothy Baker's *Young Man with a Horn*.

In the more serious vein, Vian translated the famous multiple personality disorder case, *Three Faces of Eve*, and worked on a translation of August Strindberg's *Miss Julie*, a play concerning the battle of the sexes.

Vian also became deeply involved in the early science fiction genre, which was appearing in America in magazines like *Astounding Science-Fiction* in the 1930s and '40s. For Vian, science fiction disoriented logic, which stimulated the

imagination with fantastic yet technical precision. It facilitated the ability to think of things most people would not consider. In 1951, along with Raymond Queneau, the film director Pierre Kast and others, Boris founded Le Club des Savanturiers located on Rue du Pré aux Clercs at the Bookbinding Bar. The French word Savanturiers combines savants (learned or scholarly people) with aventuriers (adventurers). In 1952 the members of the Savanturiers were invited to the Science Fiction Congress in London.

Two articles were written 1951: the first was by Raymond Queneau entitled, *A New Literary Genre: Science Fiction*, the second by Stéphane Spriel and Boris Vian, and had the same title, *A New Literary Genre: Science Fiction*, and was published in Jean-Paul Sartre's review, *Temps Modernes*. That article, followed by Vian's translation of Frank Robinson's short story *The Labyrinth*, reached the inner circle of science fiction. *The Labyrinth* is a story about astronauts arriving on the planet Venus. The astronauts are unaware they are guinea pigs for the invisible inhabitants of the planet they believe they are conquering.

Vian translated the popular science fiction writer, A.E. van Vogt, author of *World of Nul-A*, a novel which incorporated the non-Aristotelian logic of semanticist Alfred Korzybski who is famous for the adage, "The map is not the territory." General semantics or non-Aristotelian logic prevents confusing the model of reality with reality itself – language can only partially describe a terrain but does not itself constitute the terrain. The general semantics in Korzybski's *Science and Sanity*, an 800-page tome, fascinated Boris Vian.

According to Guy Béart, Boris Vian was a man interested in fiction, the future, and the fantastic. He wrote well but quickly. He had a strong and undeniable presence. The thought that he would evolve and would develop through one single métier was foreign to him. He never locked himself into a habitual lifestyle. The idea of following a routine was also foreign to him. Within him was the nurturing of a continual reawakening.

Vian was the cause of two major scandals. He anticipated civil rights in America some fifteen years before it happened. He was heavily fined 100,000 francs by the French government for breaking a law protecting

the sanctity of the family caused by his Vernon Sullivan hoax, *J'irai cracher sur vos tombes (I Spit on Your Graves)*, a novel supposedly written by an African American whom American publishers would not touch. While Vian's "translation" was a hoax, Boris Vian rewrote it in English to show that Vernon Sullivan, the author of *I Spit on Your Graves* had a "real" existence.

The story is about a light-colored African American, Lee Anderson, who could pass for a Caucasian and whose black brother was lynched. It takes place in a middle-class town in the deep South and concerns Lee avenging his brother's death. The odd coincidence was that Boris Vian's literary hoax took on the twist of a real crime. In 1947, an actual deviant murder took place in a hotel near the Montparnasse train station. A man strangled his girlfriend. Near the body, a copy of Vian's novel was found and opened to the underlined passage where Lee Anderson commits a sexual revenge murder.

The other scandal was Vian's anti-war song, *Le Déserteur (The Deserter)*, which was censored from 1954 to 1962 by the French government. The song was not allowed to be sold or aired on radio waves. During the anti-war movement of the 1960s, Joan Baez and the musical trio Peter Paul and Mary took up Vian's song.

Vian developed a sharp yet zany verbal ability. His prose had both lightness and depth. Boris Vian definitely falls in the tradition of Rabelais' *Gargantua and Pantagruel*, Lewis Carroll's *Alice and Wonderland*, Franz Kafka's *Penal Colony*, Benjamin Constant's *Adolphe*, William Faulkner's *Pylon*, and certainly Alfred Jarry's *Exploits & Opinions of Dr. Faustroll*. Mike Zwerin, the translator of *The Jazz Writings of Boris Vian*, remarks, "Translating Boris Vian has made me a better writer. He taught me how to approach a serious subject with humor and how to be seriously humorous. Jazz musicians would benefit from reading Vian. He integrated the physical and the intellectual, the real and surreal, and he swings with words a jazz musician ought to swing with."

TOMMA VON HAEFTEN

# How to Serve the Planet

**B**ecause I am tall, I am wedged into the fourth row, standing close to the right outside rim of the podium. My throat is wide and open, the air pushes out of my lungs and my whole body vibrates into the sound as my voice joins the other high sopranos all around me. I am an instrument of melody right now. Of power. Of beauty. Of meticulously timed rhythm. Meticulously held pauses. Accentuated pronunciations of beginning and ending consonants. And precisely controlled expressions of volume.

Claudio Abbado has severed the orchestra members from their comfortable knowledge of the Verdi Requiem and seduced them into a new state of alert, their eyes tied to the very movements of his fingers. I almost believe he must be able to hear my voice above the rest, because at times, when he gives us the next cue, it seems he looks right at me.

Shivers run through my being milliseconds before the fortissimo of the Dies Irae launches into another round of repetition and the drums send their pulses into our bones. The audience in the Hamburger Musikhalle is spellbound.

Afterwards, my grandmother, who didn't come to the concert because she was a fan of classical music, rather led here by an unwavering love for her oldest granddaughter, told me that she enjoyed most of all "that part that was so loud I could feel it inside my body."

I was not yet 20 and did not know where I wanted my life to take me. Even though I loved singing, even though my voice teacher told me I could move forward as a soloist, I couldn't picture myself as one of the operatic divas we sometimes had the chance to watch up close while waiting outside the stage door along with the Hamburg Opera choir.

The folding canvas chair my parents

gave me for one of my birthdays traveled across the Atlantic with us when we left Frankfurt. It is the right chair to sit in to be still and to look – to look inquiringly and patiently at the color and the brush marks on the large non-rectilinear stretched canvas that hangs on the wall, and to wait. What I am waiting for is hard to put into words. A piece of art is not complete until the color begins to speak. Until it does, I go through a long process of trying to see the color that is not there yet. I get closer when its voice begins to join with the particular shape of the canvas like an enlivening chord, bestowing it with a unique identity preciously surrounded by the straight yards of raw burlap hanging quietly behind, as if waiting to be wrapped around it.

Our baby daughter is sleeping in a little rolling bassinet right next to me. Sometimes I work while wearing her in a sling. I have decided to carry her around with me as much as I possibly can, having read about and embracing the theory of the evolutionary continuum that makes a baby feel safest when in contact with the mother's body.

But I also need to complete a number of pieces for my first one-woman show in a gallery in Düsseldorf. I am excited about that opportunity; excited that I have found my own visual language to express something yet unknown about the relationships between things – or beings. I do feel I have something to contribute to the ongoing dialog that contemporary art holds with its audience. After studying abstract painting in Hamburg, New York City and Düsseldorf, determined to crack the mystery of what makes "good art" for almost ten years, I now feel I am at last close to launching a promising career as an artist.

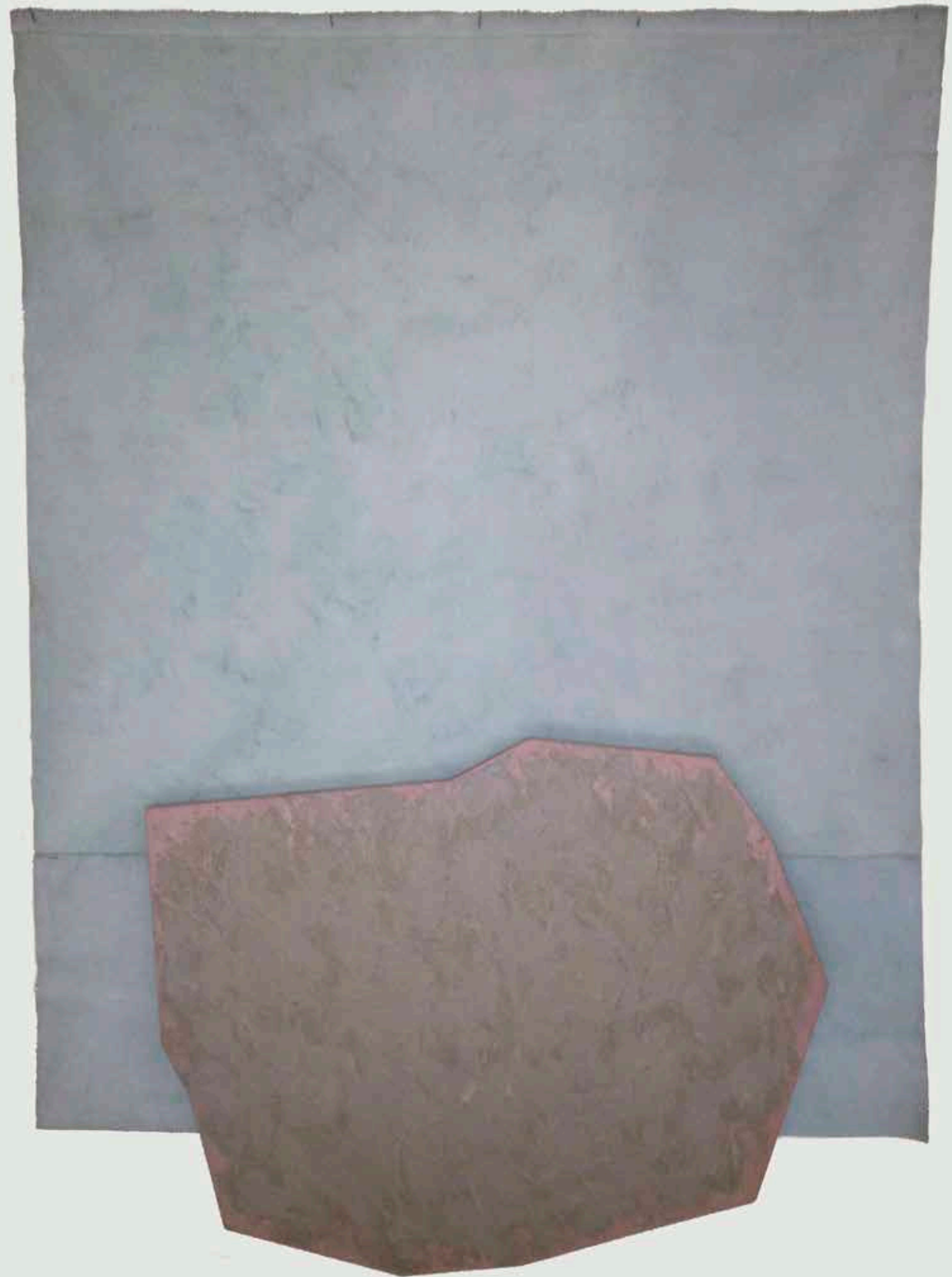
As it turned out, this ended up being my only gallery show. Even though I continued to paint for another two and a half years, until the birth of my second daughter. Even though I believe I created the best work during those last years. Even

though I loved painting, loved the smell of oil color and melted wax, being in my studio, surrounded by my jars of paint brushes, palette knives, pigments, and tubes of oil paint, the time came when it was no longer the most exciting and necessary thing to do.

Growing up in Germany, raised by parents who as children lived through the horrors of the Second World War, it was clear from the beginning that I needed to do something with my life that was "good" for the people on this planet. I wanted to contribute something that balanced out the unspeakable pain and suffering of the past, something that relieved the unhappiness people struggled with seemingly everywhere. My childhood life, by contrast, appeared blessed. I had loving parents, siblings I truly cared for, grandparents who doted on us, and – gifted with many talents – it wasn't hard to succeed wherever I wanted to.

A question appeared that to this day begs for ever-new answers: How do I serve the planet? Which elicits another question: What can I contribute? While I felt fortunate in so many ways, I was also envious of those people who had a clear calling, a single talent or passion, even a single duty that awaited them. How was I to make a choice? What if I made the wrong choice? What if I failed the expectation the ever-watching universe might have of me?

I lie on the floor, a mat beneath my body, a silken scarf covering my eyes. M'Lou, who had appeared with superb timing as my temporary shamanic teacher, drums as she sits next to me on the floor, our thighs touching, while for the first time in my life I am about to enter non-ordinary reality. Her steady drumming accompanies my imagined voyage through an earthen tunnel, until out of the darkness, slowly, a different world flickers into my perception. I am beginning to see and sense. I feel ground beneath my feet, the crunch of dry dusty stones, the scent of heated rocks, the warmth of the sun on



Painting by Tomma von Haeften

my skin. I am surprised by my experience, which tells me I am not making it up. Through a verdant meadow, a little lamb comes running toward me; its small hooves paw at my legs as I kneel down. A parrot lands with a swoosh of color and rustling feathers on my shoulder. His warm beak playfully nudges my cheek. A large, soft-haired spider nestles lightly on my chest, a living mandala. Each of my power animals brings a unique ability, filling my first journey with profound personal meaning as we travel through mythical landscapes that speak their own language to me.

Months later, after I began to perform shamanic journeys and soul retrievals on behalf of other People, mostly friends and family, I encountered an ancient orangutan monkey woman who showed me pictures accompanied by peculiar explanations on how I could change my drumming and deliver the retrieved soul parts and power animals by using plant energies.

In my 40s, amicably separated from my husband, raising my two daughters in the pastoral beauty of Upstate New York, I ran an antique store in Hudson and began to build a new life with a new mate. Jimmy had driven a van with his belongings across the continent, leaving his life and two grown daughters behind in order to be with me.

Yet, I still felt I hadn't found my calling. And then, one day, all the pursuits in my life lined up to reveal a common thread I had overlooked before: in all my explorations, I had chosen disciplines that facilitated moments of transcending the ordinary, served a person's inner development, and, though in different ways, each strived to increase someone's personal sense of well-being. That was the answer!

Human beings needed to walk the path of their soul, and I had the means to support them! Out of that realization, I created my private practice. I called it Free Soul. Initially, my services comprised all the skills I had collected thus far. So, next to soul retrievals and shamanic healing ceremonies, I offered hypnotic somatic healing sessions, Reiki/intuitive energy work, custom created energy art work, and Feng Shui-based home and color consultations. I was filled with a new excitement about my life and my work, but it still took years before I was able to build a successful practice. It required reducing

my personal eclectic mix of services and becoming specialized.

I am engulfed by the burning intensity of an anger that is pouring out of my whole body with a breathtaking power. I know this is a huge cleansing. I have been through such a flaming passage before. I have learned how to surrender and dive into it. I keep breathing while my body is shaking, saliva and tears dripping from my face, my hands gripping the seat cushion beneath me. I allow it all – the screaming of my very cells, and now I feel it leaving my body magically. Something lets go; a softness begins to spread.

I wait, and now I am not "me," but dispersed boundlessly into countless particles, and yet there is a me in each of these infinite particles. The other me in her human body begins to weep over the immensity of love that welcomes us here. My voice stammers for the eternity of the first moments; there are no words. This love embraces me, as if all the molecules of matter stretched out their arms, holding me, carrying me, rocking me so tenderly. In them I am everywhere, and I am home. Resting, utterly free of worries, of struggles, of duties. Held in a love that feels as dense and solid as honey.

This love becomes visible as a stream of energy that flows like an ever-meandering river. Golden. Magnetic. Endless. I feel a buzzing in my body, an invitation to allow myself to be carried by this, always. But can I? Surrendering to the river would mean giving up the burden of being in charge. If I can let that go, the need to accomplish anything vanishes, because floating in the river there is no need to arrive anywhere. Nothing to reach or hold on to. If I can let myself be carried that way, life will become more beautiful than anything I could ever plan for.

This significant experience of Source came during my training as a Journey Practitioner. Learning to use this cellular healing modality to facilitate a Source experience for my clients became only one of the utterly exhilarating benefits I could offer. My practice finally began to flourish. Responding to an unexpected opportunity six years later, I moved on to become a FutureVisioning Practitioner using consciousness healing techniques with profound results. I guided hundreds of clients, both in the US and in Germany, using both of these powerful, deeply life-changing tools. In spite of the change in

modalities, I did believe I had "arrived" doing healing work during all those years.

And yet again, in time, I realized I still had not.

After a confrontational break from my FutureVisioning mentor caused me to leave his group, I slowly slid into a long, unintended sabbatical. During these years, a disturbing little voice began to whisper somewhere deep inside, causing me to worry that I had made a mistake or missed a clue. Was I perhaps beginning to fail my life purpose?

Adding to my confusion was the clear awareness that my newest set of consciousness tools, learned at the extraordinary Avatar Courses, couldn't be woven into my private practice. I was unable to see myself spending regular parts of my life teaching in large hotel conference centers in Florida.

Here was my old question again: How am I meant to serve?

And then, out of nowhere, came a book! It wasn't the first time a significant book appeared that changed both my understanding about life and life itself. When this thick volume landed in my hands, I could not put it down.

Written in German by Varda Hasselmann, it describes the distinct 35 stages of our soul's evolution through its entire cycle of incarnations. Amazing! And the soul stage that most strongly resonated as my own was the one, the only one, for which the soul does not create a life plan prior to birth. The plan is to unwaveringly follow the path without knowing the goal! The plan is to be available to fill the gaps left open by the larger soul family and allow the synchronicities of life to create circumstances that cannot be planned for in advance.

Apparently, people on this evolutionary soul stage don't have linear career paths. Ahhhh... While I still intend to revive my private practice with new consciousness work, I am also ready to respond should life call me in a different direction. I am willing to unwaveringly follow the path and trust that whatever I do with excitement and love will serve the planet. As long as I remember to heed the barometer of joy, rather than judging my value by the polluting measure of success, I will be on the right track.



Painting by Tomma von Haefthen



JOHN RED CLOUD

## A Lost Connection

Illustration Courtesy of Benjavisa Ruangvaree/Shutterstock

I have often reflected on my upbringing on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. Consciously, I was aware I belonged to something greater than myself. Subconsciously, I was unaware that, with each step I took, my ancestors were counting on me to keep writing our story. As humans, we have that unique ability to reason, or so we think we are the only ones. We think that there is no possible way the earth was created for buffalo, or magpies, or impala. It was created for the almighty Man. We have to be the reason. I want to feel like I am chiefly responsible for what Tunkasila has allowed me to experience on this earth, whether that be alone with my thoughts or sharing a common experience with others.

We still have a lot to offer each other in the way of developing our consciousness. The problem is too many of us do not see the value in devoting time and effort to this very important aspect of our lives. At this point in my life, I would like to think I still have more tomorrows than yesterdays. How much of the time that I have had, have I spent consciously trying to connect with my inner self? Not enough. Much can be said for being in the moment. When I talk to people, I try and listen to what they are saying, instead of simply waiting for them to stop talking so I can say what I have to say.

One of the beautiful things about being human is our many imperfections, and the ways we have either embraced them to better ourselves as a whole, or succumbed to them, yet still were able to find success in a failure. That is what has inspired and continues to inspire some of the most innovative minds and advances our species has ever known. I have not lost faith in the human experience, because I can't accurately quantify what our potential is as a species. I only know that I want it to be a better place for my children and their children's children. Now I ask myself if I am doing enough to affect change, no matter how slight.

I lie awake some nights feeling the weight of my ancestors as seen through the future footsteps of my descendants. How much responsibility can I realistically be expected to take credit for, if this is my generation's time? Time for what? What can I do to consciously make a difference without actively trying to effect meaningful change? How am I supposed to know when I have achieved any measurable success? Perhaps the answers will reveal themselves to me upon intentional introspection. There are answers. They have always been there. The problem is that maybe I (or we as a species) am not ready for the answers.

The time and place for continued evolution of our consciousness is now. Each day as I make my way to work, I notice the rush we are all in to get somewhere. No matter the destination, we all feel like the place we are going is more important than that of the next person. It is hard to think about what our responsibility is supposed to be for the next generation. Our inadvertent, collective disregard for our responsibility of earth is not entirely our fault. Look at the way society places so many demands on our time. Does it make us feel that we are important when we see a pop-up ad that is supposedly tailored to our needs or our buying patterns? Blindly accepting terms of use and cookies ensures the all-powerful Google remains incredibly intuitive. Maybe its intuitiveness is a little on the spooky side. Thanks auto-fill!

I would like to believe there is a redeeming quality we all have as humans. All of us are capable of such goodness, yet we never reach our full potential. Why is that? Are we counting on the person next to us to make the move first? Maybe it's uncomfortable to be the first one to do

the right thing. Remember those dances in middle school? Change is sometimes uncomfortable and may even come along with some growing pains. What is it about getting in touch with our inner self that we find so uncomfortable? We hardly ever make purposeful efforts to really delve into our subconscious. I guess we do not have enough time. Of all existing resources, time is arguably the most precious of them all, because no matter what we do, we can never get time back. All we are left with is a collection of memories that continue to erode over the years.

Our senses as a human being paint a picture for our memory bank to store for future retrieval. I still remember participating in a retreat in college. One of our group activities was to do a sunrise hike to the peak of a mountain. Why do I still remember that event so vividly? I remember it because it was one of the few times in life where I was completely and intentionally unplugged from the hustle and bustle of life. No cell phone. No tablet. No technology whatsoever. Just me and the winds. I was nothing more than a wind block on top of that mountain. It didn't matter what was in my inbox, or what my calendar looked like for those precious few moments.

I cleared my mind as much as I could and tried to figure out if I knew what my purpose is on this planet. What am I meant to do as a human? Am I doing it? Even if I were doing it, would I know that I was doing it? If I am not fulfilling my role, what is keeping me from realizing that? What sort of deficiency is keeping me from reaching the conclusion that I have not reached where I am supposed to be? It reminds me of Lewis Carroll's classic, "Alice in Wonderland." Alice first meets the Cheshire Cat at a fork in the road. She is lost and asks him which way she is supposed to go. He asks her where she is trying to go. She responds that she doesn't know. He then proceeds to tell her that it doesn't matter which way she goes if she doesn't know where she is going.

Here we are in our warped wonderland. Do we know which way to go? There may be some unrealized benefit from aimless wandering. Sometimes it's necessary to go through a struggle in order to come to certain conclusions. Is that what a midlife crisis is? This could be the point of where our struggle is as a species. Honestly, I am a little concerned about the direction we are hurtling towards. Case in point: the

federal government pays some farmers to not plant crops, so prices can be artificially high. Or, better yet, some plants are genetically engineered to be the botanical reproductive equivalent of a mule. The motivation is profit, or greed actually – messing with the perfection of nature so a person can't produce produce. "Take that, Johnny Appleseed!"

As a history scholar, I constantly look towards achievements as well as failures to see what we have learned as a people. What ideas or concepts are continually being reinforced? It seems like as long as we feel like we are masters of the universe, then we have carte blanche to "innovate" in the name of humanity. We are capable of such good, yet we mar those achievements by destruction and chaos. What are the most memorable events in our history? Think history textbooks. How many chapters are devoted to wars, conflicts, death, dying, despots, etc.? Peace time is boring. What can be learned from tranquility?

My take on consciousness will continue to evolve. I would like help in understanding it. There are not enough opportunities devoted to consciousness or contact. Take the opportunities that do arise and really dedicate yourself to them. It is said that wisdom is where you find it. That means wisdom is everywhere. Our connection to our past is our decoder to the future. Our spirits need nourishment. Luckily those precious spiritual seeds of growth haven't been genetically modified for sterility – not yet anyway. Find your connection, even if it means disconnecting.

NORIE HUDDLE

# The Best Game on Earth

“You never change things by fighting the existing reality. To change something, build a new model that makes the existing model obsolete.”

-R. Buckminster Fuller

**THE GOAL OF THE BEST GAME ON EARTH:** To create peace, health, prosperity and justice universally on Earth by the year 2030.

## THE 10 RULES OF THE GAME

1. **Speak the truth.**
2. **Acknowledge the truth when others speak it.**
3. **Come from love, respect and gratitude.**
4. **Leave the trail better than you found it.**
5. **Expect miracles.**
6. **Do what gives you joy and create joy in what you do.**
7. **Be generous with who you are and what you have.**
8. **Be a good friend and teammate.**
9. **Clean up your messes, learn the lessons and move on.**
10. **If you have an idea for how to improve The Game, share it!**

Throughout history, in every part of the world, there have been people who dreamed of a better world, who, in some fashion, have played The Game but have not known they were playing it.

**SETTING A DEADLINE IS CRITICAL** even one that may look impossible today. Here, the Apollo Project offers us a great set of lessons.

