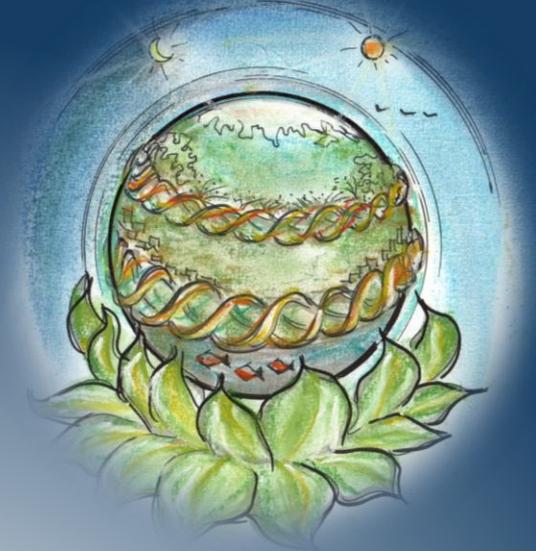


Future world

inner journeys for an
outer planet



This Dream-Works is about how humans have lived and might again live on this one earth...

... we could see in these misty visions a brief story-arc, a journey through ends and beginnings...

This unfolds as with a tapestry – a tale of longing & belonging, trauma & loss, hopes & visions...

Such fine weavings might wave in a breeze, or howl in a storm



DREAMS ARE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT WORLD. DREAMS ARE NOT RANDOM. THEY'RE PORTALS. GUIDANCE. VISITATIONS. MEDICINE FROM THE UNSEEN.

These dreams were scribed in & around the Chorlton Arts Festival May 2025, with a big thanks to organizers.

A special thanks to Kate, Lokesh, Dominic, David, Amanda, Rita, Dale, & all dreamers!

For more see www.urban3.net

Joe Ravetz

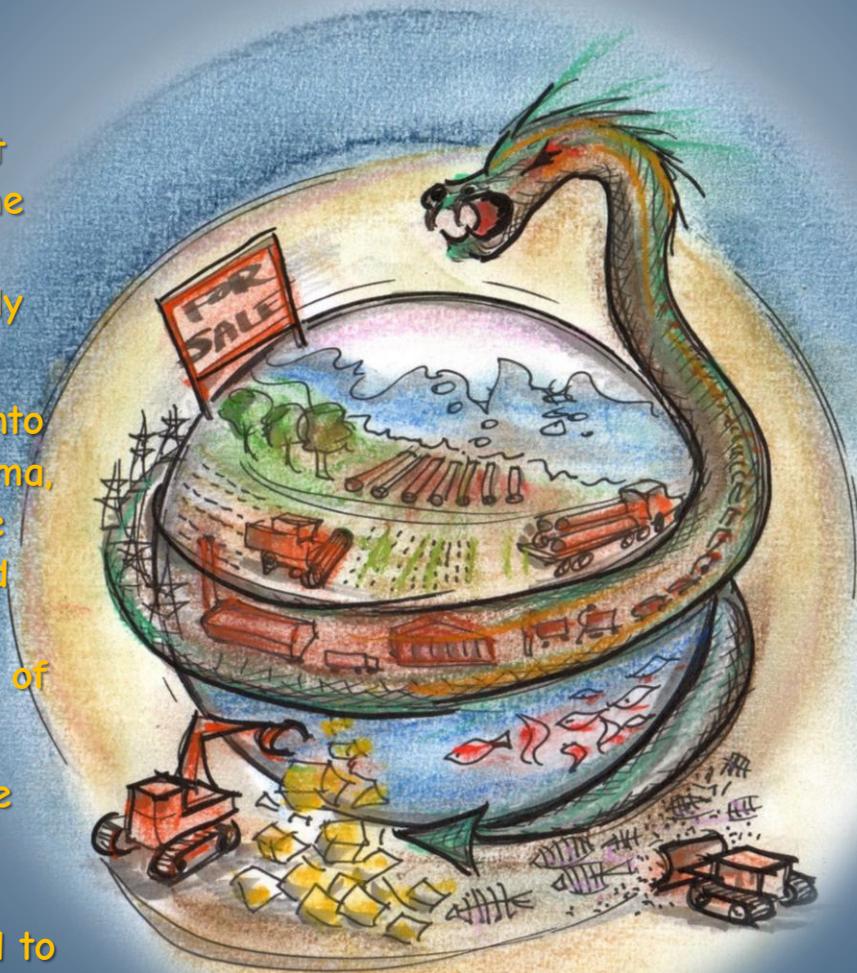
...born timeless and wide-eyed

So... We are
born timeless
and wide-eyed
into a land of
plenty and
abundance....

but this is not
enough for the
promise and
peril of worldly
aspiration...

