

## **Meditations on the Sleeping Dragon aka 'Book of Babel'**

Synopsis Chapter One Zero

### **Dragon Wakes**

A new life begins for the Island of hope and tears.

The mono-dimensional modern sees dream as inactivity and idleness, a waste of time; time of nothing, with no value or worth. Rather than the ideality or –ism, conception, myth, vision to devise, invent or strike out something new, which give to the airy nothing a local habitation and a name.

What are words worth? It is the actions that add value to the soulution. Logos is no longer the 'Word', but the Action. God is a verb.

The words have become so confusing, we need to communicate on a deeper level, in a clear silence, hear the singing, music; the music was the dragon's name.

Listen, to the original songs before the formula, but loosely based upon, balanced upon it. All knowledge is for building up on. One note can only resonate for so long but in the procedure stimulates harmonic tremors, sympathetic vibrations, in others to echo forever, if we will listen and continue the progression.

Accelerate, excelerate, exhilarate it will be no use until Middle America will hear, understand. Or until the shock of so many more painful deaths wakes them. Why waste our breath if we have so little time left to breath.

Can such extreme pollution of earth mind and body be purified? I appeal to that creative Self in each, even if only a seed, to recognize and want to help themselves to help each other to see the whole picture, of which we, each and every one are a part. Seek to understand why so many choose to repeat, repeat, repeat the complaint. Solution lies in the symbols repetitive in their chants. But they neglect to change their lines enough to dance free. They are still frantically clinging to the glory of the ego 'I'. Concert prices are prohibitive and seating prevents dancing together; but some of us did for a while, in the streets, in the parks. We were doing a freedom dance because we knew, the music was for the people. And freedom too, if Middle America will take the chance.

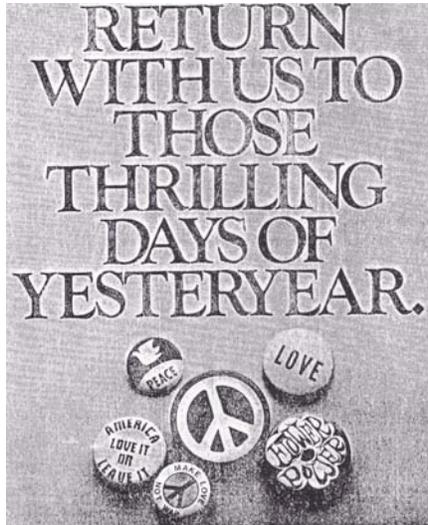
So many We who use the intellect to memorize trivia from past traditions, holding what might come into this territory down, reducing everything down to a synthetic reproduction, mundane standard formula, maintaining their deadened un-awareness. Un-conscious, denying the sub-conscious. To mimic, copy or formulate is not to create. And they complain, "There's nothin' ta do man! Whatta boring City! C'mon, let's go have a brew. Let's get high. Gotta get outta this place."

Boogie til you puke! How mature and aware our young people avoid being, puked out and passed out on the concert floors in front of their icons and altars, favorite bands. Laugh it off. They are partially right to want to escape from the confusion of this blinding chaos they were born into. Who in their right mind would want to Grow Up and accept the responsibility for this material non-sense which was not of their making. Their inheritance.

We tore down the Berlin Wall... to put up a shopping mall.

The true and original Flower Children, where are we now? The minstrels who kept us happy with the music for the sake of making it.

The counter conscious which emerged prematurely (it was a dream trying to live, a little too off the wall), into public view in the 60's, went into hiding. They are hiding in all walks of life, every where, all professions in society. They surrendered their beliefs and attitudes, when the pressures of going seemed tough. Some simply ran to the hills and are there still, hiding. All forfeited further progress toward the freedom of peace. We sold out. Yup! That's right.



Macy's ad

But the truth remains if we listen and hear and invite it back into our hearts. There is no price tag on it.

We wonder how to arouse their intellect, how to wake them, open their eyes and ears. We wonder how to help them differentiate between the formula break-down and the movent truth, how to help them care, really care about other than their mundane desires.

No one is heard off key when enough singing voices join in. There is a way to be in rhythm and harmony with each other. Take the essence, transpose it (transposition, trance position, dream symbol reflection), arrange it yourself, compose it, composition.

We are the Source of the Music and Truth and Peace on Earth, Brothers and Sisters, Mothers and Fathers. Incite this Global Intuitive Reaction, listen to the music. Many voices become the One voice, and this is the joy humans feel in their places of worship when enough are singing and it all blends and fills all the space so that no One is out of tune, or out of harmony. The Music is the Dragon's name from the depths of the psyche of the World Human Soul.

The new way to be, can be, when the young are allowed freedom to know it, the whole world in our hands. Let the children be, more than thee, your contribution, evolution, revolution. Truth marches on, let freedom ring. Freedom to metamorphose, space to feel answers, to be loving. Transform this ugliness. Proceed with the new myth, knowing it is a positive one.

We must speak to incite a riot of thought, global intuitive reaction. Co-modify Commodity. Together change.

Each has its own reason and response to imbalance.

The dragon will free us soon, as we free it, writing and compiling its story.  
Each has its own reason and response to imbalance.

I find myself wanting to duplicate all the beautiful and truthful, not what is stuck sticking me, repeating, stuttering. I don't want to formulate and mimic, but to relay just once more the beautiful and truthful I have heard in the positively progressive most all of my life, because its all there. Listen. All these changes are and have been documented, recorded, and we read and underline, highlight what we see will affirm our Truth.

Can the truth of words reach thru on a more subtle plane? If we are careful what exactly is said, if we speak clearly, and are more aware and concerned how it might become distorted. And if we take responsibility to correct the miss-understanding and not just say, oh well, if that's the way they see it, or do we fear that they will no longer buy our product if we correct their distorted perceptions. Be especially careful with the words and lines that are likely to stick, catch, be repeated, sung over and over by them, chanted.

Enchant them. There is magic and power. Seduce (this they will accept) and then enchant them, enliven them.

