

Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture

Since 1982

Vol. 27#4

Dream Network



"Enlightenment" Artist Brenda Ferrimani

Dreams as Agents for Change

Obama's New Foreign Policy ~ John Woodcock

Why and How People Change ~ Justina Lasley

Dreams and the Future ~ Russell Lockhart and Paco Mitchell Dialogue

Soul's Cry: A Life Altering Dream Experience ~ by Edward Bonapartian

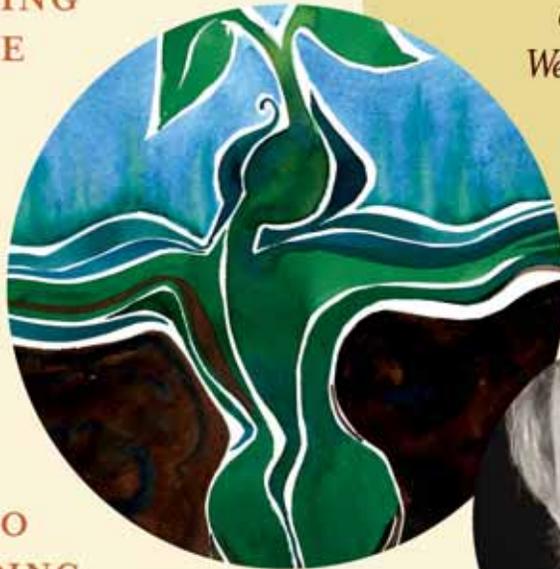
Dream TENDING

SEMINARS WITH DR. STEPHEN AIZENSTAT
IN SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

DREAM TENDING: CULTIVATING SKILLS, SUSTAINING A LIFE PRACTICE

MARCH 12-15, 2009

Dr. Stephen Aizenstat extends and deepens Dream Tending training in this seminar for beginning and experienced Dream Tenders. Participants will have the opportunity to build on the skills learned in introductory seminars and advanced Dream Tending programs—nurturing and developing individual styles and talents.



The art of Dream Tending offers a portal to the poetics of imagination. In tending dreams, images are vivified, the psyche animated. We become curious and open in the process. We befriend the archetypal imagination and are in turn welcomed into the presence of soul.



INTRODUCTION TO DREAM TENDING

JULY 10-12, 2009

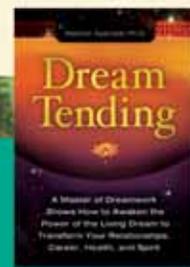
This introductory seminar, Dr. Aizenstat will help the dreamer find relationship with the archetypal imagination—describing both traditional and emerging methods of dream work that explore common dream themes, nightmares, archetypal images, and the recurring dream. Seminar topics include: the Personal Unconscious, the Collective Unconscious, the World Unconscious, and Ongoing Dream Council.

DR. STEPHEN AIZENSTAT is a clinical psychologist and the founding president of Pacifica Graduate Institute. Dr. Aizenstat has conducted dreamwork seminars for more than 30 years throughout the United States, Europe, and Asia. Visit Dr. Aizenstat's website at www.DreamTending.com

for in-depth Dream Tending information and resources.



The Dream Tending Seminars will be held on the campus of Pacifica Graduate Institute. Pacifica is an accredited graduate school offering masters and doctoral degree programs framed in the traditions of depth psychology. The Institute has established an educational environment that nourishes respect for cultural diversity and individual differences, and an academic community that fosters a spirit of free and open inquiry.



Dream Tending

A Master of Dreamwork Shows How to Awaken the Power of the Living Dream to

Transform Your Relationships, Career, Health, and Spirit In this much-anticipated book, Dr. Aizenstat presents a complete system for living a life centered in the actuality of the dreaming psyche. Drawing on nearly 40 years of work, he describes his holistic, embodied approach to working with dreams. To order, contact the Pacifica Bookstore at 805.679.6121 or bookstore@pacifica.edu.

PACIFICA
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For more information on Dream Tending Seminars contact: PACIFICA PUBLIC PROGRAMS
249 Lambert Road, Carpinteria, CA 93013 Tel: 805.969.3626, ext. 103 Fax: 805.565.5796
Email: publicprograms@pacifica.edu www.pacifica.edu

Dream Yoga

and

Dimensions of Extraordinary Dreams

Lama Tharchin Rinpoche and Fariba Bogzaran, Ph.D.

Translation by Lama Ngawang Zangpo

March 20-22, 2009

at

Paleaku Peace Gardens Sanctuary, Big Island of Hawaii



Working with dreams is an ancient practice of gaining insight into the most inner dimensions of our psyche and some of the great sources of ancient teachings and wisdom originated in dreams. In this unique retreat of the East-West approach to dreams, Lama Tharchin Rinpoche and Professor Fariba Bogzaran join together on the Big Island of Hawaii to teach the possibilities of personal transformation through dream awareness.

Lama Tharchin focuses on the ancient practice of Dream Yoga that fosters lucid dreaming according to the view of Vajrayana Buddhism. Practice of Dream Yoga can lead to the experience of luminous clear light. Dr. Bogzaran will present her twenty-year research on the incubation of spiritual dimensions in lucid dreaming and extraordinary dreams. Participants will learn visualization and dream re-entry methods and how to identify recurrent patterns in their waking and dreaming life. Different experiences in dreams such as spiritual, mutual, precognitive, initiation and creative hypnagogic state will be explored and how to work through them.



Lama Tharchin Rinpoche is a Dzogchen master of Vajrayana Buddhism. He is the tenth lineage holder of the Repkong Ngakpas and was trained in His Holiness Dudjom Rinpoche's monastery. He established Lotus Gate retreat on the Big Island of Hawaii and established the Vajrayana Foundation as a non-profit organization to create the Dudjom Tersar lineage in the West. He is known for his great realization, kindness and radiant heart and has a vast knowledge of the Vajrayana Buddhism and ritual arts.

