

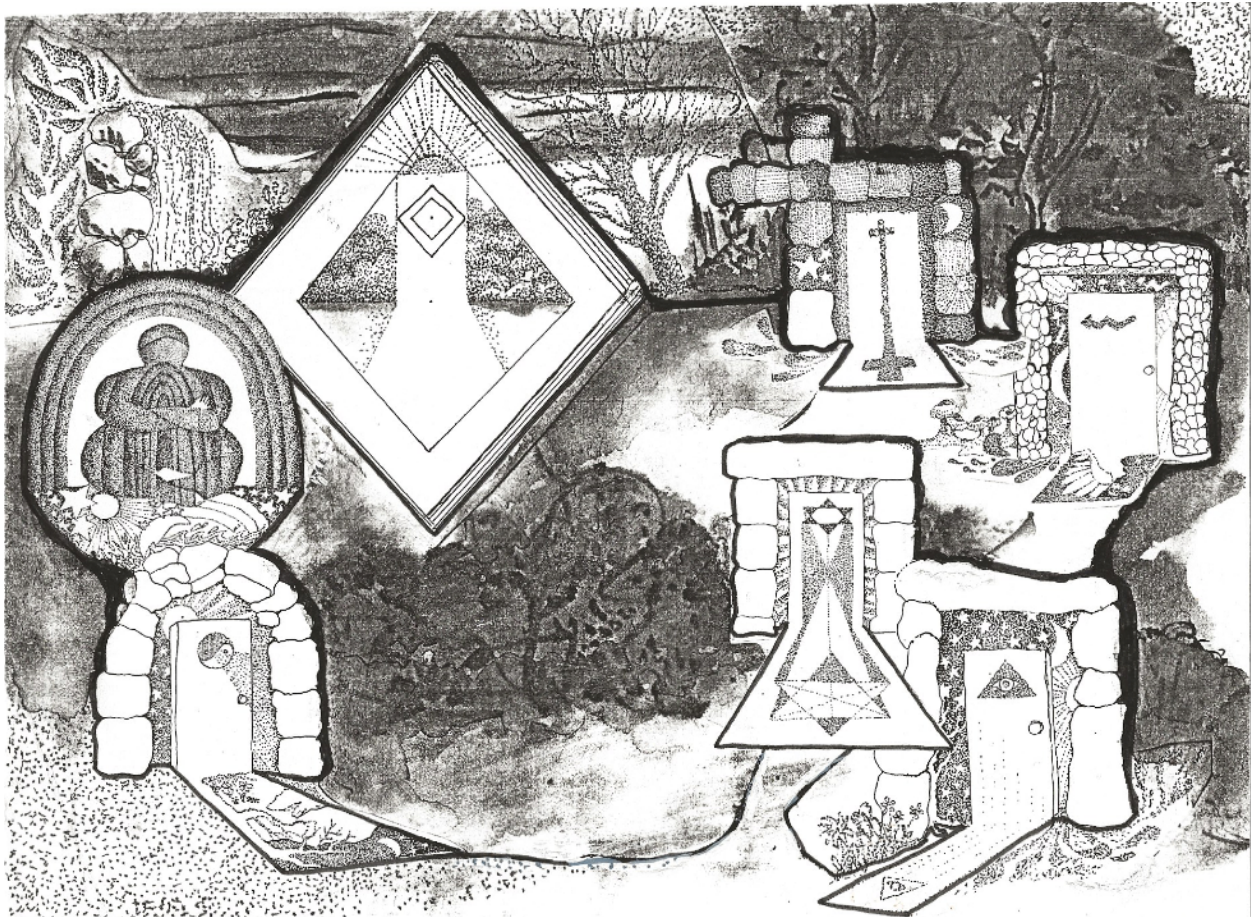


[Ed. note: This document was genuinely channeled using a technique that I, James F Andris, developed over a period of three years. I have included a first page of notes at the end. All were written in calligraphic script in green ink. The artwork is by Dianne Trippensee]

The Unicorn's Reverie

Safe in an uncorrupted glen somewhere in the British Isles, the unicorn slept by a crystal pool. The fragrance of honeysuckle mingled with sweet dreams of a pagan celebration of summer solstice. The reverie of the unicorn was all joy and suggestion of magic connection.

In the midst of this real fantasy beheld the magic beast seven doors standing roughly in a semi-circle. Each door was framed by massive stone slabs, yet the only connection between these door frames was the dark fabric of creation itself. And on each door was an icon.



