

## Newsletter 2: *Dreaming*



February 2016

Dear Friends of the One Path,

Before we can turn in my newsletters to the most important and fundamental concerns of the movement which we form together, as announced in our first letter, we would like to honour in this second letter a great support which can best hold together and nourish such a movement, *dreaming*. *Dreaming*, as described by Castaneda's Don Juan Matus.

In Castaneda or rather his teacher Don Juan, we have found, next to Krishnamurti, another important teacher who has contributed towards the forming of intelligence in humanity as no other has done. Along with his comrades he found a language suitable to describe the unknown and the unknowable; realms that will only open up to humanity as a whole in the distant future.

"Could there be life in the universe – light years away from us – which may also be intelligent?" An astrophysicist was recently asked in a radio interview. The interviewer was left somewhat perplexed when she replied sceptically: "Is there already intelligent life among us, then?"

Life itself is obviously highly intelligent and wonderful in its self-organizational unfolding, but mankind is actually not (not yet?): This is what – I suppose – the reflective scientist wanted to express. Now as ever, Homo sapiens refuses to use his brain in an intelligent way and thus honour to his name. He does not want to open himself to the unfathomable intelligence of the universe.

*Dreaming* is a way to open up to the unfathomable. It has only a limited association with normal dreaming and is much more an immersion into an inner spiritual reality which has been enclosed in a material realm. In no way does it rival the coarsely structured material reality. On the contrary, it encompasses it, even giving birth to it, and actually by far exceeding it in terms of real content. Whoever wants to look at it more closely can read about it in the books of Carlos Castaneda, which in the meantime have been ostracized by the scientific community! The small poetic text taken from my novel about community, "Kirschbaumblütenblätterweiss"<sup>1</sup>, which I recently came across again and have included as an attachment (Annex 1), may also explain something of the basic meaning behind *dreaming*, but which I will not go into at this point.

*Dreaming* is the ideal tool to unite people in a spiritual movement. This is one aspect of the significance of dreaming, as we shall see, where dreaming and stalking meet intimately. *Dreaming*, however, far surpasses the myth-making that generally holds together human movements of more than two hundred people, and moreover, it assists in the formation and establishment of the kind of mythos that actually welds people together. So indeed, it promotes the creation of the sort of myth-making which unifies large movements, but it goes even beyond that. It helps to establish the mythos of unity, which is at the bottom of all unified being, but which is ultimately the same as the actual space of Oneness. Thus *dreaming* protects against the evocation of illusionary and sentimental myths, as we have already mentioned in the first newsletter. The mythos that it produces is an accurate description of sober reality.

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<sup>1</sup>Paul Nicolet: kirschbaumblütenblätterweiss/ die ganz, ganz neue Geschichte; Basic Editions, 1999 [Paul Nicolet: cherrytreeblossompetalwhite/ the completely new story]

For years we have been training in this type of dreaming together and we send out regular invitations, to connect spiritually in this way. In the *Kirschblüte* Community we change our focus every few years by alternately turning more intensively to either the "Tantric path" or the "Art of *Dreaming*". In this way we manage to stop ourselves from becoming either completely entangled in dealing with relationships, or losing ourselves in esoteric aloofness. Meanwhile, each Tuesday night we offer to meet in the *dream* realm. This invitation has been open for years and will continue into the future. At least once a week we find ourselves in this inner space of Oneness with people from all over the world. The effort of the many individuals engaged in it over the course of time, is what primarily makes up our movement and represents its power. Anyone seriously engaged in it strengthens our intention and effect in the world.

Personally, I remain the stalker even in the *dream* state. For the heart warriors of Don Juan, stalking – which I will not go into at the moment – was another important art and life strategy. If you are interested, read the books by Castaneda! Stalking is only important here in this context as a means of making visible the myth-making that sets movements in motion and comes from *dreaming*. Each of us is called mainly to one or the other task provided one opens up for these things, that is, to *dreaming* or stalking.

I myself am a stalker. Even in the *dream* world, I remain a stalker. For this reason, I find that my task in the *dream* world, for example, is to prepare for the future of our movement, to *dream* it. The invitation to venture out into the unknown and explore the new territory of the *dream* realm, only reaches me occasionally; mainly I inspire future developments, give birth to tantric visions and strengthen the intention of the community in that I *dream* it.

Anyone, who feels connected to our movement, may at any time engage in this *dreaming*, if he wants to, and thus contribute to strengthening our cause. It does not necessarily involve much theoretical knowledge or other skills. To open up to it is enough for now. The rest will follow. Instructions come from the serious effort, from the *dreaming* itself. Experienced *dreamers* also make leaders and pick up willing beginners. Besides the exploration of infinity and all the implications that follow – which among others, impact our everyday reality – this is the task of the *dreamer* among dreamers in this field. Here, however, I just wanted to elaborate the relationship between *dreaming* and stalking and their joint impact on our myth-making and thus on the inner connection of spiritual movements.