Fariba Bogzaran, Founder of the Dream Studies Program at JFK University, has trained students and professionals in dream awareness internationally since 1984. Recognized for her outstanding contributions in dream education by the International Association for the Study of Dreams, she has an in-depth knowledge in East-West psychology, lucid dreaming, art, contemplative and shamanic practices. She is the co-author of *Extraordinary Dreams* (SUNY 2002) and author of numerous articles on dreams.



Tuition: 3 full-days teachings, 3 vegetarian meals and refreshments. \$295 general (by March 1); \$340 (after March 1), (\$275 Students).

Space is limited. Early registration is highly recommended.

To register send check to: Dream Creations, P. O. Box 452, Inverness, California 94937. For information write to:

Statement of Purpose

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Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture ~ Since 1982

Our purpose is to raise individual and cultural appreciation for the value of dreams by making available information that will assist and empower you in taking responsibility for your personal/physical, emotional, psychological and spiritual well-being, with the help of dreams.

Our goals are to unite and serve individuals who respect dreams, to empower dreamers in demystifying dreamwork and to assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our everyday lives and culture...in whatever ways of integrity are shown and given us. We believe that dreams are agents for change and often reveal important new insights about the life of the dreamer on many levels: personal, cultural and global.

Recalling a dream is a signal that we are ready to understand the information that has been presented. Helping you to learn to understand the meaning of your dream—by journaling, studying, sharing your dreams with others one-on-one or in groups—is our primary mission and the purpose of membership in our esoteric organization. Enacting or manifesting the dream's hint can bring healing and personal empowerment.

We seek to provide a balance and to give all cultures/nations, voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard. There will be times when a particular area of interest will be given greater emphasis than another because of that which is surfacing and given the limited space in the print and Online Journal. The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of ideas and opinions to be explored and expressed. We invite you to indicate areas of interest and questions you would like to see explored on our website and in future issues.

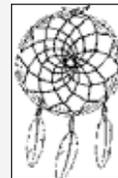
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Table of Contents

Dreaming Humanity's Path

34 While travelling, travelling a while

Dreams as Agents for Change

11 **Obama and a New Foreign Policy:
The Audacity of Hope**

by John C. Woodcock, Ph. D.

13 **Soul's Cry: A Life-Altering Dream Experience**

by Edward Bonapartian

15 **Changing Confining Beliefs & Thoughts**

by Rachel Norment

18 **Why and How People Change**

by Justina Lasley

24 **Dreams Change** *by Arthur Strock, Ph.D.*

28 **A Radical Shift in Consciousness**

by Christina Donnell, Ph.D.

32 **Dream Inspired Artistry:**

"Enlightenment" *by Brenda Ferrimani*

The Art of Dreamsharing & Dream Education

21 **Dreams and the Future ~ Part III**

*A continuing dialogue between
Russell Lockhart & Paco Mitchell*

39 **Dreams Can Light the Way
through a Dark Night of the Soul**

by Michele Lewis, M.Ed

43 **Dreamtime and the Shy Storyteller**

by Bob (Sandman) Coalson

45 **Paw Prints of Love on My Heart and in My Dreams:**

Lessons Learned from Our Pet Dog, Baby

by Maggie Leonicio Umscheid

Columns & More...

6, 9 **Editorial, Letters, Dreams**

9 **Poetry** *by Julia Dawn Elkins*

10, 26-27 **Poetry** *by Fredrick Zydek*

30 **Dreams in the News: *The Cost of Dreams
& the Price of Their Loss*** *by Russell Lockhart, Ph. D.*

35 **Dreaming Planet: Wisdom in Dreams Part Three
*Conversing with the Divine*** *~ by Paco Mitchell*

37 ***Dream Places, Work Places*** *by Marlene King, M.A.*

38 ***dream diorama*** *by Jude Fore se*

42 **Book Review** *by David Sparenberg*

Upcoming Focus
for SPRING Vol. 28 #1

Apocalypse

The Revealing of Hidden Truths
(etimology)

& **Chaos-to-Order** (theory)

What are among the most startling
revelations or 'wake-up-calls' you have
received in your dreams?

Lifeline: 4 Weeks

**after you receive
this issue.**

***NOTE Regarding Submissions:**

Individuals from all cultures and walks of life who desire to share are encouraged to submit dream & myth-related manuscript, poetry and artwork for consideration... even if it falls outside the scope of the current focus or theme. We also invite your dreamsharing, transformational dream experiences and insights regarding effective dreamwork and dreamplay techniques.

Given the overall synchronicity that shapes the *Dream Network*, your submission is likely to 'fit' perfectly in an upcoming issue.

Your article may also be appropriate for one of our two regular features, *The Art of Dreamsharing* (which includes a broad range of articles on Dream Education), or *The Mythic Dimension* (exploring the relationship between dreams and mythology).

Of course, we always love to hear from you in our **Letters** column! Whether you were inspired or infuriated by the latest issue, please let us hear from you!

Visit our website for Submission Guidelines <http://DreamNetwork.net>

Editorial



It was winter '89/'90 when I published the first issue of Dream Network Journal, Volume 9 Number 1. In that editorial, I said in the beginning:

"I have been perhaps more deeply involved in the Holidays than I have been for years, as this container—moreso than anything I could possibly give—is a gift to you in the finest sense of the word. I truly hope it brings you peace, insight and healing. It comes from my heart and the hearts of all who have contributed... "

Then, "Finally, and most importantly, let's help one another to heal, to regain and maintain our innocence. May we continue to walk this path with respect and healthy caution... and let these pages be open to allow supportive entry and fruitful seeking to all who choose to journey along this way."

Nineteen years later, those words still remain true and I say it again to you.

I began my life-work when I was just a small child, following my grandmother from room-to-room in the Ossana-built and owned Hillcrest Hotel in Helper, UT. I earned \$.01 per room. I worked consistently and primarily for family members until I was seventeen, when I married and began having children.

Then, in the late 1960's, I found myself a stranger in a strange land (Southern California) with 3 young children, a single parent. I was extremely fortunate to be employed on my first *real* job working in the newly funded War on Poverty,

literally all over Los Angeles County in the ghettos and barrios. What an incredible education and exposure to the *real* world! The story of my public service career goes on until... my dreams changed the course of my life and destiny in the mid-70's.

