

# Apocalypse Now?????

Dragons are dreaded as omens of catastrophe.

Drekar, Viking word for Dragon Ship, built for raids and going into battle. 500 years prior to Columbus, Vikings settled northern tip of Newfoundland briefly. In Norse mythology, a Deluge will commence when the Serpent wakes to destroy the universe.

As World of Men see it.



Intense cold background for mounting fire and smoke rising to the stars, in conjunction with a tidal wave engulfing the inhabited lands. There is no Summer for three years, after three years of wars waging all over Mithgard (the World of Men).

The Seeress, while telling of these things, repeatedly asks if this is not so, as if she hopes there is perhaps, or could be, another story.

Mithgard Serpent gnaws on roots of the World Tree, either to stimulate its growth, or fell it if it fails to grow well and strong. So, we see how we have grown it, as the serpent rises from the waves, the wake, breathing noxious fumes over our world, bringing cleansing floods. Fumigating; spring cleaning after Nuclear Winter. Dragon is waking, emerging from deepest substratas of our psyches and our purpose. In this Age the Tree of Life is threatened by men frantically trying to cut down all Old Growth. We watch, as some of us protest; still others busy themselves turning protests into what they call a living. ‘selling out’ to Market Place Economy the ‘They’ construct.

Those involved in taboo activities of intellectualizing or psychoanalyzing our trauma are left out, written off as pretentious by critics, or dangerous. Mass media (mediævil) suggestion; world is full of war and crime. “Just the way it is,” he says, Blessed be He. Must our world be the way he says? We do see higher minds, minds not men, trying to harness this very important instrument, tool to further education, understanding; subliminal force. Positive must override. What we need is active support, recognition and elimination of demand for any and all ill intentioned energies. All we need is for intellectual superiors to take off their suits and ties, their uniformitarianism; stop posing as tradition has demanded we pose and smile for the camera. What do real people look like? How many generations have we been holding this pose?



We must challenge the mind without looking like clowns. Are they talking to me? Looks like they’re ignoring me, talking past me, to the person next to me.

We must not only think and intellectualize, but connect. If thinking is allowed, why are they pressed into the same visual molds; suits and ties and high heeled pantyhose uniforms? Can we accept their virtues presented through formalities, formalities. Anger rises as formal-ties bind Life to duty; duties devised by human mind as it separates from full knowing. We need to check the Nazi in us; that part thinking everyone should do things their way, one way; the part who thinks we should funnel into a straight and narrow one way street.

People die and leave us things. We inherit tradition. Must we claim our inheritance? Their way causes harm to our environment that gives life sustenance. We're mired in trivia, chaos. We are immersed in accumulated trivia of egotistical, dominating desires. They get cancer and die, no hang on a little longer; get AIDS and die, oops, no, hang on a little longer. Viruses keep adapting, seem to get stronger. Or are we getting weaker as we separate from Life's Source? We will kill our Selves, we will bring the plagues, catastrophes, deluge. And then we will blame it on God, God punishing Us.

AIDS could be looked at as one of the Terrible Dark Mother's cosmic jokes; an example of what blood ties can do. ADD; a nice little packaged excuse for not being able to handle sensory overload (demands of our late great civilizations we call ManKind). They simply add more and more confusion to sensitive minds until they can no longer stay focused. Attention Deficit Disorder. They cause dis-ease, dis-order and call it a disease. They've made a drug for the cure. They will drug you.

There are more who also may be crucified and martyred, for claiming we, every one has potential to be Christ-like, at least much closer. It's not allowed, still not allowed. But Ego, oh yes, they let Ego become their God, they think. But no, it can not be; sterile and void without the other. IAM always desires an Other.

We are being funneled  
into a center  
of an outpouring.  
Paradigm shift  
in the sands of time.  
The hourglass has turned  
down to up.



We look at differences and see why we are not closer but are angered at so many differences, not more sameness. Diversities we can thrive on, expand on, reflect upon. They feed us knowledge and experience for understanding the Whole, not Hole; should be nurtured in a positive vein for one and only Us. Differences of opinion, different vantage points are essential to see all facets; they don't fight but shine out in all directions, reflect out; a gem.