Soon exiled into
loss and trauma,
we search the
wasteland and
destroy what
might remain of
the garden...

meanwhile the
splintering of
visions and
pathways lead to
conflict and
darkness...



...in a land of plenty and abundance



And then...

can we discover the seeds of renewal and the heroes within?

Who can see that one branch leads away from another?

And can we foresee the journey's end on this future earth?

From the reverie of the unborn...

In the beginning

in the
beginning of
time, the
sleepers and
wakers were at
one

The earth was
whole and
enfolded in the
reverie as yet
unborn

As the seeds
emerged into
leaf the waking
consumed all
in its path

While the
sleeping
partners
dreamed of
worlds as yet
undreamed



comes a brutal awakening

...a Neolithic odyssey



in the beginning
of time, the oak
tree saw
everything
hunters and
hunted were all
together in the
cycle of death
life and
regeneration...

Neanderthal
captives were
inter-married
for new genetic
threads & life
patterns...

The half buried
horned skulls
are radiant with
crystals of
possibility
giant bears and
distant oryx are
witnesses to the
unfolding tides

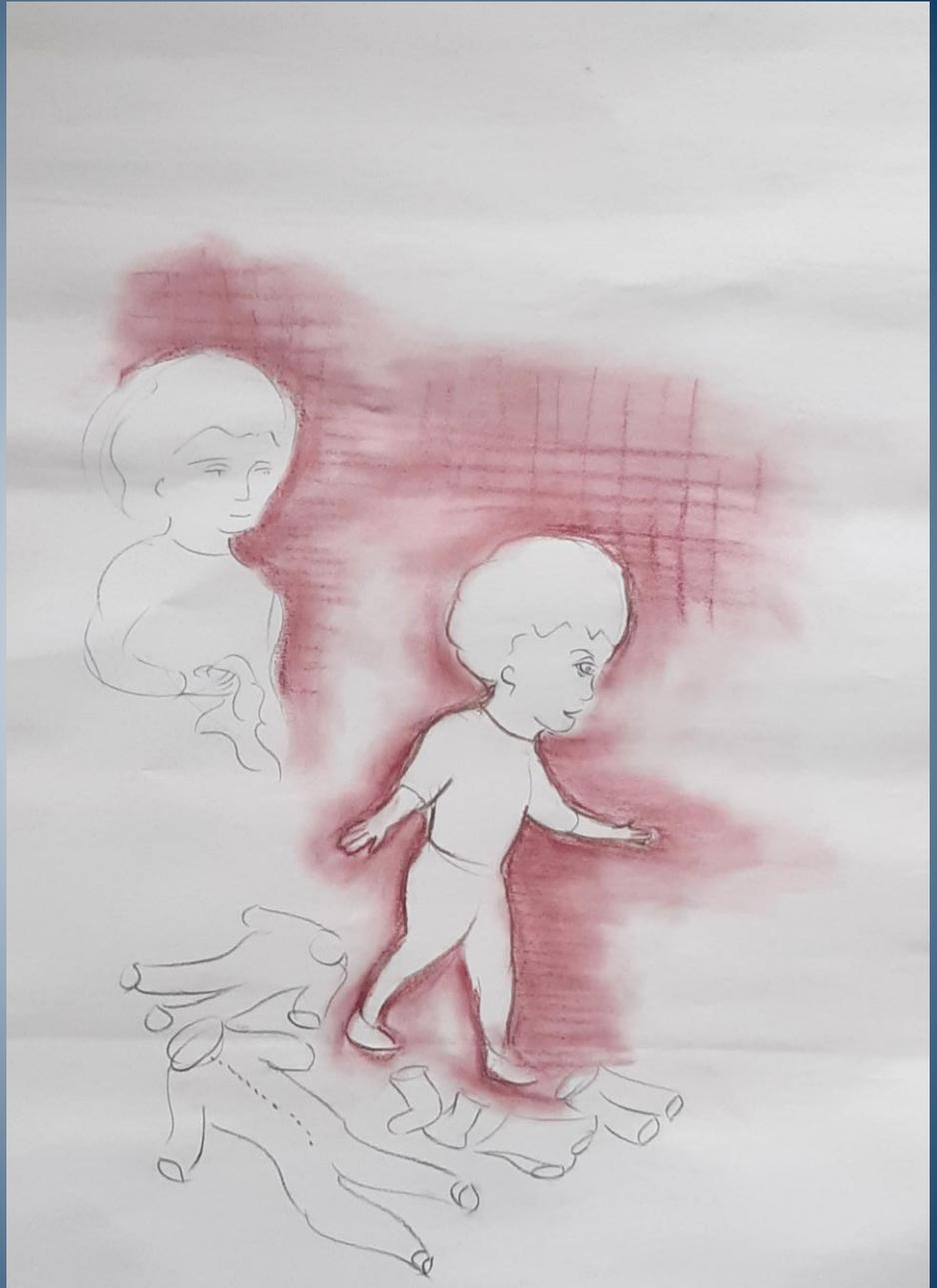
but this is not enough for the promise

Growing up & out...

This kind of baby grows up and out of the sketch book –

Somehow the humans leave their many wrappings behind, and stretch into new clothes and new horizons

Parents may watch with wonder from the shadows ... wondering who could know what the young know??



...and peril of worldly aspiration

with 10000 traces of scent



On a dewy
morning the
blossoms
spread multiply
and prosper

we try to write
the diary of
the senses
with a dozen
pairs of eyes
and a hundred
noses...

The scented
threads follow
the pollen
through the
mist to weave
a blanket of
green and
orange delight