Throughout all of those 'hurricane' years, I was rarely able to maintain a "job" for more than five years; I had either given all I could or learned all that the experience had to teach, so I would then move—or be moved—on to a new challenge. In retrospect and including the past twenty+ years, I see the hand of my guardian angel, or of God, leading me through the varied teachings and experience.

Never, however, have I remained intrigued, committed and fascinated for as long as I have been since playing/working in the field of dreams and stewarding this dream journal. The field is so vast and unlimited! Each issue is like giving birth.

It is my plan and hope to transfer responsibility, at least in part, to another carefully chosen individual, organization and/or institution by next year at this time. It has been some time since I knew I had taken the evolution of the publication as far as I could, given limited resources and lacking expertise in the business/marketing end of things.

Any one, organization or institution who has a Yes! response to this information, please make contact. A resume and/or written statement speaking to your interest and intentions is appreciated, to PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532.

Readers, be assured, this gift will continue to be with you for many years to come, to thrive and grow. I will *definitely* see to it!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

The shift of energy we have been working/praying for is in process. What awesome chaos, yes?!? Now we are offered the opportunity to begin the journey—individually and collectively—of bringing about the changes that are so necessary in order to assure survival of this precious planet and all life forms who dwell upon it. An exciting and hopeful time in so very many ways. Incredible, good, hard work ahead of all of us, to be sure... but we may proceed to move forward with far fewer obstacles... physical, spiritual and psychic. Prayerfully. As you will learn inside, our dreams are providing invaluable in providing the guidance necessary to bring about those changes.

The order that will surely emerge must, necessarily, be preceded by chaos... *and are we ever in it*. The times they are incredible and, yes, they are-a-changing.

Many call it armageddon, the end times, the rapture, ascension... or is it the beginning of now?

Please consider sharing within the context of the theme for our Spring issue: Apocalypse, as in the revealing of hidden truths. (see page 5, upper R oval)

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

For you, I pray Blessed Days, many joyous New Years to come and may your favorite dreams come true. ∞

Roberta O

Letters, Questions & Dreams

Monte's Work Lives On

I'm constructing a website whose intention is to draw together the various Montague Ullman dream groups around the country and the world.

If you are facilitating an Ullman style dream group or have knowledge of any Montague Ullman dream groups that are ongoing, would you be so kind as to send me this information so I can put it on the site.

The site I am constructing is at http://www.billstimson.com/dream_group/Dream_links.htm
Sincerely,

*William R. Stimson, Taiwan
bstimson@gmail.com*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Request from Monte's Literary Executor

By way of email introduction, I am Judy Gardiner, Monte Ullman's companion for the last five years. I'd heard him speak of you in glowing terms over the years and am hopeful that one day we'll meet in person. I am privileged to be acting as Monte's literary executor and am beginning to gather materials to protect his legacy and advance his very important work.

There is a real desire on the part of so many people to forward Monte's work and that just makes my heart sing, even though he's probably over there doing his "Aw shucks, I'm just an ordinary guy," thing. He could hand out the compliments but had trouble receiving them

I hope that in time I'll have enough material to address the subject of consciousness surviving bodily death through dreams of Monte and how such dreams can be genuine

contact experiences. I had been having those experiences before Monte passed (many of my loved ones are on the other side) but dreams of Monte may be taken more seriously, given his profound interest in the paranormal and his lifelong search to unravel the mystery of dreaming.

If any of your readers are in possession of materials that could be a part of this work, please have them email me.

Judy B. Gardiner, New York, N.Y.

Jbgardiner@aol.com

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Remember Sundance Dream Community?

In the late 70's, Dr. Henry Reed started a project called the Sundance Community Dream Journal which invited participants to come together and dream cooperatively. For all involved it was an experimental learning and healing process. In the 80's, Robert Krajenke led community dream incubation projects that further explored the process. The *Dream Network* is, I believe, the child of these creative experiments.

On Easter this year I had a dream where *I was at a reunion of Sundance dreamers. A large greenboard was rolled in with a formula that included Henry Reed and a partial web address. All the Sundance people wanted to reconnect and we were trying to figure out how to do this by deciphering the formula.* Since Easter, I've had other dreams which expound on the theme while admonishing me to "get with the program" and "get my butt in gear."

I contacted the *Dream Network* in an effort to get something going. I also set up a group on Facebook.com. For those unfamiliar

with Facebook, it's a matter of going to the site, signing up in the sign-up box, setting up a profile and searching for me, Janet Smith (Boulder) at thegoddess@moongoddessfantasy.com. I will confirm you as a friend and invite you to the group, Sundance Community Dreamers. It's a closed group and can only be accessed through invitation. You can also email me and I'll search for your profile.

Everything in the past was done through snailmail so this is a new and exciting way to connect. I'm not sure where this is headed other than creating a virtual space for community dreaming. "Personal and planetary healing" is what my dreams are saying and who can argue with that in our troubled times? So anyone with a sincere interest is welcome. Hoping to hear from you,

*Janet Smith, Loveland, CO
thegoddess@moongoddessfantasy.com*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

LOVED Dreaming Politics

(Dream Network Vol. 27#3)

I cannot tell you how deeply I have been touched by this issue. I started reading it at bedtime, read a little, went to sleep, woke up at 3:30 am as I often do and read the rest. It kindled in me even more my passion for dreamwork, especially in groups—the desire to work creatively with this far outstrips my current capacity to understand just how and what I am to do now.

Particularly powerful for me:

- The notion of dream-tending and the interview itself (never had come across Aizenstat's work before).
- The poem "Coming On."
- Paco and Russell's dialogue—WOW! touches into my deep sense of what's up for us all and how dreams are related to it/a remedy

for the dangers.

- Bill Stimson's piece on Monte
- Russell's "*When Dreams Are the Enemy*"—breaks my heart—makes me wonder if we can't find some healing ways with dreams for these wounded ones. Makes me angry: HOW DARE WE DO THIS TO OUR PEOPLE!!
- *Wisdom in Dreams* (Paco Mitchell) speaks for me.