Dianne Trippensee's Channeling of the Unicorn's Dream of the Seven Doors

The silver creature stood bolt upright, its spiral horn sensing the divine presence, which it beheld in awe. Then, the beast had knowledge: it was as if Holy Words had been spoken, all of them simultaneously. The voice had said, “Gentle Unicorn, you are the most pure expression of living imagination here on Erthe. There are many seamless cracks in Holy Creation. So pure was your reverie that you have entered that magic space between waking reality and dreams.”

“Before you stand the seven natural doors to the seven levels of vibratory creation. While these doors appear to lead somewhere, in fact, they do not. Your journey will take you through each of these doors. You will find them stranger than anything you have previously experienced.”

“Look closely now at the seven doors. Each one is a portal to the infinite. You are standing between the seventh and sixth doors, which represent, respectively, birth and sleep. The other five doors, in descending order are representations of sorcery, healing, death, salvation, and meditation.”

“I will ask you only to enter these doors in descending order. This is for your own good. As you face each door, you will see a symbol emblazoned upon it. Concentrate on that symbol and you will find yourself drawn to the corresponding level of vibratory creation. It is in this way that

you will enter the door: While you are there, you will experience the highest form of love (which is union) possible at that level.”

“When your experience is complete, you will again see a door, which is the same door by which you entered. However, a different symbol will shine from the door's face. You may exit the level on which you are by concentrating once again on the icon. With this you will find yourself drawn back into the Cosmic Hall of Doors. At that point you may enter the next level.”

“You will no longer hear my voice on this journey. Remember this: to the pure in heart is given all knowledge and understanding. May your presence at the level of mundane existence be a reminder of this fact to all whose eyes fall on your form.”

The silver creature's heart radiated with love and its mind pulsed with awareness and anticipation. It began to gaze steadily at the seventh door. On it appeared a uranium atom with its seven levels of electron waves surrounding the tighter cluster of nuclear waves. Just as the voice had said, the unicorn felt itself drawn into the center of atomic creation. But then, the most amazing thing happened. Out of the swirl of atoms emerged—the very same valley in which the unicorn had begun its fantastic trip.

The unicorn thought, “This beautiful scene; the trees, flowers, the rushing brook, the waving grass, the white clouds in the blue sky; all are generated from countless permutations of positive and negative energy. And my own body is generated from the same duality of nature. How wonderful to be so intimately connected back to the universe which spawned me!” And feeling this love of nature, which is the most fundamental form of union, the unicorn rejoiced.

After a while, the one-horned creature noticed that in place of the atom on the seventh door stood a single cell. And this cell reminded the beast that all the life of the Celtic glen was evolved from combinations of atoms. As it stared into the cell, the cell dissolved into molecules, the molecules into atoms, the atoms into electrons and protons, and these into void. Whereupon, the unicorn emerged from the seventh door and was back in the Hall of Doors.

A bit of moist nothingness swirled about the lower body of the monocerous as it contemplated the icon of the sixth door. What it saw was the venerated Chinese representation of Yin and Yang:



As it became one with this image, the unicorn was aware of the fluids and emotions which swirled within its being. They seemed to be pulling it irresistably through the next portal. Standing in the same formless mist as itself was another unicorn, which embodied everything that the sojourner had ever regarded as perfect beauty. Monocerous felt the vision of its eyes settle in its heart, and felt the palpitating energy of its heart being sucked down, down, down.

Yet from the throat of the second perfect image of beauty ripped the same cry of uncontained lust. They raced to each other's side, Electric curtains danced and sparked as skin touched skin; gentle muzzles tenderly probed sensitive ears. Eyes like open blue pools feasted themselves. Slowly, certainly, as if part of the vast cosmic dance, the unicorns completed each other. Desire flowed into deep and eternal satisfaction. The two had truly united.

For a long while, they rested in the serenity of this perfect mating. Sequences of images, loosely connected, floated in the common love space of the two beasts. And then, it was over.

Each unicorn had awakened from their living dream into the painful truth: they had each made love to their own fantasy. Beauty begat of sexual lust is impermanent.

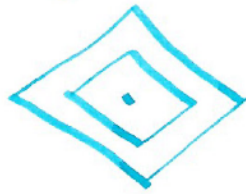
Perhaps other things would remain to cement the bonding, but the lust itself—that was but a bittersweet memory. And as they slowly separated out their feelings and began to pull these feelings back into themselves, the eyes of monocerous drifted back towards the sixth door. Having learned that all dreaming is supported by lust in some stage of expression, it was time to exit.

