



S O L A R 2 0 1 2

A S H O R T S T O R Y
b y N i k l a s S p i t z

Propagation

The many things that happen, the many forms that life takes on, are of an ephemeral nature. They are all fleeting. Things, bodies and egos, events, situations, thoughts, emotions, desires, ambitions, fears, drama... they come, pretend to be all-important, and before you know it they are gone, dissolved into the no-thingness out of which they came. Were they ever real? Were they ever more than a dream, the dream of form...?

A New Earth - Eckhart Tolle

Venus, descending towards the western horizon, can be seen haloed through a misty atmospheric haze, hovering over the hills before the distant ocean. Above that shrouded, yet brilliant star of a planet, a little higher in the sky, Jupiter appears smaller yet seemingly closer due to its vivid point of light. But Jupiter, at six times the distance, could swallow Venus, Earth and most of the solar system whole. Above that diminutive giant (with attendant fainter ring system and spinning moons one might surmise) floats the distant, enigmatic cluster of The Pleiades and "the follower" Aldebaran. Continuing eastward, up towards the zenith, the constellation Orion, and Sirius - the brightest star in the sky - one of only a handful of other stars visible tonight. Mars, with its distinctive amber hue, has risen over the hills to the east - all following the path of the sun, now set below the western horizon of the planet on which you reside. Above you and between all these celestial bodies now, hangs the moon, bold, brilliant, heavy in its proximity, gyrating imperceptibly, heaving tides and blood as it lils in great timeless arcs across the heavens. Beyond her, the unfathomable depths of the cosmos also have their influence you imagine, and, you feel fleetingly, in moments like this, that you are not separate.

You are lying in a broad, claw foot bath tub, in which all of this can be seen, reflected on the surface of the warm, aromatic waters, soothing and supporting the weight of your body, out in the gardens of your solitary mountain home. You are deep in contemplation. Beneath the celestial horizon, a dark silhouette traces the mountain ridges to the south, where faint yellow lights hover over the valley - other homesteads, scattered, floating through out the hills, earthbound nodes of consciousness and manifestation, like a handful of stars fallen to earth, trapped in a low web of gravity.

And here you are floating, almost disembodied, graceful bamboo culms arcing over you in the darkness, dancing gently in the breeze, a faint sweet aroma of thyme redolent in the air after you stepped between the paving stones, moon overhead, earth under foot.

You watch as the blinking lights of an aircraft appear over the ridge line, and move swiftly across the sky, seemingly beyond Venus towards Jupiter. In your imagination, you leap passed it as you close your eyes, and follow the path of the sun below the horizon. You venture out across space - time, to approach that great distant source of life-giving energy. You have heard it's extraordinarily active at this time. Maybe this unfathomable giant is agitating for some great cataclysmic event. And you draw closer in your imagining to this immense volatile furnace, traveling the vastness of space until the solar wind begins to deafen you with its cosmic roar. You try to cover your eyes, but the intense light penetrates you mercilessly. Your breathing falters, you are gasping, your senses paralysed, and you observe as your flesh strips away in a flash and your bones disintegrate, back into the particles from which they were composed. You feel a pang of fear at this notion of death - you feel it in your gut, but the thought-feeling moves through you as you explore it without resistance, no contraction, no contradiction - embracing feelings as they arise and pass away. You remain present in this moment.

There is a monstrous wall of blazing white thermo nuclear fusion in front of you, resisting penetration by your consciousness, like the overwhelming force of a blast furnace stymying your progress, yet in the realm of the mind there are no limits, and you pass into the sun's corona. You drift through gargantuan animated arcs of fire - solar storm cells erupting out into space, sending waves of plasma back towards the Earth. You are lost microscopically in this colossal ocean of energy, tumbling through upwelling thermo nuclear eruptions that could swallow the rest of the solar system like Saturn devouring his son, yet you descend, drawn through subsurface flows, riding great spiralling wells, deeper, deeper, drawn through an immense molten gravity well to the inner core. And then, suddenly, all is silent - dense - still. Time ceases to exist.

There is movement again - you do not belong here now and you are spun out through the far side of the sun - a converse spiralic upwelling throws you out from the core, through a coronal mass ejection, and you are riding a great storm wave, rippling throughout the reaches of the solar system away from Earth. You fly past brilliant, vibrant points of light - great, sparkling, living diamond matrices of stars, grouped in clusters across lightyears of void.

