



WN NEWSLETTER VIII, VOL I
April 25, 2012

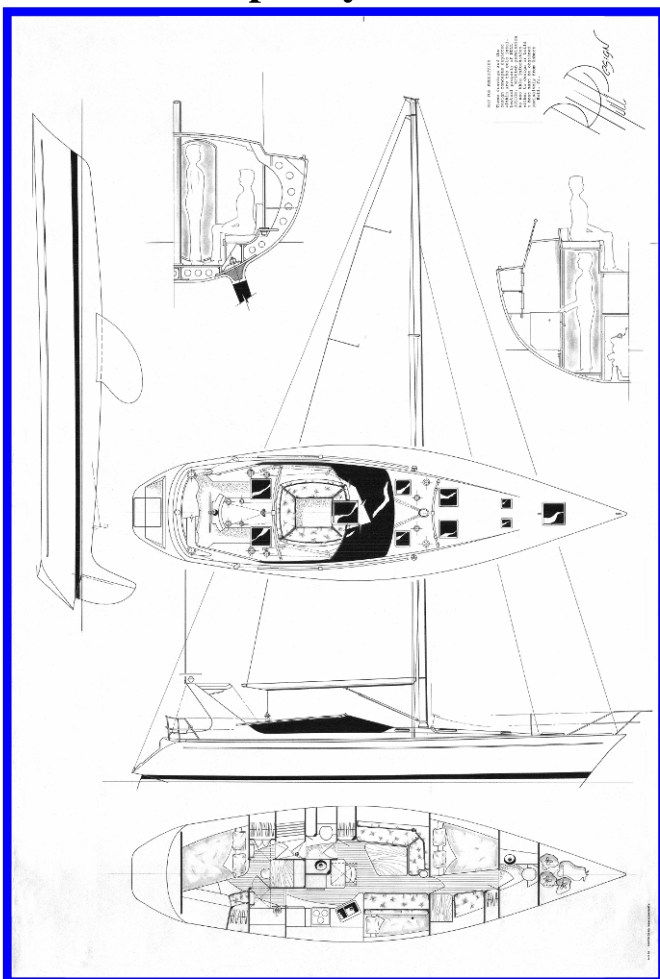
WINDWARD NEWSLETTER #8



www.conspiracynovels.com

Dear readers: I hope 2012 is a happy one for you so far!

I am very excited to announce a new page on the Conspiracy Novels web site titled TRAV'S DESIGNS:

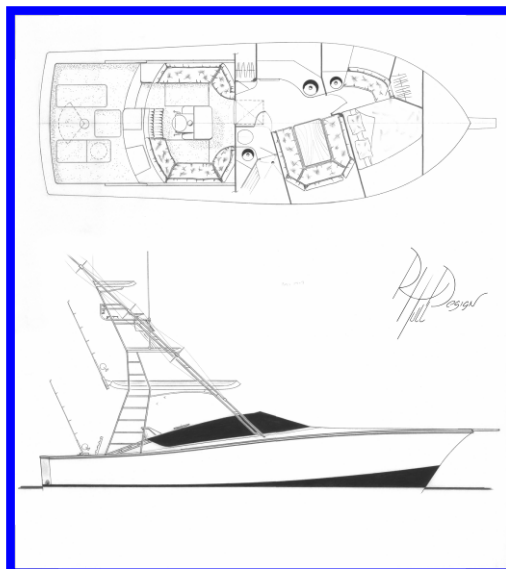


HADLEY 45 SLOOP

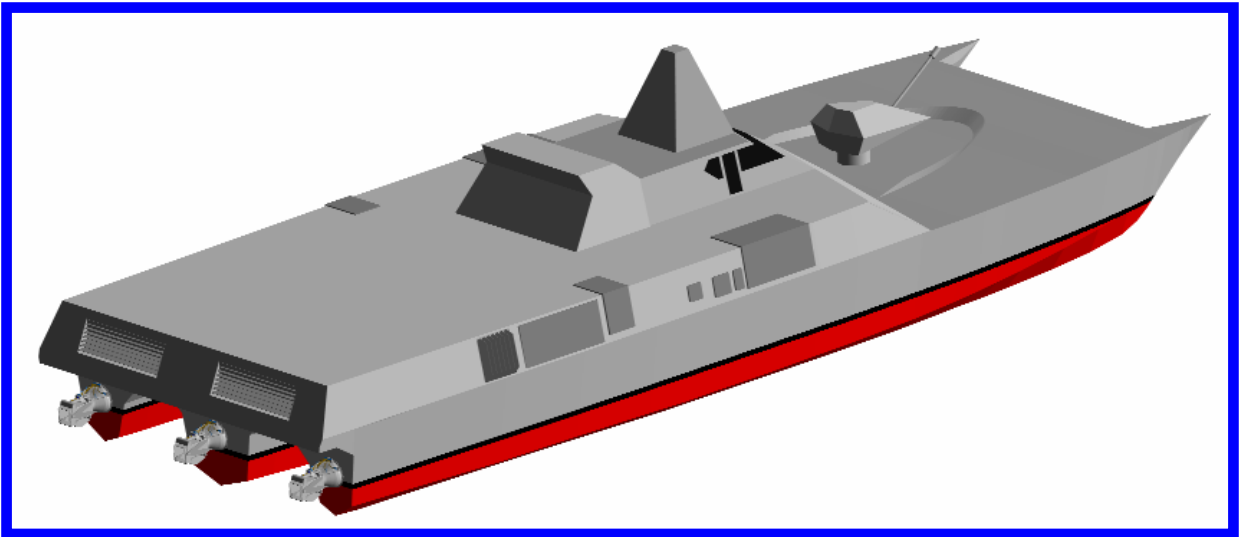


TRAV'S DESIGNS

Prints are available by contacting the author, Robert Banks Hull at hullcmd@aol.com.