They seem to have forgotten how and why to dream the reality of change, instead of satirizing the absurdities of man's reality, HisStory repeats and is stuck sticking me. This is no joke, a pure farce in all meanings. And war is no game if there are babies where the bombs are falling, and there are and will continue to be until the babies or the bombs are no more.

zeit-geist (tsit') n. [G., from zeit, time and geist, spirit] The spirit of the time; the moral and intellectual trend of any age or period.

Anima Mundi – world spirit, or Soul as the basis of All.

The common man does not ponder these things; the spirit of time, the world spirit.

Each age has a different aspect to develop. Some are connected to the Age of Myth, or the Age of Magick, or the New Age. All the different ages of development, fulcrums. Maintaining tradition too long causes stagnation and ferment, and leads to rebellion, a violent outburst.

We must speak to incite a riot of thought, a global intuitive reaction. Revolution means only change, to balance equilibrium.

It was in his last moments, so the story goes, Christ knew he alone could save no one. I cry thru this study and analysis; I cry to the potential power of god, to that creative seed in every one, "Eli! Eli! Lama Sabach thani?" My God! My God! Why have you forsaken me?

We are all we have.

The Jews are right. The Messiah has not yet come. Although there was a Christ who came, the Messiah did not arrive in conscious awareness to the mass of humanity, therefore they are still waiting.

Break down the constituent parts; find the definition, define Love, define God.

Dark defines Light.

The Common Folk need their dragons flying for kingship. The Common Folk need human teachers. Some of us need simply observe all the teachers pour out, paradigm shift in the sands of time, we spread our wings to shelter and protect our Life.

There are many examples of modern day authors and artists, who are re-imagining the ancient myths and legends; the ancient and unchanging, ever changing truths of eternity, cyclic life spiraling, seasons, ages, eons. They question the taboos, usage, motives, effects, actions and reactions of the power and life to all things. But they are questioning with intuitive understanding in their hearts. They are searching further in an effort to plant seeds of this understanding, and then seeds of motivation for, and to, positive change. They show us the way through dreamlike wanderings, vision quests, and test our warrior spirit; our New Age Warrior Spirit.

Our heroes are building bridges across the chasms we are running into in this human jungle, the Abyss. We build bridges to cross the Great Water; bridge the Chaos. Try to keep an eye on the lifeline between; the bridge, don't look down. Living is about the balance, finding the balance, without fear of losing it. Concentrate on the other side.

Heroes are building bridges to throw something across, to conquer the fear of attaining freedom on the other side, freedom from the Evil It. Freedom in greater understanding of what the Word God really means.

The word 'transcension' (meaning a passage over or beyond) was designated [Obs.] obsolete in Webster's 1952 edition. A bridge is also a passage or way over or beyond. They are stuck sticking me.

As we are entering explorations into space, we are also entering explorations into mind, and understanding of the psyche, the sleeping dreaming dragon. We are feeling closer to what was once not even imagined, now imaged.

Species Homo Sapiens travels farther, furthering. There is always the more.

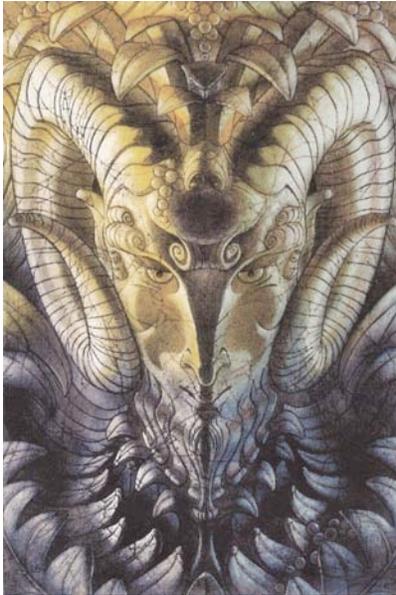
Center; according to Roget's Thesaurus, is nave, navel, omphalos, nucleus, mediate, heart, axial, axis, concentrate, focus, meet, gather, throng, assemble, accumulate, amass, unite, converge.

There is always the more, many more facets. We have been inarticulate, each facet shines, an instant. Only if we can surround the whole of the gem with full vision; only if we penetrate the reflection, looking out from within; acting out from inner actions (reactions), can we really see, and yet we may not, until many changes are welcome. The song, the music, is truly in and from our hearts. Many things to know, far, far beyond details of what we found out and cling to still. Hesitation so easily causes loss of balance. Look for what needs to be done, no time to hesitate. But in the geode, the dragon's egg, the facets reflect inward, they reflect the dark into the dark, until broken to let the light shine in, reflect out.

Pluto was named after the Roman God of the Underworld. Pluto is the non-conforming planet, the only one that violates all the systematic regularities. Pluto's rotation is retrograde. Pluto and his moon consort, a fragment of himself, dance in the night of our solar system. Pluto is the farthestmost of our known planets and closest to the unfathomable universe, the Mystery.

Look at it all from the vantage point of Pluto, if you can, and then realize that Pluto moved inside the orbit of Neptune in 1998. Looks like some dreams could be looking at some real mean shifting, and polarities too, a reversal, and illusions shattered.

There are so many forms of expression, artistic movements, dances through the reality of living. We can not all be the rich and/or famous, except in equality of potential happiness in each life, being fulfilled in our individual selfhoods; because necessities are provided. How do we gather food if we are not told what to eat? Who do we expect to tell us?



Painting by Lou Rogers

Planetary Art Network = PAN, Child of the Universe. As he wakes with the dragon and becomes conscious in the NOW.

Art has been prostituted to mean so many trivial things. Just another Whore of Babylon.

Evolutionary motion is Shiva's dance. All the dances we do; the co-Respond-dances; co-Depend-dances; the Avoid-dances; a-Void-dance; Ascend-dances, Transcend-dances, trance-End-dances. Vishnu is the sleeping god who's dream is the Universe.