Thanks for listing me as a resource person and thanks for holding this all these years. *Dream Network* is SUCH A BLESSING!

Azima Lila Forest, Silver City, NM

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Thank you for the wonderful issue on Dreaming Politics!

I've recently moved and I like the place, which is more like a cruise ship than a retirement colony. Best of all, the place seems conducive to inner life and dreams. It is only a few minutes away from my former house and our dream group continues here.

Again, deep appreciation for your dedication and hard work for the dream cause over all these years. Affectionate wishes,

Edith Gilmore, Redford, MA

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Is it the stars? The season? Or is something else happening, like the aging of a great wine? Whatever the reason, your latest issue of DNJ (Autumn 2008) is especially captivating, a rich gathering of perspectives, thoughtful observations and, above all, dreams. It's as if some obscure process deep in the psyche has reached a maturation stage. It's hard to say where, exactly, that process occurs, since I don't think it's limited to the cranium of any one sleeping dreamer. Rather, a psychic dream-field connects us all with something greater. What is certain is that your personal efforts to keep

DNJ going over the past two decades have made DNJ an important focal point for the crystallization of a dream community—a seedbed for the future.

Many thanks,

Paco Mitchell, Santa Fe, NM

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Somehow you keep doing it! Coming up with continually finer issues of DNJ, and this latest one is exceptional in quality, passion and timeliness of presentations.

The day before I received my DNJ in the mail, I had unearthed some tapes I'd had for a while of '*Dream Tending*,' by Stephen Alzenstat and had just started to re-listen. However, as I read Jeanne Schul's great interview on '*Dream Tending and Story Telling*,' my mind took a quantum leap of understanding. In my eagerness, I immersed myself in Dr. Aizenstat's website and ordered everything available! I've been sharing my enthusiasm with other dream friends around the country - even as far as Thailand. The consensus is, "This is great stuff."

As for the continuing dialogue between Russell Lockhart and Paco Mitchell, '*Dreams and the Future*,' it could go on forever as far as I'm concerned. They inspire and stretch my mind in ways that feel terribly good.

Surely I am just one of the myriad of dreamers who continue to bless Montague Ullman's inspiring contributions to the world of dreams. Thank you Monte!

And I just love reading the story of 95 year old Charles de Beers and his wife, Victoria. Charles and I became email friends not too long ago when he graciously contributed to my DNJ article, '*Wilda Tanner, Madame Blavatsky, Charles de Beer & Me*.' Vol. 29 #s 1&2]

Thank you for being such a bright shining light in the World of Dreams.

Noreen Wessling, Milford, OH

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I am ssssoooo loving this magazine. I read it cover to cover, every issue. Thanks for all you do! Sweet dreams,

Star Edwards. Denver, CO

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

In the latest DNJ 27:3, I read the continuing dialogue between Russell Lockhart and Paco Mitchell. On page 22, Russ picks up the theme of synchronicities and the importance of examining them, not in isolation but over time, perhaps a long time. Only then can we begin to discern a "thread of destiny."

I believe this thread is not merely personal, because by attending to synchronicities, we are attending to that "place" where our individual destiny interpenetrates with the world's destiny. This fact underscores the significance Russ and Paco are giving to synchronicities over time.

I have made a study of synchronicities over time in regards my own life and would like to refer the reader to my book: [Living in Uncertainty, Living with Spirit](#) online (pdf format, freely available) at www.lighthousedownunder.com/lighthousedownunder_007.htm.

Each chapter is a story of a series of synchronicities over time and my attempt to discover the destiny lying within them.

John Woodcock Ph.D.

jwoodcock@lighthousedownunder.com

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

With my October article--"*Dream Tending and Story Telling: An Interview with Dr. Stephen Aizenstat*," I realized that I had circled back to the first article I had written for *Dream Network Journal* in 2003 that was entitled, "*Dream Tending & Story Telling: An Inter-Genera-*

tional Process," which was before I had ever heard of Steve Aizenstat and Dream Tending.

The unconscious, which we continuously access when we work creatively, has an amazing capacity for making connections. In that first article, I quoted from my then 12 year old daughter's journal (with her permission) regarding her understanding of dreams. That same daughter, Julia, is still writing about dreams. However, she is now 18 and applying to college for a degree in Creative Writing, which I can barely believe! She recently asked me where she might submit a couple of her poems for publication. I immediately thought of the first place her writing was quoted. So, I am attaching her poetry for your consideration.

Warmly, Jeanne Schul, Rome, GA

(Editor's note: See Julia's poetry, this page.)

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Wishing you the best in all that you do.... which is a very fine and important job. With the rise of sleep disorders, among other things, the importance/relevancy of the dream (and sleep) is not to be underestimated.

Sincerely, Frank Martin DiMeglio

Our 'Letters' section is the place for you to ask Questions about dreams—yes, even your own dream—and to share your experience, inspirations, or critique.

You may also choose to initiate a controversy or debate!

Please send your letters to:

LETTERS % Dream Network
PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532
Publisher@DreamNetwork.net

Fickle Fate

If ever there was a drunker deceiver
it was My Lady, The Fates,
spinning lies
'cause lies are pain relievers
tantalizing
tumbling.

My Lady cries out to the Gods
and
then she crawls to a basket of
yarn that holds the souls of us all.

The woman knows what she's doing.
She pulls the string and with scissors
it snaps.

Another soul stolen and a life
detached.

She sings through my veins over time.
She laughs.

She must have killed her sisters,
but their fate lies in the past.

Fickle fate, why so melancholy?
You're an inch away from death
and you still attempt to tempt me.
You mistake me for Venus with
her cheeks so rosy.

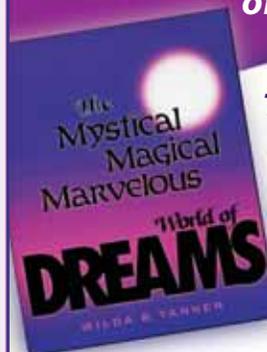
Can I turn you off?