Before the 1960s, human beings had looked up at the night sky for thousands of years and dreamed of going to the moon, but nothing happened. It remained only a dream.

But then, in 1961, when President Kennedy declared that “We will put a man

on the moon and bring him back safely by the end of the decade,” he created a GAME, with a goal and a deadline.

Creating a deadline “by the end of the decade” set the game in motion. The clock was ticking! And, you really wanted to beat the clock and win the game! And, indeed, we achieved this amazing feat in less than a decade.

In one sense, it’s time for a “global show-and-tell” about who is doing what and about what else needs to be done, and how we can do this in a way that is truly fun and inspiring.

Imagine for a moment that we’re sitting around a global campfire and sharing our stories of what we are each doing to help heal the Earth. What do you need? How can I help you?

This time, however, we’re “sitting around” the “cool campfire” of television, computer monitors and cell phones, and we’re each sharing our work – our “love-in-action” – with our other brothers and sisters in our global village all around our beautiful planet.

By pooling our collective wisdom, knowledge, talent and expertise, we will all progress more quickly toward achieving The Game’s Goal. And, by collaborating and looking for ways to make the process more enjoyable for all of us, our progress will get faster and faster and faster!

Computers, mobile devices, social media, television, radio, telephones, print media, short-wave and CB radios, etc. — we can use all of these tools and more to express

the Good News of how our Global Family finally is coming together in the early decades of the 21st century to heal ourselves and our lovely Earth.

Consider that in this Great Gathering, each one of us holds a piece of the puzzle. Consider that as we put our puzzle pieces together, we will discover larger patterns of meaning, new insights and inspiration.

Consider that when the larger patterns have become clear, we will discover our next steps forward.

Consider that each one of us is critically needed to complete The Whole, and that we are all here to serve a greater purpose that is far beyond what we presently understand.

## TO BEGIN PLAYING THE GAME

To begin playing The Game, read the Goal and the Rules. Do these make sense to you? Which ones are already second nature to you? Which ones, if any, do not make sense and why?

Are there areas within yourself you feel you need to strengthen? What do you need to do this? What kinds of activities are you engaged in local, national, global; which further the goals of the Game?

Are you doing what gives you joy? Are you letting your light shine brightly, expressing positive images into our collective global mind?

How can we invite collaboration from others who dream these same dreams? How about sharing this article with your friends? Or on social media?

Let’s keep asking, “How can we organize ourselves so that all the necessary things are taken care of? How can we celebrate our successes and build on them? How can we make The Game more and more fun, more and more effective?”

You and your actions are critical to the success of The Game. Thank you for playing your part!

—With Love, Respect and Gratitude,  
Norie Huddle





DAVID LOUIS

## What Animals Tell Us

**W**henever I speak about Interspecies Telepathic Communication, I begin with the story of the little king. Years ago, a woman brought me her chihuahua. She sat down at the table across from me with her dog in her arms. I closed my eyes and opened to receive the dog's energy, and I heard, in my mind, the words "I'm a little king!" They appeared to me in a high pitched, squeaky voice. When I told the woman this, she replied, "Oh my god, I'll be right back," and abruptly left the room with her dog in tow. A few minutes later, she returned and handed me an 8x10 framed photograph of her chihuahua, wrapped in a red velvet robe with white piping, wearing a crown on his head.

The reason I tell this story at the beginning of my talks is to make a convincing case for the validity of telepathic communication between species. The chihuahua identified himself as a little king. That was the first thing, hence the most important thing, that he told me about himself. It was clearly something I could not have deduced with my rational (as opposed to intuitive) mind.

Most people are skeptical of the concept of communicating with animals. Some don't believe it's possible for animals to communicate, or don't believe that animals have thoughts and feelings that could translate into human language. Others may believe that animals indeed have thoughts and feelings, but that it's impossible for humans to ascertain them. Humans have what Penelope Smith calls a "human superiority complex" when it comes to their understanding of the natural world. We believe that because of our facility with language, our ability to move about on two legs, our opposable

thumbs, etc., we are inherently superior. Most don't even question that assertion. My work of the past eighteen years has led me to advocate for a more inclusive understanding of the relationship between humankind and the natural world.

My work mostly involves domestic creatures, pets if you will, but I've had some fascinating interactions with the undomesticated as well. In particular, I once met a porcupine, waddling down our wooded trail, who engaged with my ecstatic response to his presence, to the point of changing course mid-waddle and coming directly toward me so I could get a closer look at him. (Full disclosure: I've always assumed it was a male, though I can't be sure.)

Telepathic communication happens to me and through me as a variety of sensual and sensory experiences. I see pictures, feel sensations, hear words or sounds. This is how animals answer my questions.

I met Marty when we were both guests on an early morning television show in Rochester, New York. It was one of those entertainment segments when they cut away from Good Morning America or whatever to the local news. The newscasters check in with the "pet psychic" for about 45 seconds, make a few jokes about it and go back to the national show.

So Marty brought her greyhound, Spinner, to the show, and one of her concerns was how difficult it was for her to trim Spinner's nails. Every time she tried, he would shiver and tremble with anxiety. When I tuned in to him, he showed me a picture of himself elevated, standing on a table, with Marty standing at arm's length from him. I wanted to make sure that I understood what I was seeing, so I asked Marty how she cut Spinner's nails now.

"Well, I lean over him while he's standing up, and I press down and clip them."

I suggested she do it the way Spinner was showing me, even though it seemed potentially dangerous to put a spindly-legged greyhound up on a table. But that's the image I was seeing, and I felt from Spinner that if he were elevated he would be able to see what Marty was doing, and the whole process would be more comfortable for him. He showed me Marty cocking her arm at the elbow and clipping his nails. Just like that.

Marty was a leatherworker at a horse track at the time, and she took Spinner with her to work daily. She had a workbench in her trailer, and now that's where she puts Spinner when he needs his nails clipped – on top of the workbench, elevated like he wanted, because he didn't like being hovered over. He wanted some space, some distance, and, as long as she could do it that way, there was no anxiety. It wasn't a problem for him at all.

I've also discovered the importance of acknowledging the feelings of animals, particularly under stressful circumstances.

The most important thing you need to know if you want to communicate successfully with your companion animals is that you need to stress cooperation and negotiation over domination and control.

Years ago, when I began communicating with animals, my family and I decided to buy a house in the woods and move to the top of a mountain. We had four cats at the time, and we decided to put them in the bathroom for the duration of the move. This proved in retrospect to be a very dumb idea.

My wife discovered that she needed some

towels in order to pack the drum of the washing machine so that it wouldn't get damaged in transit. So, she attempted to get in and out of the bathroom with an armful of towels without letting four cats escape, and in the process, while closing the door, she twisted her hand and broke a bone in the center of it. She let out a scream, the door flew open, and the cats scattered all over the house. So right away we had a problem. We've got four indoor cats and our door is wide open with people moving boxes and furniture out. What happened next is not anything that I planned. It happened to me, or through me, rather.

I walked to the center of the almost empty living room, and, standing in the middle of the room, I closed my eyes and spoke to them from my mind. "I know you're scared, but Mom's hurt and we need your help." I've never forgotten that moment. The first thing I did was to acknowledge what they were experiencing. "I know you're scared." There was no panic, no running around, no ordering them to do anything. "Mom's hurt and we need your help" was an appeal for their cooperation. I continued to speak to them, explaining that we were concerned for their safety, and we didn't want any of them to get hurt. They could be killed by a car, and we didn't want that to happen. In the meantime, we asked the movers to close the door, but we

knew we wouldn't be able to make that last very long. So, I said to the cats, "What I need you to do is come to me, so we can put you somewhere safe. We promise we won't stuff you all back in the bathroom, but we need to put you somewhere safe, and we need to do it right away."

Within seconds of making that request, one by one the four cats came walking very calmly into the living room and were scooped up and put in empty rooms to wait until we were done with the move.

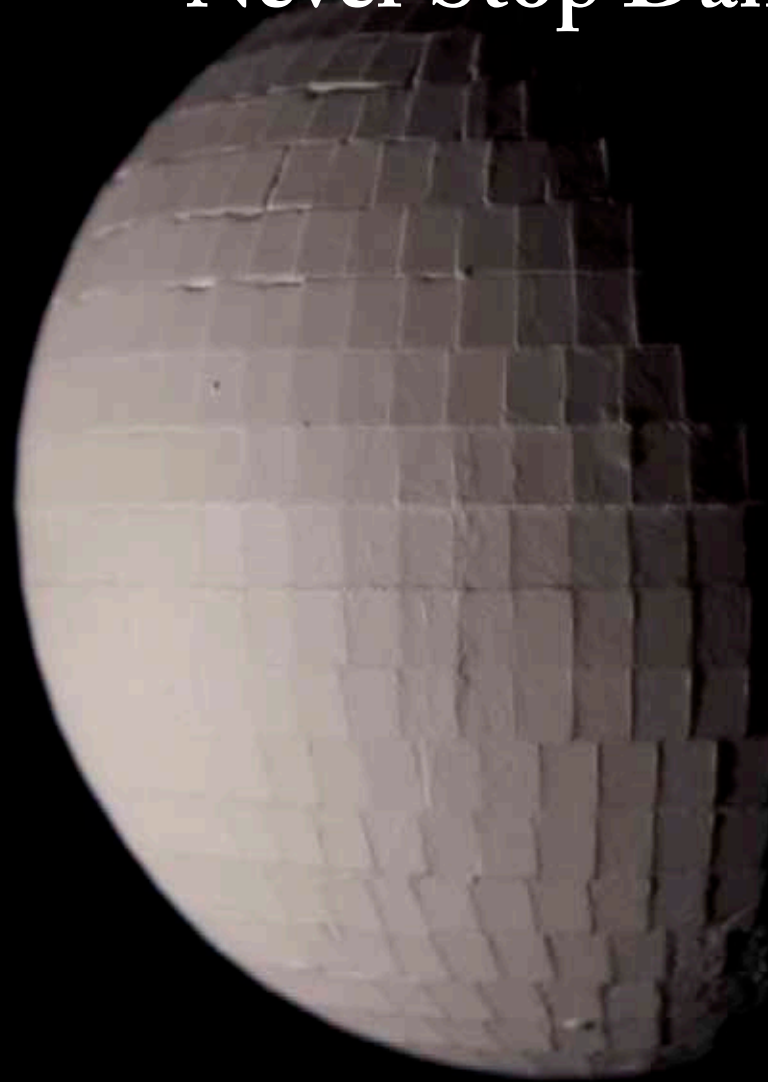
These stories and the experiences that have given rise to scores more similar ones have convinced me that communication with all species makes our lives richer and can provide new avenues for understanding ourselves and our co-inhabitants of this planet.





PHOENIX LINDSEY-HALL

# Never Stop Dancing



Installations by Phoenix Lindsey-Hall

The most tragic event in LGBTQ history occurred the summer of 2016; the day in Orlando, Florida where an armed gunman killed 49 and wounded another 53 people at the Pulse Nightclub. It was and is the single deadliest mass shooting in America. In this senseless act of hatred, the victims' individual lives, with hopes and dreams, became the shattered grounds of ideological force for the LGBTQ community at large.

For nearly half a century, the Stonewall Inn is where queer New Yorkers and those from all over the world flock when we need community, in celebration, or in despair. As soon as we heard the news, my wife and I went straight there. We were not alone. News anchors knew of this location and had already begun to line up their cameras. In addition to the growing crowd, there was a makeshift and temporary memorial. In the growing pile of flowers on the sidewalk. I found a small note accompanying a bouquet of roses that simply said, "Never Stop Dancing."

Inspired by the note and in honor of those who lost their lives, I created a large-scale

installation of 49 porcelain white disco balls, one for each of the victims. The individual disco balls were slip cast in several sizes, representing each victim as an individual human life, that stool together to make a whole community. Each piece is suspended at various heights to create a swirling celestial mass. Illuminated by bare light bulbs dropped into the center of the form, long shadows fall across the darkened space. In call and response, this work is named, "Never Stop Dancing."

The disco ball is a firmly-rooted signifier of nightclubs and, by extension, celebration. Unglazed porcelain refuses the ball's traditionally mirrored panels, its reflective quality becomes muted, turning the viewer's gaze inward. More heavenly than of-this-world, more lamentation than party, the clay acts as a surrogate for the body in the way it can be fragile and delicately precious and yet incredibly strong. This sense of danger is heightened by its suspension.

Clay has a quiet power. It is a material that is a part of our collective consciousness. It holds our coffee in the morning today just as it has for millennia.

It makes our roofs and decorates our homes and our bodies. It's so ubiquitous that it almost transcends our awareness of it. It's the earth we stand on and, as such, it connects us and carries our memories. This rich history provides a backdrop to frame contemporary investigations into ritual, objecthood, and artistic expression. It enlivens our sense of touch yet heightens our sense of caution.

For all that can be understood from seeing Never Stop Dancing, it can't be heard. There is immediately a noticeable lack of music in the space—an otherwise expected presence with disco balls. Instead of music, there is silence, which manifests a quiet remembrance and atmospheric commentary on loss: where both the disco balls and the lives they represent once gave light, now they are extinguished.

There is no music in the space, but the hymn is clear. And if it's not, the text on the shadow-filled wall spells it out.

***Above them all is a silent observer.  
The moon hanging heavy in the sky.  
Slowly spinning, reflecting back to us  
Bearing witness to it all.***



Installations by Phoenix Lindsey-Hall



**MIA FEROLETO**

# A Conversation Between Two Friends

## PHILIPPE PETIT & FUMIKO WELLINGTON

**MIA:** Maybe you could say a few words about how you and Fumiko met?

**PHILIPPE:** Yeah. That seemed to be a long, long time ago. It was in New York City. I was performing in my circle of chalk, as an illegal street performer, being a comic and silent and playing with the audience. And then, after the performance, a beautiful young woman came and said hello, and it was Fumiko. And I think we went somewhere and had a glass of wine, and we became instantly friends. So, it was a performing arts encounter, as far as I was concerned. But it would be good to know her side of the story.

**MIA:** She is one of those people who is an instant friend. I know. When we met, the same thing happened. We just felt as if we knew each other forever. Oh, here she is again on the text. Hold on a second, please?

**PHILIPPE:** Okay.

**MIA:** I think she's here. Fumiko?

**FUMIKO:** That's me, finally. Hi everybody.

**MIA:** Hello.

**FUMIKO:** I tried that code for like 500 times and it kept on telling me it just wasn't right. Well, here I am. Voila!

**MIA:** Wonderful. Well, Philippe is here, too.

**PHILIPPE:** Hello, Fumiko.

**FUMIKO:** Hi.

**MIA:** Okay... I've just heard from Philippe how the two of you met, and we're both interested in hearing your recollection of it.

**FUMIKO:** I was thinking about it yesterday, actually. I remember

that it was the fall 1977, and I was with some friends. I hope the story matches. I was with some friends of mine in New York, and they said, oh, let's go see if Philippe is doing his street thing. So, we went to Sheridan Square to the chalk circle, and we watched the performance. And then they invited Philippe to come have something to eat with us, so he came. And Philippe was doing a whole bunch of magic on the table, and I wasn't listening to anything else. I was watching him make coins disappear and go through the table and stuff like that. And then he asked me if I wanted to go to a movie. And, so, I said yes.

And the next day I came, and it poured rain. I mean, it was like the end-of-the-world kind of rain. And, of course, Philippe was not there, and I was soaked to the bone. I was like, okay, this didn't work out at all. So, I forgot about it for a while. And then I was walking, a couple of weeks later, in Washington Square Park, and I saw a bunch of people. I went to see what they were doing, and it was Philippe in a different circle. So, I borrowed a pen from somebody, and I was writing him a note, and suddenly I felt really creepy. I look up, and the whole circle was around me. And I couldn't believe it. I gave him the note, and he called me, and that was the beginning.

**MIA:** Wow.

**FUMIKO:** Is that anything like you remember, Philippe?

**PHILIPPE:** Well, no, I am amazed that you remembered the year. And, yes, it is pretty much a great, vivid story that you did. And it matches, of course, what I recollect, but not with precise touches like that. So that's great.

**FUMIKO:** I remember what I was wearing, even. It was really-

**MIA:** What were you wearing?

**FUMIKO:** I was wearing a pair of pants that I made out of this turquoise corduroy, that was like a really bizarre pair of pants. And I had on a red shirt. And I don't remember what Philippe was wearing. I think he was wearing black, black turtle-neck, black pants. I think that was the type of uniform. And those strange shoes, those strange karate shoes. Yeah. So, 1977, that's almost 50 years. How old are we? Yeah, '87, '97, 2007-40 years.

**MIA:** It's a while. It's a while.

**FUMIKO:** Wow.

**MIA:** Well, interesting, Philippe, that you were doing magic tricks.

**PHILIPPE:** I always do. I always do. I always have in my pocket enough to spend hours entertaining.

**MIA:** I'm curious to know with both of you if you have an interest in metaphysics or consciousness? You're both working with consciousness in different ways. But I'm curious to know how the unseen plays a role in both of your lives?

**PHILIPPE:** Well, probably, unconsciously, I am dealing with what you just mentioned, but not in a conscious way. I don't spend part of my day addressing directly the other worldly notions or metaphysics. But I am sure, if you would follow me through a typical day of practicing and preparing and writing and all that, you would see glimpses of that in me, because I am sure it's part of my invisible way of reacting to the world and of creating.

**FUMIKO:** I'm really like a Pagan at heart. I like to watch the moon and the trees and the ocean and all of that. And I think part of being creative is being aware of what's happening around you. So that kind of connects to the metaphysical world in a way. I don't do any special practices, either, but I pay attention a great deal to my natural surroundings and also to the way creatures behave, including people. I observe a lot. And I think that that plays a big part in the creative process, interacting with what happens.

I also think that creativity at its basic, basic thing is a survival thing. If you see a puddle, you step over it, you go around it. Or, if there's a fire, you go the other way. You figure out a way to get something to eat, you figure out a way to not die of the cold or the heat or whatever it is, and that takes creative thinking, right? So, as an extension of it, maybe what do you do with your free time. Then you can have time to make a beautiful painting or build a statue of David or something. But, when you're not doing that, you're just staying alive. So that's where I think it begins. And the people who are good at it are the ones who pay attention. Does that make sense?

**MIA:** It does, actually. And I think it's an accurate description of how those of us who are creative live, because we have to take care of our basic needs first. But then

our need to be creative, whether it be to play the violin or walk on a wire, are equally compelling in many ways. A painter, a real painter, has to paint. It fulfills a basic need that is just as important to them as having a roof over their heads. So, I'm in complete agreement with you.

**PHILIPPE:** I like what Fumiko states.

**FUMIKO:** I mean, I think it goes further than that. Go ahead.

**PHILIPPE:** Yes. I like what Fumiko has said about creativity and survival. And I have ten written books, and my last book is called "Creativity, The Perfect Crime." And the reason I told it like this is because, besides the survival aspect, which Fumiko talked beautifully about, there is for me an outlaw aspect of creating, an almost break-the-rule and feel free as an artist to be able to create and put yourself almost in jeopardy, almost in danger. So, that's why I think creativity is almost something not permitted. You have to do it illegally almost.

**FUMIKO:** Risk is definitely a major factor. I agree with that entirely. My daughter has had the luckiest life. I told her, because she did a couple of competitions, I said, if you want to win, you have to be willing to lose. You have to know that it's possible to lose, because that can't end your life, because somebody is going to win, and somebody is not going to win. That's not the point of it. The point of it is to do it. But, you know, the risk is there. You have to know that there's a risk.

I think, further than that, it's a habit of the mind, and it's a habit of living. One of the things I always felt connected me with Philippe is that we both have discipline and we apparently both grew up with it. I had a father who drove me crazy. And I remember once we had a tropical storm in our house, rain was coming into the house. The carpet was wet, everything. Everybody was hoping the lights weren't going to go out. My mother was trying to cook rice on the Hibachi or whatever, and my father said, go get your violin. So, I'm standing on the wet carpet, and I had a lesson. He wasn't going to waste the time because we couldn't do anything else. (We're expecting a hurricane now, any minute, so I was thinking about it today.)

**PHILIPPE:** Ah.

**FUMIKO:** So that's what always happened. I always had to go get my violin.

I had a lesson at midnight. I had a lesson whenever. And I remember so many times visiting Philippe that he was practicing. He was always practicing. He practiced magic with the metronome, he practiced his bar, he practiced drawing. He practiced, practiced, practiced all the time.

The discipline is important and the respect for the craft and the profession. A lot of those things are missing right now from a lot of people who call themselves artists. And I think that's why so many artists are kind of like solar flares. They appear and then they disappear, because they don't all have the backbone of being creative. Anybody can be creative for a second by accident, because of the survival part of it. But, to make a life of creativity, you have to have discipline.

Wow, I'm just rattling on.

**PHILIPPE:** So true. So true, yeah.

**FUMIKO:** I have always just admired that about Philippe, because I feel that it's so important. And it's so not a thing that he flaunts; it's just the way he lives, which is so great. It's just the way he is. And I love that.

**PHILIPPE:** I still practice three hours a day. As we speak on the phone, just before I was in the barn doing my juggling, and it keeps my sanity. Not only keeps my body and my art afloat, but it keeps my sanity. When I don't practice for a few days, because I travel or because there is an emergency of some sort, I feel diminished. I feel impoverished. And then my art showed that there is a lack of rehearsal. A magic trick has to be perfect, or a magic trick has to be perfect walking on the wire, obviously has to be perfect.

So, there are no margins for errors in those three arts. I started at 6 years old to learn magic, at 14 juggling, and at 16 the wire. So, it's a long, long life of dedicating yourself to a craft and to try to savor perfection, which, of course, never happens. But it's a nice quest. And it's usually a difficult life, but it's also a very wonderful life.

**FUMIKO:** Absolutely. And I think also we're both kind of allergic to mediocrity.

**PHILIPPE:** I like the way you put it.

**FUMIKO:** It's just, when you do something halfway, it's just not it. That's why I don't mind doing something a thousand

times. Like baking biscotti. I decided one day I was going to be good at it, because I thought it was stupid to pay two dollars for one when you can make 48 of them for a dollar-fifty. So, I just decided to practice. And I just practiced and practiced and practiced until I got good at it. And it's not even very hard. But it's like everything I do. I want to be good at it and not mediocre. I don't know.

**PHILIPPE:** Well, on the subject of being allergic to mediocrity, I see a notion, which I see disappearing more or less in the human landscape, a notion of pride. And it goes with being happy to have done a job well. Now, it could be anything. When somebody asked me to wash their window, I do a perfect job. I will not leave that window with little specks somewhere, and it makes me happy. It's not to win any contest. It's not to receive kudos. It is to do something well. And that is something, I think, very important in the human nature, the satisfaction of a job well done or an action.

**FUMIKO:** Absolutely. Oh, my gosh, I'm so glad to hear you say that.

**PHILIPPE:** And this notion of pride, I do not see that very often in young people. I see the opposite. I see a certain laziness. Okay, I will wash the window in two seconds and I will not do it well, because I have other things to do. And in this example, of course it's a silly example, but it's a good one because a window is only washed well if it looks like the window has disappeared.

**FUMIKO:** Exactly.

**PHILIPPE:** I am one of those mad people who likes to do even silly little tasks like washing a window well or as well as I can.

**FUMIKO:** Oh, I'm so glad to hear you saying that. You know, when Kiyoe was very small, I started saying to her, please do something good for me today and every day, do something good and do something well. They are not the same. But you have to do one of each every day, and you will have a beautiful life. And I said, I don't care what you do well: tie your shoelaces, make your bed, eat your breakfast without spilling it on the floor. I don't care. Do it well, though. And do something good. Help somebody or give to somebody-share something. Do something good every day and you'll be happy. And she's become like that. She does live that way, which I think is great. Everything else she does is kind of, well,

weird, but she still does something good and something well every day, and I think that's very important.

**PHILIPPE:** The notion of every day is also something that I abide by and that I really believe. And when I'm being asked questions, when I do a lecture in university and young people ask for advice or things like that, I come with the notion of every day. Every day you should write something, even a little line. Every day you should smile or laugh. Every day you should have a great idea. Every day you should look at something and be amazed, be surprised. So, this notion of every day is very important because if you wake up with that hunger for life, you will live a beautiful life. You know you don't have to be a poet or a painter, a violinist or a wire walker. But, in the art of living, I think you should take the challenge of fulfilling every day of your life, or else what do you do well? You're going to drag your feet and then, and look at the floor and/or, you know, play with those little electronic devices that are erasing slowly all our senses. I think the every-day rule, the challenge of taking every day and seeing the life in it. Because the life is there around you, but some people are not aware of it. So, I like to remind them.

