

Meditations on the Sleeping Dragon aka 'Book of Babel'

Synopsis Chapter One

In the Beginning

Since language and communication began human kind have told stories: stories of the hunt; stories of the battles; and stories of the beginning, where we are from.

Many primitive cultures believed sky and earth always existed and only needed to be made habitable. Many believed Time was first and then begat Chaos, which was to be set in order by Man. Very often there is a pre-existent god who came from a primeval sea or down from the heavens and utters a sound which begins creation.

Once upon a time there was this atheist, who absolutely did not believe that there ever was or could be a God. One day he was walking through the woods when a Dragon suddenly snatched him up. As the Dragon opened its jaws to devour the terrified man the scene froze and this unbeliever cried out, "Oh thank you, thank you God." A booming voice thundered down from the heavens, "I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IN ME."

"Well I didn't believe in Dragon's either until a second ago!"



Dragon sighting on a beach, Sonoma County, CA

Modern Myths

How can we suppose we have a better or truer recollection the farther away in time we travel from the beginning?

The One always longs for Another.

The original human in the Upanishads was a lonely being like Adam, and asking for company was given a female made from his own body also. All further people were born from their union.

A year is symbolic of one cycle of time, one age, one complete period of gestation.

Each 1,000 years a period of gestation for the next millennium, the next Age, the next element in OurStory.

And there was yet another very popular belief and rendition, long before the Holy Bible hit the Best Sellers list.

This variation goes beyond before the Earth's forming and is her geomantic memory of her wakening and beginning as transferred archetypically through the world-human-soul. The forming elementals appear in the chronological creation of our solar system as the Solar Father mingles and shares his 'essence' with that energy of his favored satellite and 'matrix', what we call the Mother, Tiamat, the original dragon and 'Monster', planets are formed... and...

That eternal battle with that eternal monster, to be fought by the emerging masculine ego, or elemental Iam, our Hero, Son of the Sun. Forces of Light against forces of Darkness... what we know, against what we don't.

But was she destroyed or only divided? He rested a full cycle of time in this egg, the womb of the Mother principle, which was symbolized in the Age of the Goddess. Nurtured by Mother Goddess for an age of time he then aggressively divided her into two; Lilith and Eve. She is divided. And the records of time he calls HisStory repeat, until lessons are learned, ingested, digested and processed. These are the myths of our time, from the deep waters of the psyche he divided and holds back.

Suppose we replace the word consciousness with 'ego' (which is in itself one incomplete aspect, just one facet of the gem of consciousness) and let the word 'consciousness' suggest a more complete understanding of all these coinciding theories. Looking out from Id, we could become again more truly conscious, in a deeper and clearer sense, of the 'living balance', the Tao; find our id-entity. As we get to the roots and essences we see/we get the connection. This is the clarity of the dragon's eye, the dragon's way of 'seeing'.

Id: where the light of bliss is found when the energies of yin/yang are brought together.

Perhaps this is too much for the common rational mind to bear. It will accept only what it can fit into the mundane box of its own making.

Must we always take weapons with us into the deep, dark unknown? What could we find if we crossed the threshold with opened minds? If we were not afraid of the dark?

HisStory belittles her import. It would not be misleading to understand the word ‘divine’ as symbolic of metaphysical life. This is Tiamat, the underlying currents of cosmic love, and the feeling is in the formless void, the waters before they were divided. The memory has faded to a feeling; put down as ‘only a feeling’, and we can’t find the words, the words cannot be found. It is the feeling of the union we are forever seeking. Mind divided the waters, separated them from each other; the sweet from the salty. Yet together salt enhances the sweetness.

At this point the memory has faded to a feeling; put down as ‘only a feeling’.

And who is the mother of civilization? Shall we grant a young god supremacy and send him out single handed against the ‘Monster’ his mother turned out to be?

Babylon is human civilization, separate from the garden. Prostitutes maintain a certain power of illusion of independence. They sell themselves to lust. The Whore of Babylon prostitutes it’s Self to the man in the suit and tie; Patriarchy. Feminine virtues and qualities sold out to civilization. The housewife serves her Master, as house keeper, as serve-ant. Her grumblings and aspirations have caused extreme [ist] reactions among Patriarchal societies and religions.

sōurce, n. [Fr., *source*; OFr. *sorce*, from *sursa*, a late f. participial form, from L. *surgere*, to rise, contr. for *surrigere*, for *subregere*; sub. under, and *regere*, to direct.]