Beyond the solar system, distant gas clouds, expansive light and dense matter, churn out immeasurable new stars, new worlds, as you hurtle by a sea of

countless constellations, as countless as the eclectic, electric neurones in your mind conjuring this image - they are not separate.

You approach the unimaginable galactic centre - the ultimate source.

This energy centre is numinous beyond the comprehension of a body-tied mortal and you find yourself ejected from your journey, back into the warm, white, enamelled tub in your garden, in the mountains of earth.

You take a deep breath.

You feel happy to be alive on this beautiful garden planet.

A memory flashes into your mind. You were hooking up a media player to your sound system, through a digital-optic cable, remember? Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was rolling on the player and as you went to plug the cable into the receiver - suddenly, across a gap of about an inch, the full orchestral sound flooded through those huge cherry wood speakers; all the rich and complex layers of sound traveling across that gap of air, through a silent light beam; all the emotional and spiritual richness born of the perception and expression of that composer's life, carried forward; all the dedication, skill, artistry and complex organisation of orchestra, conductor, recording artists - all that information - traveling through a mellifluous beam of light, across space and time.

That was you wasn't it? Or was that a story someone else told you - someone else's memory? It doesn't really matter. It opens your mind. Light as a medium of information. Transformation perhaps.

It is late. The air is still. A sweet, musky scent emanates from a nearby rose geranium, weaving in and out of your senses, dancing with the intoxicating scent of jasmine. As you propagate and tend the jasmine, in return, it fulfils your need for beauty with its prolific trailing constellations of white flowers, offering the fragrance of its orgiastic bloom up into the cosmos.

There is the dream, and there is the dreamer of the dream. The dream is a short-lived play of forms. It is the world – relatively real but not absolutely real. Then there is the dreamer, the absolute reality in which the forms come and go. The dreamer is not the person. The person is part of the dream. The dreamer is the substratum in which the dream appears, that which makes the dream possible. It is the absolute behind the relative, the timeless behind time, the consciousness in and behind form. The dreamer is consciousness itself – who you are.

A New Earth - Eckhart Tolle

Dissemination

Putting his sour margarita down on the lustrous rosewood bar, ebullient hum and clink and shimmer all around, salty tang on his sensual mouth, as Sunniva reaches for her glass, Callum catches a dainty drift of sweat from under her arm, mingled with some pleasant floral fragrance, and this olfactory sense triggers a subliminal response in his blood and psyche. She is smiling, engaged. There's a vibrant tension in the air. He goes on enthusiastically.

"Well the sun is our nearest source, like a radio beacon you know, relaying information from its source which is the centre of our galaxy, right?"

"Aha, aha, I see..." she sings in her canted Norwegian accent. "And what's your empirical evidence for this - you've travelled across the unknown reaches of the galaxy perhaps?"

"Ha-ha, well maybe I have, Ms Lündqvist" says Callum with mock derision. "And, I'll bet there are more things between heaven and Earth, than are dreamt of in your science!"

"Oh really, Mr Case?"

"Yuh, or my opinion no doubt, but if you'd care to indulge me, my point is this precessional, 26,000 year cycle of the equinoxes, apparently puts the Sun and the Earth in alignment with the galactic plane, right, and this appears to coincide with the completion of the Mesoamerican Long Count calendar cycle - on the winter solstice of this year - December 21st! This also accords with the belief's and observations of a great many visionaries, ancient astronomers, seers, philosophers and contemporary scholars alike, from the Babylonians to the most progressive thinkers of today."

"Aha, that's lovely" She says, humouring him with the tease of a smile and a twinkle in her eye "So the end is nigh and we're all going to fall off the edge of the..."

"No, no, we're not talking about the end of the world. That's for paranoiacs, whacko evangelists and Hollywood. We're talking about the end of an old era and the beginning of a new one! We're talking about transformation! According to the Mayan mythology, this event horizon represents a great, cyclic "portal of potential" - the earth, sun and galactic core all lined up."

As a geeky, eccentric student of astrophysics, Sunniva is inclined to reserve judgement, though she remains open to Callum's radical ideas. She is enjoying the conversation and the attentions of this wild eyed archeologist. His voice is deep and strong and it resonates in her and she feels a primal attraction. She wiggles her hips settling her bottom into the bar stool. Callum notices an opulent bulge accentuated by the tight black dress that swoops in at her waist. A

superficial part of his mind judges her a little overweight, but the deeper visceral instinct is one of celebration, like a holiday in appreciation of the curve of moon and earth and all the gorgeous undulations in life.