Water must flow. If you dam it back, it erupts, a deluge. When it flows, it feeds; as blood of life's stream. Bible says one third of the waters turned to blood.

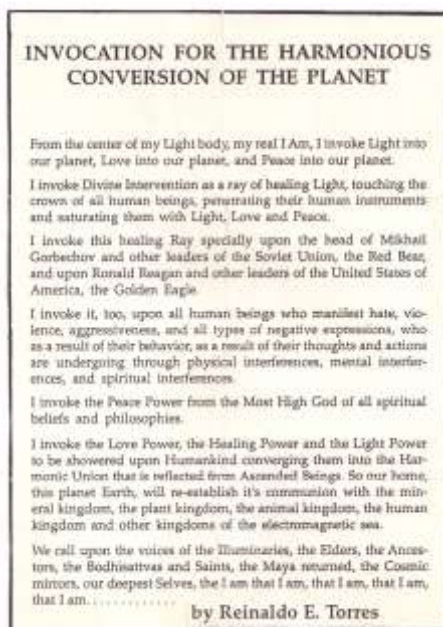
Nearly all Creation myths we have found include a Deluge of water, often in conjunction with, or after a great fire. Perhaps it is only a rising flame of consciousness in conjunction with a flood of emotion; intellect with feeling as He penetrates She; now understanding, another turn in the Ages.

Geo-logically active earth has managed to continue to renew her surface thru volcanism and plate tectonics; action, reaction, movement, renewal; like Ouroborus. In some stories it is near the beginning. In some, the end.

Many corroborative reports, in a close proximity of time, of a great deluge are written in HisStory. Which as far as those directly involved could tell, was the end of all living things as far as the eye could see. He has not penetrated meaning of the myth. If he forces it again it must needs be the last time, as far as we can see. Better for Good.

It seems they want to be controlled, so Anti-Christ was allowed freedom to reign. As the people held guilt and condemned themselves; they created, projected an Anti-Christ. Believing and imaging go together. They cling to Cruci-fiction; they cling to HoloCost; they cling to ArmaGetem. They celebrate these things. They allow the Beast authority. It is a caustic situation.

hol'o-caust, n. [Gr. holokauston, neut. of holokaustos, holokautos, burnt whole; holos, whole, and kaustos or kautos, burnt, from kaiein, to burn.]. 1) A burnt sacrifice or offering, the whole of which was consumed by fire; a species of sacrifice in use among the Jews and some pagan nations. 2) A great loss of life by fire. ~ Webster's



Written for World Instant late 80's

World Instant of Cooperation had a goal of only 1 percent, just a notch above zero (nothing or seed). One hour of one year, out of 8,760 hours. A ratio of one against 8,760 others. Fun-duh-mentalists fought hard, even against that.

Our goal should be the hundredth monkey affect effect; or domino theory; or contagion; or the order inherent in the eye of chaos. It must be global intuitive reaction, quick change of values.

Maybe when ratio reaches 144,000 against a world population of whatever will take us over the brink. There are dragons lurking in the waters at the edge of the world of man.

Evolution contained in Thesaurus becomes finite movement. But it cannot be. That is not the truth of its meaning. Evolution is not only past but future also. Dream On!

Some of us are not a voluntary part of the WE who are causing this devastation, except by force, coercion and man made laws and traditions. We are shackled and chained and YOU are our anchor, people. YOU are our anchor! We seem firmly entrenched in these control issues. It is the world we've created that keeps dragging us down. YOU are the anchor, people, and the waters are so deep – maybe too deep.

There are more correct and precise guiding forces. More important laws; universal laws; laws of nature.

There are right and wrong ways.  
There are right and wrong paths.  
Greater and Lesser Being.  
There is also the too straight...  
and narrow.  
Myopia (Webster's)  
"... The cause is the convergence of  
the rays of light in a focus  
before they reach...  
In consequence of  
too great a convexity..."