**FUMIKO:** Yeah. You know, my dad use to say to Kiyoe when she was small, "You don't have to practice every day, just on the days that you eat."

She, of course, had a lesson every day. It was more than practicing. It was every day, every day, every day. That's why the every-day thing is so important. I feel cheated if I don't have a chance to read or to learn something or to make something creative every day. I feel like my day didn't happen. And I can't be on vacation. I don't understand people who go on vacation.

**PHILIPPE:** Oh, me, too. Me, too. It's a notion...

**FUMIKO:** What is that?

**PHILIPPE:** ...that's so foreign to me, yeah.

**FUMIKO:** Go someplace and do nothing? I mean, I can't-I can't even-I can't imagine you have to pay money to go somewhere and do nothing.

**PHILIPPE:** I have tried, you know. Like I have accompanied my friends to the beach, and then they lay in the sun and they

roast. And I can't, so I go, and I approach the edge of the water, and I start building a castle in the sand, like a kid. And sometimes kids come and help me. And then I fight the waves. And the castle collapses, and I rebuild it. And I look for little shells to decorate it. In the meantime, my friends are roasting with big smiles on their faces. I can't comprehend the immobility and lethargy.

**MIA:** Well, we're all roughly on the same page. We are all peers. And I am curious to hear what you both have to say about the decline in the art world, decline in culture, I would say since the 1980s, when we were all pretty much in New York. At that time, the early 1980s, when culture began to shift into a more commercial realm.

**FUMIKO:** It's surprising to me how much things have changed and, yet, how little people seem to notice it. For instance, for musicians in New York, there's almost no work now. Because there's a lot of money, but it's not being given to the art world. So, there are very few jobs, and there are still many, many musicians coming out of the conservatories. Thousands. And most of them do something else for a living. They just always had to do something and play. But I was lucky to work. I was lucky to work a lot. And now I don't think I could live that way. I couldn't live playing in New York at all. I don't even think I would play if I lived in New York. But I could do something around music or there still is some music, but it's not like it was. And yet people, I don't know, somehow people don't seem to notice.

When I was in New York this last time, I went to the Met to see the show of papal garments, and I started to cry because the level of artisan work and the level of devotion to the crafts and fantasy, everything, it's like a million times more than what you see in anything today. And it wasn't even appreciated. People just did it for the church. And the church took it away; they (the artists) didn't even get paid. And the pope, maybe he wore it once and then it went back in the vault. I couldn't believe the kind of work that was being done. And now people do something for an hour and they think they worked. And then it sells for God knows how much money and that's how it goes. It's just kind of frightening. Anyways.

**PHILIPPE:** Yeah. I was a little bit surprised by you, Mia, saying the decline of art. But then, while Fumiko was responding, I was thinking, in a way, yes, I can tell

it's a decline of beautiful art and of fulfilling ventures of research and art, because a little bit of what Fumiko says is that, to me, the way I see artists, most artists. It's really wrong to generalize. But, generally speaking, I see people being subject to all those new inventions, all the electronics, all those little cell phones and laptops and iPads and whatever.

Now, when you look for a place, you go GPS and you have a disembodied voice that says make a left, make a right. But before that, you would buy a map, you would open it and orient the map with the north so you would know your bearing, or you would ask somebody. You would have a human interaction. Excuse me, do you know a good Japanese restaurant around here? And people will start telling stories. We have lost all of that. But we have lost much more. If we could go back to the work of art. I think we live in a century where very wrongly we think that we have to save time. Save time for what? I don't know.

**MIA:** Right.

**PHILIPPE:** I spend hours sometimes developing a project. I spend years building a barn with 18th century tools. I could spend easily five or six hours doing a drawing. Because, during those moments, I have decided that time does not exist.

Now, this notion is not accepted widely these days. So, we also have the notion of security. People are afraid of so many things, so they shelter themselves. They surround themselves with all kinds of devices to protect themselves, which actually is ridiculous because, even if you live under a globe, you are in danger of dying at any moment. So, you better go outside and live your life and challenge yourself and create and search and explore.

Anyway, generally speaking, going back to the world of art, I do see a decline, because I see people do things faster, which Fumiko mentioned. I see people doing things more simplistically without the research, or the research is to press a button, to Google something. But you don't spend hours researching or doing what we call our homework on the subject of a painting, for example, or on building a little model if you're an architect. Now all of those things are done by the computer or by 3-D notions.

And, as you can tell, I don't even know what I'm talking about, because I refuse to

live in the 21st Century, although I'm learning a little bit. I live like a madman in the clouds because of my profession of wire walking, and I live in the 18th Century of the Middle Ages, because that's my taste. And I have very few electric tools. I have hand tools that have been used for 4,000 years. A chisel, a mallet, a saw. And with that you can build-I was going to say the Great Pyramid-well, that metaphor is a little bit stretched. But, anyway, you don't need a saw with a memory, you don't need a screwdriver with calculating machine attached to it.

I think we have lost, again, I say we have lost most of our senses. We don't smell, we don't taste, we don't touch, we don't look, we don't hear as much as the human animal was put on earth to do. Being surrounded by all those false friends or electronic machines that are supposed to help us and make us win time, actually, does almost to me the opposite. It steals your soul, and it erodes your senses. And a good artist or performer should have their senses really alive and should have a soul. If not, what you create will not inspire others.

**MIA:** I completely agree. And it seems to me that this began to change significantly in the 1980s when art became commodified. You know, when it became possible to make enormous amounts of money from works of art for the first time in that way. And people began to want to become an artist as a style statement, as a means of rising within a society, as opposed to because it was the soul expression. And that was almost 40 years ago now when that trend began to happen. And I think we're now seeing just how much we let go of. Frankly, it makes me very sad on an almost daily basis when I look at what is around me, because we know the difference. We know when something is handmade or when someone has an extraordinary voice or plays impeccably well or walks a wire. But listening to, say, contemporary music, for the most part, to me it's almost soulless. Yet our culture is accepting it and supporting it and making these performers wealthy when, in fact, to my ear, there's nobody home.

**FUMIKO:** Well, it goes all the way back to the lack of discipline and the lack of appreciation for discipline.

It's not just in art. It's in every profession.

**MIA:** Everything.



**Evening Circle of Light, 1979, acrylic on canvas, by Karen Gunderson**

**FUMIKO:** So, it's the creativity, it's a habit of the mind. For instance, when I lived in Europe, if I said I was a musician, it was like I said I was a doctor. Because people understand discipline; they understand what goes into learning music to become a professional, all that. You get treated with all respect. And you get 13 months' pay, you know, if you have a job. It's different in America where people think you just want a free meal, or I don't know what they think.

Meanwhile, when anybody learns something, I think when people don't understand the discipline, they can't appreciate the work. People paint from photographs now and then; they call themselves painters. I mean, I'm like, what are you painting?

Well, just give me the picture already, then. And the i-Phone takes the picture and then somebody copies it. I don't know.... I just feel like it's up to us to not stop what we're doing.

For instance, the other day I was talking to somebody about the little string things I'm making. And people keep asking me, "How long does that take you?" I don't know, because it takes me until I'm done. Which is sometimes, to make something that's an inch by an inch, six hours, seven hours. I don't care. I want to do it, and I want to do it well. And if I have to do it over again, I'll do it over and over until it's right. And I don't care how long it takes. But people say, "You should be paid for your time." And I'm like, "Why?" I got to do

it. I got to make it. So, I already benefited. If somebody wears it or somebody wants it for some reason, that's cake to me, that's extra. People who go into the arts business, they make things for money. I think that's a little strange. That's why I don't think people should teach for money. Even though I think you should be paid. But the reason you teach should not be to make money. It should be to teach.

**MIA:** Right.

**FUMIKO:** And that's a pretty big difference, to be devoted to the craft and to the vocation of doing something well than to just do it for money.

**PHILIPPE:** Well, I am not afraid of money as an artist. But I have said no to

a lot of money after my walk between the two towers. I could have actually become an instant millionaire if I would have accepted the commercials on TV, if I walk on the wires, because I drank this beer.

So, the more money you propose to me, the more I am becoming angry. I will never do those things, although it's completely accepted in America. But I think there is nothing more beautiful than for an artist to be able to live with his or her art. So, I am not afraid of money. And when I work, of course, I get paid as a professional. I have done it a lot in my life of things without commission or without money. But I think it's right for a performer, and I would include the teaching in that. It's the result of a lifetime of practice and achievement.

And you should be able to live with your teaching and your performing and your art, but usually it doesn't happen. And I don't know if it was you or Fumiko who said-it was Fumiko saying-in New York, there is enough money, but the money doesn't go to the arts. So here we are.

I would never give up my life as an artist, but it's getting increasingly difficult to live with your art. And it's not that there's anything wrong. It's something beautiful to live with your art. You should get paid to inspire and to perform because, with that money, you're going to buy a new violin and you're going to eat and you're going to-it's necessary. But it's a balance that is difficult in life to find, the money balance. And I am not very good at finding it.

**MIA:** I think what happened in the 1980s, though, is that art became a commodity. It became like a stock or a bond as opposed to something that an artist, regardless of your field of discipline, makes, puts their soul into, and then gets bought or the record album gets sold or the concert gets done, but it became something else. It became almost divorced from the artistic spirit and became simply a means of conducting business.

**FUMIKO:** I sort of agree, but I sort of disagree, because people have always bought and sold art because it was worth a lot of money. I mean, that did not start in the '80s. But what happened is the people buying the art are people who didn't

understand what was behind it. So, that changes quite a bit.

There's this whole new class of micro-bourgeoisie that's kind of the nouveau nouveau-riche, and that's all they have is money. It's all just money. There's no education behind it. Look at the freaking president. Pardon my, my other language, which I will not call French. But it's just people who are just ignorant have a lot of money. And there's nothing behind it. So, when they buy something, an expensive house, expensive painting, expensive car, or whatever, an island, they don't know it's all just the front. And that's a shame.

Look at the Vatican. The vault is full of everything. One-tenth of everything that any artist made belonged to the church. And it went underground, and they took care of it, and it belongs to them. And I just think, well, that hasn't changed. I mean, art and money. And I would love to be able to live from what I do, but I don't know how to put a price on it. So, I tend to not think it has any worth, even though it does. I'm not good at the monetizing of it. And in Italy people say, "mo quita lo facare," you know, who is making you do it? Nobody is making you do it. Nobody makes you do it. You don't have to do it. Don't complain. If you want to be an artist, be an artist, don't complain. And I think that's true.

**MIA:** I think actually, though, you have both hit on something interesting that I have never considered before, and that is that the current artists or some of, many of the current artists, in fact, their work is reflecting the consciousness of their buyers. And that has been a key shift in terms of what has happened since the 1980s. Their expression is being tailored to their public.

**FUMIKO:** Um-hmm.

**MIA:** They're buying public.

**FUMIKO:** Which may be the consciousness that changed, but not the fact that the work reflects it.

Because I think that's something that probably goes back forever, right? If you know you are making something to sell, the consciousness of the buyer plays a role, I think.

**PHILIPPE:** You know, in theater, we have that for many, many years. In all the arts, we have what I am not inspired by, which is a- Let's say an actor in my example of theater, an actual performer who will

play for the audience, who will know how to pull a love or a distress tear or applause. And it's a very old show business-and I never pronounce that word-but it's an old show business-not tradition but matter of action. A producer will hire more the performer who draws a lot of applause on stage and gets a standing ovation. Now, this has a certain logic. But where you lose the art is whenever a performer, a painter, an artist of any kind would obey these outside calls of what the audience wants. And that's a pure invention. The audience wants to see something. They want to see you. They want something unique, something inspiring. They don't want a robot who has found a little niche and who has created a style of painting.

Now I leave the theater, and I arrive in painting. Bear with me. And they have something that sells. And I have now in my sleep collectors. As long as I repeat this style all my life, I will have a lot of money.

**FUMIKO:** Right.

**PHILIPPE:** But they duplicate that.

Now let's go back to theater, maybe the wildest kind of theater, which is street performing. I have been a street performer for 55 years, and I continue to do it episodically, and I see a lot of young performers in the street, and they try to play for the audience in the sense they try to make the audience laugh and react and applaud. And what I have done all my life is almost the opposite, because I had nothing to gain, I had nothing to lose, and I was a rebellious creator.

And what I did in my street juggling, I will appear in front of the audience, I will draw a circle of chalk and will not permit even a half-inch of a toe of the audience to go into my circle, my stage. If they do, I will stop juggling and, in a comic way, I will push that toe out of my sacred territory. And then it's trying to make them happy with what I do. I will almost do the opposite. I will present a madman prisoner of his own passion. I will juggle without looking at the audience. If they would applaud, I will not stop and kind of nod in thankfulness, I will just be prisoner of my own way. And I found out that this kind of performing and this kind of art, by extension, is the one that touches people because it's real. It's you. You make mistakes, you get lost, you forgot your line, you tumble, you survive. You know, we go back to that beautiful notion of Fumiko, creation is surviving. So,

anyway, I made no concession, and I still don't, and I find out that the best way to touch your audience is to be yourself and to not go into the audience, but to let them come to you. I don't know if that makes sense what I said, but I really abide by that.

**FUMIKO:** Well, it's the most honorable way of including them, I think. Instead of patronizing them-

**PHILIPPE:** Exactly. Exactly.

**FUMIKO:** -You have to respect... Respect plays such a huge role in everything. You have to respect your work, and you have to respect the people that appreciate it or who are the consumers of the product, whatever it is. I think one of the really sad things, I mean especially for me as a classical musician (classical is so misused, that term, but anyway that's what people say), we don't spend any time educating our audience, and then we complain that they don't want what we do. But they are not going to get it in school because music programs are dying, everything is going away.

So, part of our job is just to keep it alive. And everybody just wants money for playing what they want to play, and they are so angry when people don't know what they're doing, they don't understand. I think that's kind of ridiculous, you know? It's our job. Part of our job is to share and without compromise, as Philippe said, because, if you start giving an inch, you're going to give it all eventually.

Then you really can't complain because you did it.

**PHILIPPE:** Yeah. Yeah.

**MIA:** Well, you have to be authentic, but the artists need support from the community. They need support to be able to do their work. And, unfortunately, American culture does not recognize that, and recognizes it less and less. Other countries do support the arts, but all of this ties back into consciousness, and the fact that humanity, as a whole in some ways, seems to be relinquishing pieces of their consciousness to technology. And there is a desire by governments to make us all more conforming and manageable citizens. So, I think it's all linked together in some way. And you have to be a rebel. You have to be rebellious to be creative. You have to believe that what you want to bring to frui-

tion, into being, has value.

**PHILIPPE:** You know, that's actually a very good word that I was thinking we could maybe conclude on. The thing is it's very exciting to have been involved in this triangle conversation. And as you, Mia, and Fumiko know, we could go on for hours because we're all full of passion, and we have so much to propose. But personally I, as I said before, I will have to come out of this conversation very soon. And maybe you want to conclude, Mia, or what do you think?

**MIA:** Yes. Yes. Is there something specific, Philippe, that you would like to add that perhaps might include where your consciousness is at when you're on the wire, when you're up in space?

**PHILIPPE:** Well, I have created, through almost 60 years of performing, a consciousness, which is a lack of consciousness. You could call it focus and concentration. When I was young, I thought that the secret of concentration for a wire walker was to forget the world, to only look at the wire, and that's the only thing that exists. And then I found out that was very

dangerous. As I learned by myself, and as I practiced, I found out that you have to be aware of the outside world in some way that your senses tell you there is a dog passing under the wire, you're going to lose your balance. There is a fire coming, is it part of your equipment burning that is permeating the air? Is a thunderstorm going to throw you off the wire in 40 seconds? So, you, as a wire walker, using that example, have to be very much aware.

But then I started filtering. And then I created this unique system of focus, which cannot really be taught. It's not a recipe to be found in a book. It's the result of a lifetime. So, I am completely concentrated on the wire, and yet I filter some of the universe, which gives me strength or alerts me to dangers. And I think it's not only for the wire walker. I think we, since we are talking about art, I think a good artist should be aware of the universe and, at the same time, they should not allow it to penetrate in their sacred, personal creative world. We're talking about a delicate balance. And, again, there is no recipe for that balance. Everybody has to find his or her own. And I think maybe it's a nice conclusion to invite the readers who will read this piece

to find their own balance and to focus without closing the doors of the outside world around them.

**FUMIKO:** So, that's perfect.

**MIA:** I totally agree.

**PHILIPPE:** Okay. So, you know what? I am going to get off the phone and I am going to run to my next venture. And I thank you very much because it was a very inspiring and lively exchange, and we should do it more often.

**MIA:** Thank you so much, Philippe.

**PHILIPPE:** Okay.

**FUMIKO:** Thank you, Philippe.

**PHILIPPE:** Bye-bye, and we'll talk again. Bye-bye, Fumiko.

**FUMIKO:** Bye-bye.



Photo: Fumiko Wellington



Entheon: | Artists concept of the sculptural exterior designed by Alex Grey and modeled by Academy Award winning animator, Ryan Tottle.

ALAN STEINFELD

# Meet The Greys Alex & Allyson with an Introduction by Alan Steinfeld

**I**nterviewed in this issue are two inspiring artists I've known for over thirty years. We have ongoingly created and interacted as friends in the spiritual community of New York City. Since 2003, the Greys have brought a tribe of love together, first in Brooklyn, then in the heart of New York's Chelsea gallery district, praying together to build an enduring sanctuary of Visionary Art to uplift a global community.

In 2008, the Greys' Chapel of Sacred Mirrors (CoSM NYC) moved to Wappinger, New York to fulfill that mission: to build an enduring temple on CoSM's own land. For well over a decade, CoSM has offered monthly celebrations of the Full Moon, Equinoxes, Solstices plus the annual Deities & Demons Masquerade Ball. Programs at CoSM include Art Church, creative workshops, live & electronic music, visual art, performance and wisdom. This is all open to the public and well attended by seekers of expanding consciousness. CoSM's forty-acre site hosts seven functioning buildings, among them, an 1882 carriage house, now transforming into Entheon, the sanctuary of Visionary Art. Entheon will showcase the work of the international Visionary Artist movement, house the CoSM Collection including Alex Grey's Sacred Mirror series (named and inspired by his wife and life partner, Allyson). This 12,000 square foot building will exhibit iconic Visionary Art, images of the highest states of awareness depicted by the most accomplished artists of the global Love Tribe. The following is a brief introduction to the pioneering efforts of two artists whose dedication to conscious evolution has merged spirit, creativity and life.

## Alex Grey

The multidimensional paintings of Alex Grey have opened the world's third eye to a more expanded sacred reality. The intricate mastery of Alex Grey's art combines skill and spiritual brilliance, elevating the viewers consciousness, revealing their soul's brightness in translucent human form. It represents a renaissance of the most ancient of arts, a creative ability that honors an ancient tradition of making the soul perceptible. Grey often traces the lineage of art visionaries back to cave painting, evidence of the use of sacramental plants in accessing and expressing in physical form, visions of mystic realms. Grey merges the material body with its energetic envelop, awakening the quantum possibility that we are both particle and wave. Alex's energetic portrayals of the body engaged in a Progress of the Soul has attracted thousands of young people, awakening many to their inherent sacredness, reintroducing them to their lost but not forgotten spiritual nature. Grey paints wonders of creation, a welcome intrusion into our media washed world. Standing in front of the Sacred Mirrors or present to Alex's living color depictions of the divine and the dreaded, lifts the veil on all we've learned, offering access to what we truly know.

As Aldous Huxley noted "the doors of perception" can be expanded. In this case through the observation of Alex's artwork, opening our awareness of new realities. Grey believes that the function of visionary art is to bring Heaven to Earth. By portraying his own mystical experiences, his paintings anchor a glimpse of the transcendent for prolonged contemplation. In a New

Realities television interview with Alan Steinfeld, Alex described his art in terms of consciousness and self-discovery: Art becomes an emblem, a passionate encapsulation; and in some ways a convincing proof that the inner realities exist at all. It doesn't have to argue with one reality over another. Art, in general, argues for the reality of the inner worlds. It speaks for that. And that is what we need to resurrect in the 21st century, the value of the inner worlds. [i]

The term "visionary" is used to describe Alex's art because he paints and sculpts his inner visions, which are beyond the material world. The paintings "Theologue" and "Net of Being" represent the timeless and spaceless nature of our being. Alex's oeuvre could be summed up in the words one of his greatest influences, William Blake, who said: "Energy is eternal delight." Seeking a place of balance in a chaotic world, Alex's art is a reminder to revitalize our bodies, open our minds and renew our spirit.

## Allyson Grey

As a conceptual abstract painter and co-founder of CoSM, Chapel of Sacred Mirrors, Allyson Grey has long been a mentor and influencer of the contemporary Visionary Art movement. Secret Writing plus her inventions of personal symbols of Order and Chaos, all seminal in her artwork for over forty years, came from visions of the psychedelic inner realm.

The language of creative expression is symbolically portrayed by a language whose meaning is not determined by the artist, leaving it's meaning entirely to the translation of the viewer. The enigmatic letter forms disturb our automatic response conditioned

to semantic reality. Like any writing from an unfamiliar culture, the letters are both a window and a barrier of communication. Allyson's Secret Writing returns us to a state of wonder, surrounded by a language we cannot interpret. In every great museum, we see illuminated manuscripts and framed pages in Arabic, Hebrew, Greek or Russian, and although we cannot read the writing, we see complex intelligence. Language is a magical code that we yearn to know.

With her exquisite colors, Allyson's meticulous oil paintings, acrylic paintings and watercolors, have long considered herself "a social sculptor". This is a term coined by the late-great Joseph Beuys describing art's potential to transform society. For example, the carefully crafted planning and creation of the CoSM experience is evidence of Allyson's art. Through Allyson's creative leadership and a shared vision with Alex, CoSM has become a unique offering in nature, a center promoting art as a spiritual path.

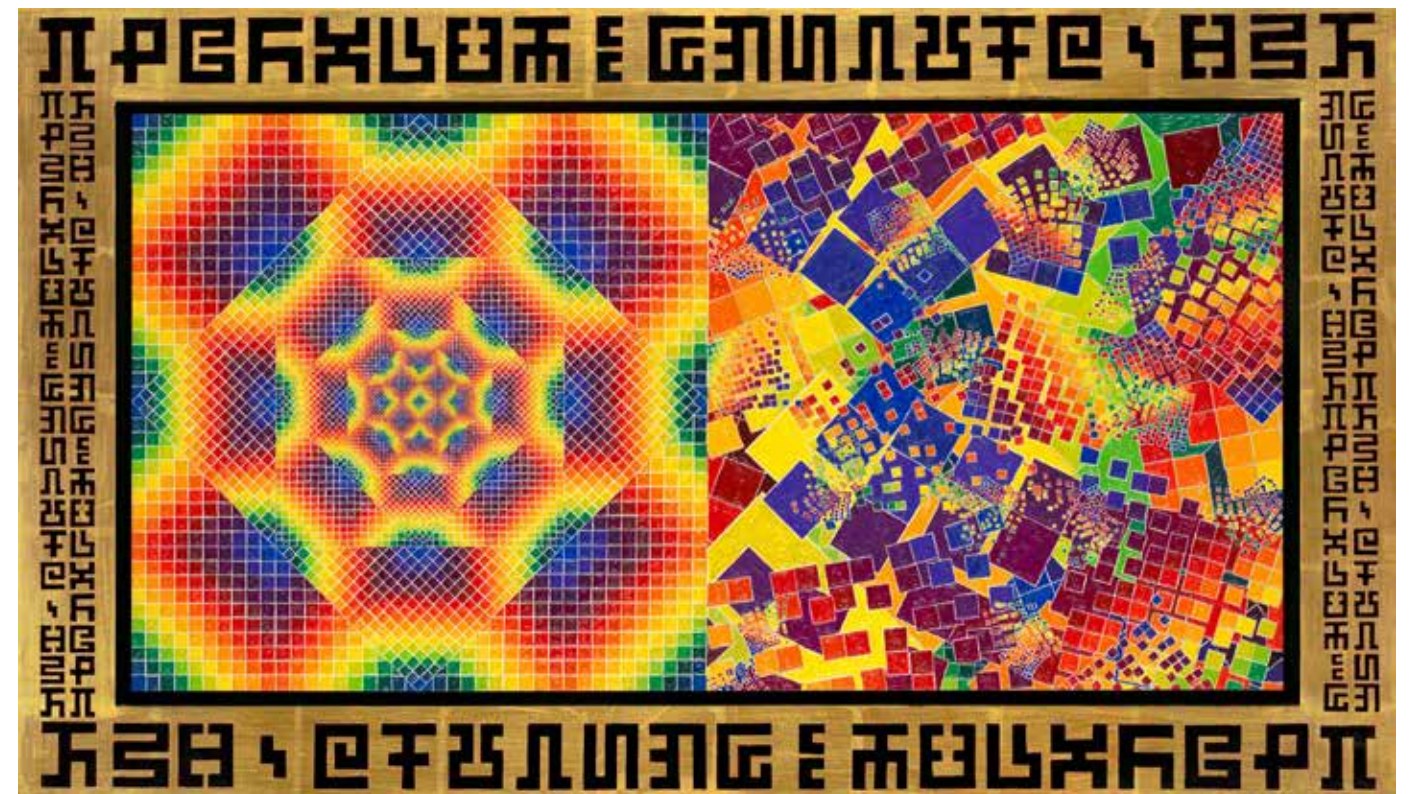
Allyson is a dedicated editor of Alex's and CoSM Press books including all ten volumes of CoSM Journal of Visionary Culture plus countless articles and interviews for decades. An intelligent voice who speaks openly on topics of art and life, Allyson's view is sought after

for panels and interviews representing a spectrum of topics including art career development, her unique expression of Jewish spirituality, psychedelics & women, psychedelics & language, visionary art and more. Her long-running blog, Ask Allyson about Art & Life starts conversations relevant to the lives of artists and to all who seek practical feedback from a sacred wise woman.