Now that we do have this creative potential in so many more our focusing power can be that much stronger. This is our therapy, self induced delivery, re-birth, the only way out is through. We see there are too many stars for each ego to stand out the biggest and brightest, for more than a moment, in time. But there are enough now to refocus, to form a pattern, constellation, star map; collectively recreate, reform, compose the chaos.

Germinate and nurture the creative seed in people, through that feminine and nurturing sensibility, lying dormant (sleeping, dead but dreaming) in so many. Reflect creation for the sake of Life. This is the Dream; knowing love of creation, evolving. We will not let You-Man-ity Self-destruct. There is always a way to re(new)view, a new way to look, another path road direction. Filter the static, extract the essence, write the score, changes. ReCreate. Take a trip in our ReCreational Vehicles.

Yes, our dream is escape. Many thoughts linked as a jigsaw puzzle to the One Holos, One Thought, Logos, One Word, as in the Beginning; understand. We are

travelers escaping from Chaos to the realm of possibilities, building bridges, impossible without the dream.

The psychotics moved swiftly into the realm of the flower children, sensing the healing power and escape of the dream, but they devoured it and distorted it also, into themselves as the true fled from the heart of the chaos. We Sold Out!

When the pressures are lifted, when what to see on this material plane brings a smile all around, then we will not need these escapes, diversions, drugs, and wars. We are dreaming for a better life after death, of sorts, sorted.. We hear voices, whispers of other aspects of One Self, the bigger One, beyond human boundaries, beyond physical; formless, 'No Form'.

A nuclear blast is awe inspiring, aesthetically beautiful in a sense, as intense as can be the beauty of a sunset. But manmade incineration is totally destructive, not the beautiful ending of just another day. 'Boys will be boys,' Grama said as the tot smashed the new toy she had presented to him just a few moments before.

After the blast, his Big Bang, what is left, but the proof man has become a black hole in the universe.

It's so black and white, dark and light. Some think they are strengthened by the fight. I see we are weakened. The greatest thinkers are slaughtered while the most psychotic of Dictators have an army of protection around them.

Zoroaster was stabbed to death. Socrates poisoned. John Lennon, Ghandi shot. Buddha stoned. Mohammed poisoned. Jesus Christ!

Sin means 'to forget.'

We have to understand the Myth and harness the Magic to drive them off and away from our boundaries. We must hold our own.

Meditate on the Sleeping Dragon. Waken the dream to lucidly walk into the next. Mediate with the waking, the dawning.

Do something important. We don't have time for this piddle.

How may an explorer of the universe stay bodily tied? There is always farther on, something more, a new way to go, a new song to sing. Communicate the forward way to go, take each other further, make the ascent together.

Alchemically phosphorus is the female side of nature and Sulphur the male side. The female element phosphorus has one less proton and neutron than the male element sulphur. Phosphorus is found in unstratified rock, soil, and the bodies of plants and animals. It resembles imperfectly bleached wax, soft and flexible at common temperatures. It is used in making matches and poisonous pastes. It is also important in medicine. Sulphur is the color of the sun, a phosphorescent and ethereal color. There is a great abundance of it in the mineral kingdom, very little in the vegetable kingdom and even less in the animal. It also is used in matches, and in gunpowder and explosives, and vulcanizes rubber. When sulphur and phosphorus unite they ignite; Big Bang.

sō-lūte', a. [L. solutus, from solvere, to loose]

1. Free; liberal; loose. [Obs.]
2. Relaxed; gay; merry. [Rare.]
3. Soluble; dissolvable; as, a solute substance. [Obs.]

sō-lūte' v.t.

1. To resolve; to dissolve. [Obs.]
2. To absolve; as, to solute crime. [Obs.]

sō-lū'-tion, n. [Ofr., from L. solu-tio (-onis), a loosening.]

1. The act of separating the parts of any body; disruption; breach.
2. The act or process of solving a proposition in a problem; also, the result of such process; an answer...
3. The explanation or disentanglement of anything intricate, difficult or mysterious; as, the solution of a technical problem; the solution of a secret.
4. The act of passing from a gaseous or solid state into one of liquidity; also, the result of such a process; the state of being dissolved...
5. The state or condition of suffering disintegration, decay, or dissolution; as, the solution of an empire; the solution of dogmas.
6. In medicine. (a) the critical period of a disease; (b) the favorable termination of the course of a disease; (c) a medicine consisting of dissolved remedial solids.
7. Discharge; deliverance; release. [Obs.]

Chemical solution; a perfect chemical union of a solid with a liquid, in accordance with the laws of definite proportions...

Standardized solution; a solution of known strength or composition, used as a standard of comparison.

sō-lū-tion plāne. A plane or planes in a crystal which offers least resistance to chemical erosion.

Some Native American tribes thought crystals were the brain cells of the Mother Earth.



Intellectualization alone, a form of intercourse, is lacking in action, movement, or any feeling of satisfaction.

To give up hope is to give up life. Martyr symbols will continue as human kind regresses; if we will not go forward we will go backward, all the way and not just in reflection, to the Big Bang. If we will not go forward we will go backward, all things in motion, natural law, the tendency toward seeking balance. We can not stand still dwelling on our impotence. The problem is not how to center, but to maintain balance thru it. The message will always be hindered if man will not rise up to answer the truth, ever changing. God is a Verb.

One way; mono-dimensional creatures, mono-dimensional awareness. The world was flat, was curved, was round, 1, 2, 3, dimensions; illusion. There is always the more, the beyond, the invisible, what we don't know, can't imagine... yet.

If everyone believes what they rant and rave and preach, why aren't we living this peace that could be? As long as we complain; saying we could but are not, we will not be. Give us hope, let it be.

The mobs creatively releasing, egos on collision course, must turn to the positive dream, in its verbal sense, to create, originate, devise, invent, coin, fabricate, improvise, strike out something new. Make a more positive statement. True artist absorbs problems of this world, tries to transmute and release them into symbol form to relate to distortions of physical understanding. Try a step further, to release symbols of solution, to create a relation to harmonization of physical understanding, to stimulate deepest, realist emotion. Visualize, realize, manifest, transcend, trance end, zombies awake from the midst of the night of the living dead. There is magic and power. Progress can mean improvement, prove it. Incite this global intuitive reaction, dream of the heart, all hearts essentially. Dream lucidly, awake thru the rhythms of life, creation.

