

The question of what is dream and what is reality is also a Theosophical theme. Dreams are sometimes our daytime remembrance of actual experiences on the higher planes or dimensions of reality. Pamela Travers writes about “the Australian concept of the Dreaming, of which I know a little, having been brought up there. Everything that is not at this very instant - when we're chopping wood or finding witchetty grubs - is in the Dreaming. I can go into the Dreaming and you can go into the Dreaming at any moment and be refreshed. The anthropologists call it the Dreamtime but that word ‘time’ immediately makes things move serially, puts them into place and locality. The Aborigines speak of it as the Dreaming - in their tribal tongues, *Tamminga* or *Dooghoor* - and for them everything is there” (*What the Bee Knows*, p. 97).

In response to a question about where she got the idea for a particular scene, Travers responded: “I just put the scene down as it arrived. It comes out of something in me, but it isn't as though I invented it. ... In Celtic legend it's the Cauldron of Plenty, the Water of Life, and among the Australian aborigines it's ‘the dreaming’” (Draper and Koralek, *A Lively Oracle*, pp. 164-5). Elsewhere in that same work (p.212), Koralek writes: “D is for ... the Dreaming of the aboriginal people of her [Travers'] native land, of that ‘objective Now’ where time stops, that non-moment of wakefulness, the everlasting non-existence from which existence rises.” In that sense, dreams are more “real” than the ordinary reality of our physical consciousness.

Travers also wrote that “the Dreamtime ... was not, in fact, time at all, but rather timelessness; space, too, and spacelessness; matter, spirit, life and death, everything and always.” And farther on in the same article on “The Legacy of the Ancestors”: “Death on one plane may be life on another. ... [para.] ... Dreamtime teachings ... tell us, again mythologically, that what is irreconcilable is at the same time reconciled; that our profane, desacralized life ... is the seeding ground of the sacred; that if I forget thee, Jerusalem, Jerusalem nevertheless is there; that rock is gold that does not know itself; and that in the darkness of Kali Yuga fallen light is renewed” (*What the Bee Knows*, pp. 31, 34-4). That is a thoroughly Theosophical mode of thought.

At the end of the first book, another strong wind is blowing, but this time it is a West Wind. Both represent change; but as the East Wind begins things, the West Wind ends them. Mary Poppins has packed all her things into her cornucopian carpet bag; holding it and her umbrella, she steps out the front