How many generations, or incarnations; how many expressions will it take to free the bonds, too tight, constricting and cutting off life's flow? He holds on so tightly to his 'the way it is', sure his way is right as there are more of them than us. Lemmings to the sea. We don't want to be dragged into their undertow. We don't want to be trampled in their mad dash. We elevate our selves enough to drift above, hoping they have not caused too much irreversible damage in their passing, too many extinctions, and desert wastes.

We are caught in an undertow. Tidal wave response will be catastrophic; a deluge, as 'Terrible Mother' wipes the slate clean. What life that can survive must remember, this time, as we should now, why a myth and lesson of Atlantis, a similar story; a myth most shrug off as preposterous; myth remembered in psychic dream images for us to decipher; hieroglyphic metaphor. Lessons repeat; never precisely the same. Stories and pictures remind us of issues unresolved; challenges, and morals we learn along the way. The way of the dream; a dream collectively conscious in World Human Soul.

But he would rather slay dragons than wrestle with truth. He (this patriarchal society which masquerades as God) is afraid to think so far, tends instead to dwell on his failures, and his guilt frightens him to realize so many. So we dwell in fear He creates, will not look beyond Armageddon as the end he is reaching for.

Fear of God is human fear we will surely fail to measure up, so we make God appear; an illusion, to pretend we have something to believe in. When it suits our selfish purposes we call upon our personalized God; we pray. But there is this thing of living energy all around and in us; GodNature. We are trying our DAMNEDEST to destroy the thing we are afraid we will fail to live up to. We work steadfastly against it. Failed Creator = Demon. All these puny egos will destroy this miraculous creation because He proclaims, the Holy One, blessed be He, has written it so! We devote our Selves to a lesser god. We sacrifice our Selves to a lesser god, demiurge.

God figures might be how we first appeared to more 'primitive' beings. So-called primitive mind has a sense of wonder, as a child's. This is a form of wisdom. The 'wise men' adored the child, knowing the child can lead the way.

Freud says blame your parents. Marx says to blame society. Blame yourself. Not for what has happened to you but from now, understanding where you go to next.

The stories have been told over, and over, and over, and we still don't get it.

To be forced, as we are, to be constantly aware of impending doom, danger is too close, too close, too close to ultimate destruction. We concentrate on a void, whether for

or against, we are concentrating on it, projecting our Selves into it, nuclear void. Whatever we fix our vision on becomes more real, concentrated. Many healing circles of legitimate loving beings become ill, disintegrating for no apparent reason. Then we find it's from concentrating collective energies on stopping a negative thing; against more than forward toward something positive, growing. We think we need to destroy before we can go on; destroy bad rather than begin to build and displace it with good. As Einstein Mind said, "You cannot simultaneously prevent and prepare for war..." Immensity of the universe is frightening. They think they must be armed. They hesitate.

On an archetypal level, fire in the dragon is like darkness in the Dark Mother. An energy that consumes the crud and waste of mankind's disasters. Except today she spits it back into his surprised face, as Hecate pulls the rug out from under his feet. At the crossroads the walls come melting down, and bad news for old St. George; there will be '*no more slaying*', the dragon has had its fill.

Stories say that in the Abyss we will find dragons. Allegory, stories, myths have served all societies through remembered time, in coming to terms with the puzzle of existence, bringing it to a scale human mind can grasp. But they clutch too tightly, literally damn the flow. The dragon holding back the waters eventually lets go, a Deluge.

If men had dreams of Armageddon, there must be dream prophecies of a way thru, a solution; a change for good and better. The fact something is recorded does not make it ultimate truth. Stories are told. We don't know truth, proof of fact; only stories. Meanings change, and have changed. Changing meanings of words changes meanings of stories', Christ was a cult hero; cultural hero. Birth of a Hero, a virgin birth; plunging thru abysmal depths of the ocean of time, thru gestation to be born again into something more alive, enough to see the beauty of it All.