1. First cause; original; that which gives rise to anything.
2. The spring or fountain from which a spring of water proceeds; as the source of a river.
3. The first producer; one who or that originates.
4. The act of soaring or rising.

Syn. – Origin, fountain, cause, spring, beginning, primogentor.

We must look to the source of all the stories; the basis of all things created, to resurrect the essence of the truths of life’s mysteries, and then rise above the mundane drivel of social propagandas. The dragon guards and/or holds back the waters, the Source.

It is not all the words of the old stories which are so important to remember now; human HisStory, detail for detail; name, date, time, place. But what was it we learned? HisStory repeats. But what was it we gleaned from them? The factual why reasoning is taking too much time, now, so many facts have been gathered already, enough. HerStory and understanding moves by touch and feel.

We learn from observing their difficulties, and how they are handled, and whether it works. They have had enough warring. By now they/we should know it does not bring peace, but a fatigue to the spirit. Who wins when so much of our young human life has been sacrificed to the slaughter, to appease Him, angry God? The old dotes. Who gave Him supremacy? Can we remember who, or why? How can we suppose we have clearer truer understanding the further in time we travel from the beginning? We need a young god to go single-handed against the monster their mother turned out to be.

To the dragon they sacrificed Virgins. They sacrifice young men to Yahweh, Jehovah, God the Father, and Allah.

There will be no sacrificial lamb this time. The Dragon has had its fill. The meek shall inherit the earth. And that is why Messiahs are born of Virgins. How could the Son of Peace have a father, unless truly transcended Being.

Jung said that it is a primitive fact that the son stands for the reborn father.

The dragon myth reaches thru time and eternity and as its serpent relative even to Atlantis, and virtually all other legends long forgotten or vaguely remembered; the heroes and fights and odysseys. Dragon is an eternal symbol and symbol of eternity, and in that way the symbol image of the dragon does not waver much, is fairly stable, solid and recognizable, and lives forever.

It is the depths of the primeval origins of the myth itself which is important and not in which ocean we might find its remains (proof of the fact). It is the roots of the myth, the Source, in the deep ocean of our own psyches, collectively, which is important. It is to understand the creative forces alive in this universe and in our Selves, and our humility and respect and awe of its Being, and our evolution from and of this Being, spiraling to envelop this universe and then farther on; and that it is only our organisms that are tied to this life and death cycle of struggle, and that conscious knowledge can and does live on outside of these organisms we call our bodies, ourselves; what we think we are.

A psychological, mythical and creative force is in upheaval as the Sleeping Dragon erupts as the rift, in Boulder, between mountain and plain.



Spine of the Sleeping Dragon, Boulder, CO

The Sleeping Dragon is an ancient mountain. The wakening of this dragon mountain thru the language of symbols is speaking to bring the dream into lucidity, transfiguration, transmutation, materialization. Alchemy; turning the baseness to gold.