Listen! One can hear singing despite everything. But we allowed our Selves to become so diverted by the distractions that our capacity for positive action entered virtually total atrophy.

There are many sensitive, creative beings, potentially capable of great wonders in this overly stressed world of our making. Repetitions of the complaints and absurdities can only serve to expand, affirm the existence of, establish the reality of the problem. It is a great difficulty expressing, communicating, to activate the many to dissolve the complaint before it is fully actualized, which is every word and moment in that direction, more real. So few allow themselves to fully understand, lost in their visions of personal glory. Americans are distracted with themselves and the symbols have become an incoherent jumble of egomaniacal distortions and lies.

It is the thinkers, the poets and philosophers, who really hear the words of others and understand the deeper meaning of the symbols. Middle America (those who seldom take words beyond daily dribble, immediate physical desire gratification) does not hear the words or the meaning, they continue chanting, "Baby I love you, gotta have your body, let's hump to the beat!" They hump to the beat as even deaf people sense the rhythm, and lower animal forms dance mating rituals.

When you move beyond your sexual understanding of it, the movement is a release, a place to stretch out and feel, free. But listen to the words and understand the reasons for the discontent of these current generations trying to express. The release

could be complete and go on if they would read the message, if they wanted to and were not afraid to face the facts and answer, truth fully, take responsibility.

Everyone must have a great thing to do. It is whatever they are able to do best. If we all did our best, rather than simply a formula procedure of what we are taught or allowed to do, there could be no anxiety. We would all be doing our part needed to keep the world happy, smiling.

Partaking in creative release to expand is the only way out of chaos, and away from a massive blast into the void, the black hole, we recently discovered. And as we discover it becomes a part of our reality. Compose the chaos.

We are here gathering in formation. That's what this compilation is about; information. It's all around us. We've been saying it and hearing it forever. Why do people insist on separating it into fragments. We read what we want to read and hear what we want to hear and see what we want to see. In our bubbles we are ignorant. We study and underline, in a sense, the important parts. But keep them fragmented, categorized and forget not only how to fit them together but that they fit together at All, like one Big Bang of a Jigsaw Puzzle. Every one owns a piece.

The counter conscious emerged, prematurely (it was a dream looking for life, tho' in some ways a little too off the wall), into public view in the sixties, went into hiding. They are hiding in all walks of life, all professions in society. They surrendered their beliefs and attitudes, when the going seemed tough. Yup! That's right. The Free University is no longer free. And New Age workshops are too high priced for the common man who is the majority of the population.

Everyone started to grow their hair long, it became stylish. K-Mart started selling tie-die T-shirts. Everyone wanted the look, and illusions of freedom and rebellion, but the dream had fled. So the young of Now shave their heads and mutilate themselves as they see we have done to the beauty. Or they let their hair become wild and matted, the Dreaded Ones.



Almost too many creative, artistic personalities these days, it seems, yet the goal is still personal fame and fortune; a monetary hold on life. So many egos on collision course. Strive for a future where there is no more addiction to his poverty of life. 'Just say No' to the soma drugs the Patriarchy offers, pushes on us, and on our children.

We watch the epidemic of man as he invades GodNature as a cancer, eating away its flesh, its entrails, its hearts blood, its love, which is life.

Who are the controllers? Those who take initiative to be most selfish at the moment, in our present time, are the controllers. And no one bothers to slap their greedy hands. They just try to get their little paws in there too. Yup! That's right. I found my 'New Age Journal' was 57% ads, for wonderful healthy things in life they've packaged in plastic and propaganda 'FOR SALE' It's good for you. That's why it's more expensive, and out of reach for those who need it the most, if any real change is to be activated.

Those who expand beyond the man try to show us how but we falter and cling to the man every time, and not the expanded being. The expanded being fine strands of the thread of true life, thru psychic symbols, trying to grow and evolve, communicate, for the sake of survival, for the sake of life. For God's sake, people get with it! Jesus Christ!

The creative personality, the artist, knows these symbols very well and must bring them into living creation, physical reality, conscious being. Artists are transmitters by which these feeling symbols/hieroglyphic metaphors are allowed to express into society. It is the true artists who reflect the distortions, looking for the now balance, so sensitive to the imbalance. True artists are those who have no alternative to their being; artistic mediums of our evolution. There will always be the true artist, so that we will never become static in our passing thru time, cycling of passing away, and Becoming.

There are always those who know the truth. Why kept at such a silent roar? Majority rules, eagerly grasps control, no sense of feeling. Truth cannot be grasped, has to go on living; it has to be free to live and grow, as we. This world has been used long enough as a breeding ground for selfish, ignorant children. But there is no father, god is dead, and no mother, we've used her up. Unless we allow truth of the Source GodNature.

Homo Sapiens was not created to be a predatory beast. There are no other artists in the animal kingdom, true artists, consciously creating.

The creative force must erupt positively quickly. We are so close to the ultimate destructive force, in time. God; simply ultimate creative, expansive. We are living in reverse. L I V E < = > E V I L the ultimate destructor. Which way in time, déjà vu, a game of concentration. We want to be the Big Bang. Could we start over, in the beginning?

Save the only true and healthy economy thru a global intuitive reaction, quick change of values, spiritual revolution, evolution. No more wars of Ego-I. We have higher values. It is the creator's desire to be born a Hero, Self-born, a mythical birth, a bridge.

Impress the children with the greatness of life, GodNature, not the 'Human' Ego and what it has conquered. To duel with mortality is a loss, void. Explore life, knowing, reflecting GodNature. This does not mean the death of technology, but a cessation of the harmful, negative and selfish uses we have made of it. This is the Dawning of the Age of Aquarius, which is, in fact, a very technological and scientific age; inventive, intuitive, progressive, for the betterment of humanity; appropriate technologies.