HADLEY 38 SF



STREET FIGHTER

These three designs make great wall art as well as now bringing to life the work of Travis Blake for readers.

My new book *The Dream Time Conspiracy* is now available as an ebook and released to booksellers. A limited number of books are **available now** by ordering them directly from me. (Details are contained in the body of the email of this distribution.)

Because of the delay in the release of my 3rd novel, *The Lost Coast Conspiracy*, I am publishing this book independently to fill the time gap until *The Lost Coast Conspiracy* is released by my new publisher, this summer.

The Dream Time Conspiracy, Lost Worlds and Dreamscapes



The dreamscape is a place resentful and contemptuous of time and conscious reality. Not marred by reality, we cannot willfully visit it. Our minds take us there only when we are in the least conscious control. It is then that a strange and wonderful stage is set and



a script chosen from the side of the mind that is not of mere will.

Travis Blake has lost everything: His dear love, Carol and his boat, Lolita. He is now alone in an empty world. But another world awaits him and there Travis will meet love again and experience events and adventures that all happen before his time...his world. A dreamy mirage suddenly appears in the middle of his new found water world and everything around it glows for an instant on the brink of a great struggle. He finds a world we have all dreamt of finding and long to visit each time we dream.

I'm excited about this next most curious of Trav's many adventures. While trying to cross San Francisco Bay in a thick fog in 1987, his boat is run down by a huge white ship. Trav is picked up by a little wooden work boat whose captain states he's on his way to a Sausalito boatyard that hasn't existed for over 40 years. The fog lifts and it's San Francisco Bay in 1939, the year of the fabulous World's Fair on Treasure Island, *The Pageant of the Pacific*, and the dawn of a great and hideous world war.



My next book *The Lost Coast Conspiracy* has been sent off to and accepted by a new publisher. It will be available in June of 2012.

I'm now working with the staff of Tate Publishing, on publicity and appearances **for my trip to San Francisco in late May for the 75th anniversary of the Golden Gate Bridge**. My sister, Paula, was amongst the crowd at the bridge on opening day in 1937. She and other survivors from that day will be honored at a luncheon at the St. Francis Yacht Club on Saturday, May 26th.

What a blessing to work with Tate. They have a great staff and put a comprehensive effort into everything from copyediting and **conceptual editing** to **marketing and publicity**. Tate is even taking over the re-publishing of my first two novels as **2nd editions**. Tate is going to market these heavily...as groundwork for *The Lost Coast Conspiracy*. So I will be busy with Tate's marketing folks all through 2012.



PENDING MEDIA/PROMOTIONAL EVENTS:

- ***Proposal for a movie book called The Inconvenient Spouse for Turner Classic Movies Books.***



THE CONSPIRACY OF DREAMS (Excerpt from The Dream Time Conspiracy):

The dreamscape is a place contemptuous of time and conscious reality. Not marred by reality, we cannot willfully visit it. Our minds take us there only when we are in the least conscious control. It is then that a strange and wonderful stage is set and a script chosen from the side of the mind that is not of mere will. Dreams appear as

apparent whimsy, caprice....a runaway train charging through a dreamscape of odd un-manicured lands peppered with strange creatures, friends, lovers, loathsome characters, but always devoid of the construct of time. It is here on this stage we recall things that apparently never happened in our conscious, time structured world, at least not as perceived in the so-called world of 'reality'.

Is the dreamscape a fantasy world just because there is no apparent time to it? Or is the conscious awareness of time the illusion...the unreality? In dreams there is energy and isn't time only a fleeting notion and but a subservient and bendable element in the universal equation of energy, matter and motion? Energy is the dynamic driven by *being and movement* and, as such, controls and manipulates time. Yet we are taught to consciously regulate energy into chunks of time, a most unnatural attempt to capture the potential of energy, when it is energy that creates a moment in the first place.

In a universe filled with energy, we are the self-conscious species...creators, manipulators and curators of time and time is the hideous product and penalty of our self-awareness. By this very awareness we are doomed...sinners in paradise...because in paradise it is energy...spirit it may well be called...not time, that controls all matter, all life. Thus, the dynamic: the agitation and acceleration of things made of matter and life creates energy and energy creates matter and so the cycle goes on timelessly.

So who is to say what dreams are? Because our dreams reintroduce us to the dynamic that consciousness of time tries to sublimate, dreams try to tell us about our energy as movers in the universe. Dreams are, then, the gathering place of the sum of our minds experiences. So dreams are unfettered by, and devoid of the artificial constructs of dates and place markers which, when all is said and done, are only way points of the conscious mind and as such...inconsequential in navigating a timeless universe filled with unfettered energy.

Dreams are, then, and at the least, energy... the product of our being in motion through space, and as energy they are spirit, soul, fervor, Godhead.

Let us always dream in timeless suspension and fluidity, going wherever in the never-ending universe the energy of our souls takes us.

Next Time: Report on my trip to San Francisco for the Golden Gate Bridge 75th Anniversary Celebration, May 27th.

Thank you, my dear readers,

Robert Banks Hull

April 25, 2012

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