

the GRIM



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ONE DIMENSION

When I was little, it occurred to me that nothing should be able to happen at all. I got this idea one day when I was testing gravity (to see if it would work every time) by dropping rocks on bugs. I'd let go, and --*plop*-- the rock would, of course, land on the ground. After a few hours of this (I was really easy to entertain), I noticed that before it landed, the rock would first have to travel half the distance between my hand and the ground. Then it would have to travel half the remaining distance, too, and then half again of that... I realized that the rock would get awfully close to the ground, but with all these half distances to travel first, it should never actually reach the end of its path. Ditto for the path my hand took toward the next rock, and me getting out of the house to even get to the rocks, and if I extended the thought, to time itself: if I mark one minute before I could go outside, 30 seconds would have to elapse first, then 15, then... then... whatever was half of 15 (I hadn't actually got to fractions yet)... my eyes widened. Nothing could ever start or finish happening!

"*DAAAAD!!!!!*" I yelled, dropped my rock and ran into the house, much to the relief of the small bug suburb I'd been destroying. They immediately appointed a subcommittee to oversee the urban restructuring plans.

Dad told me that the idea was true, but that as the rock got close enough to the ground, the molecules of the rock and the molecules of the ground became interchangeable enough for us to say that the rock had hit the ground. This worked. I went back outside and picked up a rock.

"Oh no!" the bugs cried, in badly dubbed unison. "The new Downtown Dung-O-Centre is doomed!"

Nice rock. Bad bugs. But... what about... the distance between my hand and the point at which the rock and the ground would trade molecules?

"*DAAAAD!!!!*"

Dad should have told me right then about Zeno's Paradox. I would have felt much better knowing that people have been worrying about this for centuries. Zeno was a Greek philosopher, and was the first person to postulate this "halfway limit". He asked how anyone could begin to cross a room if they first had to walk half the distance across, and half that distance, and half *that*...

Yet rooms do get crossed, and we start and finish things all the time. (I hear the bugs have started a cross-training program with the earthworms: "Fast and Icky" is their officially sanctioned slogan.)



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How does *anything* work, then? We kind of have to take the "halfway" prerequisite as a given, and the logic seems flawless. It *is* flawless, if you don't include quantum mechanics in the picture. (Oh come on now, you *knew* I would go there sooner or later.)

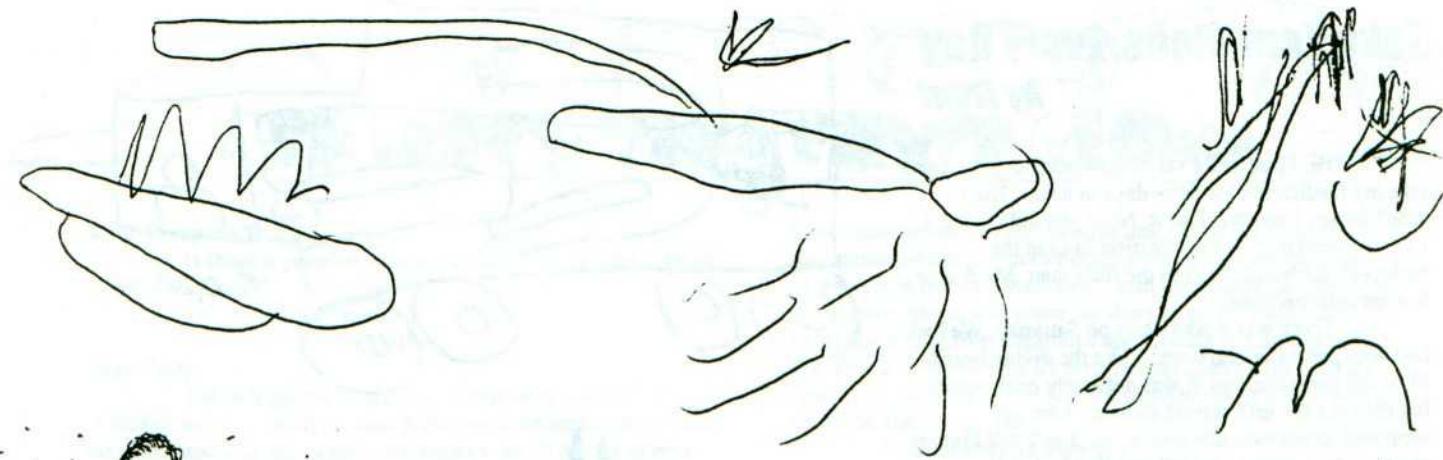
In the quantum world, existence is nothing more than an infinite set of possibilities. Even the most improbable situation is true at some point, and time is just a series of perceptions limited by our human mental capacity that likes things linear: one second at a time, please. In truth, *everything* is happening, and it's all happening in the same timeless instant. You don't have to cross half the room before you can get to the other side; you're already *there*. And you're already *halfway* there, too. In the realm of quantum possibility, you exist at every point in the universe, and each point is always undergoing every possible set of circumstances.

"Crossing the room" as we know it is the result of an extremely limited set of physical perceptions: A second ago I was *there*, now I'm *here*, and in one more second I'll be over *there*. You've seen the photographs in which something was moving as the picture was taken; these long exposures are records of the series of points we occupy all at once in "time", the fourth dimension. In a more real version of reality we all exist as if we were extended exposures. We just have to divide it up into a linear series of events for our purposes on this plane. You can cross the room easily without the halfway point giving you problems because you're already occupying every point along your path. (As well as every point along every other path that you've chosen in another version of reality, but let's not complicate things.) In most people's every day waking life, though, they can only perceive one point in one slice of time.

We expect life to be linear. First A, then B, then C, then the bugs get flooded out of the backyard and move into your kitchen cupboards. But since every possibility is part of reality, and it's all happening at once, if we could somehow transcend our expectations and train ourselves to perceive existence out-of-order (like many of us already can, to an extent, when we use our imaginations), we wouldn't have to bother with any halfway point, or any in-between stuff at all. We could just project our consciousness to the reality in which we're already where we wanted to be -- teleportation! The next step of evolution will be in our minds.

Or give this power to bugs and get a bitchin' sci-fi horror flick. Wait -- what's that giant rock hanging above my head...?! *GAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHH!!! It's ZENO-ZILLA! NOOOOOO!!!!!!*





SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

the Grim is dedicated to enriching, discovering, creating and communicating with all planes and beings throughout the fabric of existence. You already create your own reality, so share it: take an active role in everyone else's. Lend your voice. *the Grim* shall be pleased to consider your art, poetry, fiction...or whatever...for publication.

If you aren't native to our plane, willing channelers are waiting to hear from you. Electromagnetic waves cross the planar boundaries -- perhaps you could use one to connect to a receiver here on our plane. (Computer, radio, video, a dreaming brain...) We've even got a mailbox, if you're so inclined. We cannot presently pay for any submissions we use, but hey, if you're only interested in this for the money, you wouldn't understand anyway.

If not channeling, please direct all submissions and communication to:

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or email: editor@thegrim.net

Enclose a SASE with snailmail if you want your work returned.

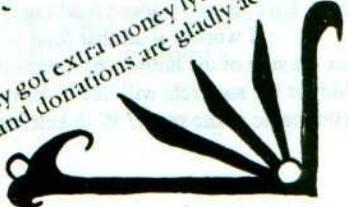


the Grim

FOR THE ONES SPINNING UP
AND THE ONES SPINNING DOWN
AND ALL THE ONES CAUGHT IN A DREAM

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Take Your Meds, Every Day

by Trent

Hi. I just had a very bad weekend. I forgot to take my medication for three days in a row. No, I didn't forget. I couldn't find it. No. I just didn't take it. I know where it is. My medication lives in the bathroom cupboard. Next to the little man. My doctor lets me self-medicate.