On the door was the Native American lightning snake:



It understood that the snake had always been a double image representing both wisdom and danger. Unicorn was torn. Having expended its procreative energies in a quintessential union, it longed to return to the carnal lullaby which terminated the union. Yet this it could not do. There were higher uses to which creative energy could be put. To have wisdom, and the power that it brings, that was tempting in a new, irresistible way. And a terrifying way. But it was too late. Delay was impossible. Monos sprang through the door into the towering hall.

Immediately, the right eye of the unicorn was gripped and held by the medicine man's eye:



a center of power emerging from the lower dualities. As the silver beast went through the eye, it became magic itself. It found that it could focus into every act of sorcery that was occurring in the world. And there were incredible acts of necromancy to behold. In Haiti corpses walked through black forests. On Bali frenzied dancers skimmed the surface of poker hot coals in bare feet. Rain materialized from nothing but dry air in the Gobi Desert. Animals and plants spoke to red men and women in North American recesses. A teenager in California willed a spoon to twist upon itself. Everywhere causal reality was being shaped by will.

And as it began to conform its own will to this tempting flow of energy, the unicorn experienced a new, consuming lust flowing in its being. Seized by the overwhelming power to create whatever dualistic fantasy it desired, a deafening vibration began to spread from the base of its skull. Monos began to grow until it dwarfed the other creatures around it, the tallest trees, the mountains themselves. What

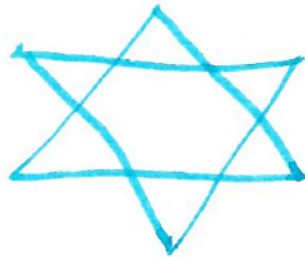
had been a gentle, silver Beast had become The Beast itself. And it experienced a total disregard for creativity not of its own generation. Because of this, there was a loss of identity, for, of course, the unicorn had not created itself.

But, thought the monocerous, "Life in the medicine man's eye is most desirable. I can have anything that I can imagine, and have it just my way." And just to prove it, monos materialized a perfect mate in a perfect meadow and relived sexual union at even greater heights of intensity. Then, when its sated eyes beheld an imperfection in the beautiful creature, it dematerialized it without the slightest remorse. "I have become God," it thought!

With this thought, the unicorn sought to exit the fifth door. Much to its surprise, no door appeared. A wave of uncomfortableness swept through its being. Again it concentrated on the door; again the door evaded it. But something more unsettling still had happened: its fear had brought it face to face with the very Beast which it had created not a few moments before. And it realized with total terror that it was about to experience its own self-destruction. With that realization, both monocerous and its own perverted self-image faded before the door of the fifth level. It dimly suspected that without the union of the next level, the gift of creativity could become the curse of self-destruction. And it dimly understood why God had

been so displeased with Adam and Eve when they had eaten of the tree of knowledge without approval.

The exit icon of level five had appeared:



the Star of David, and its meaning was clear. The two intersecting triangles represented the tempering of the three mundane levels of creativity with three divine manifestations. ^Without spiritual advancement, the mundane can indeed devolve into the profane.

As monos turned from the duality of external creation, it experienced both a healing and a complete loss of body. It was everywhere and nowhere and it was all potential. The seven cosmic doors now existed as potential experience. On the face of the fourth door was the very hologram of earth itself—the very earth! The disembodied presence of the sobered creature interpenetrated every point of the earth. That is what it is to go through the door of intuition—to experience one's connectedness with all earth beings.

As the gentle beast experienced the healing warmth of the blue-green ball, much was revealed to it. It discovered

that its dualistic form as silver, single-horned ungulate could simultaneously manifest wherever dualistic perception was balanced. For the unicorn at this level, connection was real, separation was unrealized potential. Healing was continuous and everpresent, disease was discontinuous and self-destructive. Monos resolved never again to loose contact with planet spirit. And that was when it saw the cross.

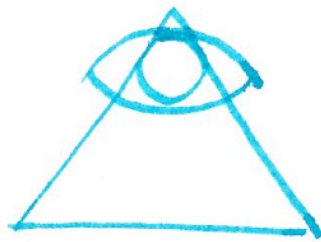


It is uncanny how simple symbols can speak volumes to the spiritually progressed being, yet nothing to the uninitiated. The holy beast was astir with deep longing. Here it was in the midst of an enormous healing force, yet feeling essentially incomplete. Within its gentle heart, there was an attraction to the cross. Yet its dualistic nature, which is to say, its connection to nature, attraction to mate, and creativity, was content to rest in planet spirit.