What I am telling here may sound mysterious. However, we need to counter this with the fact that we are at home in a very magical and mysterious world. Only the restrictions we collectively impose upon ourselves, which then suppress us and prevent the flow of the universal intelligence in us, make us perceive the world as banal and reduced to our everyday needs. As others before us have already proclaimed, there is in fact more between heaven and earth than we dare dream of. Life is in fact infinitely more comprehensive and richer than we, with our concern for survival and our little fears about relationships, want to see. As long as we do not open up to it, the unknown and the language that tries to extol it sound mysterious to us.

What then is the future we intend, for whom do we want to *dream* the *dream*?

Regarding the community movement we have called it the "new story", with regard to the tantric vision we have termed it "love in the field". In the spiritual realm we speak of the Innermost.

The intention is ultimately always directed towards the development of the Whole, to the needs of humanity, even though it will always be first visible in one's own life, one's own group. It remains the warrior's most sacred intention to overcome all division and to unify all forces, or rather to bring forth the fundamental unity of all in the deep. When it comes to the

community of the warriors of the heart to which one personally belongs in terms of daily life, we have therefore spoken of the "heart group" or warrior troop: a group of people<sup>2</sup> deeply committed and sworn to one another and yet in no way exclusive or isolated outwardly, rather the contrary, a group that remains always focused on the connection with the universal or evolutionary intention and task.

What is then the purpose of such a focus on wholeness, on the Great?

"You have no idea how happy one can be," are words that recently slipped out of me in a small therapy group. Happiness remains the desirable goal at all levels. It is, however, another kind of happiness than the one that results from the pursuit of pleasure to which the whole of misguided humanity is committed. A happiness born of unbreakable, limitless, uncontrolled – not controlled by anything – love. A happiness that does not exclude total responsibility for everything, that is ready at all times to share the burden of another, to recognize the burden of fate.

Addiction to pleasure is seeking something completely different. It corresponds to the tainted, corrupted, comfort-loving mentality of a mankind that has lost contact with the truth and intelligence of the Universal Spirit and pursues instead a happiness, split off from the misery that results from it. A happiness that cannot be called happiness, which is a cheap substitute for real happiness, an addiction really, which reflects the dependency of the human spirit entangled therein.

Only those who can stand alone will find access to the deep and genuine happiness that always goes together with perfect and all-embracing compassion. Those looking for pleasure split off from the whole, will never come into contact with true happiness. Such a person simply has no idea about it.

In the state of *dreaming*, in this state of pure energetic being, which can only be experienced by an energy that has completely freed itself from all states of bondage, from all conditioning, is true happiness the predominant and all-pervading feeling of life. *Dreaming* is the entry into this world of the quantum level, an internal refinement that temporarily relieves one of the world of matter and its physical laws. Not in the sense of being split off from it, the way an addict attempts to do in his search for happiness, but rather in the form of a penetration of the Innermost that overcomes and temporarily overrides the laws of the material realm. In awakening to the Innermost - that which precedes travel into the *dream* world - one has not escaped from the coarser level of material reality and its laws into a separated spiritual realm. Rather, the former constitutes the innermost, sublime reality of this coarse material dimension. Today, quantum physics provides a useful image to understand and explain this penetration. But this can only be experienced by a mind that has itself become so subtle through the process of self-knowledge and meditation, that it becomes identical with this Innermost, highest vibration of everything. That is why the inner eye opens up to such a person. He awakes into a space of the purely spiritual.

In this innermost space the *dreamer* among *dreamers* *dreams* himself to the most remote places of the universe and of history, the past, while the stalker amongst the *dreamers* tries to guess at the future of the Whole, to fathom the intent and purpose of evolution, the universal unfolding, in order to synchronise with it.

Since the concrete, the everyday, the material is not separate from the Innermost, the quantum level – but is instead its unfolding – the stalker among *dreamers* also creates a concrete intention for his personal life and the daily life of his troop. He returns from his journey into the Innermost with knowledge; an insight and a notion which form a mission in him, a mission to materialise in the realm of everyday perception, the vision of this Innermost, the

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<sup>2</sup>A small community of less than a hundred and fifty people, normally mainly kept together by rumours as outlined in the first letter.

vision of an earth blossoming in love, a Whole awakened in happiness. Love is the materialization in the material world of the vision of the Innermost.

Of course, as these explanations show, *dreaming* also belongs to the basic and most important concerns of our movement, which we want to cover in coming newsletters. In the next newsletters, we want to look at the goals of such a movement, which we have already touched on, and the tools used to achieve these goals, the prospect of which we have already seen with dreaming and stalking.

May happiness be with you

Samuel Widmer Nicolet

**Annex 1:** About dreaming, Excerpt from the novel “Kirschbaumblütenblätterweiss” [cherryblossompetalwhite] by Paul Nicolet (Pages 268-270)

She had come to learn about what still lay in the dark, now, about the world of Celia, the world of dreaming.

