



Dreams
by Frank Salt
(Whare Atua Temple Copy)

DREAMS.

Most dreams are merely psychic burps, bits of undigested experience popping up for a little further chewing over. Other dreams, often repetitive, indicate a trend or phase through which we pass including long term ones caused by some fear. Some, however are very vivid and apparently unrelated to any definite event in outer life. These may be "archetypal" dreams. As such they are like windows through which we see the timeless aspects of, the ever-present "now", the reality through which we, as transitory beings appear to pass. Such dreams are vivid, but their significance may only be recognised as highly symbolic when seen in retrospect, after we experience what they portray. Each individual sees these archetypal realities in his own particular terms, and it is a mistake for anyone else to give a finite meaning to such dreams. They use symbols which can only be recognised by one who has passed through a similar stage. Hence the value of symbols, they are the universal parlance of the soul, which is precisely why we are now familiarising ourselves with them. Things that are real to the soul survive in myth, legend and in nursery rhymes, simply because they are real.

The following are given to illustrate the use of symbols as reflections from the "world" of BRIAH, on page 27 this is marked " 2 BRIAH " and referred to the YOD and HEH of IHVH, while on page 33 the two sephiroth marked AB and AM, the Archetypal World from which emanate all beings and activities. The World of Yetzirah, marked " 3 " and referred to the Letter VAU, the link, the soul gives form and meaning, hence it is called "FORMATION", and the symbols can then pop through the veil to the conscious mind, usually in dreams, but sometimes in full waking consciousness.

Dream One: A four year old boy. Little religious background.

"I was in a very dark room.. It was square, with no door or window. Then I saw some steps going up one side to an opening in the ceiling. Through the hole I could see God and the angels moving about in a bright blue sky. I tried to climb the steps but my mother was standing on the floor holding me back by the hand." (Later, the steps were on the left wall, cut in stone.)

Dream Two. Same boy, fourteen years later, at 18.

In a large circular room, shaped like the dome of a mosque, there were seven rows of seven people each crouching with hands and forehead to the ground, one behind the other, the rows radiating like the spokes of a wheel facing a circular glass wall tapering at the top and passing through the ceiling. On a raised dias within the glass stood a beautiful woman veiled in black, motionless. The crouched figures were in dull white, completely covered. I felt a sharp pain as I realised I was one of these people. There came another sharp pain and I realised I had become the figure ahead in my line. With another sharp pain I realised I must become each figure in turn. Every time I progressed I realised something further and experienced the pain. One such realisation was that the pain became greater with each move. Finally I realised I was beginning the last row. The sense of relief was rewarded by an even greater pain. After the fourth move I realised I had only time for two gasps between pains, Another great pain. "I will have no chance to breathe between the last two!" Intense pain. Then began the two last and greatest pains, no breath, then I was with the woman in the thin black veil. I could see she was dark and very beautiful. she held out her hands, and immediately we were both one. No longer she and I, hardly even "we". I/we rose joyously out of the glass funnel into the clear light of day.

Dream Three: At about forty years old. Very troubled times.

"I was deep down in a crystal clear pool. Everything about me seemed bathed in splendour, every pebble, each little fish, the few plants, all bathed in a wonderful light, enchanting. "This is the Rapture of the Deep" I thought. "If I stay here I will drown", but there was no fear, just a contentment to remain, life was too rough outside. Then I was looking at myself there, as in a glass tank, the 'bottom left corner'. I then saw the "Tree of Life," with HOD, Splendour, at the foot of the left Pillar.

"I awoke very shaken. I wanted to go back to the peace and 'Splendour' of the pool, which shocked me greatly. I had read of the "Rapture of the Deep" as experienced by divers. Nitrogen narcosis it was called - lack of pure air."

Dream Four. At age forty-two, fourteen years after dream two.