The combined power of the art manifested by this creative couple asks us to redefine what we know and have yet to know. In their artwork, Alex & Allyson each uniquely cultivate an experience of gnosis (direct knowing) beyond the personality. As psychonautic elders at the heart of an awakening spiritual community, the Greys' envision their role as artist influencers in an evolving planetary society in which all creative traditions and paths to the divine are honored. Each partner brings a richness to the relationship that, together, is dedicated to making a significant offering to their spiritual community.

1 New Realities interview with Alan Steinfeld and Alex Grey, September 1999.  
2 HAK, Pg. 431

Chaos, Order, & Secret Writing  
by Allyson Grey  
2009, 10 x 20 in. with a 15 x 25 in. guided frame  
with ink., oil on wood panel.



# THE GREYS: Alex and Allyson

## THE INTERVIEW



Theologue | By Alex Grey | 1986, 180 x 60 in., acrylic on linen.

**MIA:** Thank you so much for this interview, Alex & Allyson.

**ALAN:** New Observations is a magazine that addresses the evolving edge of art and creativity.

**MIA:** Tell us about the mission of your art and how you'd classify your work?

**ALLYSON:** Between Alex Grey & Allyson Grey, there are three bodies of work: Alex's paintings, drawings and sculpture; my paintings (acrylics, oils and watercolors); and COSM, our collaborative social structure we share every day with a global community. Our artwork originates from psychedelic mystical experiences and we use the term visionary art to describe our approach.

**ALAN:** Can you offer some history about your decision to join forces as partners and artists?

**ALEX:** Psychedelics were an important breakthrough for us. We connected when we shared our personal God contact experiences through LSD.

**ALLYSON:** I took psychedelics first in 1969 and had many rich experiences with friends, by myself, at concerts, on moun-

tains, etc. In 1971, when I was an agnostic radical and before I knew Alex, I read Ram Dass' book Be Here Now. The book inspired me to take LSD in the way Ram Dass suggested so I might behold "the White Light." In a dark, quiet room, I saw Secret Writing washing over all the walls. It was crystal clear that the force field of visible energy revealed what others had been calling God. For the first time, God became present to me and could no longer be UNknown.

In 1975, Alex took LSD for the first time in my apartment. We fell in love the next night on our first date, the night after Alex's meeting with God...

**ALEX:** I was in a giant pearlescent conch shell of consciousness turning from darkness into light.

**ALLYSON:** When I shared my "private art stash," Alex recognized Secret Writing as an important element in my artwork and was the first to hear about my White Light/Secret Writing experience.

Psychedelics have remained our shared spiritual core.

I've long felt that people on the same spiritual path have a better chance of an

enduring relationship.

**ALAN:** Consciousness & Contact is the theme of this New Observation edition. Can you tell us how your consciousness and contact with each other has contributed to your creativity?

**ALEX:** We met in art school in a class called "Conceptual Mixed Media," and moved in together in 1975. With our own hands, we turned a raw loft in Boston into a beautiful home studio where we took a nine year honeymoon. In that loft, we evolved our individual bodies of work, eventually collaborating. Allyson started photographing and helping me with my performances. Our painting styles have always been different expressions of much the same subject: Consciousness & the Self. The performances became increasingly more collaborative.

The subjects of our collaborative and performative art has always been sex, life energy, death, money, nuclear war, spirituality, relationships ... meaningful subjects. Allyson has had a continual influence on my art work. She inspired the Sacred Mirrors and she named them. In 1985, we shared an MDMA vision of our lifelong work — the Chapel of Sacred Mirrors. That very year, we sculpted, built & cast the giant Sacred Mirror frames,

interpreting my vision of a "cartoon" history of the Universe

"Theologue," my painting of a seated meditating figure, front and center, with a vast grid emanating from his third eye, was totally changed by Allyson's suggestion. My original study for this fifteen foot wide piece showed the figure in profile, praying in the corner, gazing toward the center at the mountains.

**ALAN:** Well, I'm glad she suggested that. I think that's one of your most significant pieces.

**ALLYSON:** I knew Alex's image for "Theologue" had come from an all-night LSD journey we shared with a large, unruly group of strangers. While I was practiced being invisible, Alex sat up very straight in a yogic position for much of the evening. Two artists can have very different mental pictures. Sharing a studio, we advise and comment on each other's work everyday. We don't always take suggestions, but fresh ideas open up new possibilities.

**ALAN:** "Theologue" delivers a powerful teaching that we are each at the center of a grid of our own creation.

**ALLYSON:** Brilliant! So true. It is confronting when the figure stares directly into the eyes of the viewer. That is part of the power of "Theologue," one of the Maestro's most beloved paintings!

**ALAN:** How do art, mysticism and psychedelics tap into an expanded and normally unrecognized version of ourselves and our material world? How do you correlate the mystical experience with the act of creating?

**ALEX:** The mystical experience is the pinnacle of consciousness. Reaching a state of contact with the mystery, we meet with ultimate reality and the source of creation, the foundation of our very being. Allyson and I have made contact with this realm on separate occasions and then together. From sharing the memory of God and two doses of MDMA, we simultaneously made contact with the image of a Chapel of Sacred Mirrors. The Universal Mind Lattice depicts that realm of pure spirit disembodiment, a meltdown from full ego identity with the material body, into a glowing sphere, a toroidal fountain interconnected with infinite, similar toroidal streams of light, a network of love-

light beings made visible.

This interconnected web of souls was the highest identity with consciousness outside of time. The fountain of light comprised a single cell in an infinite body of God. My identity eternally part of one thing within and at one with the Eternal. The self had become one with a greater flow of power, with the web of eternal light and love. I feel this when I have an insight or create a drawing or painting.

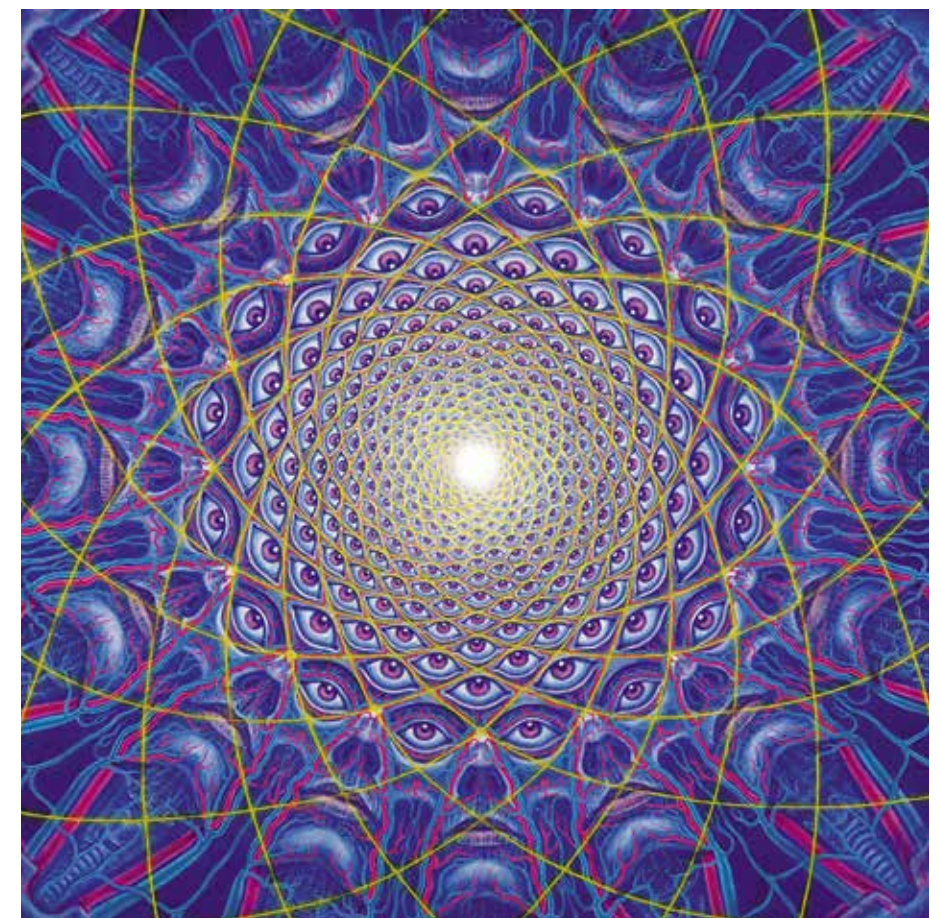
Visions seeking form are symbols pointing us towards our ultimate spirit of Oneness. The Sacred Mirrors were created to mirror each individual, suggesting that we each embody a higher light. These spiritual lessons have been handed down through the millennia. A Visionary Artist can reimagine and portray spirit for the tribe. Inhabiting an inter-spiritual world is a new dimensional space that uses digital technology and interconnected social media and shares sacred visions worldwide.

**ALAN:** Allyson, you have long portrayed in your art a mystical alphabet. Alex, you paint ethereal bodies in which the invisible is visible. Both of your work challenges old ways of thinking by invit-

ing viewers to merge with the mystical. These higher visions have cultivated a visionary community. How do you see your art influencing such an impressive community?

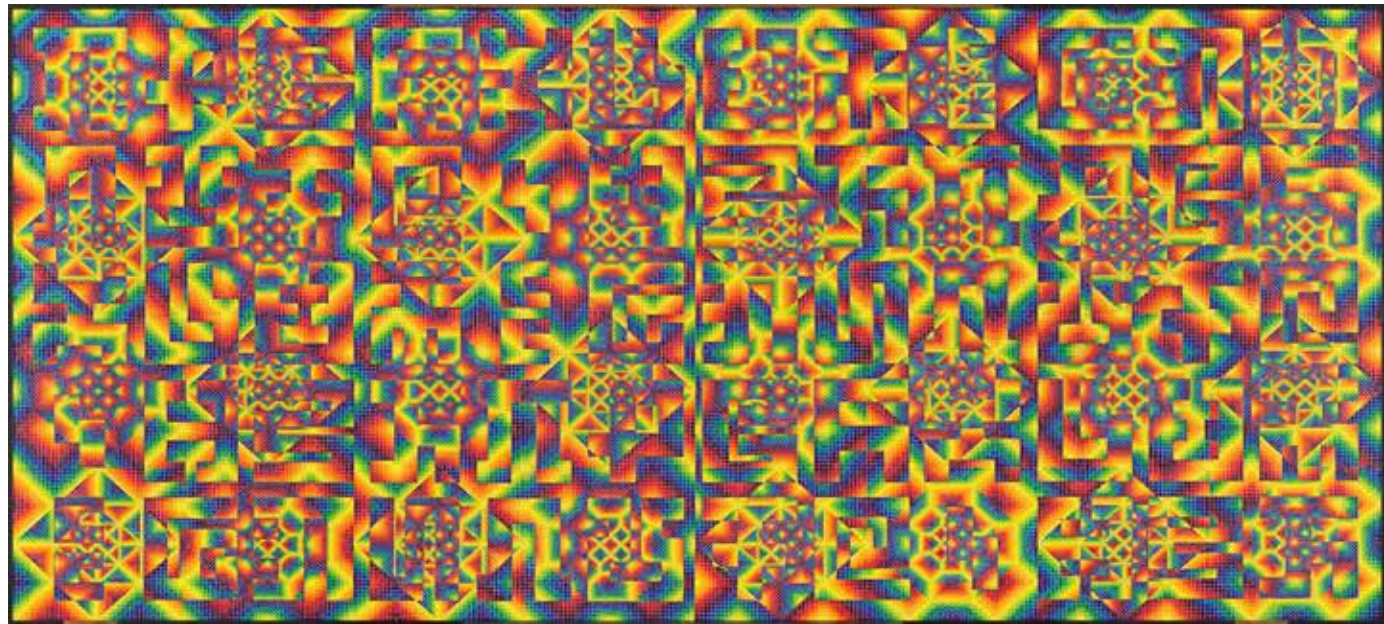
**ALLYSON:** Alex's art is a great attractor and a context for spiritual gathering. Alex's artwork realizes visions of himself and others having a mystical experience. My work expresses God as an inner revelation. God was revealed to me as a disembodied force without human form — a force that runs through the tubes and channels of all living things. My painting is my signature and portrays a worldview characterized by chaos, order and secret writing, three essential elements of spiritual understanding.

**ALEX:** Creativity as a spiritual practice welcomes everyone. Every thought is a creation. My art has been a "freak flag" for those who meditate and experience visionary realms, done shamanic work and are open to alternative dimensions of awareness. Appreciators of my work may feel validated and resonant with my weirdest images because they portray an inexplicable inner world of someone apparently NOT crazy or broken. The art-



Collective Vision | By Alex Grey | 1995 | 38 x 38 in | Oil on linen.





work suggests a consciousness tapped into a universal visionary web. For many, their vision from a mystical experience has been among the most important realizations of their lives. Pointing toward this dimension in my art, writing and lecturing, speaks to my ultimate subject: the mystical experience.

**MIA:** While on my lifelong spiritual and artistic path and seeing your paintings through the years, I've been impressed with your clear vision of alternate realities. What has always impressed me, though, is the relationship between you, both spiritually and creatively as artists. The studio you share seems like your laboratory where you mirror each other as you make your art. Allyson's art seems to me more micro level and Alex's more macro. The energetic dialogue along with the actual dialogue between you takes expression and creates your work. Since the '60s, realms of higher consciousness have been spreading through the culture. Your timing in forming a community seems perfect. The intimate experience you share seems astonishing. Very few people get to have that interpersonal connection on all levels.

**ALLYSON:** Alex and I are very lucky to have found each other so early and to have had such a good long time living, working and transforming together. In *The Teachings of the Buddha*, a couple came to Buddha to ask a question. "We are really so in love," they said, "...and yet, the thought of being separated by death pervades our minds." Buddha told them, "If you follow the same path togeth-

er throughout your life, there's a chance that you could come back as one person." Sometimes we don't practice self love and yet we adore our beloved. If two lovers became one, that one would be entirely whole, that is to say, a Buddha! We do enjoy the enduring monogamous relationship, even considering the struggle that comes with a life together committed to personal transformation. Of course, we fall short daily.

**ALAN:** Most relationships struggle with the mundane daily work of getting along. You seem to embrace something bigger — creating a community. Do you think that is the secret to your lasting relationship?

**ALEX:** You put your finger on it. We've identified a third force, greater than each of us as individuals. It may have been a "calling." I completely turned around from being a very suicidal, nihilistic young man to someone who believed in love and really felt like life was a spectacular blessing worth preserving at all costs. That Allyson could be my friend and partner for the rest of my life is just the greatest joy.

Really the greatest art in life is the continual creative work that you do to evolve yourself within all relationships. In physics, when you meet resistance, you are engaging the inertia. Evolving our own ability to "relate and get along" is a long-term transformation process.

**ALLYSON:** Self-transformational. The real reason to stay together through thick and thin, no matter what comes up, is for

your own betterment.

**ALAN:** Can you talk about the projects of the community and how CoSM is evolving?

**ALLYSON:** In January of 2003, we invited friends to the first Full Moon gathering in our loft in Brooklyn to pray for our intention to create a Chapel of Sacred Mirrors. This full moon in January 2019 celebrates CoSM's 201st consecutive Full Moon gathering in an unbroken chain dedicated to observing the energetic magnet that brings community together in its seventeenth year. We never went to a full moon ceremony until we had one in our home. Living in the city all those years with Alex and Zena, I don't remember noticing the moon that much before we held full moon ceremonies. It isn't because we worship the moon. There's just no argument about the moon. It is just there, and serves a symbol of our divine unity.

**ALEX:** A sacred site is often selected in resonance with a special geological feature. CoSM is 1,500 feet from the Hudson River, which the native Wappinger people called the "Mohicanituk," the great flow that goes both ways. The Hudson is a "Moon River," a tidal river, that changes its direction every six hours. CoSM exists in a vortex where the briny ocean flows nearly 70 miles upstream to Poughkeepsie then reverses direction and journeys back to the sea. It's meaningful in relation to our Full Moon ceremonies. Metaphorically, the moon is a sacred mirror, a reflection of a greater light.



**ALAN:** You embrace the natural elements energetically, shamanically. Can you talk about what is coming up for you both and CoSM?

**ALEX:** We are always deeply grateful to so many who feel called to help CoSM forward its mission: to build an enduring sanctuary of Visionary Art to uplift a global community. Visionary Art transmits from the state of mystical consciousness, reporting from higher dimensions of awareness. After our consciousness expands, some of us seek validation, and look for the others sharing a similar experience. CoSM is an oasis. As artists in every medium we can develop our ability to portray these alternate realities born in our imaginations.

**ALAN:** At CoSM NYC, I'd see people looking at the art and overhear them say: "That's what happened to me." You materialized their invisible experience into a tangible vision. Can you talk about the contingent of people for whom your work has been so important?

**ALEX:** I am so honored and amazed that thousands wear my artwork tattooed on their bodies. They have clearly found meaning in my images. New friends find their way to CoSM in the Hudson Valley each full moon, and attendance is grow-

ing. CoSM outgrew our Brooklyn loft. We outgrew CoSM NYC. Ten years in the Hudson Valley and at last, Entheon, CoSM's Art Sanctuary, is rounding the corner toward completion. The paintings will be on view again in 2019.

**ALLYSON:** When Entheon receives a Certificate of Occupancy, we will meet with our community in the Great Hall, surrounded by beloved art. CoSM needs the help of every person who has had a profound experience while gazing at Visionary Art. We are asking the global community to help CoSM fulfill its mission.

When Entheon opens to the public, the All One Gallery will exhibit original works by the world's most accomplished and renowned contemporary visionary artists. By completing and sustaining CoSM, the Visionary Art movement will have a future and inspire visitors for generations to come.

**ALAN:** Whitley Strieber's image from his book *Communion* will be on the cover of this issue of *New Observation Magazine*. It has become the iconic signature of what aliens look like. Have you had contact experiences with any other non-human entities?

**ALLYSON:** Have you ever seen any entities, Alan?

**ALAN:** I have in my dream states. And it seems to me that only in an altered state of consciousness can I feel their presence.

**ALEX:** On Ayahuasca journeys and DMT experiences, I've felt other presences. The painting "Transfiguration" shows a figure lifting off the earth with one leg maintaining contact with the ground. In my first DMT experience, this figure became more translucent, until the figure popped into a bright hyper-dimensional sphere, entering into a larger presence in that scene. *Collective Vision* was a painting that harkened to the last portion of my first DMT-smoked experience. As I returned from an altered state, I envisioned endlessly interconnected heads. I was one of them. We are all one being, having a collective vision.

**ALAN:** What do you think about the future and the public's interest in creativity and art?

**ALLYSON:** Creativity is a health factor, like

exercise. Good health depends on creativity. Block creative and live only for work, and money and life will feel hollow.

**ALEX:** Creativity makes each of us a better person, with each of us activating our soul, and bringing the most positive way possible into the world. There are so many complex challenges in the world. Creativity and the imagination are needed to find the solutions to problems of every size.

**ALAN:** Allyson, can you tell us about your sacred writing?

**ALLYSON:** Secret writing entered my artwork three years before I met Alex. Physical symbols identify everything we see. The twenty letters that comprise my secret writing have no translatable meaning, no sounds associated with them. They are pure of meaning. They remind me of the symbol-ness of all things visible in the material world. Symbols are a window through which thoughts are transformed into things.

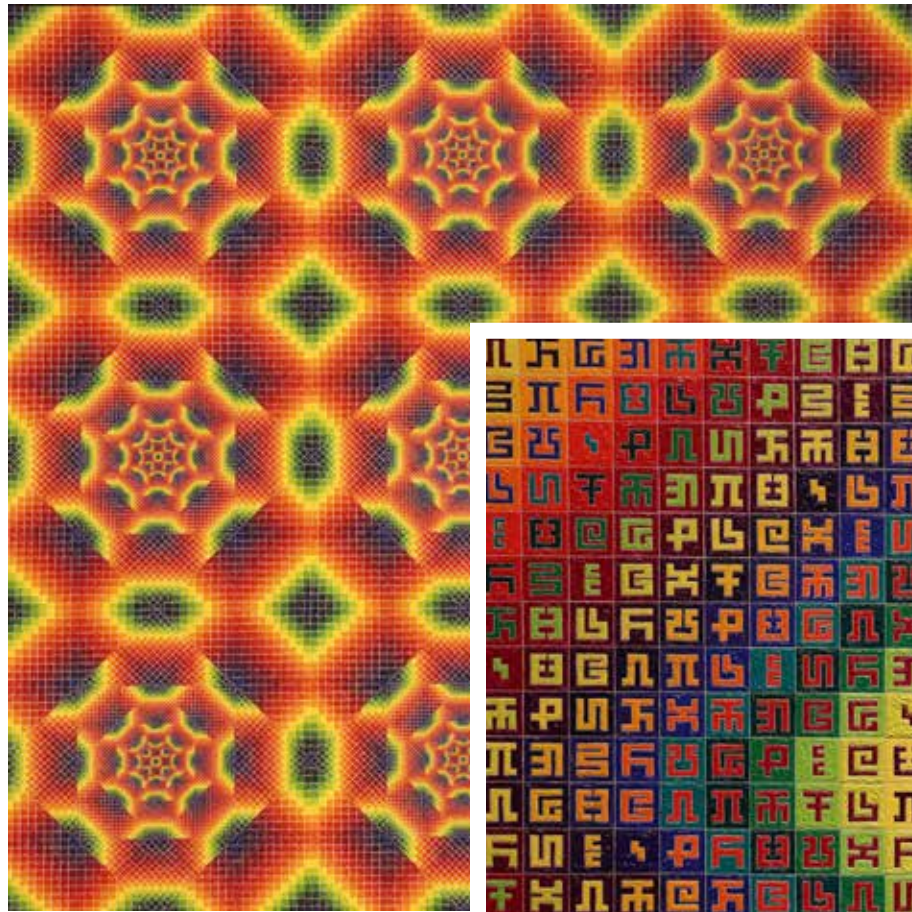
**ALAN:** I love that your secret writing bypasses that left brain impulse to make sense, yet they appear as language, a form of communication that is secret to all. They have a power that my logical mind can't grasp -- like trying to hold water.

**ALLYSON:** They confound the mind. Committing a lifetime to secret writing, I've talked a lot about the a language with no meaning. As artists, we are symbol makers, creating from our imagination through icons. Poets, musicians, dancers and actors reveal indescribable inner worlds.