There was a pool party on Saturday. We had two pool parties in one week. I like the diving board. I liked the barbecue, too. It was definitely cold outside, but they got the grill started anyway. I am not supposed to mention any names. So, I will call him my ex-doctor's husband, and tell you that he is not allowed within 10 feet of the grill any more, except to pick up food and take it away. And not with the barbecue fork, or the spatula, either. From now on he has to hold his plate and someone else will put the food on it.

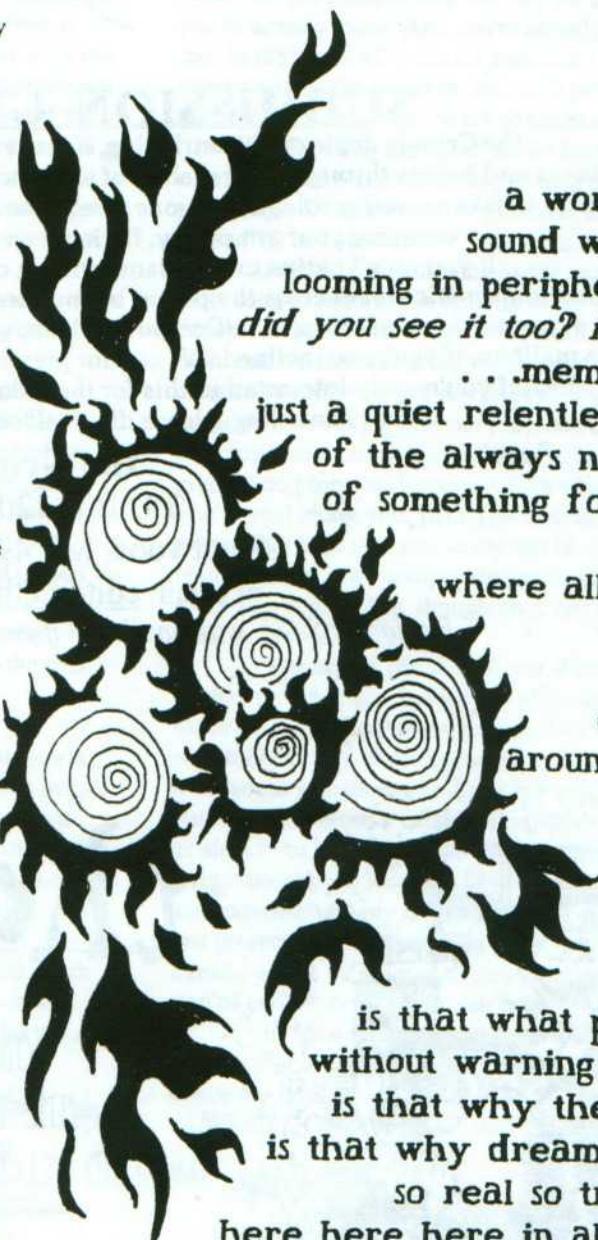
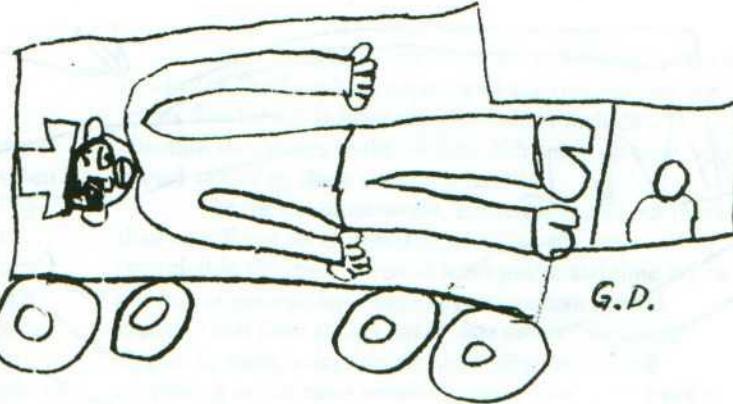
There are birds living in the eaves over our back porch. I didn't think the grill was anywhere near their nest, but my ex-doctor's husband thought so. He thought the birds were going to poop on the food. He said that they would do that so that we would leave it out and then they could eat it. I think he has issues. He's not even *on* medication. He lets the dog lick him in the face. The dog shouldn't do that; you don't know where that dog's been. There is a dinosaur in the back yard. It looks through my bedroom window sometimes. Freaks me right out.

I'm getting tired of typing "My ex-doctor's husband". So now I'm going to call him Bill. He'll hate that. Maybe I'll just call him Bill from now on, even when I'm done telling the story. Do you ever... never mind.

Bill had a big problem with these birds living above our patio. He yelled at them, and waved his arms at them (they didn't wave back), and no one else could figure out what his deal was. This would not have happened if he was on medication. I wouldn't recommend self-medicating for him, though. He's a spaz. Finally he put a hamburger patty on the spatula and started using it as a catapult. He catapulted hamburger patties, and hot dog buns (which don't fly very well), snowballs, a couple of chicken legs, and an empty ketchup bottle at these birds. Bill (rhymes with *grill*) has very good aim. He almost hit the birds every time. I have never seen so much food pasted on the side of one house in my life.

But... (sigh). We should have known that it couldn't have lasted forever. Fra --oh oh, no names. Ok. The High Supreme Alien Emperor Commander of my planet stuck his head out of the window to ask if there was more beer on the porch right when Bill catapulted a big snowball at the birds. If he had been aiming for someone's face sticking out of the window, he would have had a bulls-eye. That's 50 points on the dartboard in the game room. Oh, boy, did he get in trouble. None of this would have happened if Bill was on several hundred milligrams of Valium. I tell them and tell them and tell them but no one listens to me. Probably because I am not a doctor. I'm just glad that I don't have to worry about working the grill.

I wonder if all that food is still going to be on the side of the house when springtime comes. Maybe the squirrels will like it. Have you ever written your name in the snow? With ketchup?



a lost god
is mouthing
a word from ago
sound without voice
looming in peripheral thought
did you see it too? it felt like a
...memory without
just a quiet relentless reminder
of the always never known
of something found hidden
a core
where all roots wind
the center
spinning
deep spirals
around the spine

some think
myth

is that it?
is that what pushes tears
without warning or reason?
is that why the soul flies?
is that why dreams reach out
so real so true so alive
here here here in all around us
that life -- no matter -- blurs?

Is something coming?
Is someone there?
Are we all going home?
Then what?

ASK PERCY THE SCIENCE CLOWN!

Dear Percy the Science Clown,

Is there a *genuine* cure for a hangover, or just a lot of "old wives tales"?

Your friend,
Cathy

Dear Cathy,

The only genuine cure for a hangover is *don't drink so &%\$@ much!* Actually, certain highly evolved species have come up with something that completely negates any ill effects of over-indulgence, but just let them try to share their knowledge and wisdom with us. By the time *that* clears the FDA we'll have all transcended our corporeal nature and won't need it anymore.

There are several different chemical compounds in the alcohol family. Ethyl alcohol is the type we drink. Here's a fun fact: the difference between ethyl alcohol and antifreeze (another form of alcohol) is *one* oxygen atom! This makes for great fun at parties, if you can get a couple minutes alone with the punch bowl.

Alcohol is a dehydrator: as it travels through your system, it sucks the water out with it (hence twelve trips to the bathroom for one 8oz drink). That's a big part of the hangover problem right there. Make sure you drink a lot of water with your alcohol to replenish the supply so you don't feel like a dried-up sponge the next day.