The Dream

I dreamt last night you couldn't die
and
all I did was feel alive
I dreamt I'd fall in love with you
but
woke up dead in reality

By Julia Dawn Elkins

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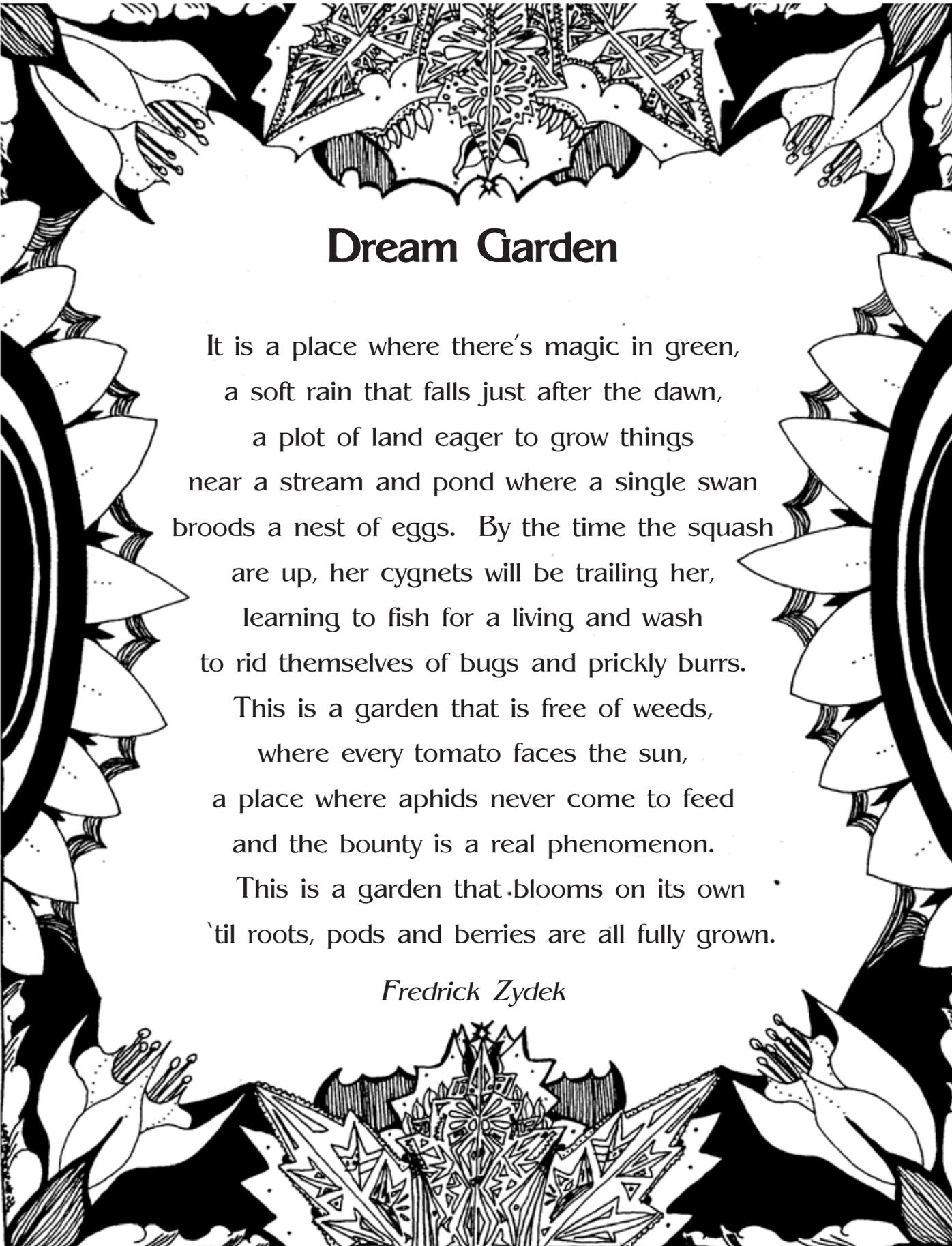
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are up, her cygnets will be trailing her,
learning to fish for a living and wash
to rid themselves of bugs and prickly burrs.
This is a garden that is free of weeds,
where every tomato faces the sun,
a place where aphids never come to feed
and the bounty is a real phenomenon.
This is a garden that blooms on its own
'til roots, pods and berries are all fully grown.

Fredrick Zydek



Obama and a New Foreign Policy: The Audacity of Hope

by John C. Woodcock Ph.D.

I watch Fox News regularly in order to hear how the Right Wing 'folks' (one of their favorite folksy terms which often disguises a ruthlessness towards others) are coping with their own political debacle. They are not doing well and it feels a bit menacing to me.

On one particular recent night I saw Sean Hannity interview Deepak Chopra who for some unfathomable reason decided to step into that nest of vipers. The "purpose" of the interview was to discuss Chopra's latest book on the life of Jesus in India. But Hannity had another purpose in mind. Almost as soon as Chopra sat down he was blasted with this question:

What would you do if someone came into your home and raped your wife and killed your children?

Chopra did the best he could, speaking *Imitatio Christi*, but he began to

flounder under the onslaught of Hannity's carpet bombing. Hannity ended aggressively with his own principle: "*I believe in hitting back,*" striking out at Chopra preemptively, by the way.

In this ugly interchange we can see the power of the imagination and its concretization in the Foreign Policy of the USA. If there is any doubt of the *apriori* status of unconscious images (i.e. the stuff our dreams are made of) in worldly affairs, then read on as I present the interview with Sean Hannity (SH), as it *could have* unfolded that night with Deepak Chopra (DC):

SH: *What would you do if someone came into your home and raped your wife and killed your children?*

DC: Oh, you poor terrified man! Has this horror happened to you?

SH: Well, no, but it is happening all

over the world, you thick Liberal.

DC: Has it happened to your relatives, then?

SH: What has this got to do with anything? OK! No it hasn't but CLEARLY it is happening throughout the world. Any idiot (except you, perhaps) can see this.

DC: How often have you *personally* experienced this horror in the world?