The scenario of the lives of Jesus and his spiritual siblings Krishna, Buddha, and Mohammed, played before the monocerous imagination. Each had left this beautiful

planet. It deeply contemplated the resurrection of Jesus the Christ. Suddenly, the message of the icon was clear. Monoceros was longing for immortality. No matter how comfortable, healing, and beautiful, earth was not immortal.

And before the spiritual imagination of the unicorn, cross transformed into Akashic eye:



Unicorn was back in the Cosmic Hall, at least in terms of intuiting possibilities.

The eye in the pyramid is a gift of Egyptian culture. It represents an aspect of reality which made the great work of Christ possible. It represents the connection of mortal consciousness with the soul. For before (in that timeless sense of “before”) God sent Christ into the world, the Souls were sent to assist in the spiritual evolution of dualistic humanity. It is the souls, or at least some of the souls, which mediate the Mystical Body of Christ.

But the unicorn, now just a point of blue light, came to this realization not discursively, but rather experientially.

For, you see, the unicorn had died. For mundane beings, “death” means “ceasing to exist.” Yet death to earth is the dualistic manifestation of spiritual birth. If only all could realize that death is a wonderful beginning ...!

By centering on the symbol of Akashic knowing, the unicorn had broken through the planetary veil to a memory of all its past lives. It had been a narwhal, sharing in the great connubial hologram of Cetacean emotion and intelligence. There was a life as a pet goat in Baghdad, and one as an imperial horse in the gardens of Huang Ti. There were human lives as saint and peasant. And there were magic lives as quetzal-coatl, dragon, and pagan priest-deity.

In a way one could say that in relinquishing its tie with planet earth, yet centering in its spiritual being, the unicorn had been absorbed into its soul. The soul can be compared to a symphony of divine meaning which requires many lives to orchestrate. Just as we do not confuse the material components and movements of symphonic instruments with the musical tones which make up the symphony, so should we not confuse the insignificant details of each life with the karmic lessons which make up the soul.

When we die, we connect with the complex meaning of our life, just as a sensitive symphony musician sees, hears, and feels how his or her contribution is essential to the whole composition. And just as the parts to be played can

be recorded on paper or in the composer's mind even though the symphony has not yet been performed, so are the life fragments of the soul recorded in the Akashic hologram, which is a projection of the Mind Divine. And so, having died, the unicorn became a set of etheric waves reverberating and rebounding from the Divine walls of its Soul. As it oscillated, it intermingled with memory images of other lives, foul and fragrant, and it knew its purpose.

We have no human words to describe the experience of the unicorn at this point. The English word "was" is the inverse of the word "saw" in denotation and connotation. In a vaguely similar way, dualistic perception can be inverted to achieve holistic perception. The unicorn was the exit icon of the third door. There was no distinction. It saw itself, and it was itself. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Yes, the unicorn knew its purpose.

[Ed. note—added in a later edition: "This is what happens in inverted, holistic perception. Dualistic creation inverts perception to apprehend Being."]

It was the purest emanation of Erthe, that is to say, the Saved Earth. It was to see God, and to be God. Not the satanic god of dualistic creation, but rather the saved creativity of divine order. It saw that it was, and it was that it saw. A five-pointed blue star appeared, and this was all that remained of unicorn. Salvation was shining through this blue, dimensionless light that integrated the lower five levels of vibratory creation.

The Unicorn had united with the Christ. It had accepted its salvation. It was forgiven, which means “taken back.” All of these are ways, human ways, of describing what it is to go through the spiritual eye. Only Elijah, Jesus, and Babaji had done it before while still in human form. Monos had entered the second door.

When a created being goes through the spiritual eye, it relinquishes all ego, all connection with earth, and all soul imperfections. It becomes, pure and simple, the sole projection of uncreated God in created reality. We here on earth have deified Jesus, but Jesus knew that he could only be God by seeing only God. One micro-second of egotism, earth-centering, or karmic diversion, and Jesus would not have seen God, and hence, not have been God. “I and the Father are One” leaves no room for sensations of power or self-congratulation. It only leaves room for the Love of God.