Alcohol is also a depressant and a blood thinner, so pace yourself. (A depressant is a drug that causes your physical system to operate slowly and inefficiently, and the neurons in your brain to fire sporadically and inaccurately. In other words, it gets you drunk.) Although drinking an entire 12-pack before the pizza even arrives will certainly loosen you up, pleasantly enhance your personality, and encourage improved interpersonal communications, an overload right away will cause your body to react much more severely than the same amount of alcohol over several hours.

Dear Percy the Science Clown,

How does a smoke detector work? Why don't they go off when someone is smoking a cigarette or burning incense?

Puffy

Dear Puffy,

Smoke detectors can tell what's making the smoke. Really! They can even tell the difference between the different smells of incenses. They'll go off if you light one of those crappy fruity kinds. In one instance that I witnessed, someone had one of those 'funny' cigarettes and the smoke detector got right down off the wall and called the cops. Then another time --

...huh? Ok, what's *that* look for?

sigh.

One way a smoke alarm operates by a photoelectric trigger. It's got a little light beam in it that strikes a plate opposite its source. When smoke particles get in the way and cut off the beam or scatter the light, the alarm sounds.

The most common type of smoke detector, though, uses a current caused by ionized air particles. (Atoms with one electron more or less than they should have are called "ions", and they carry an electric charge more efficiently than normal air molecules.) Smoke will cause ions to form and they make their way into the detector where, like little wires, they carry a charge a tiny distance from one plate to another. When the charge reaches the second plate it triggers the alarm mechanism.

The smoke detector can't actually tell the difference between dangerous smoke caused by a house fire and smoke from incense, cigarettes, or certain housemates' cooking prowess. If you

blow cigarette smoke right into the unit, it's going to go off. It's recommended that the smoke detector be placed on the ceiling or way up on the wall, well away from the kitchen or bathroom (even heavy steam will cause the thing to go off sometimes). It helps that smoke from cigarettes and incense is a lot thinner than that from a house fire, so it's usually dispersed by the time it reaches the detector, and a few stray molecules at a time won't cause the alarm to go off.

I still like my version better.

Dear Percy the Science Clown,

Why do so many earth people spend almost all their time doing things they don't enjoy? Hasn't your "modern science" made tedium obsolete? There should have been a labor revolution by now. It just amazes me, the things you people think you have to do. Not that my homeland is any better. Most of my people have become so caught up in technology that they lost their individuality and don't care. But there has to be some middle ground.

Coma

Dear Coma,

Hang on, who's to say we're *not* in the middle of a labor revolution? These things take time -- it will be easier to see it when we have the benefit of hindsight. Earth's last technological boom, the industrial revolution, happened over a few decades, too. Just because you can read a summary of it in less than 30 seconds doesn't mean the people woke up one day, decided to change their entire social, cultural and economic base, and accomplished it before lunch. But you know that. It is frustrating to have to wait for something good.

Part of the problem is that so many millions of people wouldn't know what to do with leisure time if it bit them in the ass. Our educational system doesn't prepare them for very much else. Endless labor fills up time that they would otherwise spend watching TV, doing crossword puzzles, or plotting mean things to do to each other. Most humans are conditioned to believe that they have to get some tangible reward in return for any effort invested, and we have to have some profit to show for everything we do. Just enjoying an activity isn't enough. In many cases, doing something just because you like to (and I don't mean just watching your favorite TV show every day. I mean *really applying* yourself to some goal, like becoming a concert pianist or an expert farmer or whatever) is seen as grounds for ridicule by the rest of the people around: "Yeah, but you've got to have a *real* job."

When we can overcome this attitude, the leisurely utopia you describe will be a *lot* closer.

Woah! Where did Percy the *Sociology* Clown come from? Quick, someone send in a science question before he loses it!

Write to Percy c/o the Grim
at the address on page 3, or email to:

Percy@thegrim.net

Hurry! He knows the words to *every* Neil Diamond song and he's not afraid to use them!



Paganism in a Modern World

— BethDragon



I support the ideas of certain pagan religions. Although the majority of Americans today claim to follow the Christian faith, the paganistic background of Christianity is often forgotten. Many Christian beliefs and practices can be traced to pagan beliefs and practices.

Funk & Wagnall's Standard Desk Dictionary defines pagan as:

pa-gan (pA'gun), n. 1. One who is neither a Christian, a Jew, nor a Moslem; a heathen. 2. In early Christian use, an idol worshiper. 3. An irreligious person. adj. Of, pertaining to, or like pagans; heathenish.

We live in a primarily dominant Christian society today. Although the neopagan movement is bringing many pagans out the 'broom-closet' so to speak, there is still a large number who remain out of sight. Christians have primarily been taught that pagans are evil and heathens, as Funk & Wagnall's will concede. But the similarities between today's modern Christian and a great number of the prevalent Pagans are astounding. Christianity Today says: "Witches today: They may be like your neighbor, but wearing a [Pentacle] that represents air, fire, water, earth, and spirit". (106)

From the beginning of Christianity there have been many mirroring factors to Paganism. The most obvious of these are the Christian and Pagan holidays. Most evident of all is Halloween, or Samhain, which is celebrated in both cultures on October 31st. Samhain is Irish Gaelic for 'summer's end' (Kaczmarcik), and the concept behind the holiday is to celebrate death. In many cultures, Christians celebrate Halloween or All Hallows Eve as a day in which they remember the dead, and pay respects to dead family members and friends. As Sharina mentions in her English essay, Pagans believe that on Samhain, the spirits of the dead come and knock on your door. If you ignore or irritate them, they will 'trick' you. But if you 'treat' them well by being kind, they will not harm you. Consequently, you find the modern day tradition of 'Trick or Treat' on Halloween.

Another Pagan holiday is called Beltaine, which is Irish Gaelic for either 'fires of Bel' or 'bright fires' (Kaczmarcik). It closely resembles the Christian holiday of Easter. Beltaine is the celebration of life and fertility. Easter, by that same token, is the celebration of the resurrection, and the new life of Christ. Even the modern symbols of Easter, such as the egg and the rabbit are also Pagan symbols representing life and fertility (Sharina).

Yet another common holiday is Christmas, or Yule. For Christians, this is the day of celebrating the birth of Jesus Christ. Yule falls between December 21st and 24th. To Pagans, Yule or Winter Solstice is the celebration of the birth of the Sun by the Goddess. Christmas celebrates "...the birth of Jesus to the virgin mother Mary, who portrayed the Goddess in Pagan faith" (Sharina).

In today's modern world, Christians put up an evergreen tree, decorate it, and call it a Christmas Tree; they burn Yule logs, and hang mistletoe and holly. All of these traditions mirror Pagan traditions. Burning a Yule log for a Pagan is a part of a rite, which welcomes the Solstice and the New Year. In ancient times, the evergreen would be decorated in celebration of fertility. For some Pagan religions the branches would be hung all over the home and barn to scare away demons (Sharina).

If the striking resemblance between the Christian and Pagan holiday's aren't enough to prod a person's thoughts, the

similarities between the cornerstones of the religions may. Since we have already defined a Pagan as "One who is neither a Christian, a Jew, nor a Moslem" (Funk & Wagnall's), it is safe to say that all other religions are paganistic in character. Here you will find two of many religious figures in historical Paganism that mirror the life of Christ almost exactly. The first of them are Mithras.

Mithrasism is an ancient religion in Roman Paganism, which dates back over 4,000 years ago. The celebration of Mithras' birth falls on December 25th, just as the Christians celebrate the birth of Christ. The Book of Origins, the Canon of the Mithrasic faith states that, "the universe was created through Mithras, and Mithras was born into the world to save humanity from the attacks of the evil one...then [Mithras] died to the world, going to the underworld to destroy the servants of [the evil one] and bind [him] there forever" (Legend of Mithras).

