

Hello, Everyone, and welcome back to an old guy who knows shit. Stluhdog here with some more Stories from Life. This is

Episode 6

Dreams Pt. I

Copyright © 2020 by LR Hults

Before I get back to the stories, I want to mention something that has come up about the Introduction. Folks have told me I'm too hard on the Founding Fathers, that I judge them too harshly. Well, I'm sorry to have given that impression, because I do not judge them and what I mean to do is to report the fact of their actions and what their actions initiated. I completely understand where they were coming from. In their time, "men" were clearly understood to be white property owners and nobody thought anything of it. It was the natural order. In May 1776, John Adams wrote a letter to John Sullivan who had asked him to consider expanding suffrage:

Depend upon it, sir, it is dangerous to open [such a] source of controversy and altercation, as would be opened by attempting to [change] the qualifications of voters. There will be no end of it. New claims will arise. Women will demand a vote. Lads from 12 to 21 will think their rights not enough attended to, and every man, who has not a [dime], will demand an equal voice with any other in all acts of state. It tends to confound and destroy all distinctions, and [surrender] all ranks, to one common level.

To John Adams, making all men "one common level" is inconceivable. Clearly All men are created equal did not mean what it said. That is the simple fact we must confront today, and placing blame on them is pointless because regardless of their intent, their actions formed the root of racism in America: only some people were created equal and the rest were shit outta luck. Making money justified enslavement, so somebody had to not be equal to be enslaved. And today, making money enslaves us all with its utter careless global destruction, fully justified by profit.

and on that cheery note, let's get to the dang Dream story. I first wrote this in college, when Part 2 occurred. I've updated some language, but I have to admit that I do not remember this much detail now. I wrote it in 1973, only months away from some of it.

So *Origins* is the story of how I started listening to the world rather than to people; *Dreams* is the story of what I heard first. Which began pretty much immediately the moment I stopped listening to priests and nuns and started listening to my heart and the world. And then it got seriously under way when some pretty weird shit started happening.

So one night, not too long after the incident described in *Origin Pt.2*, pretty sure it was my sophomore year in high school, although it may have still been freshman year, I had a vivid dream of something happening at school. I was just cruising along in my normal dream world, and suddenly it was like this zoom lens just irised in to a scene in one of my classes, and I rocketed into the scene. I was suddenly there, and it was crystal clear and, well, just astoundingly real. I woke from it, and was somehow – well, I don't know if shaken is the right word, because the feeling had no fear, but somehow was excited, and I marveled at the dream and then went back to sleep and forgot about it. Until the next morning, when it happened, and, in the moment, there was that same sense of suddenly zooming in from a great distance – and I realized that I was in the dream, and that it was happening for real.

Now this has probably happened to all of you at some point. Prescient dreams are really a pretty common occurrence, and most people have experienced them at some point, so you probably know what I'm talking about.

The first time, it was amazing, and I sat in wonder for a few minutes, remembering my dream, and how I had awakened from it with the same feeling that was suddenly washing over me there in class. And then I shrugged it off and forgot about it.

Well, it happened again. And then again. And suddenly, by my junior year in high school, I'm having prescient dreams on a regular basis. Now, you have to understand, I was a kid who dreamed a lot. And remembered my dreams. It was pretty common in my family. We would often sit and laugh over the dinner table – or probably the breakfast table – at our dreams. So when I started having all these prescient dreams, I started paying attention to them. Some I made a point to write down. I found that if I told someone about the dream, that was enough for me to know when it happened that it had, in fact been a dream, and wasn't just a feeling of déjà vu. But what was most interesting to me was identifying them. Because they all had certain common elements: there would be that sense of zooming in from a great distance to crystal clear focus, accompanied by a unique sense of awareness, of clarity of vision in the dream. They all had the same "aura". I named them: Truth Dreams. And whenever I would have one, I would either write it or tell it, and then when it happened I knew it had been a dream.

So this was all very cool, and I wasn't at the time really asking myself why it was working, but instead observing it and studying it and experiencing it. It was exciting, and unique, and I felt like it was special. It had to be special. Not everyone dreams what happens the next day. So I watched and observed, and took notes and was getting very excited by it all, when suddenly there was a monkey wrench thrown into the works.