Books of Daniel and Ezekiel were apocalyptic in response to imposed tyranny of their time. Seven-headed dragon of apocalypse represents persecution of True Church by its foes. I did not see a temple in the City. How we follow Dreams of Men. We are talking about images, symbols emerging from men's dreams. We are talking about images graphically portrayed. Why does human mind want to translate all so literally, make every moment a literal thing? It is passing as everything in the universe does, not wanting to be hung up in time. Perhaps creation's intent was to see how far it can dream on, how complex it can become. If we lose sight of the center, essence, source; we may never know how far it could have been. Was it intended we self-destruct; to Start Again?!

In dream, spirits who were killed and rose again were not men, but manifestations of future looking back on itself. Jesus! Can't they see literal truth cannot be so mundane as One Man. We are thought forms, how strange we can also feel, so personal. Maybe it's time to do away with these organisms. Only highest of minds could continue expanding out into in finite void, abyss, free of fetters. Time to let go of the dragging, pulling back; stop senseless slaughter, let go, self-annihilate, dissolute in the Dragon.

Leviathan, or Livyatan. It is Fear, thru the ages interpreted as crocodile, monster, dragon, serpent, or whale; never a clear picture. Enter Dragon, the fear, with awareness.

Seekers of Armageddon want the hurricanes; want the earthquakes; want catastrophes promised them for their distorted love of possessions and power accumulated at expense of goodness of their soul. Home is where the heart is. The heart should be carried with one at all times.



Compassion is same word in Hebrew as word for 'womb', but in plural form. Compassion is the Mothers, the Elohim; true creators The Age of Man, he went seeking, found not much, and would not allow her to know what he could not tell her. His bag of miracles is empty. His soul left his body, without his even wondering why? Peter Pan lost his shadow and wanted it back. You can't have a shadow unless there is light. Pan's hour is that in which there are no shadows, high noon. Yet they think Pan a Being of Darkness. When their shadows are directly under them is when they are most fear full. Lucifer, name originally given to the Morning Star. He-goat is a father symbol, male consort of Nature. Pan is masculine expression of Mother Nature. Whatever does harm to this expression invokes her darker side, the Terrible Mother, earth-quakes, drought, ferocious storms, tidal waves, famine and disease. We blame El Niño, the child, but it is the inner child who needs discipline, needs to grow up, take responsibility. El Niño, the little boy. Boys are generally noisy and don't listen to their Mother, and beat up sensitive boys who do. The noise is reaching a crescendo and sensitive human being suffers the most. They make more and more noise so they don't have to listen, they won't have to hear.

Everyone heard the Mother's screams this time, and 'things' were so much worse than ever expected. 'Things' are streams and rivers, earth and air, just about everything under our limited sky. Her body continually raped by fascistic 'developers', in the name of God, 'with God on our side', 'under one'... etc, etc. Middle class American, white sugar fed TV lies, needing little boy spies, who are of course hypnotized. Zombies wake! Don't you hear the alarm? Dis-ease and panic.

Duck and Cover!

This is only a test.  
If this had been  
a real emergency,  
you would have been informed...



Pan's Saturnine presence, its brightness, lessons to learn, will be experienced by people at present and near future as a force of chaos, panic threatening to tear apart the ordering principle as it is presently practiced. Pan's reflection, another aspect of Ego, is an instinctual mirroring of its environment.

Dark defines Light. Dark wind tries to blow it out. We see good as from the light of the Sun; bad from dark bowels of the Earth, caves. Righteous, light. Falsehood, dark.

Water erodes rock. The rock, what does the rock do? It can obstruct water, but no, only hinder it, as water erodes the rock away. But water returns always to itself. The drip falls and shatters into small particles, but fragments are eventually found again in a larger body. From ocean to humidity, to cloud and rain into streams and rivers and so back to ocean, separated only by rock, contained and given form. That is what rock does.

The Lake of burning sulfur, is a lake, not an ocean. It is contained. They fear it will cause them great pain.