Strangely enough, Mithras is said to be born of the Sun God and a virgin mother, who was called, as Mary is, "the Mother of God". There are many stories of his miracles from healing the sick to raising the dead. Mithras was considered "...a mediator between the celestial father...and man, as Jesus was known to be a mediator" (Paganism versus Christianity). All of these things are common knowledge for Christians in association with Jesus Christ.

Mithrasism's legend states that like Jesus, Mithras was put to death on a cross and buried in a cave. It is said that Mithras then arose from the dead and had a 'Last Supper' with his own 12 disciples. The Holy Bible states in Mark 16 that after his death and resurrection, Jesus appeared to the eleven disciples (since Judas had hanged himself) while they ate.

Another religious icon that parallels the life of Christ is Krishna of Hinduism. As Joseph McCabe mentions in his article, there is proof that the cult of Krishna flourished in India two or three hundred years before Christ's birth. Legend has it that Krishna was born of a miraculous conception, although his mother was married. McCabe states: "...King Kansa was warned in a vision that [Krishna] would destroy him, and take his place, and the child [Krishna] had to be taken away out of the reach of the monarch".

In the essay A Comparison of Christ and Krishna - Separate but Equal? the author states that: "it is often said that Christ is both fully human and fully divine. The same is also said of Krishna". Christ said, "I am the way the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me. If you really knew me, you would know my Father as well. From now on, you do know him and have seen him" (A Comparison of Christ and Krishna). And in Gita 10:2, Krishna says "Neither the multitude of gods, nor great sages know my origin, for I am the source of all the gods and great sages" (A Comparison).

In his book, The Origins of Pagan and Christian Beliefs, Edward Carpenter states:

The similarity of these ancient pagan legends and beliefs with Christian traditions was indeed so great that it excited the attention and the undisguised wrath of the early Christian fathers. They felt no doubt about the similarity, but not knowing how to explain it fell back upon the innocent theory that the Devil - in order to confound the Christians - had, centuries before, caused the pagans to adopt certain beliefs and practices (25).

The word "pagan" is derived from the Latin word 'pagani', meaning 'country dweller', or 'people of the land' (Miller). Graelan Wintertide says "Today, Pagans are people who have chosen to rediscover the sacredness in their lives by reconnecting with the earth and natural world" (The Pagan Path). The Pagan community seeks to discover the Higher Power through a very close interaction with nature. They see that Higher Power in "the beauty of the green earth, and the white moon among the stars, and the mystery of the waters, [that] call unto [your] soul..." (Valiente). This in itself doesn't seem so different from the Christian point of view. Christians tend to see the works and wonders of God in the rocks, trees, sky and water.

The biggest differences between Christianity and Paganism seem to lay in the worshiping of the dual gods in Paganism, often referred to as the God and the Goddess. Wintertide says: "...Pagans...typically understand the divine as both male and female, as both the Goddess and God. This isn't generally assumed to mean that there are two sources of the divine, but [instead] it is used to develop a greater understanding of the diversity of life..." (The Divine). I contend that this duality of God and Goddess can be found in the Christian faith as well. The Holy Bible says that God created man in his own image. Then it goes on to say that God took a rib from man and created woman. If man was created initially in God's own image, and from that initial man God created woman, wouldn't it appear that God is also the same as woman and man brought together?

Yet another resemblance is the common doctrine in the "Golden Rule". Many different cultures and religious groups believe in this phrase. Specifically, Christianity's version in the Holy Bible states in Matthew 7:12, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them". Hinduism's rendition in Mahabharata 5:1517, "This is the sum of duty: do naught unto others which would cause you pain if done to you". The Wiccan Rede states that if "...it harm no one, do what thou wilt" (Robinson, Shared Belief). Without exception you will find this across the board in religion as well as in general culture.

The last shared feature I will mention between Christianity and Paganism isn't nearly as lovely as the all of the others I have spoken of. This is the persecution of the religious minority by the religious majority. We see this onslaught from the Holocaust's near genocide of the Jews, to the Crusades, which resulted in the deaths of hundreds of thousands of Christians, Jews and Muslims. Then once again with the Christian Church's extermination of the break-away Christians, to the European conquest of North America, which resulted in tens of millions of Natives dying by either conquest or disease. All the while, Native survivors were forced into religious conversion. And then finally to the Burning Times of pagans during the Inquisition. B.A. Robinson says:

Followers of the Old Religion were ruthlessly hunted down by the Church ...arrested, tortured, and burned at the stake over the period circa 1450 to 1792 CE in Europe. After Reformation, the Protestants preferred to hang Witches.

Religious prejudice has meant the persecution and death to tens of millions of people worldwide. And it continues even today. In Bosnia and Kosovo war is held between the Serbian Orthodox Christians and the Muslims. In the Middle East, war between the Jews, Christians and Muslims has been going on for centuries. The list goes on and on.

From historical coincidences of deities to bloody crusades and the slaughter of human lives all in the name of God, Christian and Pagan similarities astound me. I think that Wintertide said it best when he said "...how many conflicts could have been avoided when the challenge, 'My God is the only true God,' was met with a simple response of, 'Your God is my God'" (The Divine).

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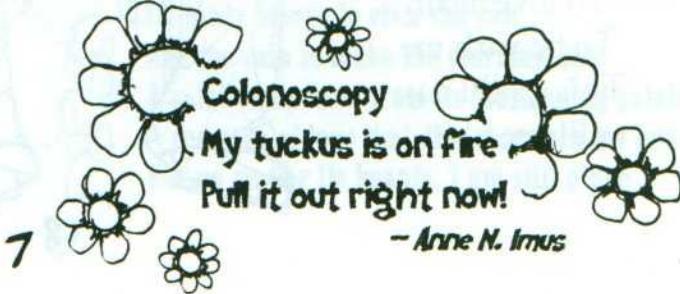
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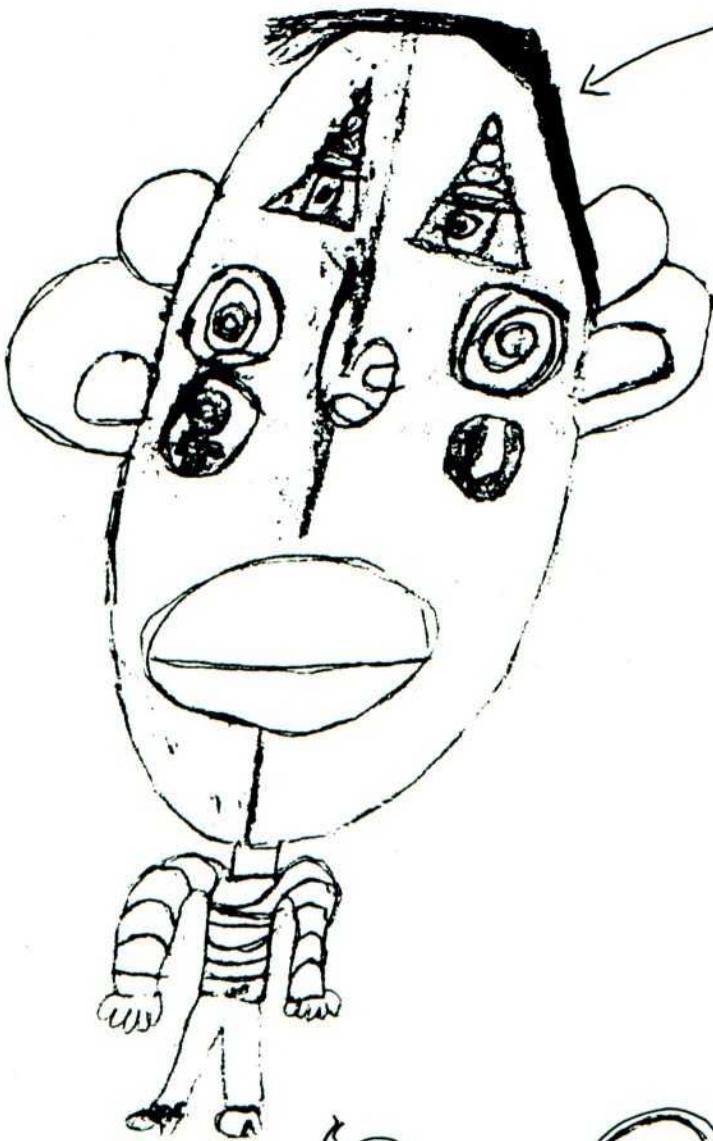
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Look at this great picture drawn for me by 9-year-old Gerard DeHaan. It's not just "cute", look at it for cryin' out loud. What we have here is a youngster using art to tap into the ancient symbolism of the collective subconscious, producing a yin-yang picture of the multiverse in the form of a human, as well as illustrating the numerological concepts behind the first five numbers.