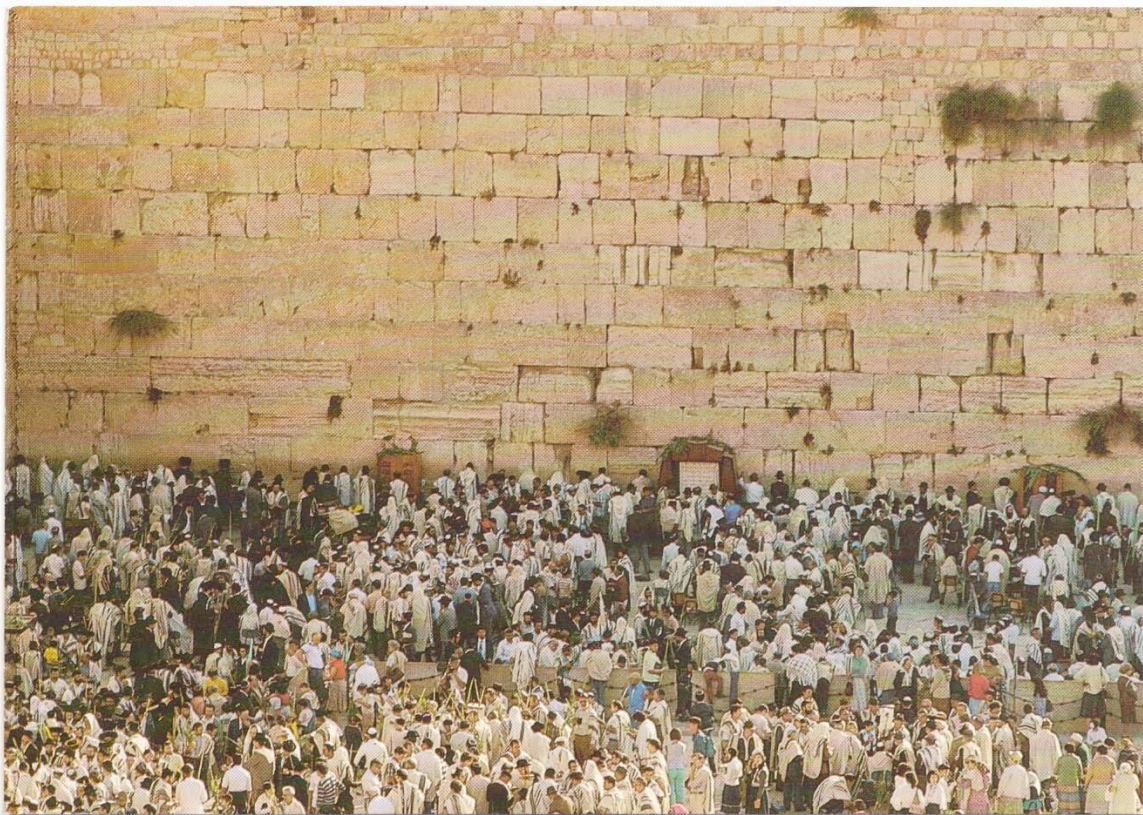
But we moderns run helter-skelter, pay exorbitant fees and rush off to our week-end retreats, to mountains; claiming each a power point, a sacred site, each more special than the others. And the Highway Department posts signs along the way, 'Scenic Viewpoint'. We have our yards landscaped with automatic sprinkler systems because we

don't want to deal with it, touch the earth. These sprinklers go on rain or shine, and most especially at the churches and financial institutions of our cities.

Human's first and principle raw material was stone; for shelter, walls for protection, tools, weapons, grave markers, and to carve images; of the gods, as well as they could from memory, a memory getting dimmer and dimmer as ego persisted in its negative and selfish ways, yet forbidding and making religious laws against idolatry. And yet now we moderns make no secret of worshipping fabricated TV idols.

Humans walk the earth in a state of self-induced amnesia, sleep-walkers, the dragon of mediation in themselves sleeping. If we could now access our dreams to find the truth of our plight and so the answers. What are our dreams? Or do we ignore them only to give recognition to our pipe-dreams of material and physical lust and desire for personal power, domination over our fellow humans and our planet.

We have thru HisStory used myths as walls; their mortar being a mix of theology and cosmology. Build the New Myth from what we now see as more solid and stable. With the stones we can also build bridges.



Jerusalem, Western Wall

And so in the Age of Aquarius the crystal has emerged, symbolically as the white stone with a new name. The crystal is a stone which translates light into a full spectrum of luminous colors. It brings to mind crystalline vision, seeing that there are many facets and colors emanating and reflecting thru life, our lives...

Crystalline seeds from deep in the earth. Consider the power, complete in the unbroken geode, the dragon egg. Until we crack it open, it seems just another ugly rock. And there was a glitter in the firmament above the garden of all colors.

Facts: facets reflecting back again... The creator is a multi-faceted entity.

Rainbow Serpent is the whole and represents the entire spectrum of events from our beginning.



Rainbow Serpent 6000-3000 BP

Audre Lourde on a visit to Boulder, Colorado, said that in Africa the rainbow serpent “represents all gods so old that their faces are forgotten, so they must be worshipped in ourselves. We are learning by heart what has never been taught... I wish we could have emotional holograms so we can see what it is that is happening before our eyes,” without having to resort to “the trough of the evening news.”

Dragon scales are of all colors. When the common man’s eye sees all colors at once it appears to him a muddy hue. But with crystalline vision we see the whole glorious spectrum in the undulating rhythms of the Universe.