This was not actually a dream, but followed the sequence in real life. "After much study and involvement in an esoteric Order, I was very pleased with my 'knowledge' and mental prowess, I felt ready and qualified to tackle anything. I had all the answers, in conversation at least. Then I was faced with a family situation shared by many, in which I had to make a decision which would effect the lives of others. I had no terms of reference for this situation. There just was no right-wrong answer. People would suffer which ever way I chose. The decision was made and consequences accepted, but the shock was that all my expertise was of no use, none of my many books were of any help. All my work was unreal. This must be the end of dependence on externals, on books and advice. I looked at my books in derision. They were useless, false gods, yet I had the very strong feeling that I must go on. There must be something. At the same time I felt the stronger for this discovery. I dropped all study and after a very restful annual holiday, swung back into life, feeling it grow fuller and richer every day. In a very strange way, in a way I had never thought possible, I "came alive" in a new way. There was a new and fuller reality to living, I could, by joining in Life, know it fully. It was the fulfilment of the second dream"

Thus the "Victory" of Netzach, realm of the Intellect, was the "False Splendour" of Venus, "Nogah", as it is called.

There followed no more dreams, but a series of experiences in full consciousness, a process of progressive "realisations" with no pain, coinciding exactly with the archetypal imagery of the Rituals and with many myths and even nursery rhymes, but clearly understood, and only such symbolic imagery can enshrine these realities.

The three actual dreams and the ensuing experiences can only be described as "archetypal", as Reality in Imagery. In the first, the cubical room in darkness represents the confines of conscious life, its lack of "reality" or real significance, but the dream suggested the possibility of something beyond the personal realm.

By the age of eighteen, the dreamer had read many popular books on esoteric matters, lost his actual mother, left the quiet country home for the city. He saw the dream as representing a long series of re-incarnations, but the dream was so intense that he wrote it down in detail. There followed the usual process of setting up a home, having a family, going to the war, then a return to the uneasy feeling of unreality causing the involvement in serious work, learning positive meditation, working with symbols. It was only after the related experiences that the works of Carl Jung came to attention. Jung went a long way, but stopped just short of the final phases. He became fascinated with the technicalities of the process and stopped just short of the final step. Had he taken it, he would have written no books, but he did serve to permit the concept of the archetypes to enter popular thinking and psychology.

In dream three, a common mistake was drastically setting off alarm bells. The dreamer was idealising his goal as "bliss" an escape from reality. His subconscious mind dutifully moved in the desired direction, but there was enough selfness left to note the warning, so the term "rapture of the deep" came to mind. The subconscious needed a strong impact to stop the "back to the womb" process. The dreamer awoke feeling badly shaken, so did not "drown" in his idealism, his dreams. He was also able to recognise the dangers inherent in popular books on "meditation" offering "peace of mind", "relaxation" and other attractive objectives. They may well be attained, in degree, but are of the "left hand Path", the Path back to the Mother and the left hand Pillar of the Tree.

The fourth experience was yet another warning to the intellect, and hence via the conscious mind, not a dream, that he had the usual misconception, that an extension of intellect was the next step. That phase of evolution was over. It involved theories, philosophy, mental catalogues, rules of thumb, just as required to sit school exams. Now the error was clear, from bitter experience, not from rationalisation. The "something else" was immanent. He "went for a holiday", just enjoying life, not realising that in so doing the door to a new level of life was opening. Yet all the errors were essential to the whole process. The whole evolutionary process had been re-lived by the personality. The Seven Stages of Initiation on the way, not by personal prowess but by natural forces working through an individual, the only way they can work. Years of working with symbolism, ceremonial, Tarot, had born fruit. Now the real value of these involvements became clear, they were as windows into the soul. Now it was clear why the yellow barred triangle of AIR shone in the east of the Temple, not the red Fire triangle he had felt belonged there, opposite the blue Water triangle in the west,

Now the Four Elemental Triangles had really merged in the beautiful Hexagram of Tiphareth. Now the great word "IHVH" rang throughout the universe, now there was no more need for any "structure". Even the "House of Cards" he had built with the Tarot was blown down by a puff of AIR, clean, fresh AIR with no "Temple", just infinite space and freedom, as a butterfly must feel on escaping from the chrysalis. Yet all had been essential to the process. They had provided the chrysalis so necessary for the transformation. Now the Two Pillars stood, one on either side of the Tree of Life, that the Four Stages of the Central Pillar may be illuminated from Kether. In a striking way, nothing had changed, but everything was now alive with Purpose. Even the most beautiful of forms were gladly allowed to melt away, leaving just One Thing - IHVH.

Yet humanity remains, Life is for living, and all the apparent limitations of ordinary daily life really emphasise the beauty and nobility of humanity, just as it is, because it IS.



Where Atua Temple Order