The color version is a bright purple, green, orange, red, blue and yellow pattern – complimentary colors on opposite sides and corners. Gerard told his mother (not me) that "the head is a daddy, and the body is a mommy". Male energy (projective) is usually associated with the mind, logic and conscious reason. Female energy (receptive) is associated with the subconscious, creativity, intuition, and "gut" feelings.

(Not that all men and all women conform to these categorizations; your genitals have little to do with the kind of energy with which your soul resonates. "Masculine" and "Feminine" have much deeper meanings when we get into metaphysics.)

So here we have the entire male/female creative duality of the One Spirit wrapped up very neatly in this child's drawing.

Note the lower symbol embedded in "Daddy's" right cheek: it's the sigil of Venus, a planet of feminine energy. Above that is a series of nested circles, and on the opposite cheek, a more evolved version: a spiral. Both are symbols of eternity. (I'm not sure what that lower symbol on the left cheek is.)

And how about those eyes? Variations of triangles have, for centuries, been the most basic symbols for Air, Fire, Water and Earth: the original four elements from which the material universe is created. There are five little blips above each iris: a nod to the lesser-known fifth element, Spirit?

The eye is commonly held to be a window to the soul, a person's true essence. The soul, as a spiritual being, is usually thought to have both male and female aspects. A triangle is a symbol for the number 3, the number in which "...opposites are reconciled and God is for the first time manifest, for the first time comprehensible to human experience in having, as it were, a surface."* The triangle eyes in this face show an inner soul capable of balancing all its opposite energies; and the entirety of existence, or God, appears in human form.

Now if I could only figure out those blobs are on the sides of the head.

— Jymi

*Richard Cavendish, ed. Man, Myth & Magic, New York: BPC Publishing Ltd, 1970

Love Spell
--Ivy

I call your name
But no reply
I burn the flame
I sit and cry
You went away
Not sure why
But I try each day
To make you try
To love again
To be with me
This spell I cast
Blessed be.



I wanted words
that could wrap
the whole thing up.

Do you
understand?
yes and no

Dream Journal

The Dream Journal's been a little slow this issue, but that's ok. Everyone goes through phases in which they don't remember very many of their dreams. Usually these pages are dedicated to sharing and interpreting recent dream adventures contributed by readers, but no one has sent anything in for awhile. And since I don't want to do a 2-page dissertation on my own dreams, this gives us an opportunity to step back and examine the nature of dreams themselves.

Dreams have been explained as meaningless, random firings of neurons, noticeable only because the main, chattering conscious mind is subdued. They've been described as the soul taking flight when freed of the limiting daytime perceptions of reality. Some think of them as spirit visitations, and others think they're the deep, dark side of the subconscious that bubbles and roils up when we're stripped of the protective layer of wakefulness.

Seth, a spirit who wrote a series of metaphysical books through his channel, Jane Roberts, says that dreams are real experiences that take place in another part of reality. They can seem so strange and disjointed because the raw form of existence on that level is not translatable to terms we understand when awake on this plane. In that period between the dream and the return to this perception, our human mind has to translate what the soul has experienced, and much of the symbolism chosen is going to seem odd when we put it together and try to make a logical story out of it.

"At certain depths of sleep," Seth says, "...the soul's perception operates relatively unhampered. You drink, so to speak, from the pure well of perception. You communicate with the depths of your own being, and the source of your creativity. These experiences, not being translated physically, do not remain in the morning. You do not remember them as dreams. Dreams, however, may later (during the same sleep period) be formed from the information gained...these will not be exact or near translations of the experience, but rather of the nature of dream parables..."*

There have been countless attempts to categorize the symbolism to be found in such parables, so that we can have a sort of translation book for the language of dreams. Go to the New Age or Psychology department of any bookstore, and you'll be overwhelmed by the many books about dream interpretation from which to choose.

This is a good idea, but the problem it presents is that the symbolism is going to be different for everyone. The interpretations change from book to book, and you're likely to find lots of people who will disagree with every interpretation you present to them. Of course there is some common ground -- some dreams are pretty straightforward, and some symbols are defined so well throughout a culture that one can't help but include them in one's personal symbolism. However, there are just so many things that mean different things to different people that it's almost impossible to come up with an interpretation system that covers every situation for every dreamer.

Can dreams predict the future? Many people have tried to use dreams as a divination tool. If we accept the idea that the soul is able to transcend time when consciousness ebbs, we can assume that the spirit adventures can take place in an area that we would have to describe as the future. Or the past. Or a different present. That's the trouble: which is it?

It's difficult enough to figure out which experience frame we just encountered when we wake up. Then add the parables and the embedded symbolism on top of that, and it becomes very hard to tell what's going on. Not to say that premonitions never come from dreams -- there have been many recorded instances of people dreaming an event in their future, or avoiding tragedy because of a warning received during sleep. Some people have a distinct talent for finding the future element (or other divinatory aspects, such as finding missing things or solving a murder) of dreams. This remains a matter of instinct, talent and training.

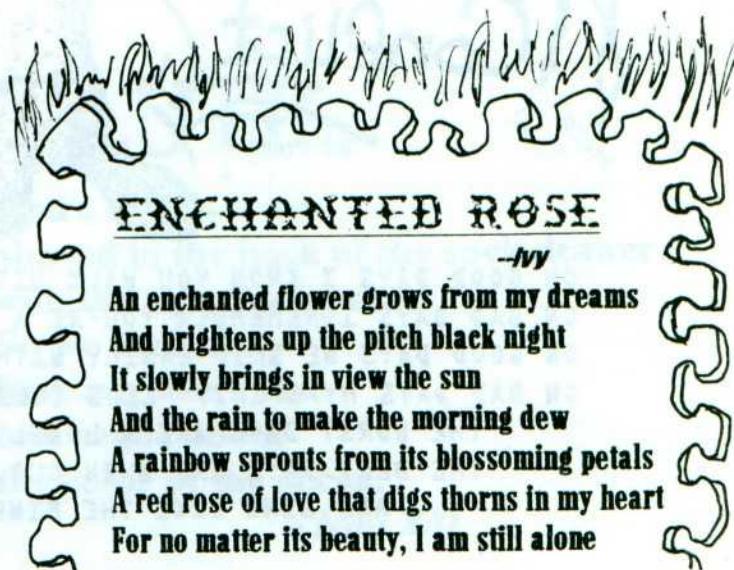
Another dream skill well worth developing is that of lucid dreaming. That's the ability to know that one is dreaming while the dream is taking place. Many people have experienced this at least a few times, and some can induce it at will. Lucid dreams can be controlled by the dreamer. No matter what your personal beliefs about dreams, you can probably see the value of this talent. A lucid dream can be an opportunity for a directed astral journey, a conscious tour of one's own subconscious (to defeat a monster or relive a favorite memory, perhaps), or an exploration of levels of reality not usually accessible.