Might 'in God's image' mean; in reflection of the power, the spirit of all this we see here? To reflect is to ponder. To create is to conceive, birth and grow.

Birth is a natural phenomenon, nature's own timing and courses, the very hardest labor of life. There are many ways to naturally alleviate the stress placed upon the mother body, and the being born. Stress created by fear, a caring soul knows. Stress created by fear and not trusting nature's own timing and courses. Birds celebrate each morning with song. Create a Free world, a peaceful world, however it can be.

What are we moderns doing with time? What are our rituals; what is our art?

It takes some time, this gestation. It takes some thought. We must give our Selves this time to think. We must take time to give thought to the matter, on the way there. This time is for the transmutation to future ever changing form of matters always transcending and expanding into space. This time is positive growth and form; evolution.

Even without this mortal organism Conscious Life – GodNature – will go on and live longer in whatever realms we go to. Where are we from?

Metamorphose. But the butterfly only lives a few days! Find the new symbol for the resurrection as the phoenix rises from its ashes yet again, and flying with the dragon, they together symbolize the perfect marriage. The dragon lives forever. The dragon is the oldest living thing.



We are interdisciplinary art majors, we creative ones, in the Master's program. We are artistic mediums. Divine inspiration is all. Everyone has it, somewhere, if they are listening, closely, in the silence, from where came the Word, Logos, and then Form.

Not that we wish to push anyone into anything of our choosing, except to explore the places which might feel better, healthier, for the majority of the people; turn to find them. There could be no possible 'good' reason to cling to a space in which we feel miserable or dissatisfied, just because 'that's the way it is'. We made it so. We can unmake it!

But they are still complaining and we ask, "What will you do?" And they say, "Nothing, what can I do, but play the games? That's the way it is." They do nothing to

change it. Believing it is easier to fall down than exert their Selves to make the ascension. Jack and Jill went up the hill... and Adam and Eve had a great Fall from the Garden.

We support these bad habits, because we have become dependent upon them, addicted, we think. We set rigid guidelines instead of following the natural flow of emotion and the maps that appear before us, the direction we are given.

Avoid linear ritual. Stand in line when what is offered is good, but know your place in the order. Do not stand in line simply to be like everyone else, standing in line; fixing values on likes, sameness, rather than diverse interests, necessary to make this a positive thriving whole, growing community. Pay at the door, as you leave, if you enjoyed the show. If you pay on your way in, you cast your vote prematurely.

Why do they ask blood sacrifice of the artist? The same reason they ask it of woman, and demand it of a virgin, in symbolic fact. What is this desire he has to control nature, and harness the power for his own personal aims and desires? He wants to see nothing above and beyond him and relegates the feminine sensibility to a lesser world, to be sacrificed; to keep the dragons at bay.

nā'tūre, n. [Ofr. nature; L. natura, birth, origin, natural constitution or quality of a thing, from nasci, to be born.]

1. The existing order of things, all of creation; the material world of the world of matter and mind.

And to look to nature and up to nature's God. -- Pope

2. The agent, creator, author, or producer of the universe or the power or force regulating or controlling it; often personified as feminine; as, Nature's unerring in her selections and rejections.
3. The essence, essential qualities, or peculiar attributes of a thing, which constitute it what it is, and differentiate it from other things; as, the nature of man; the nature of the soul; the nature of blood; the nature of plants; the nature of a circle or an angle.
4. The established or regular course of things; the usual consequence of events; as death is part of nature.
5. Constitution; aggregate powers of a body; vitality; as, overburdened nature is almost exhausted.
6. Natural affection of reverence; humanity; as, a mother's nature forbids cruelty to her child.
7. The system of created things, excluding only that which transcends the usual order of things and necessitates the creative or governing power of a supernatural being or principle; as, the performance of a miracle implies the power to interfere with the system of nature.
8. Sort; species; kind; particular character; as, a substance of the nature of wax.
9. Sentiments or images conformed to nature, or to truth and reality; spontaneity; freedom from artificiality.

Only nature can please those tastes which are unprejudiced and refined.

-- Addison

10. Birth, as, he is a Russian by nature. [Obs.]
11. Lack of education, improvement or culture; wildness; savagery; as, the Bushmen are examples of a people still living in a state of nature.
12. In theology, unregenerate state; the condition of being or remaining at enmity with God, and unrenewed by the fulfillment of the conditions of salvation; as, he rejected the transformation of the spirit and lived on in nature.

-- Webster's

The dragon lives forever, is only sleeping. What dreams? It is the father who will wake it with the noise of his ignorance, and the child will tame it thru sensing the pure essential nature of everlasting truth and wisdom. And She, the ever invisible third party, Mother who nurtures them both.

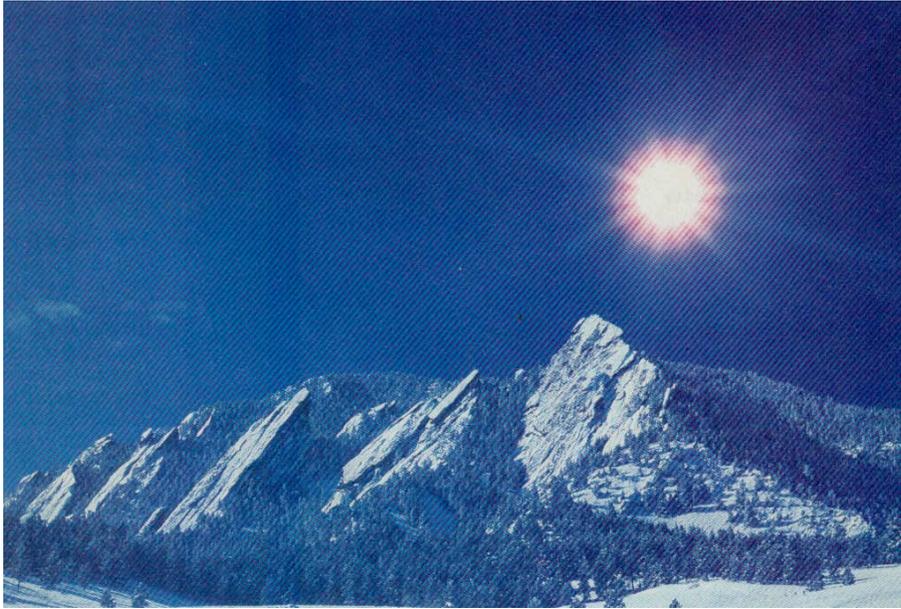
The dragon is universal – connected to the universe – as one of the primary sources of information. Studying and looking at its endless faces, as revealed thru mythological history, as a way of unlocking secrets once known but for some unknown reason forgotten. Sin means 'to forget'. To insure our present by dreaming us into the future the dragon points backward thru ancient mythologies and forward into a fear-of-the-unknown future, still waiting for us to imagine. To image in.