She leans forward. "Well then Callum, you appreciate we are talking about a transit time over thousands of light years in space and time, on a galactic scale... so the event horizon you are describing would actually take... let's see... around 36 years for your December solstice sun to precess through the Galactic equator. I also believe this alignment of the solstice point was calculated to occur in 1998 as a matter of fact - in which case, we would be talking about 1998 minus 18 years for the ingress, plus 18 years for the sun to exit this plane... that puts your alignment between 1980 and 2016. So I suppose you might like to call it "era-2012." A Galactic alignment zone rather than any 'event horizon."

Holy shit, this chick is sharp, thinks Callum "Hmm." He is silent for a moment. "Okay, okay," he picks up enthusiastically, "if what you're saying is correct, that fits very well with my understanding..."

She raises broad, fair eyebrows over ice blue eyes and prominent cheekbones like pale moons rising.

"Well..." he continues, "I expect Y2k through 2012 and all the other "end-times" were subliminally inspired for a reason, though the point seems to mostly have been missed. Don't you think it's interesting the Mayan culture's sophisticated calendar system resets to zero at this astronomically significant time? And that's as measured by our state of the art technology. With their eye sight and manual calculations, they said the sun would be birthed at the end of this cycle and according to that mythos, we're not born 'til we're out of the birth canal, right? The sun is on its way out as we speak!"

"Okay, but you said everyone's missing the point - so what exactly is the point?"

There's a cute smirk on Callum's ruggedly lined and unshaven face. His eyes are shimmering darkly under the twilit bar. His woven rust red and deep forest green shirt hangs a little open over his tanned chest and his posture is one of a man at ease, sitting back openly, warmly.

"Well... everyone seems to have their own cultural or religious interpretations beyond astronomical observation - and we may see the physics - dense matter, but I'm not sure we really see the forest for the trees if you know what I mean. I for one feel kind of divorced from the 'feeling' perception as a man raised in this culture. Consider the effect the moon has on our thinking, emotion, life rhythms, tectonics, tides... As above, so below - on a solar and galactic scale! And considering the increasing frequency and extremity of events we see now in technology, climate instability, space-weather - it seems something is going on. On another wavelength, we appear to be witnessing rapidly shifting empires,

socio-economic instability, ideologies, paradigms - the increasing spread of information and change at logarithmic speed.

"The Mayan mythology speaks of a marriage of the masculine and feminine principles, and what I believe I see growing almost imperceptibly from the ground up, is the decline of patriarchal hierarchy and the rise of the egalitarian feminine... not reactionary feminism, but partnership - union of opposites"

There's an earnestness in his voice. He reaches for his drink. She puts hers down. She lowers her eyes for a moment, considering Callum's views and then lifts them bright and alluring as Venus. She gives her glass a shake, clinking the ice cubes and takes another sip.

"I'm not sure I'm convinced - times and planets and civilisations are always shifting" she says, playing with him just a little, a siren safely on the rocks.

"Sure, well frankly I'm not bound to Mayanism, though it's the cultural pretext I'm expected to expound upon by my readers and it does provide a model that is convenient... You really are quite lovely"

She flutters her eyelids, tickled by the spontaneous flattery.

"But think about this," he continues, suspending amorous attention for a moment, "the Axial Age over 2000 years ago, laid down the spiritual foundations of humanity - Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius, Jesus, all birthed philosophy and consciousness as we know it, still enduring to this day, from East to West. This was a time of phenomenal transformation - do you imagine they saw what was happening then? It was also a time of war and conflict and confusion, just like today... I mean, look at what's going on, from the fall of communism to the Arab Spring and the varied populous rallies online and on the streets globally."

Sunniva continues to show enough interest and Callum goes on a little didactically "The locus of power continues to shift in time - away from the empires of old Europe and North America now, but beyond that notion of capitalistic power, see how fast things are changing - over decades instead of centuries or millennia. Look at these huge social movements rising from the ground up facilitated by nondiscriminatory communications technology - the terrain is shifting under the feet of the 'oil-igarchs' - they're clutching at straws thinking they have power, but their antics are futile - the earth turns inexorably towards revolution! The natives are restless!"