Christ is the possibility that God's will (which is complete acceptance of all) be done by a created being. Jesus demonstrated the possibility of this, and hence Became the Way and the Light. It was His Acceptance of All that allowed God's Love to shine through the personality, Jesus. And every act of loving acceptance (especially if we would do otherwise) is an extension to the foundation laid by Jesus.

Those on earth who fear the Unicorn as a manifestation of Anti-Christ, while they may be a part of

the Divine Plan, do not build on the foundation which Jesus laid. They do not see that they follow the medicine man's eye, rather than the spiritual eye. But the Unicorn, manifesting the saved creativity of Erthe, will only return their self-destructive fear and anger with eternal peace and love.

And so the unicorn truly saw the Christ, even though we mortals must see the Christ through Jesus or other Avatars. Seeing at this level, however, is not an act of perception, it is an act of Will. Christ is seen through the good will. This happens at two levels. We can turn our lives over to God and receive the love of Christ. And we can turn our souls over to God, and become the Mystical Body of Christ, the pure in heart who see God.

[Ed. note: Original said become the Dead in Christ.]

Christ is a network of miracles. Christ is the needle of the Holy Seamstress, repairing the torn fabric of the dualistic trappings of the Universe. If we humans could see the exit icon to the second level, we would see the miracles and the healing compassion of Jesus the Christ. But the Holy Unicorn saw a Divine Web of connections beyond time and space, like a stone-produced sequence of concentric ripples in the Cosmic Ocean, with all the saved souls falling like raindrops into the Sea of God, each producing its own tiny set of concentric waves. For the final time the unicorn entered the Cosmic Hall of Doors.

The first door. Unicorn waves trembled on the Ocean of Creation. What mystery could await a being who had seen the Light of God shining through every Christ-made crack in the dualistic darkness? What image could draw the divine creature into the very Being who had generated It All? A materialistic creature would have experienced the first entry icon as a meditating Buddha. Those who had gone through the sixth door would see, in addition to the Buddha's physical image, His rainbow body, with its seven chakras:



And those at the fifth level see an ovoid being with white lines of force issuing from its navel and connecting it to Universal Mother. Those tuned in to their heart would also sense the Buddha's harmonic resonance with earth. A being whose third level awareness had awakened would sense the Buddha's Soul, that is, His harmonic resonance with God. One whose spiritual eye had opened would experience, roughly, that all the other bodies of the Buddha existed only within the miraculous, healing perimeters of the Christ principle.

And, of course, the Creature with the Pure Heart saw all these things. Then, within the very center of this crystal heart, began a song. A song of such incredible beauty, so full of Holy Meaning, so truly rich with harmonic overtones, that a feeling of bliss began to reverberate throughout the spiritual being of the Christ-connected Beast. This Perfect Song of God flowed from the Mouth of the Unicorn. Notes of pure, golden light filled and refreshed all of Creation. At last, the Unicorn could release the Holy Love of God as The Song. Bliss crescendoed through its Soul. Blue eyes blazed with radiant, purple light.



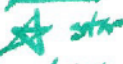
There was now only Bliss. No unicorn, no Buddha, no universe, no Christ. Only undivided, ineffable, unlimited, dimension-free, boundless Love. Forever and never. And the Icon of the Seventh Exit was Void. Thus did the Unicorn Become the Universe. And thus did the Unicorn return to Erthe to sing of the seven natural openings to God.

Channeled by Jim Andrisse, October 14, 1983

Modality: Creative intuitions not entirely under rational control. Awakened 6:30, could not go back to sleep. Made breakfast, watched news. Went back to bed, suggested having a lucid dream as I fell off. Lucid dream occurred: watching Columbus Day parade from second floor downtown apartment in Marietta, Ohio. Awakened, while in fugue state received these intuitions.

The seven natural doors (to the seven levels of vibratory creation): birth, sleep, sorcery, healing, death, salvation, meditation. The seven natural openings to the seven levels of vibratory creation: love of nature, sexual bonding, love of offspring and/or eureka experience, the synchronistic instant, past life recall, acceptance of Christ, samadhí. From a dream—October 9, 1983

The Unicorn

Voice Cracks n cosmic egg between wake and sleep.
 Saw a hall of doors on first door was the atom ^{Entrance} ^{Exit}
 2nd the Tao Cell
 3rd  ~~door~~ ^{Step David}
 4th planet Earth the cross
 5th  the unicorn
 6th  the christ
 7th ^{Meditation} ^{Buddha} void.