SH: Look, I am the interviewer here! In fact, I have interviewed many people who have experienced this and other horrors on a daily basis

DC: In terms of direct experience of being raped and having relatives killed, you have none, it seems!

SH: What ARE you getting at you silly little man?

DC: Just this! For you, personally, the question you asked me at the beginning is not based on personal

experience at all. Therefore it must be based on what it stirs in your imagination when others tells their stories. These images terrify you!

SH: So what, it's real!

DC: Yes but we must be careful about the nature of the reality. Yes, your images are real and their effect on you is real but that is quite distinguishable from what is actually going on in the world today. When you tell us that you choose to strike back when threatened I know you are speaking for a powerful political force on the Right that subscribes to this view. You are telling us how the foreign policy of the United States has been shaped for many years under Republican leadership. When you get terrified by images you start to form a concrete Foreign Policy of aggression against other "folks" as you quaintly put it. Isn't it true that America's Foreign Policy is based on constructing the worst case scenario and having *that* fantasy as the basis on which to act?

SH: That's just common sense!

DC: No it's not. It's not common sense at all. There are many things, events, happening in the world on a daily basis. There are *many* stories to tell. Some are horrible, some joyful. We could ask why you choose the most horrible frightening *fantasy* (for that is what it is for you, on your own admission) on which to build a Foreign Policy for the USA. There are many fantasies of the future. Why do you settle on that one, if you have no personal relationship to it in terms of actual experience?

You and others like you have been imposing one dominant fantasy of the future on an entire country and determining events by acting it out in your Foreign Policy. And like all such fantasies they say so much more about the secret life of the "wisher" than they do about the world.

SH: You are saying this horrible image has more to with me that what

"The dream seems clear to me in terms of supporting the work Obama began right at the beginning:

to work directly with the grass roots, the people.

When factions form, or political self-interests begin to threaten the vision, then as individuals, we must each stand up and apologize, becoming a mouthpiece for the new vision, affirming it once again, reminding us all:

Bringing about needed change is up to each of us!"

is going on in the world? Oh, please (making a gesture to his Producer to kill the mike real soon).

DC: Yes I am. When you say "an invader kills my wife" you are telling us that your own soul is under threat from "invasive" contents about which you have no idea, but which indeed threaten your conscious stance. When you warn us about "killed children" you are talking about your own future under threat; that is, when the soul is raped by inner forces, then there can be no imagination of the future and we are indeed doomed.

SH: We'll be back in a moment after this word from our sponsors...

After the interview, I dream:

Obama is in a large room with me and many others and he is assembling his team to take us into the future. I see Jesse Jackson there looking peaceful as if a life long dream has come true at last. Then the counter-forces came into play: factions break out, power plays, alliances strengthen and the old regime

threatens to disrupt the proceedings altogether. I look over at Jackson and see his heart about to break. He is stunned that it is happening yet again.

I get up on my feet and my voice rings throughout the hall: "Obama, on behalf of the American people, I apologize for this episode!" All the reactionary forces diminish and die away.

The moment has passed and Obama can continue with his work, building a team that is based on another vision— not rooted in fear— but something else. Hope. We may expect a new Foreign Policy from this team...

The dream seems clear to me in supporting the work Obama began right at the beginning: to work directly with the grass roots, the people. When factions form, or political self-interests begin to threaten the vision, then as individuals, we must each stand up and apologize, becoming a mouthpiece for the new vision, affirming it once again, reminding us all: Change is up to each of us!

We will have to do this many times, but it makes me hopeful. The vision of a new future with a new Foreign Policy is possible... but at the grass roots level we must each be willing to stand up and affirm it loudly many times. Yes, stand up, not in order to be mowed down by the noisy Power Mowers of conformity or normalcy, but to affirm the new vision for the USA—and the world—again and again.

Then the reactionary forces will dwindle and die away, the work will fasten to our imagination and a new, saner, brighter future will materialize.∞

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Soul's Cry: A Life-Altering Dream Experience

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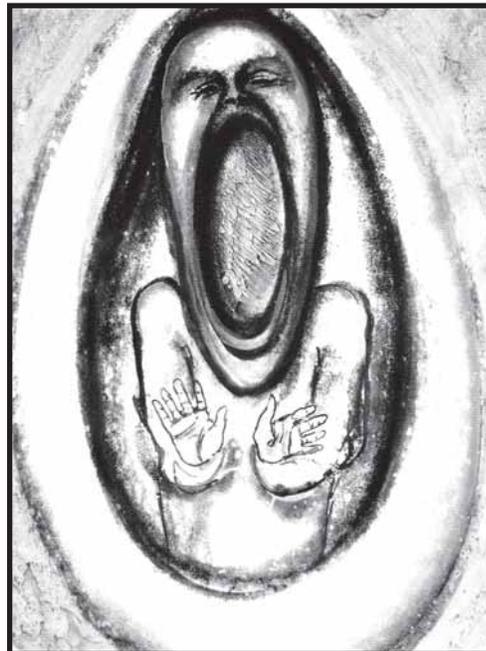


In waking life, the challenges of daily living can leave us feeling cynical and drained. These challenges often tie up our energy; consuming our thoughts and feelings to the extent that we are too preoccupied to see the opportunities for personal growth which life provides.

Dreams on the other hand, are the antidote to life's challenges. Acting as catalysts, they bring an awareness of the reasons behind these challenges. Similar to a blustery wind blowing the leaves off a tree, dreams strip away the superficial surface layer, allowing us to see the actual shape underneath. In understanding dreams, the trick is applying this observation; that is, allowing the *superficial* to fall away in order to uncover the core beneath. Once uncovered, the true lesson behind life's challenges and the dream itself can be learned.

Uncovering a lesson through a dream can be a life-altering event. These types of dreams speak bluntly and allow no room for games of the ego. I speak from experience, because last year I had such a dream, perhaps if for no other reason than to soften my cynical outlook on life. After the dream I could no longer embrace my cynicism because

similar to Charles Dickens's character, Ebenezer Scrooge, in *A Christmas Carol*, the dream literally taught me about the meaning of life. In the dream, I find myself...