Dreaming was the immersion in the space of the limitless, which alone is real, the crossing of all apparent boundaries, of which the incest taboo, the border with regard to the categories of relatedness, is only the first. Crossing all the boundaries of perception so that reality can again be a single field of energy. Dreaming was having insight into the fact that there is only one reality, not two, no other, that this reality, however, contains dimensions of depth enfolded within each other, a depth which in turn knows no boundaries. It was about the transcending of all boundaries, into the space of the unthinkable, the boundary of what is material, above all to drop our idea that there is a boundary between matter and energy. To see that energy indeed materializes because it is helpful for certain purposes, that this also brings about a reality of limitation, in which there seem to be boundaries between energy and matter, but that the dimension of pure energy remains intact, remains nested, enfolded therein, can be seen and experienced at any time, that the sensation of the boundaries that go along with the material ultimately springs from a limited view, in which we need not fixate ourselves. To see that an infinite space of absolute freedom lies before us, that we can move in it all the time, that we can travel in it, in every imaginable direction, at any time, and that the door to it is not really closed. Barricaded only by our ideas, concepts, imagination, ideas about space, time and matter. That lifting the conditioning of these ideas in your own brain can push open this gate at any time.

Dreaming involved all that. Dreaming was the new story, the innermost wreath of blossoms of the flower, which forms the completely new story, the story that nobody dares to think of, no one is able to think of. The inside of a Calla blossom waiting for its awakening in the deep violet darkness under its leaves. The story we are meant for, and always have been, that is our heritage we have never stepped into, the history of paradise.

Dreaming was the crossing of the borders to the unthinkable. In it was the transcending of the incest borderline into a relationship that no longer distinguishes between mothers and sons, daughters and fathers, in which only human existence is valid, only the first step, doing away with the fundamental boundary in the dimension of pelvic energy, at the simplest, most childlike level in us.

Dreaming was the entry into the space of the infinite, the space of total freedom, the indivisible one energy.

Dreaming was travelling in it, an invitation to an infinite flight into infinite worlds, which are all completely enfolded within the one world, here right now. Here, dreaming joined up with the other discipline practiced by people of the new story, stalking. The training of the ability to exist completely unnoticed in the world of mediocrity, as a free-flying dreamer, unnoticed, as long as you wanted it so. Undetected.

Dreaming was the giving up of every restriction. Stalking was the ability to be invisible in it. Unless you had your reasons. Like Sebastian. Who had gone to jail. Because he was called upon to thus break a wall.

There is only one reality. To be in it is a journey without end into unlimited depths. Not being in it is our reality, the normal, the imprisonment in notions that human thinking has invented over reality. To be thought, instead of reality. To be thought instead of energy. To be thought instead of perception. To be thought instead of love. Two completely different states that do not touch each other. The one: thought, fear, that is the old story. It has no relation to the new, to the other state. Love, perception without limit: that is the other state, the one feeling, the new story. It encloses within itself the old one, which cannot have any relation to it. Being thought instead of love. Being shadow, like most people. A shadow of one's own possibilities.

Something unreal. This reality of thinking has a thousand different spaces, many realities. But they are all not real. They are all made of the same stuff, of thought energy. A self-contained space. Without any contact with the vast space of the real.

In the realm of real reality, all the energy of the thought-world, out of which the whole, infinite suffering of humanity, the endless stream of human consciousness is constructed, is only a point. A small point.

At first, Ramilah's understanding of all this was vague. Her consciousness had started to open to something else being there, which she did not know. The gate began to open. As always, when the brain becomes silent in the knowledge of its not-knowing, it becomes receptive.

That's why she came back. That's why she wanted to help further carry the materialization of the new story that had begun here. That's why she wanted to learn in the pressure cooker that Sebastian had created here; that's why she wanted to let Celia introduce her to the secrets of the night. Into the heart of the calla blossom, to Sebastian, who was waiting there for her. Sebastian?

But had he not died long ago? Or was he there? Waiting inside the calla blossom for the unfolding of the vibrations of her perception? Would he be her teacher? Pulling from the other side, while Celia and her helpers would push her from this side.

This side was calling her. Ramilah woke up from her weightless flights. She got up and headed off. To Tanita and Phillip, her father, who was not her father at all. This side surrounded her as she put her clothes back on and looked around, the absolute, sensual, one reality that Sebastian had loved so much. Which Sebastian loved so much?

The reality of the body, of the senses, of the pelvis, of which everything beyond, all that is sacred, all that is transcendental is not separate, but rather enfolded therein. One thing.

A swarm of mosquitoes were dancing over the pond. Dragonflies hovering over the dark water. The water lily pads stood closely packed at the other end of the pool, reflecting the darkening sky. And crickets were chirping around. The frogs, which had settled here, were croaking, and the birds, with their clamouring cries were searching for their sleeping places in the hedges. There was a shine, a glow, over all this. The cherry tree stood there, huge and with its strong arms embraced the rich violet shadows. The birches swayed and whispered. Ramilah remained there for a moment, in total perception, totally that, totally this dance of union, the infinite movement of the One, which is constantly seeking itself, connecting itself with itself to, again and again, give birth anew. She was completely silent, so she received the stillness out of which all dance is an expression; and in this stillness, a wide gate opened into the Infinite.