

## Passing Through to Peace

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*... Your consciousness leaves your body often in the sleep state. You communicate with people in other levels of reality that you have known. ... you process daily experience, project it into what you think of as the future, choose from an infinity of probable events those you will make physical, and begin the mental and psychic processes that will bring them into the world of substance. (Jane Roberts, **Seth Speaks**)*

I saw one night in a dream:

*A group of us, dreamers; we were dreaming of each other. Those of us who appeared in our dreams passed away afterwards and went to another world, but told us in the dreams that they had left us something valuable. Later we found that those valuable things were gold coins; coins to which ordinary people were blind; only dreamers could see these gold coins and to ordinary eyes they appeared not as coins, but as sweet bread!*



*So those dreamers who still lived decided to die and to go to that "other world" and join the ones who had left us the coins. Only Jean and another lady (looked like Dolores maybe, or Lana) stayed in this world.*  
*EOD*

I could not make anything out of this dream at the time. Later Jean described this dream as "the world behind the scenes." "When we dream about each other," said Jean, "when we dream each other, there is always an element of passing through ... because that's how we perceive it."

**This paper is my personal interpretation and experience of what Jean described as "passing through" and of the gold coins left for me by my dreamer friends in their occasional visits to my "world", my "reality". Later events in my life, in the life of my country, and in the life of our**

**Dreaming Bridge, seemed to be literally proving how interwoven people's dreams and consciousness can get; that people can, in certain circumstances, pass through not only to each other's dreams but even to each other's nightmares. All this makes one think that with such powers people might be able not only to dream each other's experiences, but also to "process" those experiences and to project them into a more hopeful, peaceful, enjoyable future on earth. The present paper is based on a comparison between the events in waking reality and the images and messages conveyed in our dreams.**



My story began one sunny day in my hometown, when I was going out to work, to start an ordinary day like any other one. When I walked along our narrow street and turned into the main street, that day proved to be one of the most unordinary days I had seen in the past few years of my country's life.

There were hundreds of people – young and old, men, women and children. All were standing in lines, or perhaps more accurately, behind a line, a green line, a green band which they held in their hands and which ran from north to south, connecting them. Both sides of the longest street of Tehran and as far as I could see there was no end to this green chain of people all wearing smiles, all greeting each other in a very happy mood, all so friendly, holding up their green hands in a sign of victory. I thought to myself: how long has it been since I have seen my neighbors and friends and citizens, the people of my hometown, so happy, warm and friendly?

Naturally I could not and would not keep this wonderful news from my friends on the Bridge. I was dying to tell them that once more the people of my country were hopeful, were thinking of and believing in change! They wanted to choose their favorite candidate and they believed that for once in many years there was a door open to change.

My dreamer friends with their ever present support were there for me, with all their energy and love; no wonder that they decided the night before the election that we would dream for Iran; for peace in Iran

and peace in the world.

However, Janet's dream of Thursday night said something different:

*Thursday night I tried to incubate a dream for the Iranian elections as suggested by dream; on Friday morning I wrote down this dream – the first I've remembered for ages.*

*This scenario repeats itself ITD. There is a child - a girl -sometimes quite young (6?), sometimes almost adolescent. She is important at least locally, maybe even for the human race? But there are people after her who want to control her, maybe even kill her. I have to keep her safe, try to see that she gets the right education, until she can come into her own. The following scenario repeats itself several times in some form: I encounter the child. I quickly get her to a place where I know that there's a hiding space like a "priest hole" and hide her there. Sometimes if the space is big enough I hide there too, but mostly I stay in a room just outside her hiding place.*

*In the situation just before I wake up, some kind of disaster is happening. Lots of people are running around looking for a refuge. I'm a bit ahead of the crowd and rush the child (who I've just found and befriended) to a house that I know and hide her in the "priest hole" which in this case is some kind of attic space above the room that I'm staying in. I hide her only just in time as other people, strangers, start coming into the house to use it as a refuge. I hope that having these people here won't compromise the girl's safety. EOD.*