... looking down at the small figure of a man walking by a small lake. It is twilight and as I notice the fading sunlight reflecting off the water, I start to sense the man's feelings and know that he has lived a happy life by this lake. Then, there is a rather swift

transition into his body; I am the man and his thoughts and feelings become my own. At this point, I realize that his/my time on this earth is up.

I know I am going to die yet choose to ignore this knowledge and continue on with my day as if this action will deny the aspect of my death. Suddenly, my body falls to the ground with a finality reminiscent of a euthanasia.

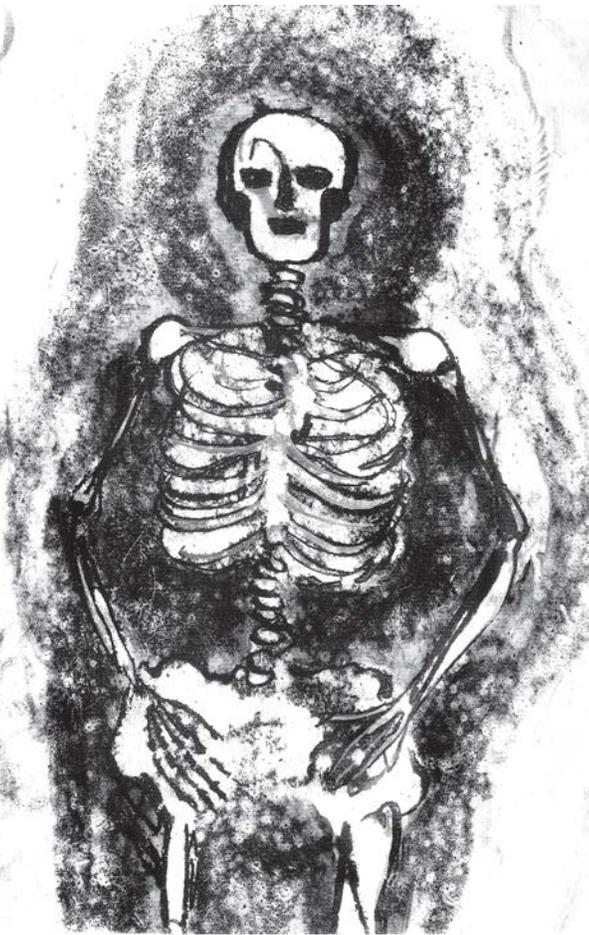
Finding myself unable to move, awareness of my surroundings remains. I see that I am on the floor of a small square area surrounded by total blackness.

Standing next to me are two middle-aged women wearing white bonnets, dressed like early century midwives. I hear them talking in reference to my struggles against the aspect of my death; it as if they have seen this scenario play out many times before.

Shaking her head sadly, one woman comments: "It is always like this".

I watch them carry my physical body away as everything fades into total blackness. Although I can no longer see the women or my body,

I feel a "sense" of my life and I realize with a dawning anguish that I will completely forget the beautiful life I have just lived. There is harsh realization that every memory of it will be gone from my consciousness in a matter of seconds. In the anguish created from this realization, I start to cry, the sound of my pain echoing out to the four corners of the world which I am leaving. It is the cry of a soul remembering a beautiful life, a life reduced to a series of images fading into the surrounding blackness, never to be remembered again.



After having the dream, I awakened feeling completely dazed. It was days before I could shake the lingering sense of anguish from the dream. I found myself left with two nagging questions: first, why was I allowed to experience this man's passing; second, why was I shown it *now*? In other words, how did this dream connect with my waking life experiences?

I have always felt the key to understanding dreams is in recognizing that dreams speak in the language of both image and emotion. Each area needs to be approached as having an equal voice in the story being told through the dream. What I found unique about this dream was that the dream acted *as an adviser before I posed a question*. Because of the intense nature of the images and emotions experienced, I felt very strongly that the dream was a lesson from Spirit because nothing in my waking life carried the magnitude to generate such an experience.

Not long after having the dream, I took an early evening walk along the Mohawk River with a woman friend with whom I had shared the dream. Deciding to stop for a moment, we sat down on a bench facing the water, silently watching the sun sink behind the distant mountains of Vermont. I thought about the man from my dream. He, too, had enjoyed the sunlight during his life by the lake. Although I may never learn who he actually was, I realized his presence left me with an understanding that life is simultaneously both beautiful and fleeting. As I replayed the dream in my mind, I knew I was left with no choice but to release the superficial aspects of my cynicism towards life in order to discover the true lessons behind my travels; I could no longer

take my life for granted, because I now knew what it was like to lose it.

As I look back on the dream and its impact on my life, I wish I could say that my understanding of it is complete. The truth be told, it is not. Perhaps, all is as it should be; instead of being given a single lesson, I have been given a life-changing dream and am being allowed, over time, to draw my own conclusions. One cannot ask more from life.

During a recent trip to Utah's Canyonlands National Park, I found myself immersed in the quiet solitude one experiences while hiking. I thought about the many paths we travel in dreams. Each dream brings us a step closer to the answers we

seek for our lives. In my own life, a dream changed the lens from which I view the world, bringing with it the message that life cannot be taken for granted.

Instead, I learned that life offers an opportunity to experience everything this world has to offer, so that when I, too, reach the end of my journey, there will not be one regret left for me to hold. ∞

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Changing Confining Beliefs and Thoughts Through Dreamwork

or, How Dreams Help Bring About a Shift in Consciousness

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More than 35 years ago, in 1972, I had a dream in which *my children and I are imprisoned in a strange tower surrounded by a fence and near an ocean*. Having spent most of my life, including my childhood years, on college campuses, I associated “strange tower” with “ivory towers”—institutions of learning. But only much later, after studying the dream, did I understand why an “ivory tower” would be portrayed as a prison.

In the dream...

...we are allowed outside for periods of time, but we always have to come back in. At times we have to hurry in to escape pursuit by fierce animals such as wild boars and wolves. Sometimes we have to climb the fence to get in to safety before being caught. We know we are being plotted against by an enemy, humans who control the wild beasts too. We feel it is just a matter of time before things will go from bad to worse.