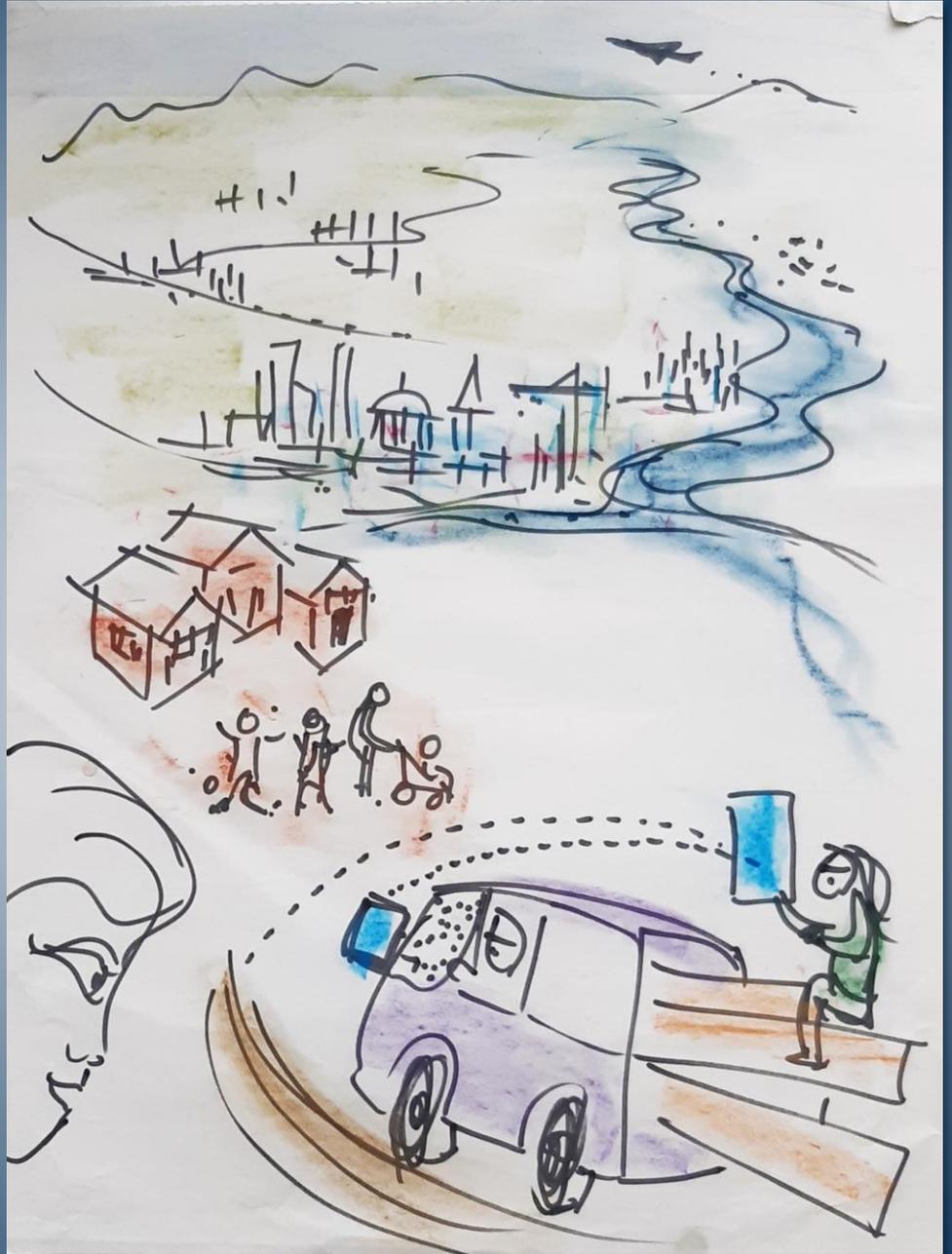
Running to market

As seen in the rear view mirror...

Riding the van, we are in a tearing hurry to meet the family who will buy our things -