A dream often turns lucid without warning, and it's easy to let your awareness lapse once you get back to the dream after the initial surprise of realizing that you are indeed dreaming. With practice, you can learn to induce lucidity and hold on to it without losing the dream. A common technique is to constantly question whether you're dreaming or not -- even if you think you're awake, ask yourself several times a day. Really consider it before answering each time. If you make this a habit, it will eventually carry over into your dreams. One time you'll ask yourself, "am I dreaming?" and the answer will be YES! You can decide where to go and what to do from there.

Then, of course, you want to be able to remember your dreams. If you think you're the type who never dreams, chances are that you just don't remember them. Studies have shown that everyone goes through REM sleep (so named because of the rapid eye movements that characterize the dreaming stage of sleep -- as if the sleeper is physically watching the events of the dream) several times during a normal sleep pattern. One way to help yourself remember your dreams -- and every dream book will tell you this -- is to keep paper and pen by your bedside, so that you can immediately write down what you remember upon waking. Even if it's just a few words or an image, this exercise will build up your dream recall. Before you know it, you'll be filling pages every day with your dream stories.

AND SENDING THEM TO THE GRIM.
-Jymi

*from Seth Speaks: The Eternal Validity of the Soul
(channeled by) Roberts, Jane : notes by Butts, Robert F.
Englewood Cliffs, NJ: Prentice Hall, 1972



All Because of You

- Stosh

(To be sung to the tune of "Bicycle Built for Two")

Hazey Hazey give me my hospital stew
I feel crazy all because of you
I pull out my hair in madness
I gouge out my eyes in sadness
I hear them speak
While I'm asleep
In a straightjacket built for you

missing in action

I am

missing inaction

Am I

In action missing?

-- Anne N. Imus

NO SELF CONFIDENCE.
NO! SELF CONFIDENCE!
NO SELF. CONFIDENCE.

-- ANNE N. IMUS

Dream World

- Ivy

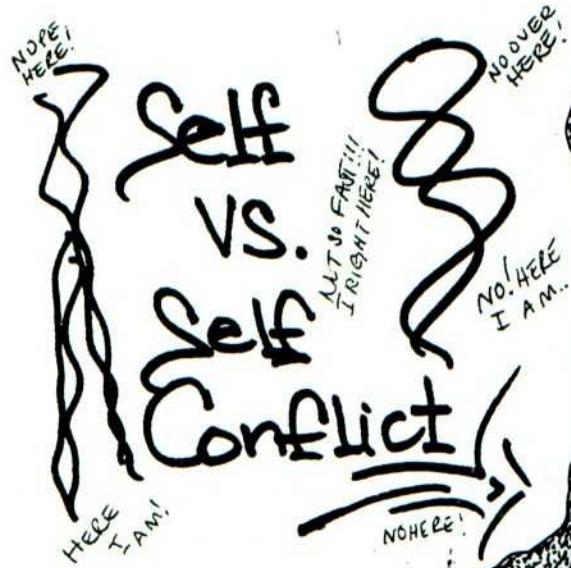
I live in a dream world of darkness and pain. Some would call it a nightmare, but I have become accustomed.

I've tried and tried to find someone to share the nights with, but no one is able to withstand the torture of being different.

People are always following in the paths of others, instead of being leaders. Living alone makes you lead the life you live with no one's footsteps to trace.

I don't know where I am going, but it is my own way. Farther into eternal darkness, I suppose. But at least I will be my own self and not mistaken for someone else.

I am proud to be a leader, if only I had someone to follow me.



ON GOOD DAYS I KNOW YOU WALK WITH ME
ON BAD DAYS I REMEMBER YOU'RE A WORLD OR MORE AWAY
ON GOOD DAYS WE SLIP EASILY WITHIN EACH OTHER
ON BAD DAYS MY SPIRIT FEELS COLD AND NUMB AND DEAD
THE WORST DAYS ARE A LONELY HOWL INTO AN EMPTY VOID
THE BEST DAYS ARE WHEN OUR SOULS RESONATE TOGETHER
AND SING LIKE THE FINEST STAR-SPUN CRYSTAL

-- STEVEN FERN



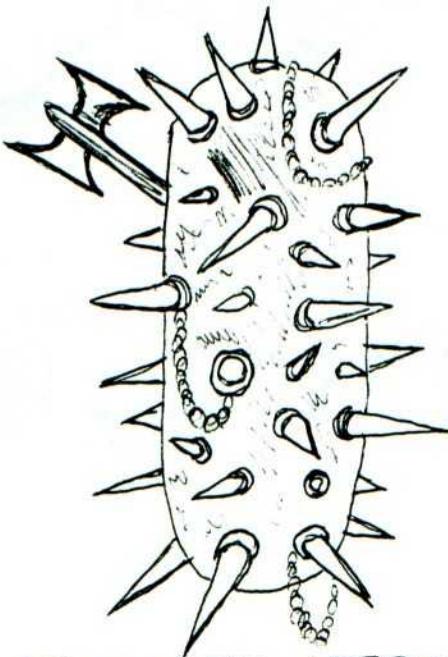
SCREAM

—IV

OPEN MOUTH
VIBRATIONS
SCARED
EYES WIDE
SWEAT PEARLS
DROPLETS
TEAR IN EYE
SHRIEKING
LOUDER, LOUDER
EARDRUMS
BREAKING SOUND
DISTORTED
PAINFUL
SHATTERING
QUIET.....

"BUT IT IS GONE CLEAN OUT OF MY HEAD, MY LITTLE PRIVATE IDEA. NO MATTER,
I HAVE JUST HAD ANOTHER. PERHAPS IT IS THE SAME ONE BACK AGAIN, IDEAS
ARE SO ALIKE, WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW THEM."

— SAMUEL BECKETT



TODAY'S AURA

TRUTH_{is}

God's dirty sex toy
shoved in the back of the sock drawer
with the tip sticking out.
So we turn red,
look anywhere else
and argue about
the color of the socks.

— JYMI X/0



Holy War

— by Saraphina

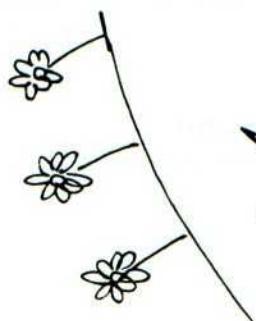
May I have the strength for the battles of the coming, holy war.
I regret not the path I chose, even with the knowledge of no return.
Let me not fight alone; allow the chosen few to find their way in this desolate world,
to a safe haven they can call home.
While mounting the army of warriors
Expanding the mind of the many,
The magic and power of love from within:
Let this be our strength.

In the coming days ahead those with the ability of earthly magic and knowledge are to be tested before the coming expansion of consciousness. Many will have failed if it were not for a wish from a warrior for more time to learn how to communicate with the warriors and protectors of the unseen world...the weaving of both, if not all, the worlds, to create a wholeness of everything.

Those who have been chosen have a special spirit: one in which the Angels gave a part of themselves.
The Rainbow warriors are on the path to enlightenment.
In prophecy one was chosen to lead the army.
But it is the sum of all that lays the key.
Books of unspoken times have been kept safe,
for the wisdom of the ancients has not been forgotten by the keeper of knowledge.