The day of the election passed with all its hopes and fears. There was a rumor in the air that the incumbent government would change the results to stay in power. But who could be so foolish as to stand against the powerful will of so many people? Such a huge population, we all thought, had certainly conveyed the message that they wanted some change. Yet, the rumor decided to stay in the air and there came another dream that night; that of Tony:

*Last night I had a long, very slow, like vegetables growing, dream about Iran and elections. There were five candidates, all women. There may have been a man, somewhere on the sidelines, but he wasn't important. The five women were standardly, acceptably orthodox in different ways and this orthodoxy allowed the natural to be drawn to the surface rather as a bandage protects the natural and allows healing*

*to take place. It was a slow process but it was the best, the only way. EOD*

It looked to me like another warning with the "orthodoxy" allowing "the natural to be drawn to the surface". Till 5 o'clock next morning when my Daddy's sad broken voice woke us up to say that "we lost!" there was still hope. Unbelievable! It was barely 5 in the morning! How could they count more than forty two million votes in such few hours? Janet's dream of the night before the election seemed not only to be passing through to my consciousness but to my world and to my future!

"Some kind of disaster" did happen right that day and the situation was like Janet had dreamed. My heart sank! My soul broke into pieces! My hopes shattered! Was it possible? So many people voted. Those who had never voted their entire lives! 42 million votes had gone to waste! My mother cried.

Some people's reaction though was not like mine! They were much faster. By the time I was coming home from work, 7 pm that day, like Janet had dreamt "lots of people were running around looking for a refuge" because the riot police had started a crackdown against the angry people who were asking for their votes. When I finally got home I saw my brother had been hit with a baton and my sister was just back from shouting in the streets.

I took refuge in the only place I could shout and let out the energy that had accumulated inside my soul; my "priest hole", the Bridge. It was the only place I could talk about this injustice which I was certain had occurred many times before in the history of my country as well as the history of the entire world:

*"There is a difference today though" Jean said, "and I believe that difference is us. Here we are, communicating directly across all the borders. I think that together we can build change. I believe in Obama's slogan, whether or not he always seems to: Yes we can!"*

Oh yes! To me it made all the difference! I was able to reach out for help and people out there could hear me! More, even: they were there to help me. I was talking to the world and the world was talking back to me through dreams! One dream led to another. With Janet's dream Regina remembered one from a month before when she had seen herself in another country protecting a little girl, like Janet had:

*I was in another country and it was a recurring holiday that was threatening to some people. A little girl*

*around 2-3 years old was in danger. I took her with me, also a package that was about 4 inches square*

*and wrapped around with tape or wide*

*rubber bands. Terry (my ex-husband)*

*wanted me to meet him in front of a tall*

*building behind a church near Penn Circle in*

*East Liberty (back here in Pittsburgh) near a*

*Giant Eagle supermarket. I got there late*



*and the building had been imploded. People were taking things out of the rubble, including coffins. One coffin had been put on the grass. It was made of glossy dark wood with a flat glass top through which I could see part of a red velvet dress. I looked away, not wanting to see the corpse. Terry was there. I went back to a house where I was staying with some people. I tried to convince them that the little girl was in danger but she managed to get away from us twice, playfully running outside, once with two other little children from the house and once alone. I looked for her in an alley. There were five dogs and many cats belonging to the house who acted as watchers or guardians. At one point, the dogs were all staring at me. (The dogs were various types and sizes, like the pack of dogs that accompanied the grandfather in the movie Moonstruck.)*

*I hope that, if this dream has any connection to Iran, there are guardians and watchers to protect people, especially children, who may be in danger.*

Like Jean said, these dreams could be related to me or to the fact that women and little girl children always need more help and attention in time of crisis. In whichever case my friends were passing through to me! To dream with me, and even more, to come across to my nightmares and to shape a reality which I never knew we human beings could have the power to do, was in itself a miracle. The Bridgers had risked their own dreams to share my nightmares.