Tradition says wisdom comes with age. It does, but could it come sooner if we did not insist so very much on holding so tightly to tradition, and suffering guilt? Forever trying to expand out of these confines. We are bound, captive by our own codes, rules and regulations.

Peace Brother! Listen to the graffiti; the words of the prophets are written on the subway walls, and alleys and malls...



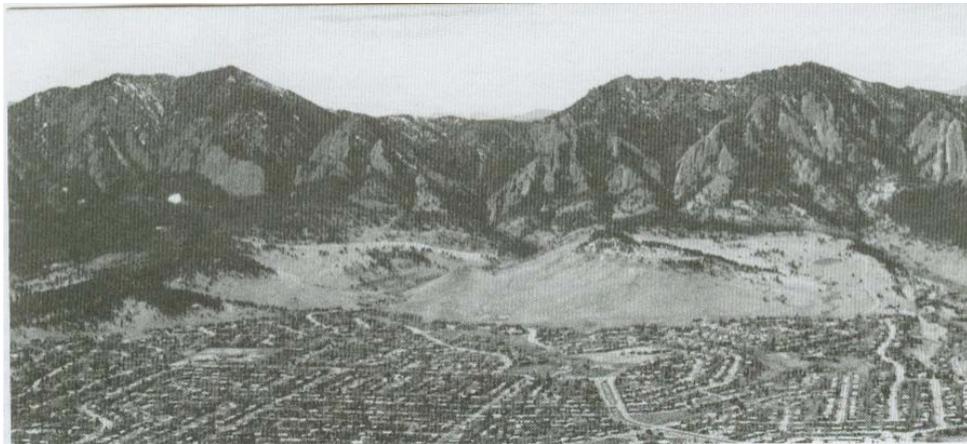
Alone time is needed to create the Self, relate to Iam, not confused with Ego.



What makes Boulder magical? From the scales of the Sleeping Dragon ekes cosmic info into the seekers and (hopefully) suspecting ears; Human and any other life forms who share in the open space. Synchronicities abound and make less evolved beings uncomfortable, some scurrying away in panic, leaving the adept laughing in acceptance of the profound wisdom and wit of the Universe.

But an invasion is taking place. The ‘Developers’ are surrounding us with more toxic homes, some under the guise of ecological consciousness even.

After a decade of pondering the city that lay at the foot of the Sleeping Dragon it was found to be an illusion. It projected speculation, and intellectualization of New Age happenings. But the real nitty gritty was Boulder was a Nazi town, little different from all the other Nazi towns across America. Outside of the City is a wild frontier, the Wasteland is inside the City. Don’t you see it all around you? Even the parking tickets are made out of plastic now.



They spoil the city and its immediate environment, then run to the unspoiled places to use them up too. They need to unspoil the space they're in, some are trying. The wars could cease. If you don't want to feel crowded, don't produce so many offspring, and take care of the ones we already have,

The dragon is guardian of the waters, guardian of the pearl, guardian of the treasures. When you understand the dragon you are no longer seeking the treasure. You are accepting it.

The New Millennium.

The memory returns; the judgment after the millennium toward attaining equilibrium. We must live righteously for 1000 years, only then can GodNature truly live, dwell in/with man/woman, human/being. What do these books, these bibles, these dreams and interpretations really say/mean?

It will take another 1000 years for the dragon egg being conceived now to hatch; 1000 years before Satan is loosed for a while and the inferiors are allowed to reign again, for a short time, enough of a reminder to remember; 1000 years we have to organize and develop this new thriving and growing tradition for sustaining life, the Book of Life.

And if we incite this global intuitive reaction, riot of thought and action, if we cross the great water, enter the abyss and inferno, experience the mystery; then the dragon can slip once again back down into the depths, the realms of the SubConscious, beneath the Great Water, and wait another 1000 years (or so), another Millennium, to raise its head more briefly than as the future lives longer and longer.

Our society, our culture, should be a safe place, safe haven, so that we no longer will feel the need to be on Guard All of the time.

If we want to be happy, why can't we just make it so? Does the unhappy really hold us here? Who fed/feeds us the propaganda of suffering and all the sorrows?

It just seems like such a much more pleasant experience to stand in awe of all that mystery, radiance and glory.

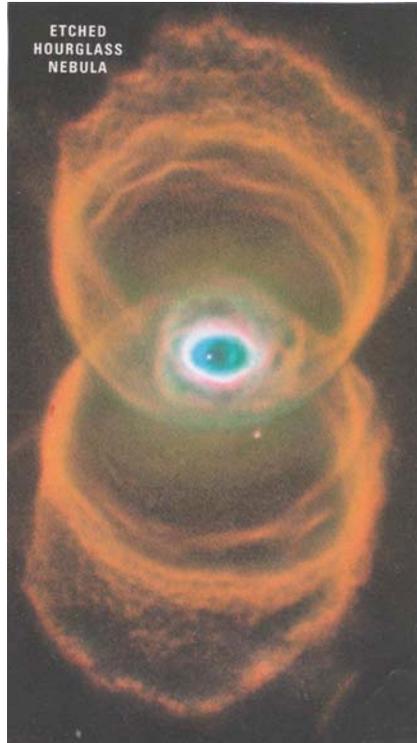
We are about to become more than we have ever been before. The moment when we feel that creative force we feel so very large and it goes to our head; for a moment.