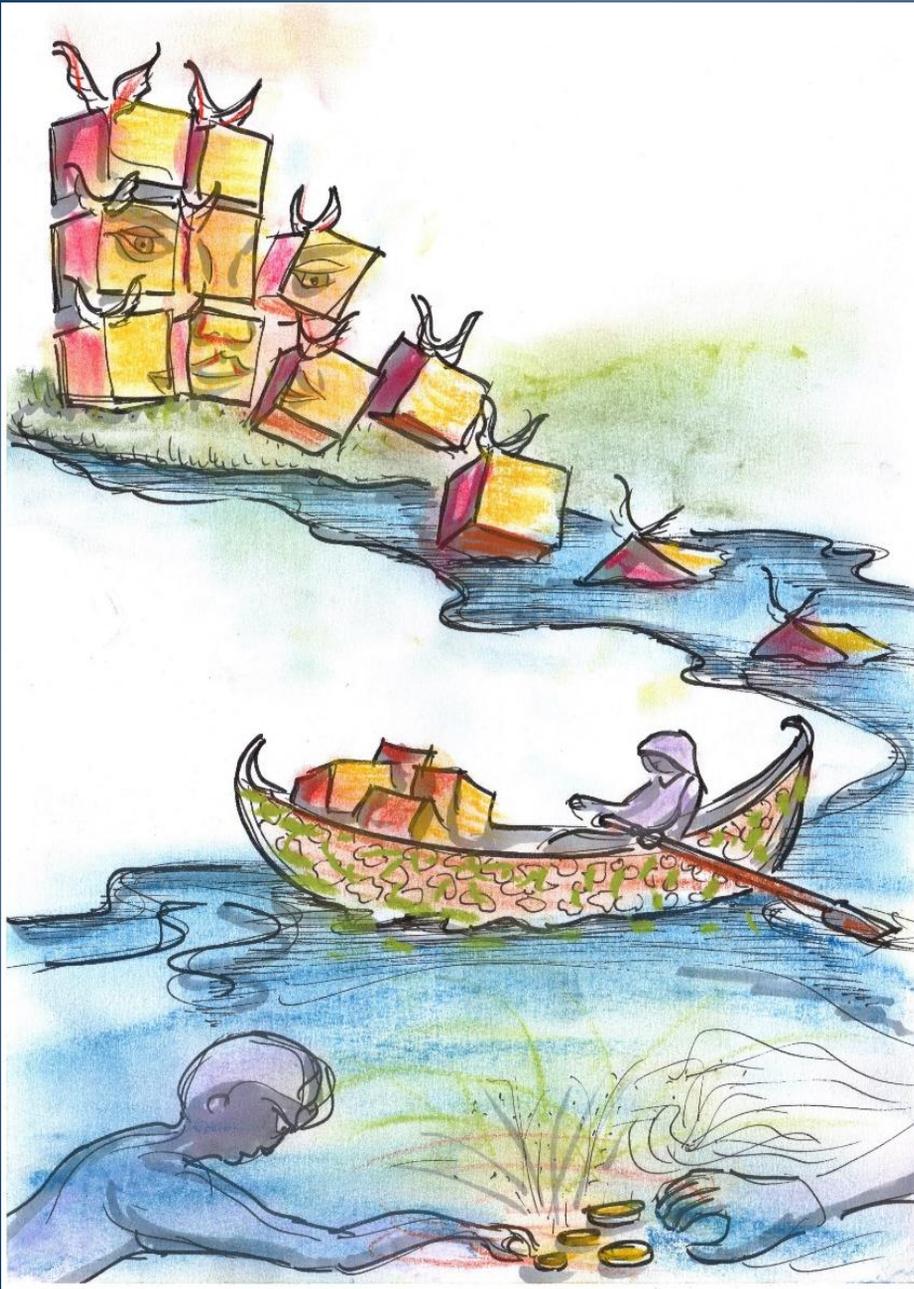
we jump and dance on the builder's scrap wood piles as we career up and down narrow country lanes