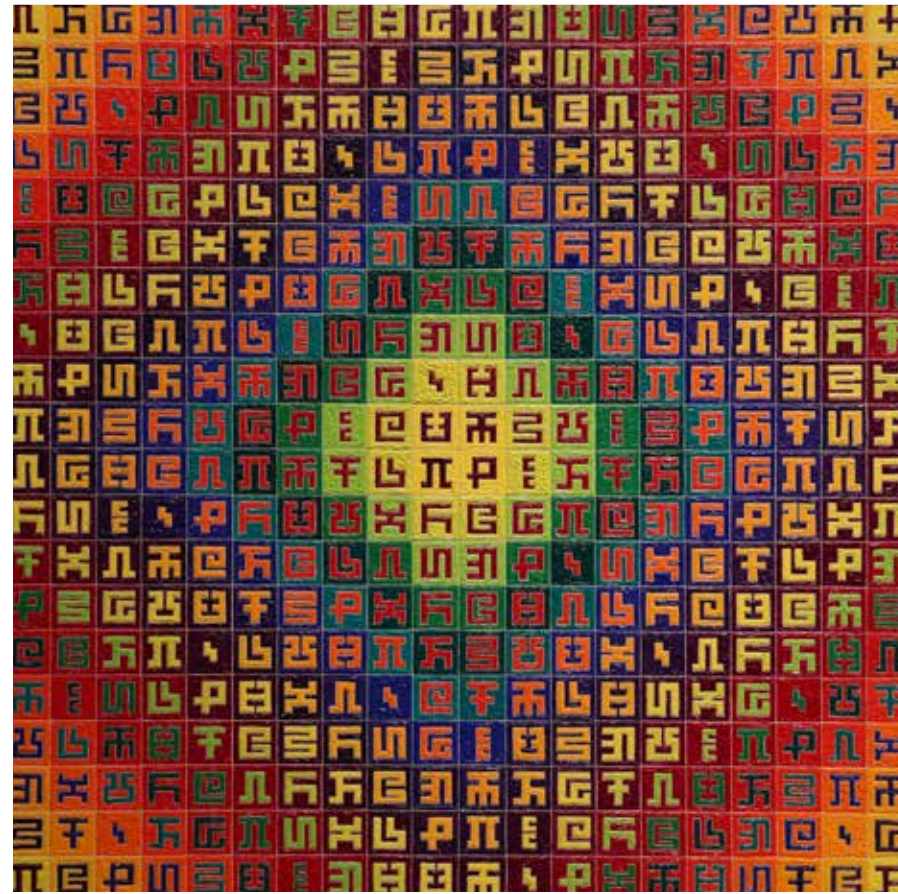
**ALAN:** And we give symbols meaning based on our cultural programming.

**ALLYSON:** Exactly. All expression is delivered and received through symbolic windows. My voice, the sounds that I'm making with my mouth, are recognized only if you are familiar with the symbols I'm using. In our consciousness, we experience order — interconnectivity through love-light. We experience chaos: order plus entropy. In the material world, all is dissolution. Secret writing shares a language of creative expression.

**ALAN:** Your art merges together and builds on each other. Alex's paintings of the etheric essence are beyond our logical mind. Your essentialized world view of chaos, order & secret writing depicts



Jewel Net of Indra | Allyson Grey | 1988, 40 x 40 in. | Oil on wood panel



Complimentary Mandala | Allyson Grey | 2016 | 36 x 36 in. | Oil on wood panel

an alternate realm of cognition. Both your individual paintings, sculpture and social sculpture speak to a higher awareness.

**MIA:** As we close, is there anything that either of you would like to add?

**ALLYSON:** A recently released book -- *Women and Visionary Art*, edited by our friends David Jay Brown and Rebecca Ann Hill, features chapter long interviews with wonderful visionary artists including Amanda Sage, Martina Hoffman, and myself.

My Blog: Ask Allyson About Art & Life at

[allysongrey.com/single-post](http://allysongrey.com/single-post)

**ALEX:** Available this season:

*The Mission of Art*, again in hard cover for the 20th Anniversary Edition

*Art Psalms, the liturgy of CoSM*, 10th Anniversary edition (hardcover).

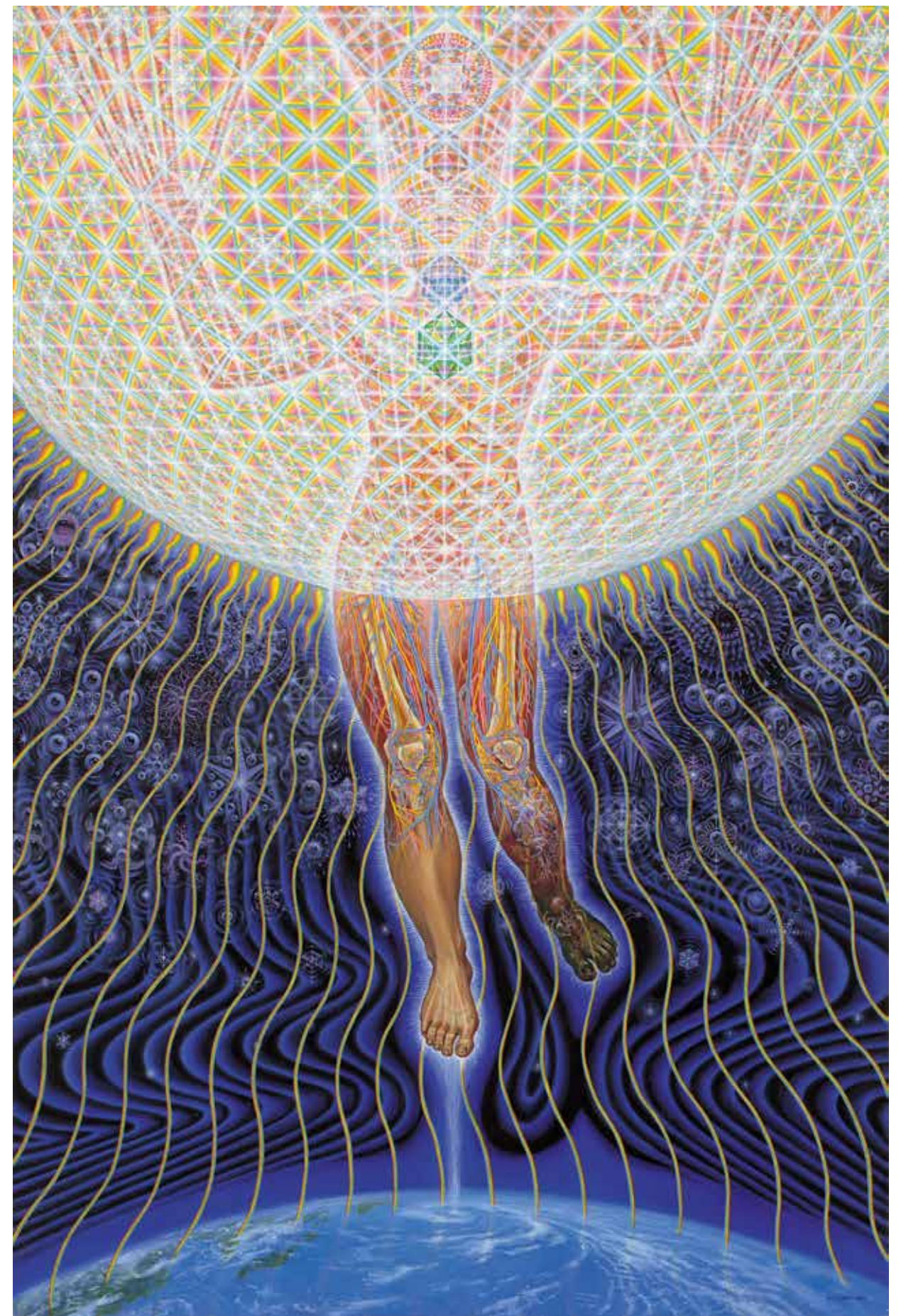
Build Entheon with us. [BuildEntheon.com](http://BuildEntheon.com)

Find out more at: [cosm.org](http://cosm.org); [alexgrey.com](http://alexgrey.com); [allysongrey.com](http://allysongrey.com)

**MIA:** Thank you both for just taking the

time.

**ALAN:** And for your dedication to creative discovery. Your commitment to bring a higher conscious to the world is inspiring.



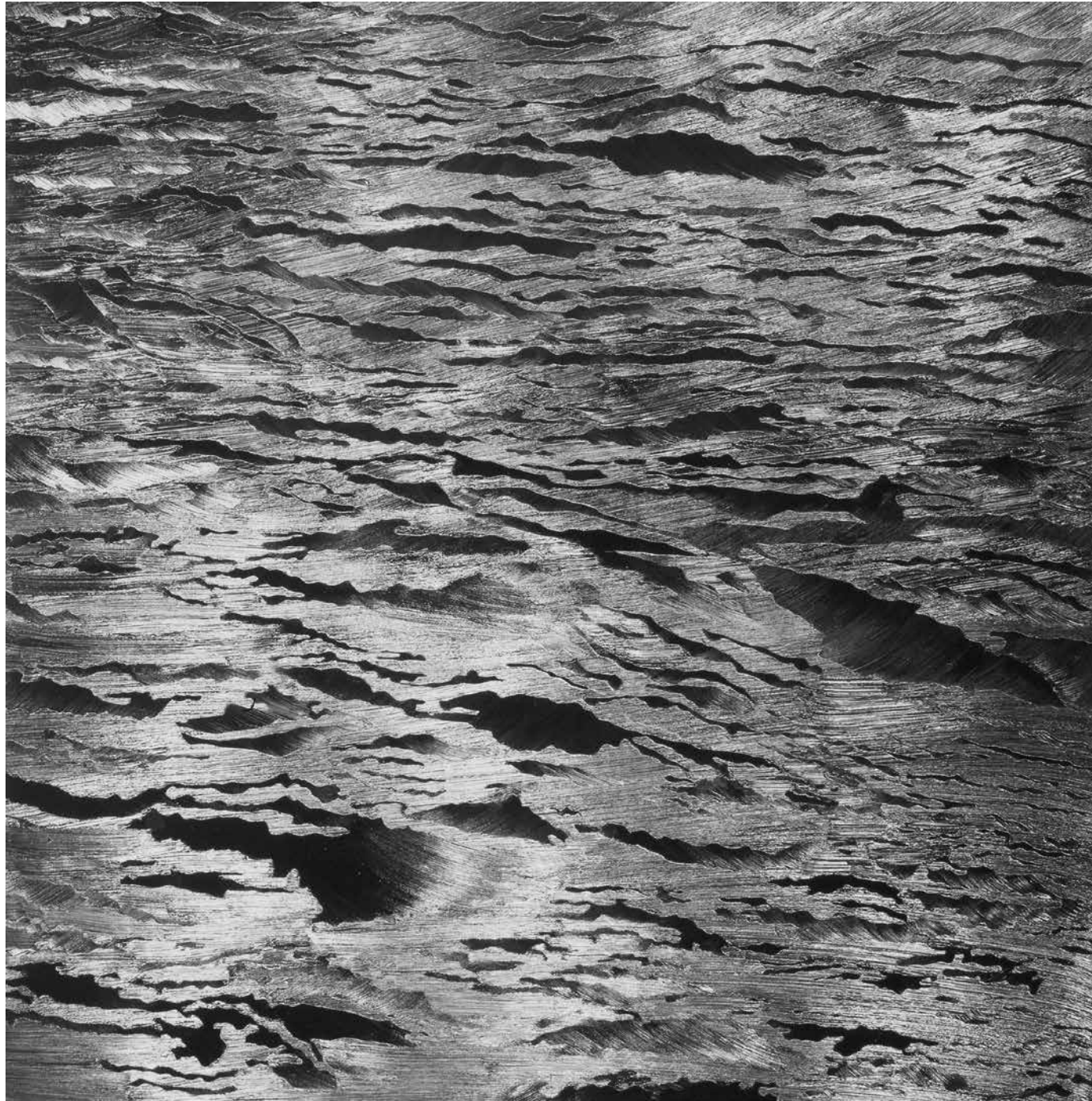
Transfiguration | Alex Grey | 1993 | 60 x 90 in. | Oil on linen

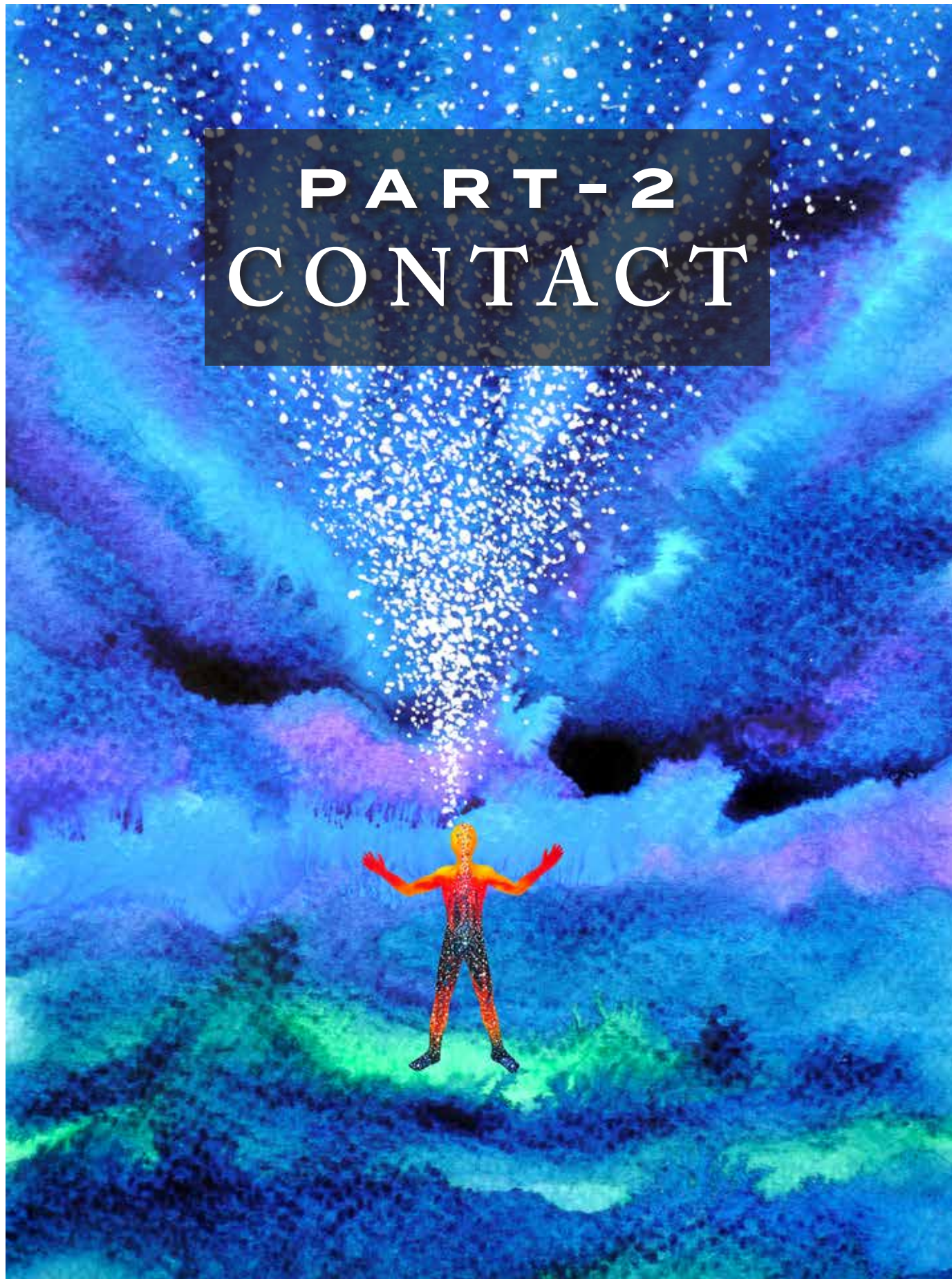


Painting by Lucio Pozzi



Karen Gunderson | Danish Rescue | 2004 | 61.5 x 52.25 | Oil on Linen





## PART-2 CONTACT

REBECCA HARDCASTLE WRIGHT

# Why Exoconscious Humans Matter to Art and Culture

**A**rtists hold a revered place in culture. Their work shows us who we are and how we are awakening as a culture. They create our reality – stop signs and red muletas as well as reminders of alluring beauty and draped grace. They portray our consciousness as a jumbled compartmentalized collage as well as a vibrant fluid connection. Artists collect the cosmos on the end of their brushes and paint it. More vibrant than a colorized NASA rendering. More tactile than a commercial ticket to Mars that waits redemption. More intimate than video feed from the International Space Station.

As the creator of the term Exoconsciousness, I am aware of the essential relationship between art and the extraterrestrial presence. An experiencer since childhood, throughout my life I wandered in psychic discovery among star beings of the sky and among below-ground beings of our planet. The effect of integrating my ongoing lifelong contact is that, today, I focus on the aspect of consciousness. That means, I research, even taught Ufology in a university, but do not focus on lights in the sky or UFO metrics. Nor do I focus on government-sourced leaks and organizations of select, often disparate, information. My primary work is to define what it means to be a human in relationship with extraterrestrials. How is our consciousness affected by ET contact? How do we sustain and utilize our relationship with ET?

In this article, I share co-creation, a primary component of the Exoconscious Human-ET relationship. I propose that the ET experience alters the artist's self-identity and, in some instances, he or she may enter into an agreement that results in art that expresses and communicates the ET's presence. These artists create our Exoconscious culture. They are the

ones who show the way — our frontline cultural envoys.

### Defining Exoconsciousness

Initially, it is important to both define and contextualize Exoconsciousness. Yet, it is essential to note that while I stated that I created the word Exoconsciousness, that is only a half-truth. Exoconsciousness was given to me one morning before I got out of bed to pack my kids' lunches and give them an off-to-school hug before driving to work. It unveiled in the ordinary. The word exoconsciousness came both from within, bubbling up from my ET experiences, teaching and research, and from without, floating from my ET field of consciousness. A word that entered my body. A word becoming flesh. A live missive.

As alive and dynamic, Exoconsciousness defies decisive definition. Initially, I defined Exoconsciousness as the study of the extraterrestrial origins, dimensions and abilities of human consciousness. Defining it became an academic and experiential pursuit of meaning. Once meaning coalesced, defining was about humans expressing Exoconsciousness.

Today, Exoconsciousness is defined as the ability of humans to connect, communicate and co-create with ETs. We will concern ourselves with the co-create aspect.

Exoconscious Humans are persons who experience on-going ET contact and communication. Through their relationship with ET, they co-create. It is a multi-layered process. They integrate their ET experiences into who they are as humans. They develop an Exoconscious self-identity, experiencing this in varied ways. They see themselves as psychic, empathic, creative, curious, galactic, time travelers, healers, spiritual, multi-dimensional and, above all, ET-sourced. Furthermore, as their integration develops, eventually they apply the information and energy to their transformation. Throughout this process, they utilize their ET relationship in their work. They become Exoconscious artists, healers, scientists, inventors, engineers, teachers and spiritual adepts. Exoconscious Humans practice all forms of creative work. They do this by co-creation with ET.

## Exoconscious Human as CE6

But, before we delve into co-creation, let's contextualize Exoconsciousness. This is important because words live in a large human vocabulary. One of the ways to distinguish Exoconsciousness is to relate it to accepted categories of ET contact experience. Astronomer and Ufologist, J. Allen Hynek, proposed the first three CE categories to describe various UFO encounters: nocturnal, daylight, radar. Later, astronomer and computer scientist Jacques Vallee developed the category CE4 to describe UFO encounters. Vallee emphasized the UFO encounter effect on the contactee's sense of reality: how the participant's sense of reality shifted during described abduction. He examined the encounter via various states of contact: abduction, hallucinatory, out-of-body, dream-like events and even its similarity to folk-tales of encounters. Physician and Ufologist Steven Greer developed the category CE5 to describe the UFO encounter characterized by mutual, bilateral communication rather than unilateral contact. He noted respectful exchanges between humans and ET. Greer's emphasis on his popular CE5 events focuses the participants outward into the sky. Skywatching for ET. Look up and ET will appear. ET as above and outside of humans.

Instead of looking up, waiting and hoping for contact, I propose a CE6 category — the Exoconscious Human. The CE6 category is characterized by ongoing ET conscious contact, communication and co-creation. This category expresses an intentional human decision to shift their relationship with ET from unconscious to conscious – from lights above to human participant. A CE6 encounter is human-oriented, human-sourced. In this encounter, human self-identity is changed as he or she identifies and integrates with ET via consciousness. This change in self-identity comes from a place of human awareness of the power and abilities of their consciousness.

Exoconscious are aware that humans and ETs experience a shared conscious reality. Importantly, they are aware that they have freedom to relate or not relate, and that some ETs are like us and some are not. The primary CE6 emphasis is on abilities of human consciousness, secondarily on ET shared consciousness.

Exoconscious Human CE6 is an em-

powering shift from former categories of abduction, hallucinations, altered states of consciousness and waiting for ET to fly out of the sky in a UFO. It implies an examination of who we are as humans and the nature and abilities of our consciousness. But, let us note, this is no trivial undertaking. Our historical reality is that for the past 400 years the study of consciousness was placed in solitary lock down, separated from science. For centuries, the primary study and uses of consciousness were tightly controlled by religion, secret societies and mystery schools. These groups had a high price of admission as well as an elite vetting. Primarily family and occasionally fate were the admission ticket to membership. Elitism applied pressure to continue the secret knowledge tradition. Schools, rituals, robes and cultural advantage were the formula. This secrecy is operative today, but gradually breaking open.

I cannot put my finger on the historical date when public admission through the doors of secret school consciousness was permitted, but one indication was when the Eastern and Western mystery schools merged. This was orchestrated in the late 1800s by Theosophy schools. Until a century later, by the early 1990s, universities opened departments for the scientific study of consciousness. In particular, Princeton and Duke pioneered this process, as did Edgar Mitchell's Institute for Noetic Sciences and Stanford Research Institute.

Please note that in the context of consciousness, Exoconsciousness would not be a word that expressed an ET-Human experience without the corresponding public access to the heretofore secretive archives of consciousness as well as the work of Ufologists like Hynek, Greer, and a multitude of others. Continuing in this lineage, the Institute for Exoconsciousness provides a collaborative network for Exoconscious Humans to assist humanity in bridging from gradual contact to creating an ET-Human culture, an Exoculture.

### Co-Creative Exoconscious Human

At several junctures of my life, I entered cultural environments where I mentally prepared to be intellectually and culturally stimulated with new ideas and energy — often to be disappointed. These

cultures included academic, religious, scientific and government. For some time, I was unable to put my finger on what was missing, what was out of alignment. Then, I began to research and work with the ET-Human aspect of curiosity and creativity. Precisely these elements were missing.

Whether professional academic, religious, scientific or government cultures — each lacked the dynamic element of curiosity and creativity. Yet, these are the major elements that define and develop art. The Exoconscious Artist opens to ET contact and communication. They form a working relationship with ET in the creation of their art. For Alex Grey and many others, Exoconscious Art is ET inspired.

Before you say, "Whoa, what about the inventions and intellect at all of our esteemed universities and institutions?" I want to address this directly.

Studies at the University of Chicago and the University of Minnesota found that "teachers smile on children with high IQs and frown upon those with creative minds. Intelligent but uncreative students accept conformity, never rebel, and complete their assignments with dispatch and to perfection. The creative child, on the other hand, is manipulative, imaginative, and intuitive. He is likely to harass the teacher. He is regarded as wild, naughty, silly, undependable, lacking in seriousness or even promise. His behavior is distracting; he doesn't seem to be trying; he gives unique answers to banal questions, touching off laughter among the other children." E. Paul Torrance of the University of Minnesota found that 70 percent of pupils rated high in creativity were rejected by teachers when picking a special class for the intellectually gifted.

Clearly, there is a difference between intelligent and creative minds. Intelligent minds are measured by logical, mathematic and linguistic metrics. All of us were likely tested on these intellect IQ metrics. What we were not measured by was our psychic intelligence, which sources curiosity and creativity.

In a respectful re-phrasing of Howard Gardner's multiple intelligences (that also excludes psychic intelligence), I define psychic intelligence as using advanced consciousness to solve problems and create new products that are valued within one or more cultural settings. We

Exoconscious use psychic intelligence to orient ourselves and our life. In many cases, psychic intelligence is our primary orientation.

Artists collecting the cosmos on the end of their brushes possess psychic intelligence.

Exoconsciousness defines consciousness as a field phenomenon — beyond and within the human brain and neural system. Our entire body receives, transmits and creates the field of consciousness. We are not a human radio or computer, an implant or an actor in a sensor space-based system; we are a complex, creative participant within the field consciousness.

### Exoconscious Art as ET-Human Agreement

During the process of creating our Community of the Exoconscious website, we reached out to artists who create directly with ET. On our website you will find art by Lloyd Canning, Philippa Foster, and Suzanne Gyseman. This is the start to what we hope will become a home as well as a marketplace for ET art.