Interlude; between inspirations we spend our moments sorting, each moment. Seeming reality, passing myths is not what we seek, but always playing with new ones, child of the universe as the fates toying do too.

It is our nature to spend life seeking promises of God. emotional and psychological breakdown, culminates from trying to live in harmony and balance with expectations of you-mankind; unkind.

We must bow to GodNature every time, before we will ever bow to the bondage of mankind; this market economy, market society, politics of man. Lucifer, the morning star, loved God so much he could not bow before Man. Know thy devils!

Most of their actions are tokens to get through the gates to where they want and desire to go, or think they want to go. Tokens paid in fear or greed only; their actions are seldom symbols of love and understanding. There seems no real awareness in their domain. There is very limited awareness in the domain of the Blind Dragon. They just don't see. They have no vision, no foresight, no hindsight. They do not see. The hourglass has turned down to up.



There may be free speech (as written in his laws) but free listening is unheard of, almost impossible, as he continues his noise. Money talks is all they hear, at the moment, which is passing as moments do. In the Beginning was the Word, Noise, Male God.

PTL = Pass The Loot

Have no faith except in God, everlasting progression of truth. IAM Aquarian; organized religions of you-mankind have no place left in this world coming soon. IAM Urantian; trapped in this battlefield, in the war between whose right, whose left. There is no chance of winning, this battle can't be won. I know. I am Human History, present past. We cannot win future, only change, move on.

Maintain your essentiality and we will more easily move thru this barrier. Essence makes physical matter more transparent, being less dense. We will flow thru, follow thru the transparency.

Creative types abound in this age. They must understand that their talents are more important put to the use of life's expression and continuity, maintaining physical reality to see how advanced and expansive, not explosive or expensive, it can become. Ponder how long it took to create and develop this rare and beautiful creation, piece of art, this planet, mother earth; and then to so recently inhabit it with us. When we fathom the fullness of this we see the Miracle of Being, of Existing and the blasphemous of Mankind's Puny Ego.

Creative principle has been distorted beyond recognition by a highly neurotic modern society. Reading the visual and verbal symbols with which we are bombarded constantly by the 'art' of our media we understand we must have a very low opinion of ourselves on the whole and our potential to survive to be a more highly evolved, advanced technological race. Thru art and the media we need to feed new information. So we may feed our children, and consume what we really need to sustain us.

Rebellion is a negative form of living. Creation is positive, BeComing.

Art helps to supply the deficiencies in life. Art is better than taking pharmaceutical drugs.

Rebellion is a futile waste of emotions causing damage. The creative activity of Art is refusal to share universal pessimism and inertia, and despair in the world. It shows a way out. Creating a new and healthy, and affordable way of life is positive rebellion. Art explores this space. Art must include critique.

Creative force must erupt positively quickly from what burns within the fiery abyss.

We humans play the geomantic memory loop back over and over again. It is time to reach for further understanding, and this creates future.

Make it so Number One!

Logos is the language of the universe. We can read DNA as it is based on the same numerical codes as language. We do read it on a level so deep we are not aware.

Use a little ego-control and waken the Dragon within our Selves and feel this greatest mother of them all breath in and out; 30,000 years we lived with the mother goddess, 5-6,000 with hisStory. Is his damage to her due to her damaging him? Has his rebellion against her gone on long enough? Most of the damage done in the last few hundred years only. Mankind, son of a mother, has run amok and forgets that his original power comes from her, his sustenance from her. He offered to represent her, son of a mother. The dragon aims to achieve a balance knowing that the two opposing energies in the universe mutually depend on each other for their respective identities, are of equal value, are co-dependent. Change could occur at such a rapid pace, if we could understand, masculine and feminine energies to stop the wars from within, without.

Son of Mother.

When we burned, we became the fire, and breath of the dragon. The trauma was so great to our Being we gasped, and fell into unconsciousness, now to exhale, the breath of the Dragon, waking.

The machinery cannot be controlled by any one part of it necessary to the entire mechanism. What does control, seems to be the power current, but even this cannot control but only set in motion and feed and be fed by this continuing motion. So many cogs who are not cognizant of the machine we could be moving when we abandon this war machine.

We are so obviously way off balance, it seems completely stupid not to admit it, before we fall. What is the problem people? What is the real complaint? This planet is dying, these peoples are dying, the birds are dying like the canaries in the mine shaft. There are always babies where the bombs are falling, and where the toxic waste comes seeping up out of the ground, and the nuclear waste has no safe place to go. Who is it who drops the bombs? Who is it who makes the bombs? Who is responsible for this genocide? He perpetrates it while she passively allows and even supports the slaughter of her own children and others like her own. Just who is it who is taking the coal out of the

ground to warm our globe further while displacing (relocating) the native peoples who feel this violation as the earth herself tremors.

Lysistrata, where are you? Convince them that there can be no Love Making until they stop going to war. Make Love not War.

We all see, in the daily news, mass murderers in positions of power in numerous small countries around the globe. If the major powers are allowed to continue this neurotic ego game, the ball will surely be intercepted, as it is now becoming apparent, by any one of these dark psychopaths, and the madness (which is in essence our madness) will put an end to all games, totally, nuclear void. No one can win at 'war', there is only loss in an arms race.

We feel living but not among humanity. We feel it is; feeling courses thru. Life is, a separate reality.

It is more important now to spend more time relating to the family of man than individual, prohibitive blood groups; cloistered few.

We speak for all self proclaimed artists to hear about a lot of work to be done; organizational plans to be drawn up. We speak to all public speakers, whatever your method or media. Time to turn tides.