The first two days passed with people in the streets protesting and the police trying to hold them back. But the third day, June 15, was a different day. Two of the opposition candidates had proposed a rally from east Tehran to west. My first thought was this would be dangerous but I will go anyway. My second thought was asking for help from the Bridge folk!

And there came protective shields from the Bridge and another dream from even farther away; Mary

remembered a dream from about five months before:

*"Back in February I had dream of 4 women in robes in the desert warning me of coming "riots". Please be cautious, vigilant, keep your wits about you, and stay safe."*

We went out. I knew in my heart that the protective shield of the Bridge was with me but we were all a bit scared. About halfway there, cell phones got cut, and this made the fear more intense. However, I began to notice that there were people going the same way as I was. People were coming individually and in groups. We did not talk to each other, but the look in everybody's eyes seemed familiar. And when we finally entered the main street where the rally was supposed to start, we joined a wide river of green people! It was unbelievable! I thought everybody else was also afraid; I thought fear would hold them back, but I was wrong! And I walked in absolute silence alongside thousands, maybe millions of others holding up hands showing the V! Streams of people were joining this river and yet the green river remained silent. The anger projected in this silence made this huge rally so full of awe and very scary for those who would want to stand against it.

A week passed. Text messaging had been cut off since the day before the election. And now people knew that by the time they got into the area rallies, their cell phones and the public phones would also stop working; yet they still kept going. We heard from here and there that some got injured, some killed and some taken to unknown places and jails. But people would not be stopped. There was new hope again that they might confess to vote rigging, that they might count again.

Meanwhile we kept seeing each other in our dreams. On June 17, Janet wrote:

*Green Dancer is staying/living in my friend C.'s apartment. (Not his WL apartment.) She has quite a large room. I go there often to talk to her - in fact am there nearly all the time. (We talk in her room, I don't see much of C. while I'm there.) We have a really good time together; can sit and talk for ages. One day while I'm there my mother marches in. (ITD I live with her although recently have been spending most of my time with Green Dancer.)*

*She says that since I spend all of my time here she might as well give up her house and we will move in with C. (Not sure if just her and me or whether other family members were included in this.) C. is there in*

*the corner of the living room while she makes this announcement, and looks shocked, as do I - in fact I think we're both too shocked to say anything. I am appalled by this idea; I don't want to live here, and in any case there's not room for us all - there may only be 2 bedrooms (max. 3, including Green Dancer's room), it's not that large a flat.. EOD.*

Particularly after this dream I felt deeply that I was not alone; that we really were group dreaming. That people could reach as far as my world; could cross the borders and pass through for love and peace.

On Thursday of the same week, we people of Tehran went to another ceremony. By now we had to accept that some of us were killed. So people decided on a funeral. We all wore black and took candles and went out to watch the same scenario happen again: People gathering in silence, lighting candles in corners of streets, and the police force and plain clothes threatening them.

That night when we came back home and I could finally get some sleep I saw what looked to me like a very strange dream:

*I was watching the evolution of an evil person. He was being given several lives. He died from one and was born into another. I do not exactly remember how many of his lives I watched, but in the one before last he was a tyrant ruler. He was killed in the end by his own people and the time of death he was wearing a long red dress and a golden crown. But I knew he'd be alive soon and he'd be a new person more evil than before.*

*It came true; he was born again immediately into a very powerful being. He was a soul, something very light flying in the sky from mountain to mountain, passing from visible to invisible any time he wanted to. Then he changed to a white dove and landed on the ground. I knew he was going to possess someone on earth and make that person evil. He did so. And who do you think that person was? It was me! And I was so busy doing what I thought was evil that I completely forgot I was the one who was watching not the one doing the evil!*

*Then I suddenly remembered I was watching this evil person, I was not, and did not want to be him! And*



*I woke up! EOD*

The day after this dream was the day when the supreme leader was supposed to deliver a speech on Friday prayer. After one week of fighting, of being beaten and killed, everybody was waiting to see what would happen. Would they cancel the results? Can we hope that we can change something finally?