She takes a noticeable breath. He's on a roll, and though he notices her attention wane momentarily, allows himself to complete his thoughts.

"Look at the freedoms and rights of minorities and women and the growth of environmental awareness and perception globally. There's a hell of a lot going on right now - more than is apparent from one vantage point. I believe we're on the threshold of a new era being birthed by a vast movement that has no visible centre or name or profile yet - we're talking global, non-profit, heart centred! I

see this as a transformation away from divisiveness and survival of the fittest, to benevolence, community, respect - if you look broadly around, away from the insistence of media, you'll see it. These things may not be measurable, but are significant, expansive and flowering - just keep your eyes and heart open and you'll feel it!" His expression freezes in a broad, sincere smile. "Okay my soliloquy is done." He catches his breath and settles back down.

Sunniva smiles back. There's a moment of silence as they collect their respective private thought space, still beaming gleefully, euphoric from their engagement.

There's no reason not to like what he's saying, but it seems rather a flight of poetic fantasy. He seems sincere though and his wild green eyes are sensitive and intelligent. His strong earthy features make her feel at ease, trusting. "You know, I had an interesting dream a couple of nights ago," She says... "it's hard to put into words, but we were all like one bright amorphous sphere, like god consciousness. Individual teardrop forms were falling away as people, but everyone made of the same stuff, not separate, and then returning like drops of light back into the ocean - an ocean of light. It felt so liberating and beautiful and just - like we were all working together - all part of the same stuff and purpose - earth, spirit, people.

I like this lady he thinks. A thrill spins up within him then suddenly. He Manages to maintain his composure to some extent, but this is the third margarita in his hand - he puts it down. He's feeling pretty loose. He looks her in the eye, challenges her with his most alluring smile and with tauntingly narrowed eyes, takes a leap.

"I think you should come home with me tonight Sunniva."

"Oh. Do you really?" says she, potentially open to the seduction, "And why's that?" She leans forward delicately, leading with her heart, but her voluptuous cleavage is ready to burst out, like a swan ejected from aquatic depths, or the moon bursting out from behind fast moving clouds, fancies Callum with erotic poesy. He feels a rush of hormonal excitement enter his blood now and lets it subvert him.

"Well, apart from the fact you're a mathematical genius, have an irresistible accent, and are completely gorgeous, I feel an overwhelming desire to disarm your ladylike composure and chase you all around my suite and ravage you and rip off your dress with my teeth and worship you all over." A wicked gleam in his eye.

A laugh escapes her in mildly shocked surprise, even as a preconscious thrill of delight lifts her voice to a squeal. She blushes.

Sunniva was given to transposing stellar radio frequencies into musical harmonies, during her long winter hours alone, and publishing these compositions under the artiste name of "Astralady." This music was celebrated by a few eccentric connoisseurs of articulate fringe electronica, including, as yet unbeknownst to them, a radical archeologist by the name of Callum Case. There would be many other synchronicities and sympathetic pairings heralded around this time. Sunniva, in any event, was not given to going home with recent acquaintances. Nor however, was she accustomed to being seen as quite so desirable, not possessing the kind of perfect porcelain beauty celebrated by popular media.

But Callum recognised in her cool blue eyes, a warm, un-expressed wildness that seemed portentous of a thrilling adventure. He also appreciated her windswept, eccentric beauty, alabaster skin, radiant smile, and, he fancied, a voracious sexuality waiting to be unleashed. There was an undeniable chemistry that had led them to this moment and Sunniva was feeling un-self consciously alive under such amorous attentions. The dormant desire in her had begun to unfurl, like a panther ready to pounce.

Stepping out into the night, taking a moment to reorient as their eyes adjusted, their peripheral vision caught a play of light in the broad swath of sky above the tall glassy buildings of downtown San Francisco.

"My god," he breathed. Callum had never seen anything like this, but Sunniva had. They were both instantly sober. Green and blue swaths of light illuminated the sky with floating bands of magenta, undulating, dancing deliriously across the heavens.

"The Aurora borealis," she whispered.

"It's ... so ...beautiful"

"Yes" she agreed, gently, incredulously, "... but what in heaven's name is it doing at this latitude?"

They stood, necks craned for twenty minutes, transfixed by the magical beauty of the atmospheric light show. Others too, stumbled out into the streets, pulled over in their cars, shifting into slow motion, abstracted by the transcendent beauty of the heavens spectral dance.