All of a sudden one night I'm taken up by that whirling lens and it zooms me in with that crystal clarity: to a medieval village. My first thought when I woke up

was Man, was that a dirty life! And then I went Wait a minute. That was a truth dream. But it was a medieval village. Nothing particularly exciting happened in it, I was working in a shed carving something out of a piece of wood, making some kind of tool, while a very dirty young woman sat on the other side of the shed grinding grain on a convex stone with a big round stone. That's pretty much all it was. But I was there. I knew what I was thinking at the time. I hated to have to carve this thing, but had to in order to do something I had to do. I wasn't thinking about what that was in the moment, I was thinking about getting the cut right, and wishing I had a sharper blade. I knew I loved the woman, that she was my wife, that we were barely surviving, and I had an awareness of the sound of children somewhere nearby, knowing one or more was mine. It was crystal clear.

Well. What could I do with THAT? Nothing. But it got even more interesting. Shortly after that first medieval dream, that swirl grabs me from my dreams once again and zooms in to a battlefield. And I'm standing in the front row of a cadre of soldiers wearing loin cloths, carrying small shields and primitive swords, and we're yelling at the top of our lungs at another cadre of similarly equipped men about 50 yards away, and then we break into a run and charge into each other as fast and as hard as we can and in a second it is a maelstrom of swinging and chopping and blood and I get a couple of them before somebody lands one on me – and I feel it breaking into my body and know that it is the end, and I try to keep stabbing and slashing as I'm going down into the pile of bodies soaked and slimy with blood and then there is a THUD against the back of my head and I snap awake – knowing that I'm dead. That I've just been killed in a vicious, bloody storm of hacking and stabbing. And it takes a few minutes for me to realize that I'm not dead. That, rather, I was me, now, and I had just had a truth dream. In which I had been killed.

Now that was a little alarming. Because you always hear that it's not good to dream about your own death. It's supposed to have some kind of sinister implications, like you're gonna die or someone's gonna die or something. So it was alarming. Especially since it had been a truth dream.

So then I have a few more truth dreams in the present time, and they happen, and I'm grooving on them again and I forget about the medieval dreams. And then there was another battle, and I died hacking and chopping in great spurts of blood once again. But this time I wasn't dead. I woke up in a pile of bodies. The battle had moved to another part of the field, and I tried to see what was happening. I couldn't move, there were too many bodies on top of me, and I knew that I was going to die. I really *really* wanted to know who had won, but I could not move, resigned myself and let myself go to sleep. When I woke up, this time I knew I was dead, and I was waking up in Valhalla. But instead of being a warrior at the gates of Valhalla, I was a teenage boy sitting on a bed in the US of A, circa 1967, a world which I did not recognize. It was just wrong. My present-time real world existence was just wrong. I have a clear memory of getting up, looking around the room, thinking of myself as this big burly warrior, and thinking

“What IS this place?” and going to the window and looking out and it looking utterly alien to me. I went back to the bed, looked around at this completely strange room, thought something like “Valhalla? What the *hell*?” Then lay down and went right back to sleep. When I woke up the next morning, I immediately remembered waking up the other time as the other guy, but when I sat up, I knew who and where I was, thank goodness, but I just sat there shaking because it had been utterly *real*. Me, myself in another life and time, had encountered me, myself in this time, and I knew that the other me had had the same dream in that life at that time – for those few moments, we had looked out of each other’s eyes. I was thunderstruck. It took some time to recover from that one.

So THEN I had one in which I was a shaman, leading a group of very primitive looking people in a ritual dance. And then another in which I was a torturer. That one was almost funny. Almost. It started at home, a sort of mud-walled two room structure with a rough-hewn table, finishing some bread and kissing another dirty woman good-bye, the whole sense of “have a nice day at work, honey,” and then I walked through these crowded, dirty streets, dusty, people in robes, thinking mundane thoughts, meeting somebody for midday meal, stuff like that. I went into the biggest and most imposing structure around, another mud-walled structure, but this one windowless, maybe two stories tall, and I went in past a guard, whom I greeted pleasantly, and then went down this narrow stairway into a dungeon, complete with torture devices and people in chains. It was the cries of the people when they saw me arrive that woke me. I woke with that “Time to get to work” feeling, and was filled with visions of what I was going to do to them that day. It was not pleasant.

There was one that seemed post-apocalyptic. I was one of the leaders of a fairly large group of people living in the mountains in tents & makeshift shelters. We were dressed in modern clothes, with modern tools, but living quite primitively, and I had the sense we were hiding from someone. There were a few series in which I was a woman. Usually I was male, but not always.