My dear, now deceased, friend, Cynthia Crawford, received an ET request to create statues. She entered into an agreement with them. She had no formal art training, so her awe and confusion regarding the request was significant. Nevertheless, slowly, she began to sculpt ET beings, sending them first to friends, until word got out about Cynthia's statues and the orders outnumbered her ability to produce and she began to use molds. She received messages from across the world about the power of her sculptures to communicate, heal and guide. ETs spoke through her sculptures.

UK glass designer Miguel Mendonca is Cynthia's legacy. After a career as an international environmentalist, followed by writing a series of books that interviewed ET experiencers, Miguel was called to create with stained glass. Like Cynthia, his work expanded, and he ships his ET-channeled glass work to experiencers across the world. Miguel's messages from experiencers are similar to Cynthia's.

Darlene Van de Grift, a transformational counselor and body therapist, found that art was the clearest medium to express

her lifelong relationship with ET. As she paints, her ET connection manifests. She integrates therapy into her art. And her therapy is not limited to humans. Darlene guides ETs. This may startle those who believe the Hollywood and government myths that ET is advanced far beyond human development. This myth is misleading and, in many cases, incorrect. Darlene counsels ETs in shifting timelines, integrating advanced knowledge, and opening paths to communicate with humans. The field of consciousness is a great leveler.

*New Observations Magazine* publisher and president, Mia Feroletto, introduced me to esteemed artist Karen Gunderson, who "has tackled subjects from clouds to royalty to the cosmos. Her long-developed, labor-intensive technique, including rigorous brushwork and paint layering, employs a range of black shades that create a unique three-dimensional effect: The multiple textures from the paint catch light and make the paintings shimmer and appear to move, alternating with shadows and highlights that illuminate her subjects — historic royal figures, bodies of water, mountains, and constellations — depending on how the viewer moves in front of each artwork." Karen's constellation series reveals the cosmos. Though I don't know about Karen's ET experience, she possesses Exoconscious eyes. She paints a multi-dimensional mind. She collects the cosmos at the end of her brush – a brush pregnant with black paint.

Art heals. Art communicates. Art guides. It accesses a place deep within our being that knows our cosmic connection, our kindred ETs. Exoconscious Art replicates the effect of ET Presence in our individual lives and culture. As we build an Exoconscious culture, artists are our visionary scouts.

Presidents may establish an official space force. Militaries may launch elaborate intergalactic space defense systems. Corporate titans may devise colonization blueprints for the furthering of their monetary goals. Intelligence agencies may corral mystery school adepts and capture ancient artifacts to advance their covert operations. And yet, they all fall short. Exoconscious artists are the lynchpins that both hold and move our relationship to ET, then image it out through culture. Art is a primary conduit for humans to connect, communicate and create with ET.

## About the Author

Rebecca Hardcastle Wright created the term "Exoconsciousness" in a series of articles, blogs and *Exoconsciousness: Your 21st Century Mind*. She is the founder of the non-profit Institute for Exoconsciousness and is a leading expert and advocate in consciousness and extraterrestrial contact. Rebecca is a frequent guest on radio and television. She recently contributed to *Beyond UFO's: The Science of Contact with Non-Human Intelligence*. In Washington, DC, Rebecca was a member of Apollo Astronaut Dr. Edgar Mitchell's Quantrek international science team researching zero-point energy, consciousness, and the ET Presence.

Rebecca has over 30 years' experience as a Mind Body Therapist, Hypnotherapist, and Coach. She practices at Mind Body Medicine in Scottsdale, Arizona.

Her graduate degrees include a MDiv in Philosophical Theology from Boston University School of Theology and a PhD in Parapsychic Science from American Institute of Holistic Theology. She received her Bachelor of Arts Degree in Philosophy of Religion from Otterbein University, including a year studying Continental Philosophy in Basel, Switzerland. She is certified in hypnotherapy and coaching by Southwest Institute for Healing Arts. Ordained in the United Methodist Church, Rebecca served for fifteen years as an Ecumenical Chaplain at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio.

For more information, you can visit: [www.exoconsciousness.com](http://www.exoconsciousness.com)

ANANDA BOSMAN

# The Art of Cosmic Contact with the Artist of Consciousness

Illustration courtesy of Romolo Tavani/Shutterstock



Creative people all over the world are experiencing forms of what appears to be contact with a cosmic intelligence that responds to personal coherent intent and appears within the parameters of the physical canvas of our reality.

In post-modern times, more and more artists are becoming less shy in relaying their “Consciousness and Contact with Cosmic Intelligence” experience. As Mia Feroletto wrote in a letter to me: “We are bringing these artists out of the woodwork.”

It appears that a new artistic quality, which involves the combination of our co-creative cognition, coherence in heart, and consciousness, is emerging in humanity. This new co-creative art talent also reveals some of the buried mysteries at the heart of the nature of mankind, consciousness, and our interaction with the living environment.

This author has been exploring this creative means of cosmic contact for 33 years, since consciously engaging and being engaged by the Unidentified Aerial Phenomenon (UAP, more commonly known under the nomenclature of UFO) and showing this Unknown Phenomenon to others, interacting with it through the lens of our consciousness.

In more recent years, these organized efforts, under the nomenclature “Dialogues with the Cosmos,” have been composed of largely European civilians (a dialoguer). A wide array of results have included history-making new scientific measuring equipment. At times, a Dialoguer may continue with the cosmic intelligence and engage them creatively. We note that there are now many numerous groups with different filters of perception engaging something similar around the world.

Over these years of Dialogues, it appears that this cosmic intelligence and UAP interactive is aroused through intense creativity and strong heart-willed intent for universal purposes, with biological coherence (compassionate love measured through biofeedback) and deep “Anthropic Sentience,” as coherent consciousness (brain hemisphere synchronization at an alpha rhythm of 8Hz).

With over 180 witnesses to this form of

UFO manifestation, of which some fall well within the credible witness category – such as physicist, aeronautical engineer, psychologist, astronomer, air pilot, or lieutenant – we continue to catalogue.

The earliest form of Cosmic Dialogues goes back to the Giant Rock Airbase of Howard Hughes’ special engineer, George Van Tassel, in California, from 1952 onwards. Ten thousand people would gather, as reported by William F. Hamilton III, who was there. The Dialogues with the Cosmos experienced the classical movements of the UFO, starting with a moving light that would respond to consciousness or to bright car lights that were reconfigured to sky orientation. One or three beams of the car-lights at the object would get a response of three wink-like pulse flashes. This was five years before the first satellite, Sputnik. Or the object would jump, stop, or zig zag, make an arch, change speed, or wink out, all before the space age.

So, technically, 1952 is where the Age of Cosmic Dialogue begins. Before this, going back hundreds of years, noted astronomers observed UFOs leaving Venus, the Moon, crossing the Sun’s surface, leaving Mars, etc. But in 1952, before there were satellites, a concerted group of people attempted to dialogue with the UFO and gained a noted response (explored, at depth, in our Dialogues 3 Report).

In my teenage period of interactivity with the cosmic intelligence, this particular form of interaction with the visible UAP also instilled a new level of co-creativity within individuals that led to us becoming visionary semantic artists, as globally known public figures, in addition to inspiring a new musicology and pioneering the founding of the modern electronic and popular 432Hz Music Movement during the 1990s — a music that utilizes some of the harmonics involved in coherent consciousness and biological coherence. AND the UFO. A music, that may allow for a Cultural Cosmic Contact, art interactivity: “The 432Hz Global Concert.”

Over the years, protocols that instill and convey the coherence factor, which consciously engages this cosmic intelligence, have been developed with great detail. The creative Dialogue protocols are the very same that are utilized in the creative process of the artist, such as synchroniza-

tion of the brain hemispheres (8Hz alpha brain rhythm). Therefore, it is our suggestion that, as this Age of Cosmic Dialogue is opening up, the Cosmic Dialogue process will become a cultural form of artistic inspiration.

In our 17th year, I first became familiar with the combination of 8Hz and consciousness focused on the cosmic intelligence, and then came the emergence of a UFO — during the 1987 Harmonic Convergence global event. This August 17th world-wide gathering was the first such gathering with 5 million people linked in cognition, compassion, and coherence. Everyone wore Walkman players with headphones and listened to 8Hz music (via the hemi-synch method, actual 8Hz) AND the Schumann Resonance (7.8 Hz) made audible by Dr. Randolph Price.

There was no internet but the BB-net. Each of the sacred sites where people gathered had timed synchronization where, say, Glastonbury would focus on the group at Lake Titicaca and vice versa at the same time. This was being done sequentially and globally for the 5 million engaged in all sites of assembly (i.e. Giza Pyramid with the Teotihuacan, Mexican pyramids, etc.).

When synchronizing to the site, we listened to 8Hz music, sang “OM,” went into an 8Hz alpha meditation and mustered compassion and coherence.

This also became the first traces of the 432Hz ‘OM’ega Music Revolution, as I first called it during the 1990s when founding the post-modern popular and electronic form of the 432hz music movement.

During the August 17th dawn time, on top of the Glastonbury Tor, and following several meditations of 8Hz and OM songs, I was being interviewed by an Australian TV team and telling them about the UFOs, and that we had to meet them midway, and to keep looking up. At that moment, a UFO appeared on the Mendip horizon of the Glastonbury Zodiac of hills. A golden ball kept moving over a period of 20 minutes, powering up and down, dancing over the southwest horizon, and seemingly interacting at a distance with some of those gathered, who became excited. Other people continued to OM and listen to the 8Hz music and meditate.





(the UAP making a zig-zag trajectory, or sending a pulse signal response to coherent consciousness, or jumping from a steady trajectory to another point in the sky, to stopping, or becoming brighter as the onset of coherence in the civilians increases, or suddenly changing direction, etc.).

These forms are becoming an alphabet of cosmic dialogue interactivity. A cybernetic interactive artform.

This appears to be a new budding artistic field for mankind, and there is a steep growing curve. One has to be scrupulously honest and integral, and Dialogue groups are also trained in the means of gathering documentary evidence, familiarity with the stars and constellations, compass directions, satellite tracking, different atmospheric conditions, and a host of other factors, in the art.

Engaging creative individuals into this Dialogue setting, each venture gives surprises. In July 2018, one such venture in the Swiss Alps brought something new. I call it "The Symbol Receptory," which is producing "The Symbol Repository for Cosmic Dialogue."

At the height of 2,200 meters in the rugged alpine environment, numerous civilians observed the physical manifes-

tation (in the deep night sky above the site where the coherent protocols were engaged) of MACRO Symbols. These symbols were composed of "light arcs" producing petals that would fade in: first two outside petals of light, and then two inner petals made of these arcs of light, spanning a period of two minutes for one participant, and by the region near Vega, being observed, with particular phenomenon, by a former Swiss Air Force pilot (JCL) for over 10 minutes, with a period of 2-minute brightening, correlating, to the same time window.

One emergency medical doctor, Rosalia Codogne, was interacting with a light sphere on two nights, and, on both occasions, the light symbol phenomenon was engaged by this sphere as a medium of interaction, like a living cybernetically interactive paint and canvas.

This doctor also appears to have captured nine seconds of this pulsing sphere on her iPhone.

As the group was also utilizing new scientific equipment that measures the subtle ambience of the field work area, readings changed into higher ranges of ambient coherence at the precise time period that this sphere interaction with the symbol symbiotic relations transpires. New, history in the making equipment was used

to monitor the ambience, also history making in this technology being used in Dialogues with the Cosmos.

Some of the spheres that came down were interacting with numerous members of the group by utilizing a mandala-like interface of light, to instill biological alignment in Dominik Hipp, for whom now the Dialogue continues on a daily basis; or to instill in Rosalea a dramatic and permanent change in her body and vision. As she interacted with these macro sky symbols, she recorded exactly the sequence and has a cipher. The mandala-like interface, in the regional middle between the spheres and the group, were experienced by many.

Dr Codogne, in the above manner, received an entire cipher, a little akin to a Morse Code (but more complex), which she exactly recorded, encoded into spirals for the line of light and ovoid of light line cypher.

There is film footage of the usual UFOs and comparison made to live satellite data. On film, we also recorded the UAP, capturing several pulse flashers in one region of the sky, where a concentrated pinpoint pulse of light occurs numerous times at irregular intervals; in this case, no source for the light pulse could be identified. What appears to be a triangular fleet for-

mation flying over has been captured by many creative groups over the planet in the last years.

We gathered the assembly of light-arc macro symbols in the debriefings with the civilians. This was filmed to document how the data descriptions were assembled for examination in the record, and the courage of the civilians engaged, and future artistic mankind.

This Symbol Receptory gave a perfect extended example of the Art of Cosmic Contact, utilizing the reality canvas of our environment as an interactive cybernetic media. The longest lasting macro symbol made of arcs of light was four minutes in the visible spectrum. There is more coming.

There is a case building that the Cosmic Dialogue is a new emerging art quality, an interactive cybernetic living art, where consciousness in coherence is the co-artist with the Cosmic Intelligence. The atmospheric environment is the canvas, and the UAP/UFO interactions are the brush strokes as well as the dynamic pallet, in articular combination with our coherent protocols utilized to engage the Cosmic Dialogues. It will become a common faculty, in co-creative man, on a regular basis, also for the individual co-creative artist, with incremental sustained coherence.

Illustration courtesy of  
Shutterstock/Thanapol S  
Beauty of Deep Space  
Digital Illustration



# Consciousness, A Beginner's Understanding

**M**y first experience of being conscious was when I was three years old. I was having my photograph taken for the family album. I was lifted onto the dining table for a better elevated position. From this advantage point, I looked around the room and clearly thought I was conscious again. I had the feeling that this was not the first time and I could clearly feel the difference from the physical and my conscious being.

When I told my wife of my first encounter with consciousness, she said 3-year-olds do not think like that; but I did.

As a young boy, I was aware of other vibrations surrounding the location I was occupying. On one occasion, when I was eight years old, I was having my weekly bath. I sensed a vibrational change in the bathroom together with a drop in temperature.

I looked to my right and there were two beings slightly elevated from the floor: one male, one female. They were human in appearance, attractive with long, shoulder-length, blonde hair and wearing tight fitting blue clothing. They were speaking to one another telepathically; I could understand what they were saying. Part of the conversation went as follows: The female said to the male, "Is this the boy?"

The male replied, "Yes."

The female said, "Are you sure? He is very small, uneducated and looks like he is frightened by our presence."

The male said, "Yes, I am sure. I will guide him, and I will teach him."

As a boy, I was frightened by the experi-

ence, but I knew that there were two conscious beings in my bathroom. I have met with these conscious beings many times during my life. The male was true to his word – he did guide me and teach me.

My second encounter with the male being was when I was 9 years old. I was at home playing with friends when I suddenly felt a change in temperature and a change in vibrational frequency. My friends were just leaving, and I could still feel this energy in the house. I checked in different rooms and returned to the living room where the energy was the strongest. I looked behind the drapes, and there was an orb 4 to 6 inches in diameter, and it was yellow/orange in color and slightly pulsating. The orb stayed in my home for four or five days. I do not recollect any communication at that time, but when the orb left, I noticed a marked increase in my psychic abilities. I was now able to leave my physical body and travel out of body. I now know this orb was Ort, my guide. He explained to me that what I saw in my home was his pure conscious energy.

With my new-found abilities, I would travel out of body to visit my grandparents. I would relax, open my mind and travel to their home some 70 miles away. I would sit upstairs in the dressing room off the master bedroom. The floor appeared opaque, and I could see my grandma in the Kitchen cooking, and my grandpa sitting in his favorite chair reading the newspaper. As a child, I would visit them in this way many times. I always wondered what they would see if they came upstairs. I now know the answer to that. They would have seen a small orb 4 to 6 inches in diameter. It would be yellow/orange in color and slightly pulsating. It would be my conscious energy.

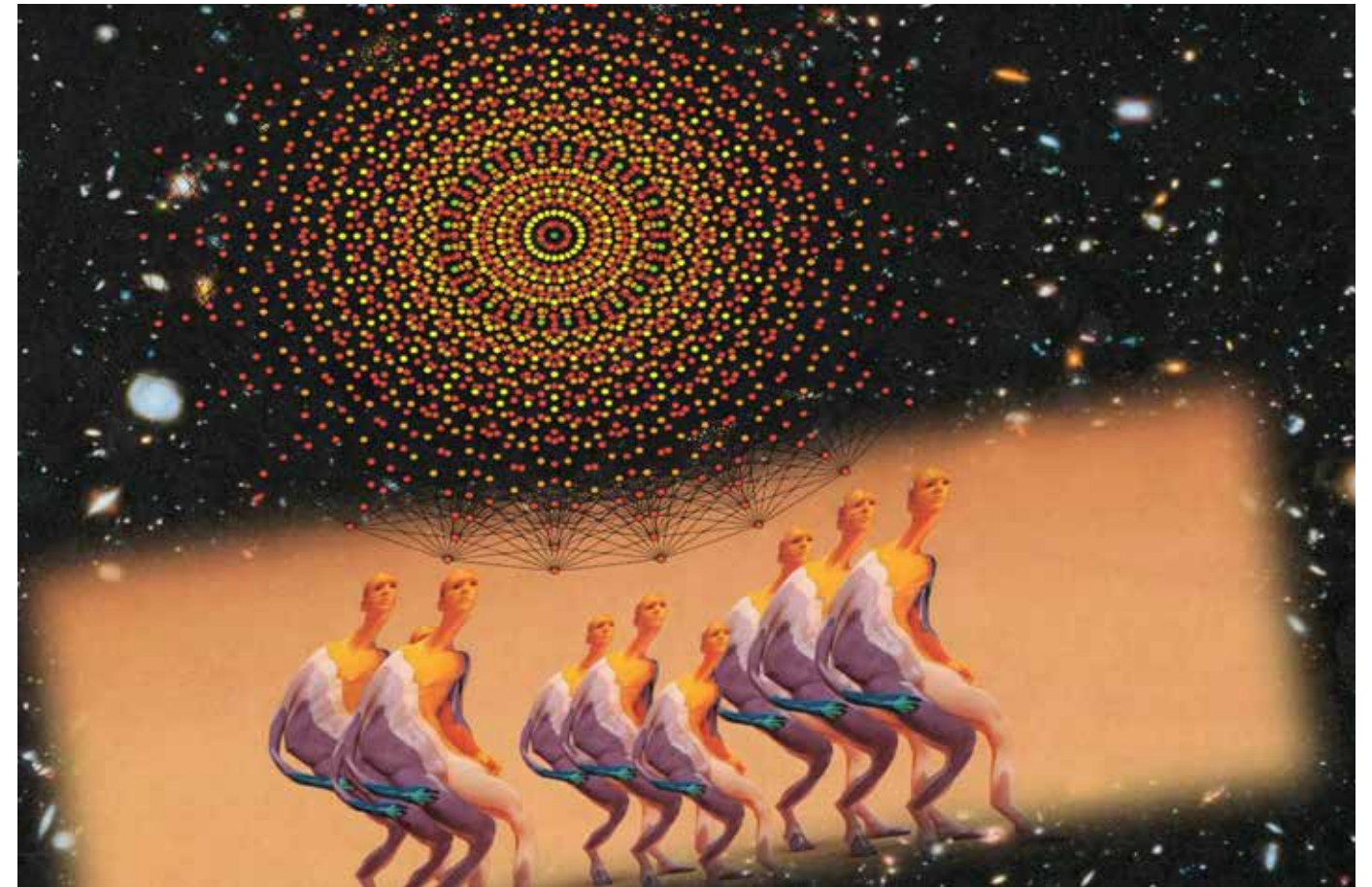
I would continue to travel this way, but not too far. I was not aware of the full potential of this out of body travelling. When I was

older, about 17, I would use this ability for simple uses. Before going to see a friend, I would leave my body and go check to see if he was home. I did not want to waste my time walking all that way to find he wasn't home. We did not have cell phones back in those days, and I did not have a vehicle, so my out of body abilities came in very handy.

I thought everybody had these abilities; it was just part of our senses: hearing, seeing, smell, taste, touch, and out of body. I often made attempts to discuss out of body experiences with friends, yet no one I knew seemed to know anything about it. Naturally, I did receive some funny looks from my friends.

I was aware that there was much more to this and I needed more information. One evening, when I went to bed, I asked Ort (my guide from the bathroom) if he could show me more. I relaxed, opened my mind and held my hand out. Ort came, he took hold of my hand, and I left my body. I looked down at my sleeping body and we proceeded out of the window, which was closed. We were three stories up. We did not go far. We travelled around the neighborhood. I got very comfortable traveling this way with Ort.

On one occasion, Ort came to me and said he was going to take me somewhere further and was I ok with that. I said yes, let's go. So off we went, straight up through the roof. We kept traveling upwards and, when I looked back, I could see our small blue planet. It was so exciting. We then seemed to take a turn, and I could see in the distance a line of people. At the front of the line was my deceased father; behind him in a line were about 30 more people all excited and anxious to meet me. My father greeted me, and he proceeded to introduce me to other family members, some going back thirty generations. What was really



digital collage by John Harrison III

interesting was, as we got about half-way down the line, I no longer saw a physical form, but a line of orbs 4-6 inches in diameter, yellow/orange in color, slightly pulsating. I could still communicate with them, there was no difference, they were just pure conscious energy.

I would visit my extended family on other occasions with Ort. I eventually became confident enough to travel and see them on my own. It was always difficult leaving them, as they all wanted me to stay, but I felt that if I stayed my physical body would die.

After a few more visits, I decided I would not visit them anymore. I had to tell them. On my last visit, I said my goodbyes. I know I will meet up with them all when my physical body expires, as our conscious energy continues and does not die.

My journeys with Ort are always enlightening. My guide and I continue our experiences to this day.

A couple of years ago, at 4 a.m., I had just been to the bathroom. As I got back into

bed, a bright light appeared outside my bedroom window. The light then entered the bedroom and lit up the whole room like a myriad of butterflies, but it was just pure light, brighter than daylight. Ort and Dee appeared. After pleasantries, I asked the reason for their visit. They said they wanted me to share my story. I asked how I was going to do that. Ort said, "By talking about your experiences with me and writing a book. In fact, you will write two books." I said I do not mind talking about our experiences that we have shared, but I am not a writer. Ort said, "I will help you. I will continue to guide you. I will also give you some information to include in the book." I started the book the following day.

As I write this article, the book has just been published: "Spiritual Consciousness, a Personal Journey."

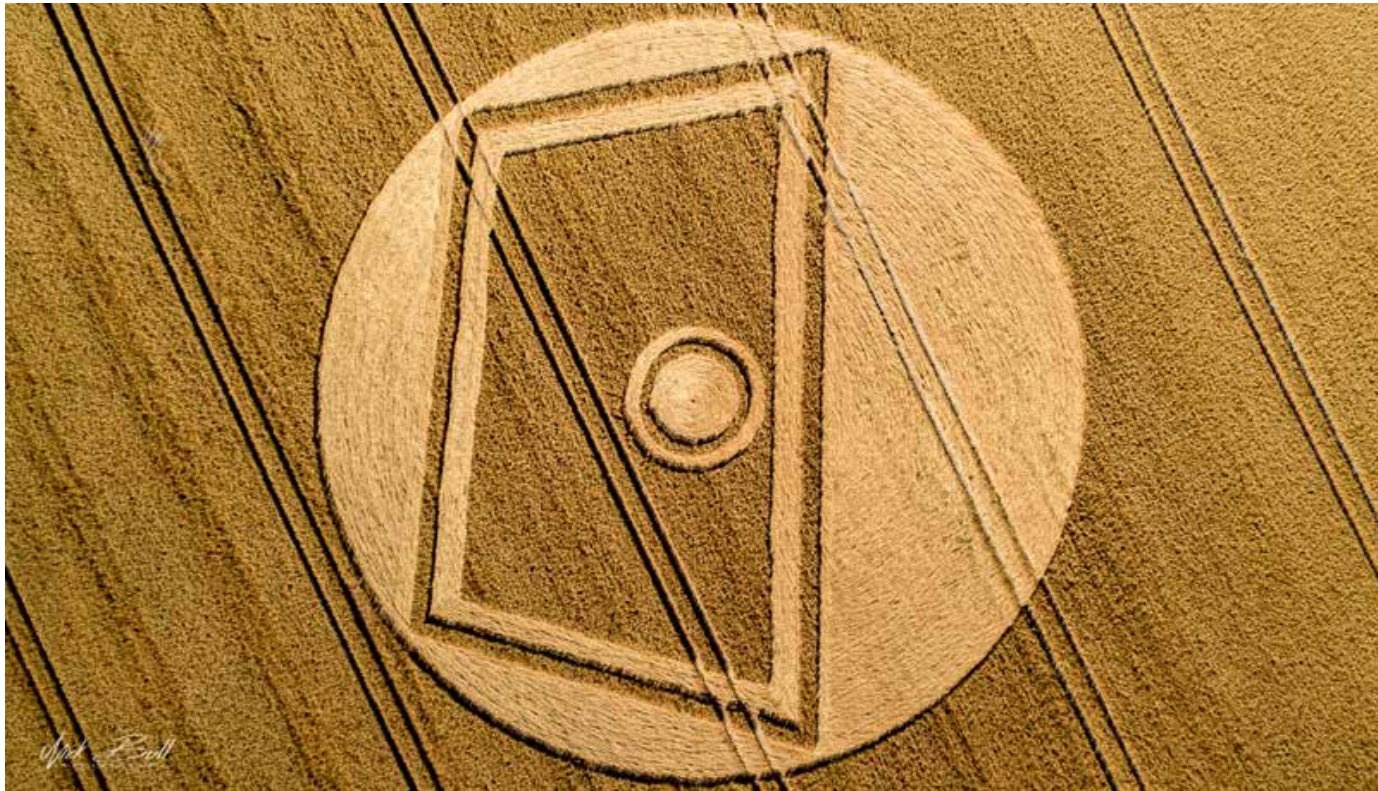
My understanding of consciousness has been expanded by my guide along with my experiences. These experiences and interactions continue to this day. I am now 64 years old.