Flames mount up as earth sinks beneath the waves. Subconscious a literal ocean. World Tree does not fall. Mithgard rises cleansed of terror and destruction, once again as beautiful as beginning of time. A new sun, New Consciousness, even more radiant than its mother, eagle (god of sky), and eagle (symbol of future hope) is again seen on the mountain. To abuse it as a symbol for Power of Man, comes from 'Evil It' temptation. Men look around in wonder, concerned whether their cars will start in impending nuclear winter, little boys senselessly, hideously describing their own barren souls.

How could blocking the physical attain happiness for the Soul? Only way out is thru the physical. Torment we fear is not that we are locked in this organic manifestation, but we don't enjoy it as was intended. Why would anything be created for torment, pain or captivity????? Why would creation's intention be cruel????? In tension? Intention?

It is also written that from the great winter certain privileged beings were sheltered. Sacrifice means burnt offering. Incense; up in smoke. In all legends of deluge survivors, they perform a sacrifice, or sacred rite.

Myths of deluge go all the way back; Atlantis, Lemuria. What myths did they know? These were/are all revelations of when we let things get out of hand.

They think they do something for good of hive, by industriousness; they think it is activity that is important, and neither look nor see outcome and ultimate product of their activities. They believe future will be no worse than now; don't remember it was once better. To whom is benefit of Industrial Age? We prefer trees, mountain tops, dunes; at least enough freedom in time to explore them. We prefer ocean beaches, sounds of waves, tides of GodNature. Can we bring the mountain with us to Mohammed?

Sword, as symbol, arose with intellect. There's a connection between metallurgy and alchemy. Iron associates with astral world due to first iron visible to man being from meteors. Progress from gold to iron implies devolution, golden age to iron age. Age, same as phase. Ages bring materialization. Scepter is a weapon and attribute of royalty.

Dragon is not concerned with celebrating Holocaust, or Armageddon. It's concerned with the life, Now, as life should be lived. Dragon of mediation will intercede; to right what is wrong; to mediate in what seems a harsh manner. Dragon (Self) when faced squarely, we see is a raging power of mediation in extremes.

From the fiery realm of Muspell – which in Norse means; 'the magic' – which in the beginning had caused creation, now comes destruction. Waves mount up as earth sinks beneath them. Sub-conscious is a literal ocean. But World Tree does not fall, and Mithgard rises from the water cleansed of the terror and destruction, and once again as beautiful as the beginning of time; as the sibyl sees it.

Noah may have released Doves, but it was the 'Raven' that found and brought back first evidence the waters were receding.



Thoughts gleaned from Anaïs Nin: Rebellion is a negative form of living. Creation is positive. Art helps supply deficiencies in life, better than taking drugs. Rebellion is futile waste of emotions which cause damage. Creating a new and healthy way is positive rebellion. Art can be refusal to share universal pessimism, inertia, and despair in the world. Art, as creation, can show a way out.

Art must include critique. Creative force must erupt positively, quickly. Rome wasn't build in a day, nor Babylon.

Transformation sweeps the earth on high powered winds of change, caused by the dragon's wings in flight, ready to journey another trip on a spiral in mythological chronicles of time. Humans can come for the ride or risk being left behind on an earth where little boys still play their killing games, their 'war games' with their all too real, deadly toy guns, in an endless nightmare, not caused by the Devil Satan Pan, but human bully's refusal to give up the gun, Grow Up; recognize real powers of the universe.

Two worlds colliding, past and future. Who sabotages ways and steps to go between? 'Evil It' takes on personality, consciousness, and looks for weak organisms and minds to inhabit, to personify. We in defiance are under attack. A new way must take focus, be a clear visual image. Thought adjusters need work wonders to brighter days.

Magic is a good thing, but carries negative connotation in our modern society of fairytales. We once knew and recognized magic. Some abused the power. Why is natural drift of man seemingly against the current? It will take so much longer to cross the great water that way. Afraid if he lets himself be swept up in natural currents and rhythms of eternity, he will lose control. But Maybe the river really does flow on to a better place.

And after the deluge we bring upon our Selves, if we count, we just might find 144,000 survivors..... to begin again. We might realize our Selves on an Island Earth surrounded by ocean, and come to believe there is nothing more than IAM. Again!