And in a parallel world a darkened metropolis sits glimmering on the horizon



...and building while we can

our treasure is somewhere deep



So we built a
precious
homestead in our
image and the
gulls came to
nest...

With a passing of
time we found
the gold was
water logged and
the nests falling
apart...

We rowed our
shell boat up and
around in search
of left-overs

But the real
prize remains
down in the
fronds which
wave in the mud

Whoever can find
this may find
love beyond an
earthly domain

now exiled into loss and regret

farming fish in a wilder ocean...

In this industrial marine cess-pit 10000 salmon are near chemical-dead –

Then a visiting oceanic muscular salmon makes a hole in the fence,

Some of our tastier specimens make a break, avoiding the voracious hunter seals

They push against a powerful stream with the primal mating force

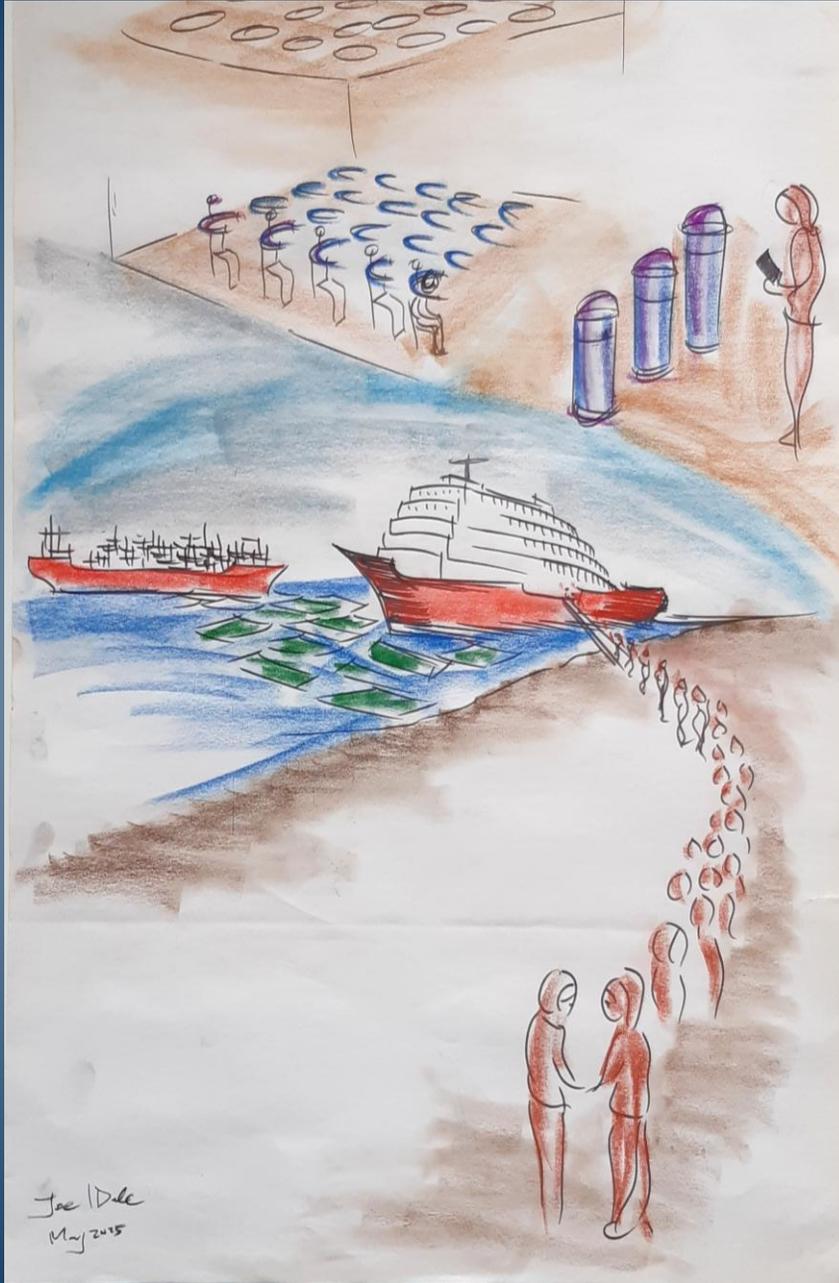
In the end the threads are unbroken, and they can say to each other ...

'So how is your water today??'



... water may find new ways to swim

doing nothing in the floating world



gigantic cruise ships are commandeered by the billions now displaced by tides, flood, fire, drought and storm.

These outcasts drift from one temporary harbour to another, homeless and stateless.

Ships of the wealthy are well appointed with bars & banks... Ships of the poor are shack cities on the hulks of container ships taken for scrap.

The sailor-type equipment placed on each seat is the 'better-world' device - endless one-stop entertainment for the long lonely hours

And here steps Dale Comely, a mixed-race bi-polar fluid oddball, with countless identities, laser-sharp wit & unfathomable attraction to all genders

So how many roads can a walker...

Welcome to the Established Poets Society

a common man wishes to report his gas cylinder is missing to the police desk...