Sunniva and Callum did end up going home together that evening, but they didn't have rampant fetishistic sex - that would come later. They did make love beautifully however - joyfully, tearfully, by candle light.

For some reason, the power had gone out.

Proliferation

WASHINGTON — Space weather could pose serious problems here on Earth in the coming years, the chief of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA) said Saturday.

An X class solar flare erupted from the sun Feb. 14 sending a coronal mass ejection almost directly toward Earth. The wave of highly charged particles entered the Earth's magnetic field to cause geomagnetic storms that wiped out radio communications in the Western Pacific Ocean and parts of Asia. Airlines rerouted polar flights to avoid radio outages.

Future eruptions could cause extensive damage to sensitive transformers and capacitors in power grids potentially causing power outages for days, weeks, months, or even, in the case of severe damage, years, experts warned. We are working to improve our ability to forecast solar storms in advance, equip more satellites with radiation shielding and fortify power grids with resilient transformers and capacitors they said.

Countless synchronicities, alignments of purpose and partnerships began to fall into place over the decades following the first rolling black outs. As centralised systems faltered in those first years, unable to meet the demands the overgrown corporations had created, people found their inherent resourcefulness and ingenuity as they rallied to support one another in their neighbourhoods and communities. Make shift barter and trade and innovative local market systems became the de facto and preferred means of daily exchange as the old supply chains collapsed. Resources defaulted to being locally and sustainably managed by necessity. Micro power generation and other alternative technologies found their long awaited place, and by the time the centralised services were back up, few were interested to become indentured to them once more. Real time human exchange and values became immediate without the biased leverage of a distant race or resource.

People were no longer willing to be complicit in and contribute to destructive practices and institutions supported by sold out political, military, or other financial, industrial and corporate complexes. These had all, with increasingly undeniable controversy, become incestuously myopic, and ultimately brought about their own decay.

Once the initial upheaval subsided, people began to find their balance and settle into simpler rhythms, no longer feeling the need to rush around frenetically like caffeine crazed automatons trying to support a non-existent hierarchy previously sold onto them.

A minority missed the consumptive plethora of so many so called essential conveniences, but most found it far more satisfying to spend time with family and friends, rediscovering the abundant leisure time that other less complicated mammals never forgot.

Those in the great cities found distributed ways to keep things running and even rediscovered their connection with the cycles of the heavens as blanket light pollution vanished over night. Animals became less afraid to wander through the wildlife corridors that began to arise spontaneously.

The quickening of events and the cohesive effect decentralised, peer to peer communications played in facilitating transparency, and expanding consciousness globally, was not lost on everybody during those early years. Indeed, many pointed out that this was a transformative time on earth, even as most - at least as mainstream media would have had people believe - could not see, like fish unaware of the polluted medium in which they strive, that there were clearer waters to be found upstream.

It wasn't until several years after the solar maximum however, long after the storms and seismic activity had abated, that it became plain to even the most inveterate leaders, that the socio-economic fabric they were invested in, was long since unravelled - atrophied impotently. That system had already been failing for some time thanks to the proliferation of the internet which had increasingly become an autonomous, self-governing, and by proxy, living, breathing domain of conscious interaction and consensus will - effectively a manifestation of the noosphere. Originally developed for military use to decentralise the flow of classified information, the World Wide Web became the medium for the dissemination of all withheld knowledge and therefore power. This ultimately lead to a transition from both the subtle and high-handed culture of domination that had been in place for over 2 millennia. Military and other remnant bodies would indeed be repurposed for constructive rather than destructive endeavours in engineering, redevelopment and social support and, in time, extra terrestrial explorations.

Those that had continued to clutch at the old zero-sum system, soon relented and sought the support of the very humanity they had unconsciously hindered, relinquishing their hold on the resources they felt previously entitled to - rather finding acceptance, than being outcast or holed up in their ivory towers. Thus in time, people began to forgive and accepted each other as equals and partners and recognised each other in themselves. Crime withered dramatically as local and global communities strengthened and a culture of caring became the means and manner of civilisation.

And so it became a time of great celebration of life and diversity - culture and the arts flourished. Nothing could control this spontaneous butterfly effect flowering throughout society everywhere, innervating a planetary paradigm shift and liberating consciousness - it would have been like trying to arrest the waves of the ocean.

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