I could not stop my tears when I heard him calling the whole voting business the healthiest and most reliable in the world! When he said that 42 million people had voted to support him and his regime and the president he very clearly sided with, I suddenly remembered my dream! I thought of the dream again and I could not help interpreting it in one way only!

The supreme leader said they would take harsher measures if the green people continued to come out into the streets. How could we stop after they had killed our brothers and sisters and were torturing the rest in their jails? Next morning another demonstration was planned. And Mary wrote:

*please be careful, woke up from dream at 3:37 am here on Saturday morning, seeing foggy, smoke, see many women wearing black robes in "mourning" continuing, maybe tear gas they will be using, please please be careful. Praying, meditating, lighting candles, and continuous shield of protection for you, the peace group, and as many as I can shield...whew! this is very stressful!*

A friend and I decided to go together. Everybody said that this time things would be different, that they had the order to kill. I was afraid but it was not easy to stay home and watch. We went to the place where everybody was supposed to gather. I had never seen so many police and plain clothes, holding guns and batons and wearing very strange black vests and helmets! God! Were they so afraid of us?! We started moving. They let us walk in the pavements and there was this very AWE-some silence and suddenly they attacked! I held my friend's hand and we got pushed into a narrow alley. Now people broke their silence and started shouting! I saw white smoke and felt I could not breathe easily. People were choking and I knew now from Mary's dream that this WAS tear-gas! But people would not go home, no matter what! We followed the now scattered groups of people into different streets.

At a junction where people were shouting "Allah o Akbar" (God is great), and holding up their fists to the plain clothes and the riot police, I suddenly saw a group of plain clothes with batons shouting like beasts



starting towards us. We ran for our lives. A few meters ahead we heard a shout. I turned; a girl! I knew I had the protection from the Bridge. I ran towards them to free her. My friend pulled me back. "It is a boy!" He had long hair. "Let him go! Let him go!" A woman behind me started shouting and we all followed: "Let him go!" A group of them turned towards us holding up their batons and running. We ran and when turning away, I saw them hitting the boy with something which they told me was an electric baton and he could not move any more. They pulled him away and we had to run to save ourselves.



On June 24, Ilkin saw this dream:

*Mullahs (or whoever they were, but clothed like them) were trying to take and punish a young man. But there a young woman stand up, whom I recognized as you. I felt fear for her wellbeing if she set up to protect the young man. Then I realized the ground is sand like dessert. We are on old rock ruins. I look at myself and see I have a red cloth/large shawl covering me. I felt it has a specialty of protection. It was soft like velvet but strong. I wave, throw up my left arm and cover the young woman/ you with a same shawl. It covers from top to toe. The mullahs pulling the young man on the ground and look. They stopped as what they see, we have covering on us is holier than everything. There I saw fear of hell in their face, eyes..EOD*

Among all who were shot dead or taken away to jails to be tortured, one girl's voice reached the world while she was lying in her own pool of blood. Neda was shot dead right in the street where my friend and I and so many others had been protesting. Neda could be any one of us.

Now I knew much better what Mary's dream had meant. She had seen women mourning. I did not and could not watch the film of her death to the end, and did not tell the Bridge folk about it. I couldn't talk about it. This was the first clear film fully shot of a real death on the streets of my hometown. However, the news was quickly spread and the Bridge knew before long.