The female officers are fully uninterested, sitting by their formal pond

A garden privy sets the border in the background

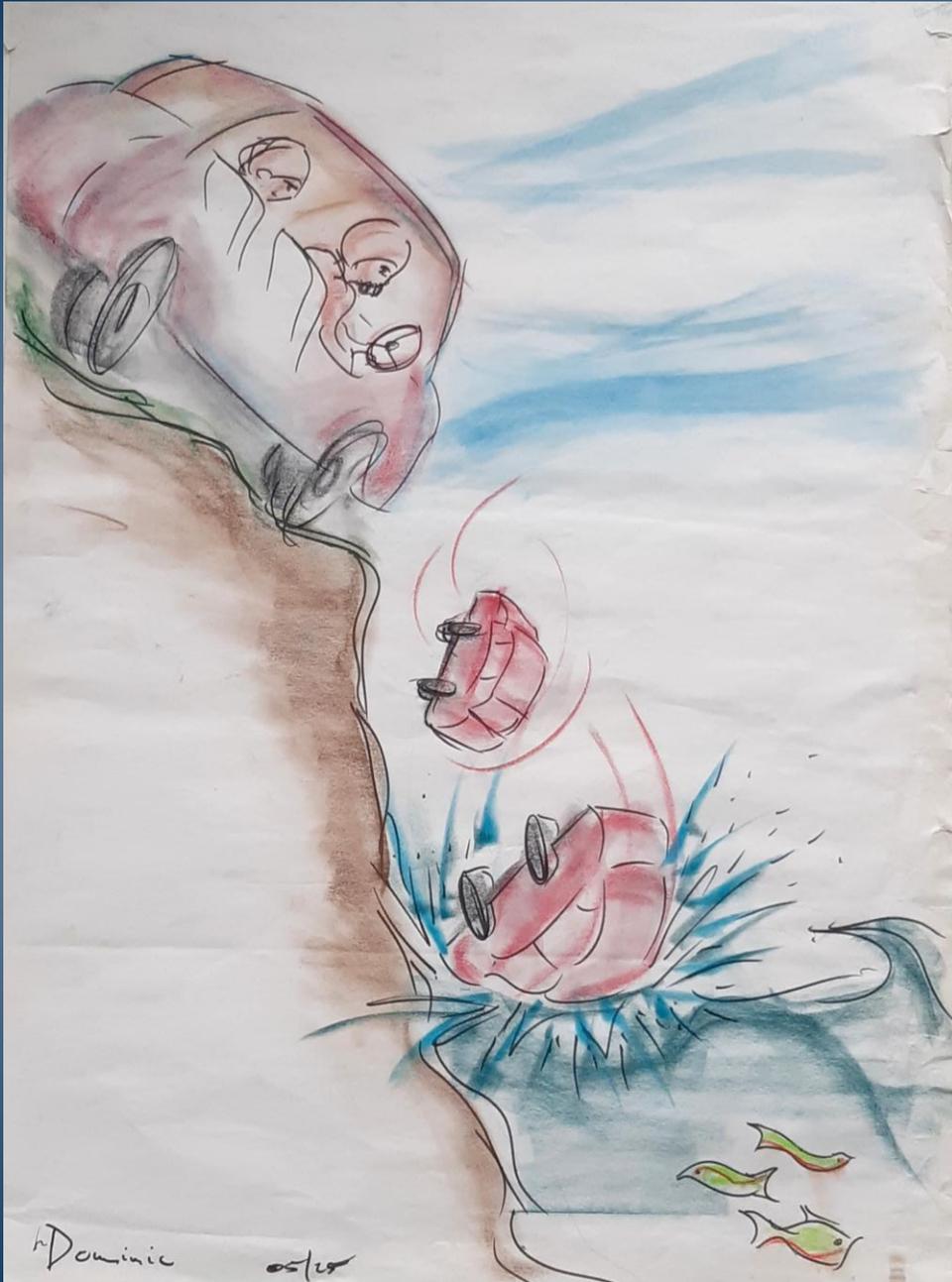
Meanwhile a group of famously arrogant 'established poets' is declaiming in the cool shade in the garden..

Meanwhile the outsider poets, activists, oddballs, mutter to themselves in the heat of darkness



tread before the map catches up?

... and a family on the edge



meanwhile a
son & father
are driving too
fast along the
wilder
California
coast...

Somehow they
slip and tumble
slowly down the
rocky slope....

Just as they hit
the water they
see into the
crystal-clear
depths

In here it
seems all life
forms are
present in all
colours and
stages of being
the rainbow

so can we discover the heroes within...

Leaping a precipice of the mind

With a picnic looking out from under the cosy suburban villas with glorious gardens...

Here's a leaping boy – with the beauty of Downs syndrome – he flies from stone to stone right across the precipice...

I can see far below is a field, fertile and fecund with steaming manure, while yet no-one is there



and the end of this future earth??

... reflected on the farthest shores



Walking slowly
the island of
Aegina, back at
the end of
time,

On the golden
strip between
gentle waves
and bundles of
dried sea-
grass, the
seekers
meditate as
best they can

Distant islands
glimmer in
their 10000
years of
stillness,

While stranded
mariners lie
silent with
imaginary
ships, stranded
by seaweed
and led
forward by
dreams

so can we find the seeds of renewal

... and a bridge from earth to heaven

Here's a vision taking a dream into the sky...

Here's the memorial event at Bride-stones for our son Dale... Some words were said about rainbow bridges from earth to heaven

I realized these words came wind-blown from a place far beyond... so here are a few rough traces...

Meanwhile our psychic vortex called the skylarks - jammed the phones - broke the rushing clouds into sunbeams