Then some of the times and locations started recurring. I revisited the first medieval life, this time working in a field. I revisited the shaman many times. I had a partner/lover who I believe I have encountered in this life. Our cave was on top of a rise, surrounded by big timber, and something like a giant redwood had fallen in a clearing in front of the cave, and the stump of this tree had been shaped and worn down over generations into a large, smooth table, ten feet across, that was holy because of the power of the energy coming from its roots. It was the center of everything we did. We pretty much ran the place, but it was all good, people came to us for help, and we led rituals and knew an astounding amount of natural medicine. We lived long for the time, and became famous. Obviously, I really liked visiting the shaman life. People had great respect for us, and we lived to do good things for them. Almost as frequently, I revisited the torturer. Something inside me always cringed, but as the torturer I enjoyed the people’s fear of me, and studied my craft. I was called on, in one of these

dreams, to practice my art on some special prisoner who had to talk but could be left with no marks on his body, and I welcomed the challenge with pride. I was a craftsman, and the best around. In post-apocalyptic world, there was a crisis and we had to move our location quickly and surreptitiously. It was easy for me to believe it was post-apocalyptic, child of the cold war that I was, but years later I realized that there had been no radiation, and that whatever we were surviving could just as easily have been natural.

There were others, some extremely primitive. No language in my head with which to describe my experience as it was happening. Now THAT was weird. In one of those, I was caught and eaten by a large carnivore. I think it was some kind of cat, but it caught me by surprise and I was less concerned with what it was than I was with the fact that it was eating me. That death was surprisingly not terrible, because the relief that it was over quickly was so great. I wasn't gonna get away – dead was good. Then, as I woke up, the horror of what I had just gone through hit me, and I almost threw up. I don't think I went back to sleep that night.

Over time, though, eventually I became blasé about seeing my death, it happened so often. But it was always alarming when it happened. Because I would wake up knowing what it had felt like. Remembering the smells and the sensations, the pain – and not only the pain of whatever the killing blow was, but the emotional pain you experience in that moment when you know you are about to die. Sometimes it was sudden, and sometimes it took way too long. But there was a point, somewhere in my junior or senior year of high school, when I realized that I had this sense that I knew – I mean, really *knew*, what it felt like to die.

So during this period, there were also other truth dreams that made no sense at all. I don't remember all of them now, but my senior year there was one that was particularly confusing. I was sitting on the bottom of a swimming pool. Breathing. Sitting on the bottom of a swimming pool. There were maybe half a dozen other people sitting on the bottom of the same pool. I could see bubbles rising from the other peoples heads, but no one was wearing scuba gear. We all had a bundle of stuff, and were doing something with that bundle of stuff. This dream was very short, little more than a snapshot. But because it was so weird, I made particular note of it. That summer, I worked in Hawaii, and while I was there I got certified to scuba dive. One of your first underwater tests you must pass is to throw all your equipment into a pool, dive in, get your mask and regulator on first, then put all the equipment on and swim around some, all without breaking the surface. Well, I throw my gear in, jump in, grab the regulator, stick it in my mouth, turn it on, take a breath, get my mask, put it on, look up, and was transported into my dream.

Now, the thing about these dreams was that they really didn't fit into the catholic world, and the more I had them, the more convinced I became that the catholics

had it all wrong. And yes, I know I had broken from the Catholics, but our *culture* is one-lifed. Reincarnation is seriously out of the mainstream. Seriously. Like wacko out of the mainstream, no matter what the catholics say. So I resisted believing. But obviously there was a direct contradiction between Truth Dreams, which came from me and had proven themselves to be true, at least in this time, and which seemed clearly to suggest that I had lived other lives, and catholic/western culture dogma, which came from a bunch of guys who made a bunch of stuff up, which said you only come around once. But I still didn't trust the dreams enough to feel like I could say "I've lived other lives." I still dismissed the dreams from different lives as aberrations, or something. I adamantly refused to contemplate that reincarnation was even possible, so ingrained in me was that catholic dogma that says you only get one chance. They were dreams. Pretty fun and interesting dreams. But dreams. Period.

Before I wrap Dreams Part 1 up here I have to tell you that it was around this time that I read Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse Five*, and man oh man did it ring about a hundred bells. Billy Pilgrim was "unstuck in time" and that was exactly how I felt on most nights. It was uncanny. "Unstuck in time." It described my dream life perfectly. Only difference was that I was unstuck in the timeline that was ALL of my lives. But I still resisted accepting the possibility that it might be *real*. I mean – great book, but *fiction*.

Stay tuned for Dreams Part II, when you will hear about the mother of all dreams.

this is an old guy who knows shit signing off.