Since that day things have been different. We now know they would do anything to stop us. Yet, people still gather together on different occasions, in certain squares or streets no matter how hard the security forces try to stop them. We heard later, and still do hear more than before, about the crimes committed in

jails. You must have heard about the girl whose lower part of the body was burnt to hide the marks of the horrible things they had done to her. And you would be amazed like I was when I read Curt's dream:

*There have been 4 suspicious deaths of political figures in Teheran. I go there with some of my Anthropology colleagues to investigate. At first, the government doesn't want to let us do this, but I point out that someone needs to do the forensic investigation of the bodies. The latest victim, a woman, has been so badly burned that her body is mostly skeletonized from the chest down. I see her lying on a steel table in a lab room. They reluctantly agree. We quickly reach the conclusion that all 4 deaths were murders perpetrated by people acting at the direction of the government to eliminate political opposition. This knowledge puts us in great danger. I am apprehended in a square from within a crowd by armed revolutionary guards in black, both male and female, who threaten to shoot me on the spot. I act as if I am not afraid of this. Instead, I go into a dialogue with them as to why they are being unreasonable about the investigation. I point out, "Many people now know about the murders - do you intend to shoot them all? Why don't you simply allow the justice system to take its course against the individuals who were involved?" Despite their threats and bluster, their leader, a short young woman, admits that one of their members, a man named Hamid Ali, was the perpetrator of some of the murders. He is a thin, middle-aged man dressed in blue, and he is one of those who is holding a rifle on me. I then go on to accuse the whole group of them of arrogance about their way of life and their version of Islam, and I say "This will have to change." I actually succeed in talking them down, and the leader writes Hamid Ali's name down on a scrap of paper for me to take to the authorities. It is now twilight, and I try to find a cab to take me to police headquarters. But the driver has fled in terror from the guards, leaving the keys in the cab and the meter on - it is a red LED at knee level. My wife drives the cab. We get home, and she shows me a letter I had sent to the Arcane School which was returned in the mail. The letter was opened by the post office - the top is slit - and "addressee unknown" was stamped on the front, in purple. I am puzzled by this, since the address is the same one I always use. I have had some difficulty communicating with them before. I will have to phone them in the morning to figure this out. I am eager to tell people of my experience in Iran. EOD.*

This was more than dreaming to me, more even than participating in the process of group dreaming. This was precious to me; priceless, to know that there were people who would not only be able to but willing to share my nightmares, to take the burden away from my shoulders and to share it among them. At the same time when I was having nightmares of being arrested and tortured by the regime, Jean was also



sharing my nightmares; Tony was feeling trapped and dying in a different situation. It was the Bridge which made me see we are all but one. And when we are ONE, we have the power to create. When we pass through to each other's realities, it is then that we find the gold coins; it is then that we are able to choose consciously from among an infinite number of future probabilities that ONE which is against all war and bloodshed.

I don't know when all this is going to end, and when peace will reign once more in my country and in the whole world. But I know from our dreams that there is still hope as long as we believe in the power of our dreams; as long as we believe that our dreams can create the reality of our future world:

*Netherlands, I am here for a visit to one of my friends. I am standing before a window. I see something in the sky; in the horizon: a pink bright light in the shape of a spiral which unfolds and changes to a pink straight light and soars right up and disappears in the sky.*

*My friend says in a very ordinary tone: "well, this is a miracle." Then things start pouring down from the sky. We watch together and we see balloons! Thousands of blue balloons in the shape of moons and stars are raining down on us. There is such a feeling of happiness. And I think of my homeland, of Iran. I remember that once, we, the green people, were supposed to fill green balloons with gas and send them up into the sky from rooftops and I remember that I could not do that.*

*Now I am in Tehran; a sunny morning in the streets of Tehran. People are going to work; they are all holding up their hands showing Victory sign! There is smile on every lip! EOD*

A few days later, on the day of Hiroshima Anniversary, after he had woken up from a dream about Iran, Ralf remembered a French song:

*(Ralf's translation of the song)*

For all the dreams trodden upon  
For the already abandoned hope

In Hiroshima or elsewhere

Perhaps it comes tomorrow

**[The] PEACE**

We will create that nether-land, that Never-Never-land where all dreams come true. We will create peace!

**Amen!**