The Holy war is coming, the darkness foreshadowed by the newly elected president. He does not appear to be who he truly is. Many will die if nothing is done to prevent another Burning Times. The religious freedom of those who are on the Path of our Ancient Ancestors is a true path. One which can save the many, for the Light, the Eternal Flame, although unseen, has never died. It is of this flame that all life is a part; the elements of Fire, Water, Earth, and Air are a part of every spirit. But it is the balanced combination of all in one that creates an atmosphere of Harmony. The dissonance comes from not being true to ones self and listening to the inner spirit.

Take heed and assume the worst to come. Prepare. Then imagine the creative freedom of expression, wonderment of all the ideas, dreams, and emotions of all worlds shared in a single stream of conscious and unconscious thought: a communication between oneself and the environment itself with all creatures in mind. Sharing and giving of all without fear. The pure awareness and vibration of life itself a heightened sense of perception in an empathic society. These are the rewards of those who are strong and do not manipulate others for personal gain.



*To harm none.
To be free as a soaring bird
without the restraints of time
for time is only relative in the earth realm.*

With the expansion of consciousness comes the need to become one with nature, for the hustle and bustle of too many in a community will cause one to lose oneself. Those who are empathic now are already aware of the sensitivity to life around them. The sensitivity will increase and expand, allowing for growth in the Spirit.

Those who don't believe, who don't understand the worldly changes that are already in progress, those with a closed mind to religion and the unexplained, will choose to blame those with the gifts: the gifts that have shaped life itself. Those who create with the mind something from nothing into reality have power. Those who can move things with their will, those who are clairvoyant, those who speak with and see creatures/thought forms, those who predict the future...all have the power within to make change a reality, to take dreams and weave them into reality. The closed-minded are scared of their power, the will of change, because they don't understand. The freedom of the gifted to speak truths will be hindered, misunderstood, and possibly wronged.

Like that of the Burning Times.

Those who can see without seeing know what lies ahead. We the Angels know, understand and wish not for this to come to pass again, because as much as we love to protect, love, and help those in need we no longer want to remain unseen. We've wished to be able to feel and know what it is to be human. A number of us shall always be

unseen, helping where we can. But for the coming times the Rainbow Warriors are angels in flesh for they embody the spirit of those from Atlantian Times. The shape shifters, Protectors of the Earth Awakened, protect and teach others to accept the changes to come and if need be, to fight for the innocent.

The weaving of all the realms of Equistance into one was done to help the future. The children are the innocent ones we all need to save from being misled. Not only do they possess the creativity of the world, they are a key to the future, a vision of time.

The laws of nature hold true: the strong survive. The knowledge of our ancestors must be passed on. To teach is a gift in itself. To give this gift to children is priceless. The more you know about the world around you, the more you can learn and expand as an individual. For being an individual, you are stronger than most, for being able to love unconditionally is another key.

The Gateways to heaven have already been opened. But only a few have wanted to make a difference. The time of change has come. In making all the worlds into one even that of the underworlds is created in reality. As above, So below: for every action there is an equal reaction. The Polarity becomes equal, balanced; the circle shall never end because it has no beginning. As such eternity has begun.

Remember the fight and split of the Angels in Heaven. Think of it like this: to keep Peace the fight goes on, but in a new dimension: that of Reality.

IMPORTANT! READ THIS BEFORE USING YOUR NEW DEVICE

Congratulations! You have purchased an extremely fine device that would give you thousands of years of trouble-free service, except that you undoubtedly will destroy it via some typical bonehead consumer maneuver. Which is why we ask you to:

PLEASE FOR GOD'S SAKE READ THIS OWNER'S MANUAL CAREFULLY BEFORE YOU UNPACK THE DEVICE. YOU ALREADY UNPACKED IT, DIDN'T YOU? YOU UNPACKED IT AND PLUGGED IT IN AND TURNED IT ON AND FIDDLING WITH THE KNOBS, AND NOW YOUR CHILD, THE SAME CHILD WHO ONCE SHOVED A POLISH SAUSAGE INTO YOUR VIDEOTAPES RECORDER AND SET IT ON "FAST FORWARD", THIS CHILD ALSO IS FIDDLING WITH THE KNOBS, RIGHT? WE MIGHT AS WELL JUST BREAK THESE DEVICES RIGHT AT THE FACTORY BEFORE WE SHIP THEM OUT, YOU KNOW THAT?!

We're sorry. We just get a little crazy sometimes because we're always getting back "defective" merchandise where it turns out that the consumer inadvertently bathed the device in acid for six days. So, in writing these instructions, we naturally tend to assume that your skull is filled with dead insects, but we mean nothing by it. OK? Now let's talk about:

1. UNPACKING THE DEVICE

The device is encased in foam to protect it from the Shipping People, who like nothing more than to jab spears into outgoing boxes. PLEASE INSPECT THE CONTENTS CAREFULLY FOR GASHES OR IDA MAE BARKER'S ENGAGEMENT RING, WHICH SHE LOST LAST WEEK, AND SHE THINKS MAYBE IT WAS WHILE SHE WAS PACKING DEVICES. Ida Mae really wants that ring back, because it is her only proof of engagement, and her fiancée, Stuart, is now seriously considering backing out on the whole thing in as much as he had consumed most of a bottle of Jim Beam in Quality Control when he decided to pop the question. It is not without irony that Ida Mae's last name is "Barker", if you get our drift.

WARNING: DO NOT EVER AS LONG AS YOU LIVE THROW AWAY THE BOX OR ANY OF THE PIECES OF STYROFOAM, EVEN THE LITTLE ONES SHAPED LIKE PEANUTS.

If you attempt to return the device to the store, and you are missing one single peanut, the store personnel will laugh in the chilling manner exhibited by Joseph Stalin just after he enslaved Eastern Europe.

Besides the device, the box should contain:

- * Eight little rectangular snippets of paper that say "WARNING"
- * A little plastic packet containing four 5/17 inch pilfer grommets and two club-ended 6/93 inch boxcar prawns.

YOU WILL NEED TO SUPPLY: a matrix wrench and 60,000 feet of tram cable.

IF ANYTHING IS DAMAGED OR MISSING: You IMMEDIATELY should turn to your spouse and say "Margaret, you know why this country can't make a car that can get all the way through the drive-through at Burger King without a major transmission overhaul? Because nobody cares, that's why."

WARNING: This is assuming your spouse's name is Margaret. And not Pete.

2. PLUGGING IN THE DEVICE

The plug on this device represents the latest thinking of the electrical industry's Plug Mutation Group, which, in a continuing effort to prevent consumers from causing hazardous electrical current to flow through their appliances, developed the Three-Pronged Plug, then the Plug Where One Prong is Bigger Than the Other. Your device is equipped with the revolutionary new Plug Whose Prongs Consist of Six Small Religious Figurines Made of Chocolate.

DO NOT TRY TO PLUG IT IN!

Lay it gently on the floor near an outlet, but out of direct sunlight, and clean it weekly with a damp handkerchief.

WARNING: WHEN YOU ARE LAYING THE PLUG ON THE FLOOR, DO NOT HOLD A SHARP OBJECT IN YOUR OTHER HAND AND TRIP OVER THE CORD AND POKE YOUR EYE OUT, AS THIS COULD VOID THE WARRANTY.