I have come to know Ort and Dee very well over the years. They inform me that I am part of their extended family, only my physical exists in the third dimension. Ort and Dee's physical exist at a higher vibrational frequency in the fifth dimension. They inform me that the Universe is conscious and we all share that one conscious energy.

My journey continues.

JENNIFER STEIN

# Synchronicity, By Design



Crop circles have been an obsession for me for many years now. When I stare at the amazing graphics from aerial photos, there are moments I think I understand what these geometries mean, and for a few moments I am in a wondrous daze of deep contemplative thought, as if I am understanding something from a higher dimension. I lose track of time, and hours can go by while I ponder what may be causing these strange and wondrous shapes that appear overnight. I jump from one design to another and back again on my computer screen, sometimes noticing the ancient English earthen mounds next to the crop circle formations, pondering who made them, when, and for what purpose. Then, in an instant, I am drawn back to reality like waking from a dream, and I struggle to remember the substance and insight from that waking dream. Many like me have had similar experiences while viewing and contemplating crop circles.

My amazing love of formations began long ago. I had been studying ancient earthen mounds since I was a teenager in the late 1960's. I read anything I could get my hands on, articles that I saved in a box beneath my bed. National Geographic, Look Magazine — anything I could find about these strange enigmas in the English countryside. So, when the crop circle phenomena arrived on the mainstream scene in the late 70's, I was stunned and puzzled by what they might be. I read Colin Andrews' books and followed the research of Terrance Meden, Busty Taylor and others early to the field, like Linda Moulton Howe. I was later lucky enough to hear an excellent presentation on Crop Circles by Linda in Philadelphia in the late 90's.

Around early 2000, my husband asked me, "Jennifer, what do you want to do for your 45th birthday?" I'm sure he was hoping I would say, "Honey, let's go scuba diving together in Aruba," but instead the first words that flew out of my mouth were, "I want to go to England and study crop

circles." I could see the look of disappointment wash over my husband's face, but I knew I could not wait any longer for this adventure.

Where to begin? How do I get there? How do I find them? I must join a tour or trip that will take me there. I was a subscriber in those days to Nexus Magazine, and in the back of the journal was a small advertisement for a crop circle trip. I signed up, sent off my check and started to plan my adventure.

My husband was convinced this was all a lot of malarkey, that crop circles were all hoaxes, and I was about to go trespassing onto someone's private property in England and get myself arrested. To protect his dear sweet wife, he called a business associate who managed an electronic manufacturing facility in Reading, England, not far from the central Wiltshire area where I would be trespassing onto those private farm fields. My husband's request: "When my wife gets arrested, will you go bail her

out of jail and send her home?"

His colleague assured him it was not as it seemed, and England had a long tradition of walking trails and byways throughout the English countryside, unlike the U.S. Farmers often prepared for visitors once a formation occurred in their fields — proper trespassing allowance signs, rules and regulations — but he assured my husband if I was arrested he would be happy to come to my aid. His daughter was a local police officer, so he had an inside advantage with the English constabulary. Still, I was handed a list of numbers with dialing instructions on how to use my British travel cell phone in the unlikely event I was arrested, with explicit instructions on just what to do. I dutifully packed them away in my suit case.

About a week before I was to depart for the trip, we received a letter from our same friend in Reading. It was a frontpage clipping from his local paper with a picture of a newly formed crop circle. It was a very complex, large, square, computer-like, grid formation. It was more than 200 feet across, and it was impossible to comprehend the complexity of just how it was made from the picture and article alone. My mouth dropped open and I had a sudden realization that I had to get into this formation, but how? I would be on a tour with probably 35 other people, and I could not necessarily direct where the tour should go. Maybe it was out of the area we would be in. I had this sudden feeling that I should have just hired an independent guide to take me around Wiltshire alone, just me and my video camera meeting the experts, researching on my own and filming what I really wanted to. So, I made a wish that if there was any way I could get in to that formation, it would happen, and sent out my intention to the universe.

About an hour later, Ruben Uriarte called, the gentleman who would be leading the upcoming tour. He said he was calling with unfortunate news, that the trip had been cancelled. I was so disappointed and confused, saying "What?! Canceled?!" He patiently listened, then said, "But Jennifer, I'm going anyway, and I know you don't know me, but if you want, I can drive you around and let you see the formations you want to, and introduce you to the experts researching these formations. It will be a totally different type of trip if you're still interested." Thirty-five people had cancelled. I could hardly believe it! I just about fell over on the floor. This is what I had wished

for not more than an hour ago! How could my wish come true and so quickly? I started looking around behind me, checking to see if somehow there was a spirit with me, watching and listening to heed my every wish. I barely hesitated before saying, "Does a bear sh\*\*t in the woods? Of course, I will come!"

I packed the news clipping in my bag and never told my husband about the change of travel plans. I figured it would only complicate things and worry him needlessly, and I desperately wanted to see these formations first hand. I knew he didn't understand my passion, as even I couldn't fully understand the impetus driving me forward. I did, however, trust the universal luck I was having and went on planning to leave in just a few days.

I had the intuition the night before my flight to pack really light and carry on everything with no checked bags, just in case the flight would be cancelled or delayed, affording me a wee bit more flexibility. I felt that, in order to make the connection in Heathrow with Ruben, I might need to change my flight plans. Sure enough, my intuition was right on. We had no sooner boarded the flight when they announced a possible cancellation or long delay due to thunderstorms in our stopover city of Chicago. We likely couldn't take off for several hours. I knew instinctively I had to get off of that plane. Without a second thought, I grabbed my bag and in 15 minutes had myself re-booked on another flight direct to Heathrow. If I had not done so, I would not have arrived in time to meet up with Ruben. Instead, I met him easily where I was supposed to and in perfect time.

As we were driving down a farmers' tractor road our first day, Ruben asked me if I had any specific place or particular formation I wanted to see. I pulled the news clipping out of my backpack as the car lurched from one muddy pothole to the next on the lumpy, one lane, dirt road. I said I wanted to meet Nancy Talbot and some of the other researchers and film how the actual research was conducted. Then I showed him the article about the computer grid and further explained what happened when I received the clipping in the mail and my wish to the universe to make a very different type of trip than originally planned.

As we continued forward, a van started coming toward us down the single lane. I looked at Ruben with a worried look, "What do we do? Who backs up?" It was

impossible to pass each other. Ruben calmly said, "Oh, this happens all the time. We will figure it out." He slowly edged the small car part way into the field to allow passing room for the other vehicle, and they did the same, both cars stopping as we slowly attempted to pass each other, our roofs almost touching. To be careful, Ruben completely stopped to let the van more easily pass. He rolled down the window to watch the narrow gap up close. We were lucky we hadn't already tipped over on the steep angle of the road's edge. The van stopped too, the window rolling down — and it was Nancy Talbot! She yelled, "Ruben, great to see you! What are you doing tomorrow? Can you and your friend come out to the computer grid tomorrow and help me gather samples for Levensgood?" I held up the news clipping in my hand and said, "Do you mean this formation?"

As Nancy drove away, I sat stunned and speechless with an astonished look on my face at what had just happened. With Ruben now as my witness, I said, "Did that just really happen?" Ruben just looked at me with an excited giggle and grinned, "Welcome to Wiltshire, Jennifer, and the magic of the crop circles. This stuff happens all the time to those that come into this mystery of exploration. It's a lot more than just the patterns on the ground."

Again, and again, throughout the entire eight days I spent in England, I experienced unbelievable synchronicities, one after another! My thoughts seemed to be manifesting into a dreamlike reality that was unbelievable and magical. I became very aware that something very deeply spiritual was happening to me. A large, expanded and conscious understanding of the interconnectedness of all things was permeating my awareness, on both a conscious and sub-conscious level. It was frightening and enlightening at the same time. It was a precipice I had willingly stepped off from, and there was no going back. That brief time in the English countryside profoundly and forever changed the course of my life, perhaps, in part, by my own unwitting design.



Painting by Friða Kristín Gísladóttir

**MARILYN GEWACKE, PH.D.**

# Cosmic Consciousness and ET Contact

**T**he extraterrestrial phenomenon gives us the momentous opportunity for a new paradigm of thinking, knowing and feeling that will indeed free us from the prisons of our diminished states of consciousness

Although we are Human Beings, we're actually quite extraordinary in the boundless and infinite light of consciousness that we bring to Earth. The human form is but a silhouette shaping the contours that allow movement for cosmic immersion and expression on Earth. In truth, we are consciousness expressed in the phenomenon of being human. It is time to bring back the ability to see with our cosmic vision, create with our higher consciousness and lead with our sacred heart.

As we reclaim our sovereignty and accept our responsibility to evolve into the New Human, we will have the extraordinary opportunity to earn a sacred place in the cosmos and meet our star neighbors. We have been waiting centuries to wake up, look up and see that we are part of a teeming universe of life, far reaching and yet close at hand. In the New Human paradigm, we will rejoice in the fact that we finally understand that we are not alone. Consciousness will leap out of the confines of our egoic prisons, freed at last to join the web of conscious life that is everywhere in our universe and beyond.

As we encounter new life of all kinds, shapes and forms we will immediately grasp that diversity is a crucial and

necessary element to the Grand Design. This will paradoxically help us get out of the materialistic, corporeal thinking and into energy consciousness. When the circuits of the old constructs have been blown apart because incoming information is incommensurable and disparate with what has already been known, new paradigms of perceiving and thinking are birthed. In meeting beings of higher consciousness and in higher love, we'll be immediately catapulted beyond ourselves.

One of the most important and far-reaching notions is that we can already make "star contact" through our consciousness. After all, our consciousness is non-local, i.e. it goes beyond the boundaries of our human form. It is the bridge to all else in the universe. We already have scientific as well as testimonial evidence of the entangled nature of our energetic fields. We are all connected; we on Earth have simply forgotten. And it is through our conscious cords of energetic light fibers that we are unified.

Synchronistic events are happening to so many at such a rapid pace, as is telepathic communication. It is paramount for the survival of our human species to take the next step in evolving and expanding our abilities for conscious connections. We can do this with our galactic neighbors as so many of them are extremely advanced in their ability for conscious travel and revelation. It is no longer a case that we have to wait for them, as it is clear they have already been communicating and living among us. The truth is that we have

to stop waiting for our own evolution and get on with it!

There are many on Earth who have already learned and developed consciousness expansive technology that can create a peaceful portal to our galactic neighbors. First, it requires that we evolve the multidimensional aspects of our own consciousness as well as the sacred aspects of our hearts: love and compassion. This alone is worth the trip. The second part is actually making contact through our consciousness to extraterrestrial beings. This can be done individually or in a community. However, the power and intensity of joining forces in community augments the magnitude and degree of communication and connection. This is contact at its most conscious level: humans initiating, with their free will and sense of sovereignty, contact with extraterrestrials. In my mind and heart, this is the most important and crucial step in the Disclosure process.

My journey with CE-5 (close encounters of the fifth kind) started when I began going on several CE-5 expeditions with Dr. Steven Greer. My life dramatically changed as I began to open my own portals of communication with my ET star family. Memories flooded in and I realized I had had beautiful contact experiences as a child. I am a psychologist by trade, and so this juxtaposition was mind boggling. Nevertheless, my mission began to be clear: to go beyond my 3D mind and into the world of cosmic experience. After all, experience is the greatest reality shifter.

We established our own Northeast CE-5

group called Consciousness and Cosmic Contact Collective (4C) almost eight years ago and have only experienced the most heart inspiring and beautiful contact with ETs ever since. Our community has grown extensively over the years with people coming from all over the United States and Canada. They are nurses, lawyers, doctors, farmers, energy healers, teachers, firemen, sanitation workers, spiritual seekers, shamans and the list goes on. But the one thing we have in common, we have found a new family, a new home. The thirst for understanding our connection to our galactic neighbors is extraordinary, and our commitment to expanding and evolving our own consciousness is the number one driving force. We meet once a month and have an Intensive weekend retreat twice a year. Our protocols originate from that belief that heart connection and consciousness expansion, in community with one another, opens a safe, loving and peaceful portal to our galactic family. Through powerful heart opening and mind-expanding techniques, we align our intention, increase our vibration and build our cohesiveness as a loving community. As a result, we open a consciousness corridor or portal to the ET beings so that they may join us in whatever way they feel safe and vital.

We have seen so much activity in the sky, including fully manifested crafts 500 feet above us, pulses of light responding to our lasers, lights landing in the woods and much more. In addition, we have experienced more and more ground activity including amazing orbs, light phenomenon around and in our circle, beings almost fully manifested in our circle, touch, beautiful smells, tones and anomalous nature phenomena.

As the winter months come, we meet indoors, and the contact continues. We have amazing light phenomena, movement, forms of beings with us in the room, downloads, DNA changes, touch, smells, temperature changes, breezes, electronic anomalies, and beautiful orbs. We have had flashes of light right outside the windows and complete loss of power in the house. Fortunately, we have been able to photograph some of these phenomena.

Many times, we experience a loss of time and space as we have the sensation of traveling in crafts with ET beings. As a group, we have worked with and

experienced many different ET species. As individuals, we continue to have our own communications, downloads, experiences and relationships with our ET guides. But for many of us the outside evidence is not where we look anymore. We have learned that the expansive world within holds the greatest “evidence” that can be experienced. For it is here that we know the truth not only of the many different ET civilizations, not only of the extraordinary crafts and planet that we have visited in dreams, meditations and memories, but we are discovering the vastness of who we are and the work we must do first on ourselves, and then most importantly the work we must do with the human species, the Earth and all of her inhabitants.

Our goals are to become participating galactic citizens – awake and alert and aware of the coming days of change and evolution on this planet. Perhaps that is the greatest asset of this work. As we gather to contact other worlds, we have been given the amazing opportunity to learn about our own wondrous world within – the place of our own extraordinary consciousness. In this process, we have learned to vision the invisible, expanding our ability to “see” beyond the confines of our 3D eyes. Many have developed extra perceptual skills such as telepathy, precognition and remote viewing. It is through this inner channel of our own light that we make contact with all that surrounds us.

As we continue to do this work, my hope is that more and more people will join us across the globe. I know as we all engage in these protocols that our own consciousness is lifted out of the veils of 3D living into the truth of our multidimensionality. We then can become consciously inspired by the entire Cosmic Web. As we raise the vibration of those around us, we help prepare the Earth for the most important event in her history: “Ascended Disclosure”: The revelation event where we will step out of the darkness and into the galactic light of our star family. Everything will then be magnified – our consciousness, our Universe, even our understanding of Divinity. If this doesn’t motivate the human species to study and explore consciousness, I am not sure what would.

So, for me, it is no longer just about contact, but the revolution of consciousness transformation. This is on our horizon now; of this I am certain.

What a paradoxical gift our ET family has given us. We cannot catch a glimpse of who “they” are until we realize who “we” are! In our desire to reach the stars, we have learned to stretch our own consciousness beyond the barrier of the human mind utilizing the light of the human heart.

I believe our human culture has undervalued and dismissed this amazing consciousness expanding experience within, because it is an amazing way to keep us slumbering. As we wake up, we discover that we are more powerful and beautiful in our light and love. Then, we will witness the unfurling of our Cosmic Selves and our kindred connections with our Galactic Community. While it remains important for the evidence seekers and scientists to keep discovering, the experiencers to continue to tell their most important stories, the exopolitical concerns and coalitions to continue to be heard, I suspect even when a space craft lands for all to see, it will be our level of consciousness as a human species that will tell the final story.

Painting by Friða Kristín Gísladóttir

# Alien Contact: A Miracle Denied

Excerpted from his forthcoming book.

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1950, Enrico Fermi had lunch at the Los Alamos National Laboratory with Herbert York, Emil Konopinski and Edward Teller. They discussed UFO sightings, quickly concluding that there was no reason to give them any credibility. At some point, in referring to this vast universe, Fermi asked the question, "Where is everybody?"

And thus was born the Fermi Paradox, conceived at what could be thought of as a fundamental moment of denial. By then, there had already been a sufficient number of sightings of strange objects in the skies to justify at least keeping an open mind about them. In fact, the evidence was more than sufficient to conclude that Fermi was asking the wrong question.

One would think that these men were particularly capable of understanding that, both because of their professional skills and their access to information. The evidence was not sufficient to conclude that people from another planet were visiting us, but it was extensive enough to agree that there had been, at least over the few years prior to the luncheon, a number of observations and reports of unexplained aerial events that suggested that an unusual phenomenon was unfolding in the skies of this planet.

So Fermi's question should not have been "Where is everybody," but "Are they here?"

In the 70 years since that meeting, sightings of unknown objects have been reported by hundreds of thousands of people, including many professional observers. Thousands of people have claimed to have found themselves face-to-face with what they generally assume



Photograph of Whitley Strieber

are aliens. I am among those who have encountered them.

After I realized that they were, in some way, a real presence that was not generated by my own mind, I set out to learn more about them and from them. A relationship has developed and been nurtured by both sides over a period of 30 years. Over this period, they have gone from being a terror in the night to a deeply interesting part of my life. My relationship with them has evolved in a productive direction, and I am not the only close-encounter witness reporting this sort of transformation.

Unfortunately, fear sells, and the earlier, terrifying accounts—including the one in my 1987 book *Communion*—got much more public attention than the positive accounts that were available then.

Initially, the violence of my early encounter made me very hesitant

to proceed. I felt that I should try to reconnect, but I was deathly afraid. I had been so helpless and they had seemed so monstrous. I'd been raped. I lived in dreadful fear that my wife and child might become involved. But they were aliens. I couldn't just ignore that.

Night after night, I forced myself to return to the spot from which I thought I'd been taken. I sat there mediating, trying to indicate to them, whoever they were, that I was ready for further involvement.

They were ready, too, and as always they went straight to the heart of the matter: the children became involved. When, during a settling winter dusk, one of our son's little friends said, "A little flying saucer just went through the front yard," my blood ran cold.

I had told all the parents as clearly as I could what was happening at the cabin. (This was while I was still in the first months of the struggle, before I had begun writing *Communion*.) Now I called this child's parents and asked them if she was aware of flying saucers. Not as far as they knew. So I told them what had happened and said that I would be glad to bring their daughter right home. They reacted not with fear but with fascination. "No, no, don't come back. Stay and let's see what happens."

Nothing did, actually, not that night. But there were many other incidents, dozens of them, in fact. The beings were responding to my midnight forays into the woods. The relationship was developing and quickly becoming intimate and domestic. The individual depicted on the cover of *Communion*—in person a petite, graceful being, very quick and precise and with a truly startling, penetrating gaze (referred to as "she")—was often in the house, but almost never in an open and

ordinary way.

Once, our son brought a boy up who had a facial scar from sticking his tongue into an electric light socket. She was just appalled, and I found myself seeing images of his face with smoke pouring out of his mouth. (Her primary means of communication was in mental imagery, more, even, than what we would think of as telepathy. There were few words.) At the same time, the boy kept being woken up by sounds at the bedroom door. He would see her long, snake-like fingers sweeping up and down the door and her nails, which were black, claw-like and, to say the least, deeply concerning, scraping and tapping the wood.

He never came back, and the relationship between the boys soon faded away. He had been scared off by our new friend.

She was soon coming every night and, we knew, entering our son's room. As I described in *Transformation*, the follow-up book to *Communion*, one night I either dreamed that he had been taken or actually saw this. I have never been sure, but as we would hear her walking softly along the porch at night, or hear her little vehicle arriving with a faint clatter of what sounded like ball bearings, we decided to send him to camp.

I wanted the relationship, My wife Anne and I both did, but on our terms, which did not include the involvement of the children.

The night after he left, she appeared again. We heard her vehicle swoop down over the roof and drop into the front yard as usual. And as usual, we saw nothing. But then, when she found his bed empty, we heard a series of soft cries, gentle sounds trembling with disappointment.

I felt ashamed. She had never hurt him. On the contrary, she had demonstrated a desire to protect him. Anne expressed the hope that she wouldn't give up on us. I agreed, and, indeed, the relationship continued and grew.

Looking back, I have come to something of an understanding about why the first encounter was so violent, and also why my fear was so great. I don't feel it now at all, but even as recently as five years ago, I certainly did.

I have come to see the December 26,

1985 encounter as a kind of initiation, whether it was so intended or not. Spiritual initiation aims to upend the initiate's beliefs by forcing him to face something that both provokes him and signals that his view of reality is flawed.

That is exactly what happened to me on that night, and what has happened to many thousands of other people. Millions, possibly. There is no way even to guess at the numbers right now, but it is not a small group.

On that night, I woke up in another world. It was a reality that, if I ever knew it existed, I had certainly forgotten.

On the other side of the initiatory moment, I found myself living not just with a remarkable new relationship, but also with a group of explosive questions. Those questions have come to dominate my life, which has itself become a quest to create a stronger soul.

After her death, I had extensive contact with my wife, and among the things that she said was, "Enlightenment is what happens when there is nothing left of us but love."

I now understand my life in close encounter as a spiritual journey with enlightenment aim. Is that their intention? I don't know, but it is what I have made of it for myself.

Whatever they are, there is one thing about them that is quite clear: they are complex. When I started engaging with them, I was aiming toward a moment of encounter that would be in some way "normal." I imagined sitting down and having a discussion with one of them, perhaps an official representative of some sort.

That simply wasn't in the cards. Instead, I have spent years trying to make my relationship with them come into more consistent focus. Maddeningly, there was a moment early on, which I have written about in detail elsewhere, when it seemed almost to have been possible.

I had been imagining a meeting in the woods near my cabin when, early one cold predawn, I heard an eerie sound echo through the silence. It was like the haunting call of the shofar, the rams horn that is blown on the Jewish Holidays. At the time, I did not

understand the particular significance of the shofar, but later, when I discuss the importance of the number 3 and the triad, it will become clear that it was chosen carefully. It was not an "alien horn" as I initially assumed, but something that is woven into the deepest meaning of human life and the life of the soul.

I threw on a robe and slippers and rushed outside. As I moved toward the meeting place, I could see something large in the clearing beyond the thin woods I was in. It was making a sound familiar to me, that I connected to the noise their machines made when they were hovering.

I was shocked and I hesitated, and, when I did, I heard a rough voice in my head go "come on, come on." The tone was menacing. I was too scared to proceed. I just couldn't do it. So I turned back.

The moment my hand touched the knob on the cabin door, I heard three cries from above the woods—the three saddest, most emotionally nuanced sounds I have ever heard. There was something quite unusual about them: their sonic shape and spacing were startlingly precise and quite unlike anything I had ever heard before. The precision was so extraordinary that it made Mozart and Bach seem muddy by comparison. Pieces that I had always loved became unlistenable, an effect that lasted for months.

As I went back to my bedroom, I felt a presence following me. The moment I lay down, I was plunged back into my babyhood, into the moment I first walked.

In the years since then, despite all my trying, I have never had another chance like that. But perhaps it was intended, and maybe the return to the moment I first walked was a positive message—that this also, which seemed like such a failure, was a first step.

In any case, it set me on what has become the quest of my life. If that moment was repeated, I would go down that path without hesitation. It would be an extraordinary triumph and easy now for me to do.