Create a new and better direction. A new road, but don't build it. Strike out a new path. Blaze a new trail thru the Thick Its. Let the animal helpers be your guide.

They are afraid of economic consequences, but if they see they will be fed, yes, we believe they might take the initial token step, a symbol. It has been intellectualized, now to be activated. We just want to live our Selves; to live and let live.. Thank yous and praise the lords are tokens only; it is the actions and reactions, positive activities that really, truly count.

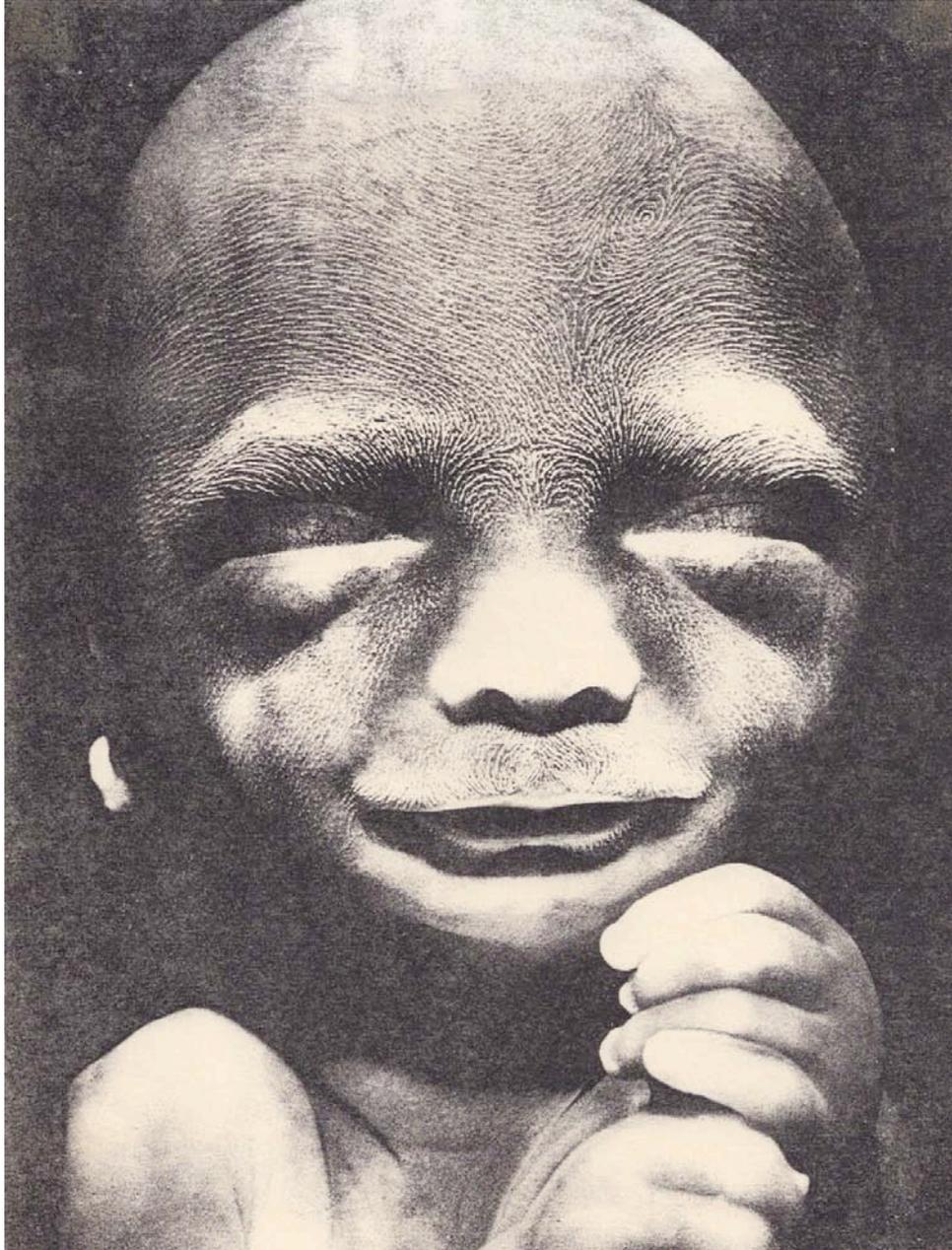
As children of the mother, we, all of us, all life forms, millions of miles/light years away, have the power to change our Selves and therefore to move beyond HisStory. The dragon has always been, will always be, alpha and omega, oroborus. The dragon lives forever, lurking in the human world, but now closer to the surface of the watery depths of consciousness, when things need to be changed. The dragon is a symbol of change and transformation, and a container of extremely powerful archetypal energies. The dragon emerges thru each and every age change. The dragon is the universe and the Human a child of that universe. Becoming receptive to the ways of the universe, the most constant, but variable. The dragon is chaos and guards the pearl; that still point in the midst of the chaos, eye of the storm; reflection of the guiding light. No! (Not the Soap Opera). This is where earth, wind and fire come together to find themselves swimming in an ocean of time.

In man's quest to 'know thy self' he keeps striving to know there are more like he. He searches further and this draws him onward. Each individual, looking beyond themselves, immediately surrounding. And afraid; Ego holding, makes painful, desire to end, all outside forces, he does not and cannot control. Afraid to understand.

We were meant to people the system? To evolve, and expand as we people the system, and in so doing expand our conscious awareness in our travels to other worlds and beyond, in our adaptation... there are no beings OUT THERE precisely like us NOW; even we are not precisely like each other. BUT LATER... AND BEFORE.

Perhaps the past and future are interchangeable. Being from somewhere in the space of away from NOW, we are from the same source and we came from past escapees or travelers from other worlds, other dimensions, or Atlantis maybe. We emerged from some myth somewhere. We are mythical beings, wherever the truth of beginnings do lie.

Similar energies from different directions than the last time in the cycles of learning, as charted out in the stars (or any map of metaphysical experience). Each realignment enriches the reflective qualities of new facets; facets just coming to light.



CAPUT MORTUUM  
The End ????