3. OPERATION OF THE DEVICE

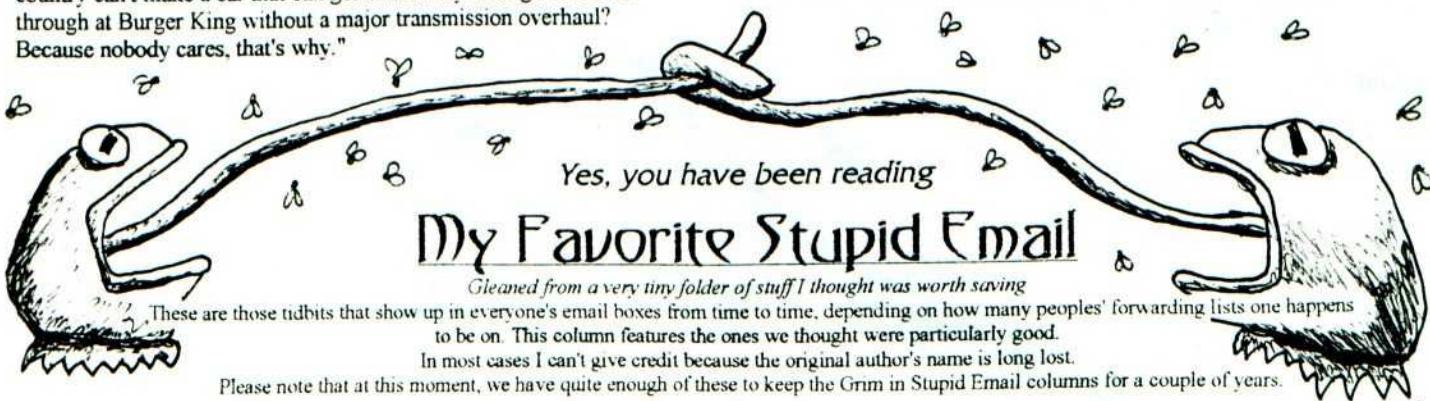
WARNING: WE MANUFACTURE ONLY THE ATTRACTIVE DESIGNER CASE. THE ACTUAL WORKING CENTRAL PARTS OF THE DEVICE ARE MANUFACTURED IN JAPAN. THE INSTRUCTIONS WERE TRANSLATED BY MRS. SHIRLEY PELTWATER OF ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE, WHO HAS NEVER ACTUALLY BEEN TO JAPAN BUT DOES HAVE MOST OF "SHOGUN" ON TAPE.

INSTRUCTIONS: For results that can be the finest, it is our advising that: NEVER to hold these buttons two times!! Except the battery. Next taking the (something) earth section may cause a large occurrence! However. If this is not a trouble, such rotation is a very maintenance action, as a kindly (something) virepoint from Drawing B.

4. WARRANTY

Be it hereby known that this device, together with but not excluding all those certain parts thereunto, shall be warranted against all defects, failures and malfunctions as shall occur between now and Thursday afternoon shortly before 2, during which time the Manufacturer will, at no charge to the Owner, send the device to our Service People, who will emerge from their caves and engage in rituals designed to cleanse it of evil spirits. This warranty does not cover the attractive designer case.

WARNING: IT MAY BE A VIOLATION OF SOME LAW THAT MRS. SHIRLEY PELTWATER HAS "SHOGUN" ON TAPE.



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GORP!**

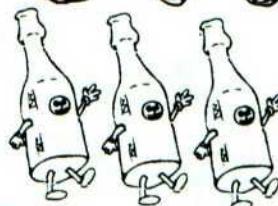


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BARGAIN!

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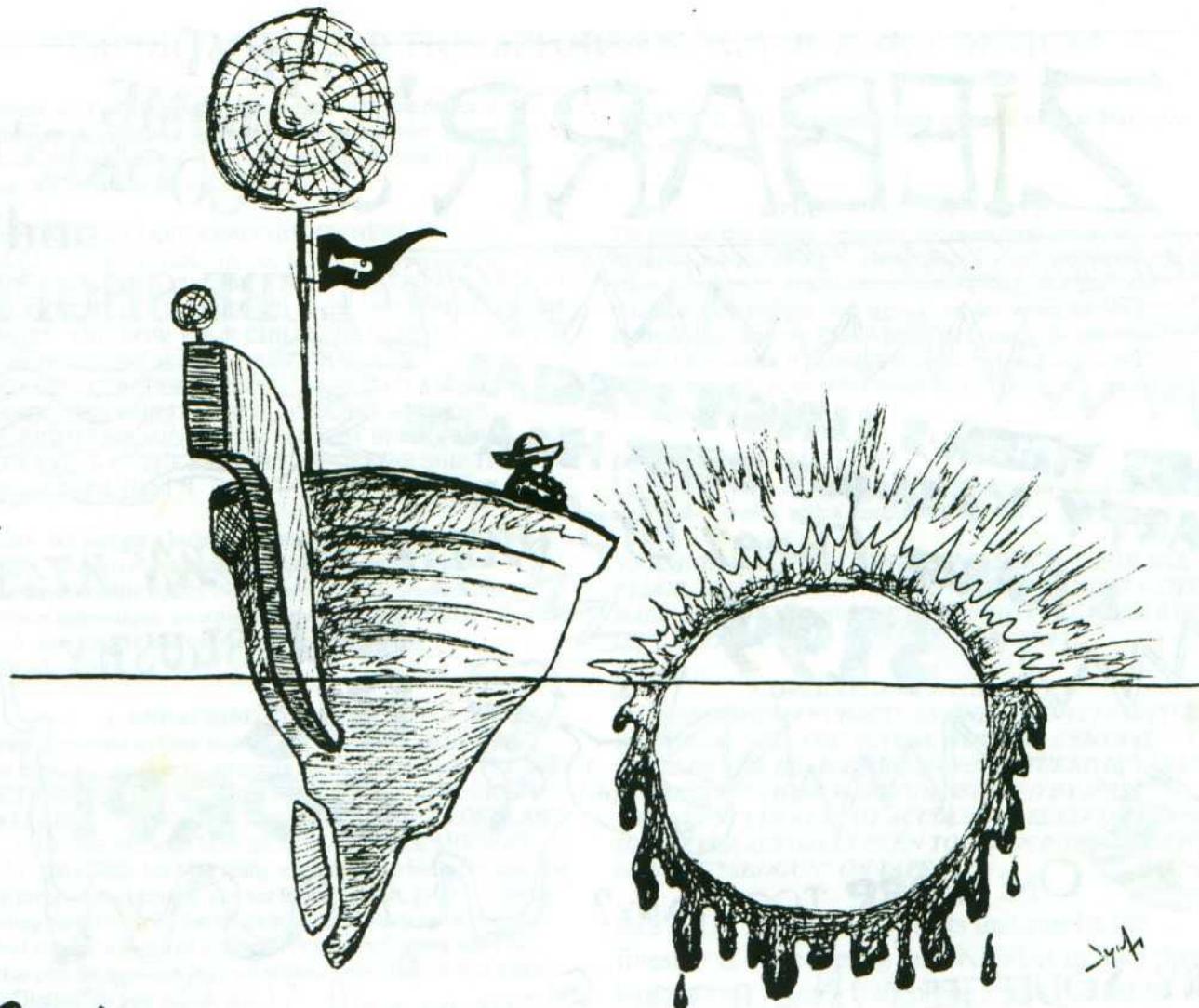


Compare!

	the Other Guys	ZIEBARR'S
Convenient Location?	Hard to find in all that mess	Only place around for miles!
Friendly Service?	Nope	All smiles!
Gators?	Nope	Yep!
Petting Zoo?	Smells Funny	Lemon Fresh!
24-hour Dukes of Hazard Channel?	Nope	WHEEEE-Yaaaah!
Restrooms?	Just the basics	What the --?

On the 3rd layer of Hell across from Little Amerika at Mile Marker X² + 2X - 1

BRING HOME A RETCHBERRY PIE!



the GRIM
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