Back then, I don't think that I was meant to go down that path. It was intended that I fail, so that I would take the journey that has become my life instead. The years of effort that have followed have been like navigating a labyrinth of mirrors, full



of unexpected turnings and deceptive reflections. It is an amazing place, this life I am living. In this life, it is not only possible to be right and wrong about the same thing at the same time, it is often necessary. Either you live at this level of question or you embrace one belief or another. Then it's 'game over.' As Anne, who since her death has become my teacher, has explained, "The human species is too young to have beliefs. What we need are questions." (See our book *The Afterlife Revolution* for more about how our relationship has evolved since her passing in 2015.)

The fact that we can experience manifestations of this other presence - which I so innocently used to call "the visitors" - but cannot explain them has given rise to a massive, ages-long human

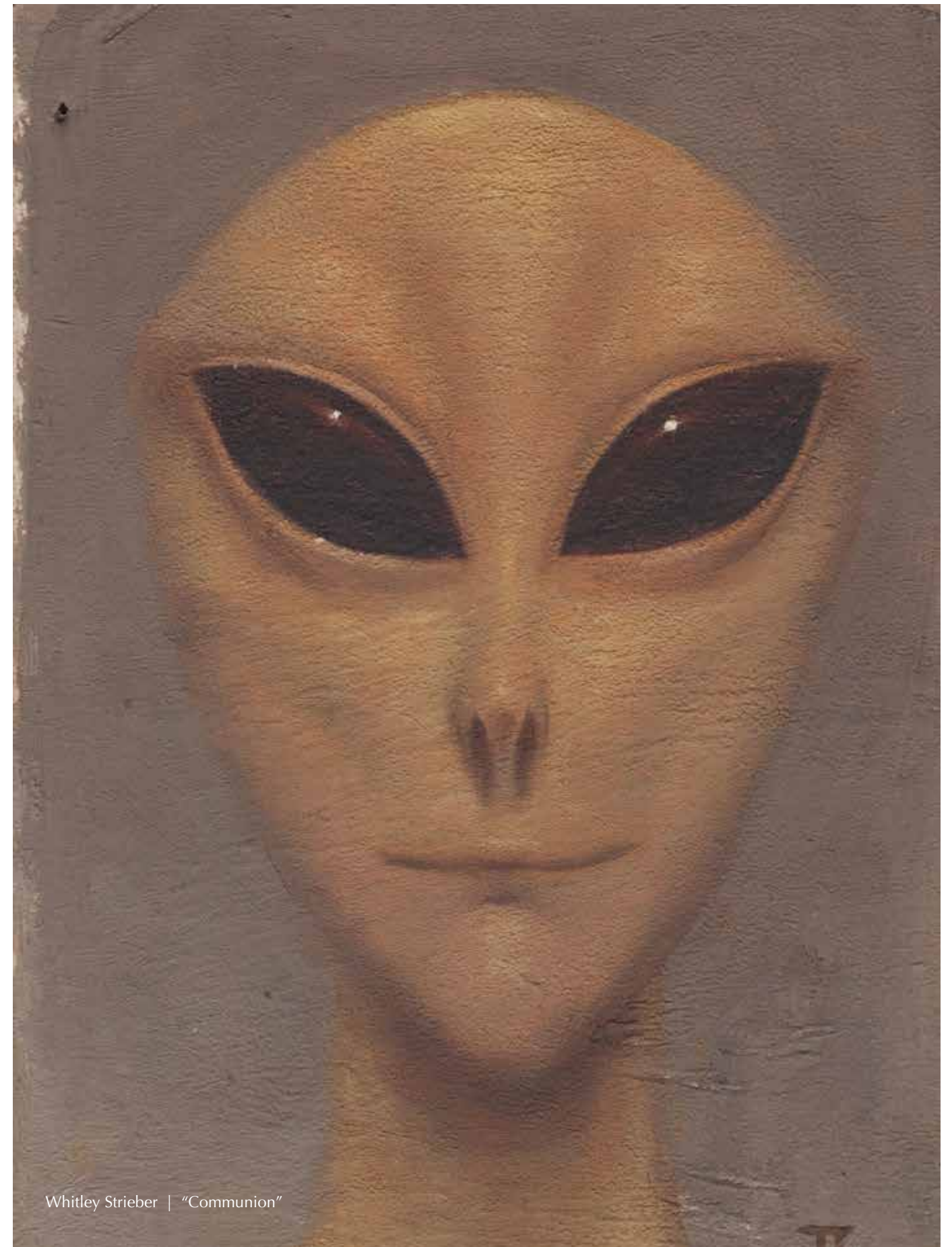
effort to push aside questions that we cannot bear to leave open but also cannot answer. All of our beliefs - our folklores, our religions, even our most fundamental beliefs about who and what we are and the degree to which the world around really is as it appears - must be laid aside by anybody seeking to navigate the labyrinth of what is popularly called "contact." Anne was right when she called it instead "communion." It is a melding of being, quite literally an enlarging both of our consciousness and that of the mysterious presence, which has begun opening itself to us.

It has been here forever, I think. What is happening that is different is that we are not seeing it so much through the lenses of myth, religion and folklore anymore. We are growing more mature, and so is

our relationship with it. So the wall of belief that has separated us for all these long ages is coming down.

We have been in a prison of our own creation, trying to make sense of things we could see but not understand. We know that now, many of us, and so have the chance at last to unlock the doors of perception and see with the clarity of reason, knowledge and understanding, what is really there.

A terrifying encounter has become a great adventure, and the treasure of my life.



Whitley Strieber | "Communion"





# Contributors Bios

## DAVID LOUIS

receives calls from many people seeking out the help of an animal communicator. It can be as simple as satisfying a curiosity and as complex as determining the most compassionate time to let your furry friend go, or identifying a physical issue that can improve your animal's quality of life.

The life mission of David Louis is to bring you and your animals together through extraordinary means to facilitate healing, happiness and improved communication.

Talk to Your Animals is a sole proprietorship started by Animal Communicator David Louis in 2001. David has studied and taught interspecies communication extensively with the finest teachers available, most notably Penelope Smith. He has assisted Penelope with her workshops at Kirpalu Center for Yoga and Health and the Omega Institute.

As an animal communicator, David has worked with many species, from dogs, cats, horses, bunnies, ferrets and hedgehogs to racoons and porcupines. He has taught, presented workshops, talks and sessions throughout the northeastern United States, in Canada and Europe. And, with an eye toward the stressors often endured by rescued animals, David regularly uses his skills to assist and raise money for non-profit animal rescue organizations.

## PHILIPPE PETIT

(born 13 August 1949) is a French high-wire artist who gained fame for his high-wire walk between the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center in New York City, on the morning of August 7, 1974 as well as his high wire walk between the towers of Notre Dame cathedral Paris, 1971 For his unauthorized feat 400 metres (1,000 feet) above the ground – which he referred to as “le coup”, he rigged a 200-kilogram (440-pound) cable and used a custom-made 8-metre (30-foot) long, 25-kilogram (55-pound) balancing pole. He performed for 45 minutes, making eight passes along the wire. The following week, he celebrated his 25th birthday. All charges were dismissed in exchange for him doing a performance in Central Park for children.

Since then, Petit has lived in New York, where he has been artist-in-residence at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, also a location of other aerial performances. He has done wire walking as part of official celebrations in New York, across the United States, and in France and other countries, as well as teaching workshops on the art. In 2008, *Man on Wire*, a documentary directed by James Marsh about Petit's walk between the towers, won numerous awards. He was also the subject of a children's book and an animated adaptation of it, released in 2005. *The Walk*, a movie based on Petit's walk, was released in September 2015, starring Joseph Gordon-Levitt as Petit and directed by Robert Zemeckis.

He also became adept at equestrianism, juggling, fencing, carpentry, rock-climbing, and bullfighting. Spurning circuses and their formulaic performances, he created his street persona on the sidewalks of Paris. In the early 1970s, he visited New York City, where he frequently juggled and worked on a slackline in Washington Square Park.

## LUCIO POZZI

was born in 1935 in Milan, Italy. After living a few years in Rome, where he studied architecture, he came to the United States in 1962, as a guest of the Harvard International Summer Seminar. He then settled in New York and became a US citizen. After a while, his art began to be seen here and abroad in galleries such as Bykert, John Weber, Gianenzo Sperone, Yvon Lambert, Leo Castelli. He currently lives and works in Hudson, NY, and Valeggio s/M (Verona) Italy.

Pozzi is a painter who likes to paint and pursue his painterly concerns in other media as well. In 1978, the Museum of Modern Art, New York, exhibited his early videotapes in one of the first single-artist exhibitions of the Projects:Video series. He also sets up large installations and presents performances. He occasionally writes and has taught at the Cooper Union, Yale Graduate Sculpture Program, Princeton University, School of Visual Arts NY and the Maryland Institute of Art. He currently is an occasional visiting professor at American art schools and European Academies.

His art is represented in a great many public and private collections. His paintings are exhibited in public and private galleries worldwide. Retrospectives of his art were held at Kunsthalle Bielefeld (1982) and Badischer Kunstverein, Karlsruhe (1983), Germany, and at the Museum of New Art (2001), Detroit, MI, Kalamazoo Institute of Art, MI (2002); Works on Paper, Mus. Contemp. Art, Genova Italy, 2005; Fabrikulture, Hegenheim (Basel), France (2011). His work has been presented at Documenta 6 (1977) and at the Venice Biennale (American Pavilion) in 1980.

## JOHN RED CLOUD

Oglala Lakota, is the Vice President of Red Cloud Renewable in Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

He is a graduate of Red Cloud High School and the University of San Diego, Bachelor of Arts in history.

## JENNIFER STEIN

is an artist, entrepreneur, activist and award-winning documentary filmmaker, winning four EBE awards at the Open Minds International UFO Congress. Her latest documentary film, “*TRAVIS: The True Story of Travis Walton*” has won over 24 main stream film festival awards breaking new ground bringing the UFO topic and the Travis Walton famous 1995 abduction story to the main steam. More information can be found at [TravisWaltontheMovie.com](http://TravisWaltontheMovie.com). She holds a BA in Science for the University of Arizona. She grew up in an entrepreneurial family and has owned and operated 3 independent businesses in Philadelphia.

As an artist, entrepreneur, activist, she has served on a number of nonprofit institutional boards in the Philadelphia area including her regional public access television network for which she is a producer.

Jennifer is a coordinating member of Noetic Sciences Shift in Action for Southeastern Pa. & State Section.

She is Director and field investigator for the Mutual UFO Network. Visit her website: [www.MainLineMUFON.com](http://www.MainLineMUFON.com).

## ALAN STEINFELD

approaches ideas about UFOs and ETs by looking at the nature of perception. In order to truly make contact we have to shift our worldview and make ourselves available to new possibilities. As human beings we need not only to understand but experience ourselves as part of a universe full life. As the consciousness that occupies the human vehicle, we need to realize our non local nature and our relationship to beings -seen and unseen.

As we discover more subtle realms of being, we initiate an evolutionary epoch. Open Contacts is the part of the awakening of the more refined senses of feeling that have been held at bay by our current social consciousness. But they are hardwired into our mind/ brain interchange. The awareness of the multidimensional parts of ourselves gives birth to a wider field of awareness in which we can interact with each other and the other being waiting for our maturation. When we accept who and what we are, we are ready to venture into a multiverse awaiting our exploration.

Alan Steinfeld is the creator, host and producer of NewRealities, a television program, radio show, website and event producing company that he founded 20 years ago. In this time, Alan has interviewed over 3,000 people in the mind, body, and consciousness human potential movement including such best-selling authors as Deepak Chopra, Marianne Williamson, JJ Hurtak, Dr. Joe Dispenza, Anita Moorjani, Lynne McTaggart, Artist Alex Grey, Bruce Lipton, Ram Dass and many others. To date there are over 14 million viewers of NewRealities programs on his YouTube Channel:<http://youtube.com/newrealities>.

Since he was a child he had some form of ET contact. This became an intense abduction experience in the summer of 1987 and since then he has awakened to the fact of ET realities. He feels the best thing for humanity would be the disclosure of their pre-season and the integration of exo-consciousness. He has been a speaker at the UFO round table in Yonkers, the Disclosure Circle in New York and he recently hosted 3,000 people at the UFO festival Contact in the Desert in Joshua Tree, CA. He feels that only when the realities of the world meet the inner explorations of the conscious can we achieve, as planetary beings, a

harmonious understanding of ourselves in relation to the cosmos.

## WHITLEY STRIEBER

is the author of the *Communion* series of books and many novels ranging from the *Wolfen* and *the Hunger* to the Grays and his exciting new *Alien Hunter* series. *Communion*, *the Wolfen*, *the Hunger* and *Superstorm* have all been made into movies, *Superstorm* as *the Day After Tomorrow*.

Whitley is a Texan, and *The Secret School* has been listed by *Texas Monthly* among the top 10 books written by Texans. *Alien Hunter* has been made into TV series by the Syfy Channel. The Grays is being made into a film.

*The Afterlife Revolution* is Whitley's latest book, on sale from December 15, 2017. This book, written with Anne Strieber and with a foreword by Dr. Gary Schwartz, unique in the world as it has been created out of communications between Whitley and his wife Anne from across the bridge between the worlds of the living and the dead. Anne died on August 11, 2015, but soon returned in an absolutely unique and profoundly convincing way. What she did and what she brought form the core of *the Afterlife Revolution*.

## JOHN VAN DER DOES

is a 76 year old yoga teacher. He never did well in school, was dyslexic, stuttered and had a hard time learning how to read; somehow, he got over his stuttering in his early teens. In 1968, John was a legal clerk and paratrooper in Vietnam; his position received incoming mortar attacks several times. His formal education is a chaotic mess. In the early 70s, however, he attended the Language Center in Besançon and the Université de Besançon, France and during a summer in Besançon he taught English to French students, traveled in Europe and came back to the New York City where he drove a taxi. In 1976, John returned to France for a seminar on Boris Vian, an incredible polymath not well appreciated in the States which was held at the Centre Culturel International de Cerisy in Normandy. John remained in Paris from 1976 until 1986 and during that time was a member of the College of ‘Pataphysics. (‘Pataphysics is the science of the particular and of laws governing exceptions.) In 1983, he interviewed Robert Anton Wilson in Dublin, Ireland. Wilson is the co-author with Robert

Shea of the underground classic The Illuminatus Trilogy and author of Cosmic Trigger and other works. The interview was first translated and published in a French magazine, and the original English has been recently published in the newly revised edition of Wilson's book Coincidence: A Head Test. The word “coincidence” (the dance of coincidences) can be found in Joyce's “Finnegan's Wake” and is much like Carl Jung's synchronicity, signifying meaningful moments of chance. In the 1990's, John returned to NYC and worked at the Strand Bookstore in lower Manhattan. John's interests include Ashtanga Yoga, Sanskrit, alternative science and archaeology, and science fiction. He lives in almost rural Vermont with his wife Martha Nichols, an artist.

## TOMMA VON HAEFTEN

is a trained Avatar Master, FutureVisioning Practitioner, accredited Journey Practitioner, certified Hypnotherapist and Shamanic Healer.

She has followed several interests and passions in life. In her teenage years she pursued her love for music as a violinist and classical singer. Later she discovered the world of art, and studied painting at art schools in Hamburg, New York and Düsseldorf, where she became an accomplished abstract painter.

In her early thirties, after the birth of her second daughter, she was drawn to explore metaphysical questions, non-adversarial parenting, spiritual practices, energy and healing work. It became a lifelong pursuit of learning, inner growth and self discovery. Her search was fueled by the desire to be of service to other people's evolution along the path of their soul.

As an eternal optimist and believer in the inherent goodness of human nature, Tomma collected cutting edge knowledge and skills in order to facilitate positive, permanent change in our physical cellular structure, our emotional patterns, and our ego driven identity.

More than ever she feels an urgent call to contribute to the evolution of human consciousness on our planet so that we can create a deeper mutual understanding and more enlightened behavior not only within our families, but also in our communities and between our nations. She currently regards the integration of

our shadow as the greatest priority and greatest challenge in this evolution.

#### FUMIKO WELLINGTON

is a freelance violinist currently residing in Hawaii. She has performed extensively in the United States and Europe, in symphony, chamber and jazz formations as well as in the studio.

When not performing music, she also pursues work in other fields of interest, including needlework, costume design, gardening and culinary arts. In addition, she has produced and directed many cultural events, notably the Fresh Chamber salon series, the Studio 909 Presents jazz series, and The Hawaii Contrabass Festival (2000-2016), an internationally acclaimed educational symposium.

In 1977, Fumiko travelled to New York to study at the Manhattan School of Music, during which time she met Philippe Petit at his chalk circle in Sheridan Square Park. Since then they have collaborated on numerous projects, among them Tour et Fil (Paris, 1989), Historischer Hochseillauf

(Frankfurt, 1994), and Wireless! (New York City, 2011).

#### LEAH POLLER

is a representational sculptor who completed her classic studies in Paris at the prestigious Ecole Nationale Supérieure de Beaux Arts. Partaking of a rich, multi-cultural environment, Poller interacted with foremost members of the international arts communities of France, Spain, Italy and Latin America during her 20 years in Europe. While balancing a career in Fine Art, she also worked in film, art book publishing and curation of paintings, sculpture, book art, concrete poetry, etc. Returning to the United States in 1992, she opened The Art Alliance in a consummate Soho loft where she introduced "Culture Shock Artists" and "New to America" mid and late career artists (Jacques Soisson, Ipousteguy, Ugo Attardi, Bernardo Torrens, etc.). Her salon evenings were presented in the grand tradition of the European Salon, while "Frame it, Its Yours" and "Yin-yang - A social/cultural Laboratory" were precursors to current trends in gallery activities. Poller has curated more than 125 exhibitions worldwide.

In 2003, she was named Director of "Intercambios de Arte y Cultural Internacional"(International Art and Cultural Exchanges), a not-for profit furthering cultural exchanges between the Americas and spearheading the restoration of a major twentieth century mural, recently revealed to be the work of Philip Guston and in large part due to Poller's efforts, now returned to the public domain.

Simultaneously, she began the conceptual work "Beds", 101 bronze metaphors related to the bed, which has been exhibited in galleries and institutions in Europe, Mexico, China and throughout the United States. In parallel, she conceived of its social media component "Bed/unmade ([www.bedunmade.com](http://www.bedunmade.com)), a digital collection of unmade bed photos from around the world.

From her classical training as a portraitist, Poller has had notable portrait commissions (Fred Ho – legendary jazz musician, Enrique Guzman – Latin American correspondent to the White House, etc.). Poller's interest in consciousness is communicated in her



Watercolor by David Cottrell



Watercolor by A. Kirke Morgan



**"Messengers of a Front", painting by Karen Gunderson**

portraits by giving shape and form to the thoughts of the subject which migrate from internal to external, appearing as "headdresses" on her subjects. Her ongoing "Warrior Women" series was a forerunner to the feminist movement and she continues today actively defending equality for women.

In 2015, she was selected as the only foreigner and first American to be honored with a one person exhibition for the "Biennale of Female Sculptors" in Beijing, China.

Poller has been Copy Editor for New Observations since its renaissance. She has lectured extensively and held workshops on creativity. She lives and works in Harlem, NY.

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#bedunmade

**REBECCA HARDCASTLE WRIGHT, PH.D.**

is the founder of the Institute for Exoconsciousness. The Institute's mission is to support and enhance human-extraterrestrial consciousness through contact, communication, and collaboration for the advancement of psychic intelligence and cosmic consciousness, fostering human-centered, Earth-nurturing health and peace.

In 2016, the Institute created The Community of the Exoconscious, comprised of individuals who acknowledge and integrate their ET

experience. The community promotes the belief that all humans have an innate ability to connect and commune with ETs via consciousness.

This international Exoconscious community provides safe structured online support and resources. In addition to networking Exoconscious Humans, their goal is to intentionally co-create ET-Human communication portals, respectful of our multiplicity of races, cultures, and perspectives.

Rebecca is trained in hypnotherapy, spiritual counseling, and transformational coaching. She has 30 years of experience as a holistic hypnotherapist, consciousness researcher, university chaplain and life coach.

Her professional expertise is the field of parapsychic science, principally consciousness. As Washington, DC representative she was a member of Apollo 14 Astronaut, Dr. Edgar Mitchell's, Quantrek organization. At Quantrek, she worked with a team of international scientists researching and applying zero-point energy, consciousness, and the extraterrestrial presence.

As a writer, speaker, and futurist, Rebecca is the author of Exoconsciousness: Your 21st Century Mind. Recently she contributed to the film, God's Among Us: The Science of Contact. She also participated in the Phoenix Lights documentary. She is a frequent guest on radio, television, and conferences where

she shares effective ways to acknowledge and integrate ET contact, transforming the experience into a positive beneficial life.

*New Book Coming:*  
**The All Is God Code**  
*by Ananda Bosman*



**Upcoming Events 2019:**  
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*June 15th & 16th: Seattle, WA*  
*October 5th & 6th: Seattle, WA*  
*November, December & January 2020: Workshop-Series, Boston, MA*

For more information on Ananda's new book & upcoming events visit:  
**www.anandabosman.com**

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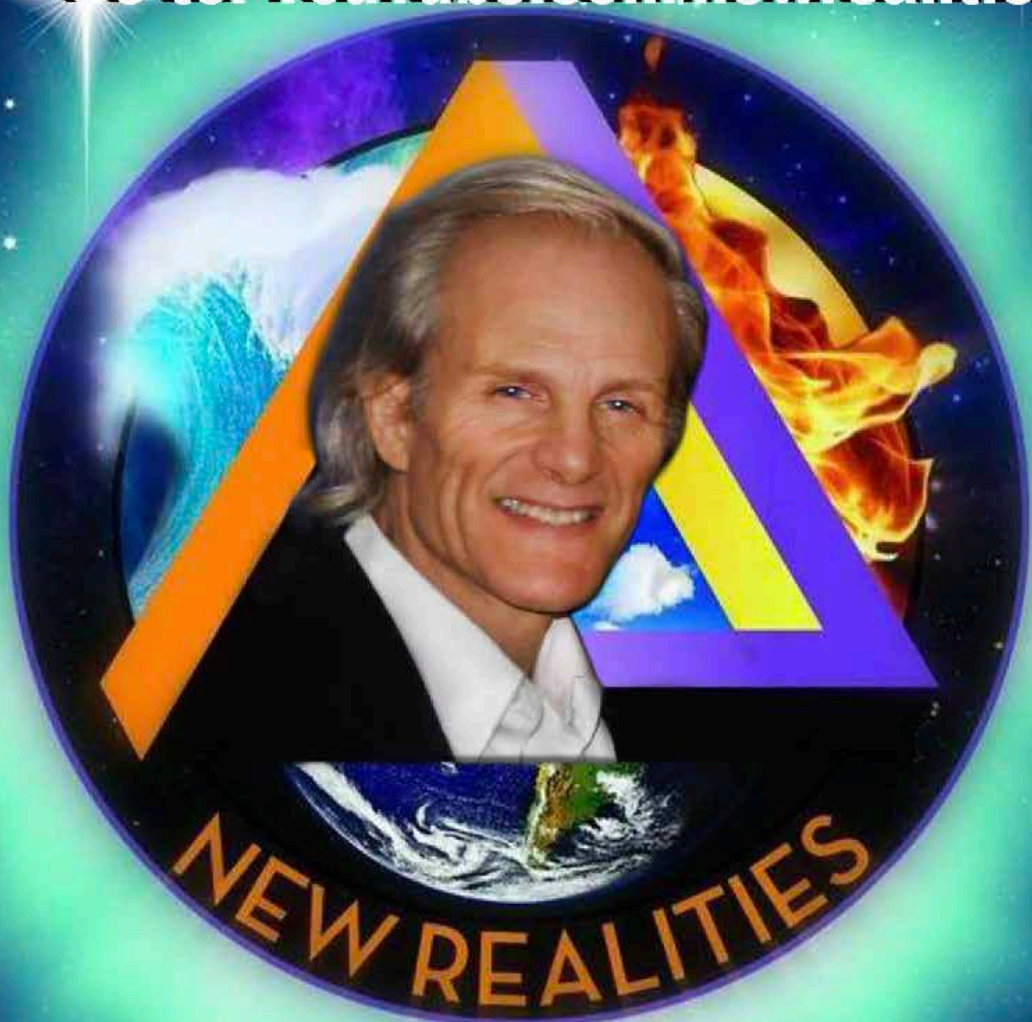
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