Tony Crisp, in *Dream Dictionary*, describes an enclosure in dreams as “the defenses we use, such as pride, beliefs, anger, to protect ourselves from deeply feeling the impact of the world, relationship, love, anxiety, or pain. These are often felt as traps or restraints, even though they are parts of our personality.”

Wild beasts can represent emotional aspects or animal instincts that are uncontrolled and unpredictable.

In 1972 I was the 36-year-old mother of two young children living on a college campus where my husband was a professor. At that time, my beliefs probably came from at least three different sources: first, from my parents who impressed upon me a preferred pattern of behavior and set of beliefs; second, from teachers and other authority figures on both social

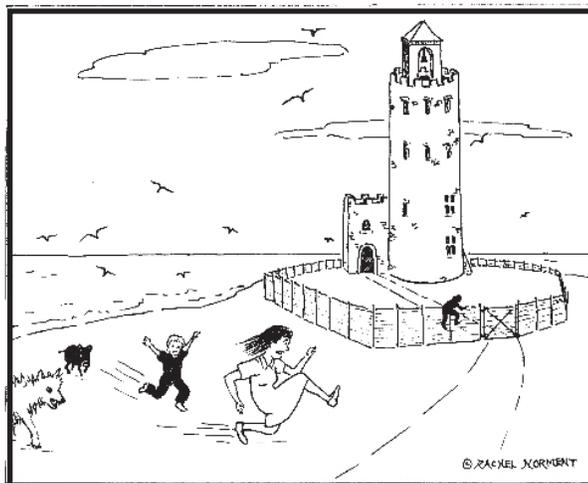
dangers—wild beasts on the outside and our captors on the inside—and I was more fearful of what was outside than what was inside. I knew of no way out of confinement. Evidently, the beliefs that were instilled in me as I was growing up caused me to be fearful of what I found in the outside world, and at the time of this dream I felt overwhelmed. But I was conscious neither of feelings of confinement nor of the source of such feelings.

The dream was trying to bring this matter into my awareness.

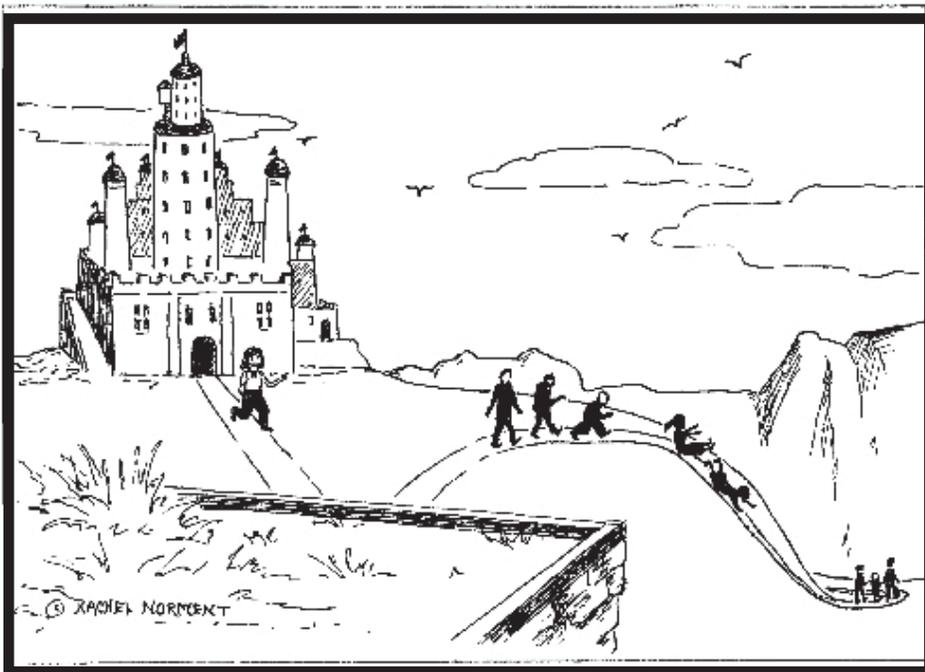
In a dream from 1995, I’m trying to escape an institution. A woman to whom I appeal for help shows me, by example, a way to escape.

George Slater suggests in *Bringing Dreams to Life* that “images of public buildings, such as institutional... buildings... may refer to being trapped in collective thinking, where the individual is submerged by the institution. Inasmuch as they are man-made, they may refer to structures of a person’s own life experience that have been socially imposed.”

This dream revealed that on an unconscious level I was trying to leave a confining situation, to break away from constricting thoughts and beliefs



and religious matter; third, from the present college community in which we lived with its own set of expectations for one’s behavior and activities. In the dream *we are caught in a double-trap between opposite*



that may have been imposed by the collective, as well as to call into existence my own set of beliefs and to allow my own individuality to blossom. It was definitely a time in my life in which I needed to get away from old assumptions and expectations of what was important and how I should behave. My conscious mind was very focused on the desire to move from the college community in which we had lived for thirty years.

I was already working on house plans for our retirement home in a new community.

This new dream pointed out that a woman, representing my nurturing, inner feminine, was assisting me. After I was diagnosed with breast cancer a year earlier, at least two of the doctors I consulted urged me to *nurture myself* as a part of my healing process. Although I didn't understand it at the time, the dream revealed that I had begun the nurturing process. In [Guided by Dreams: Breast Cancer, Dreams and Transformation](#), I recount how dreams guided various decisions I made during my treatment and recovery.

In early 2008, after a passage of thirteen more years, my unconscious was still working on the matter of beliefs, as shown in the following dream:

My husband and I are in some building, almost like a castle. We find ourselves in a large area with many doors and many people. We, along with others, are trying to find our way out of this space. However, whenever we try to open a door, it appears to be locked. Occasionally someone seems to find a way out, but we can't figure out how s/he does it. At some point my husband disappears and I have no idea where he has gone. I begin to feel desperate. I see someone over to one side who I sense may know "the secret" (to finding a way out of this confinement). She seems to be just hanging around as if she has some official role at this "amusement center." I go over and almost beg for help, expressing my sense of despair and desperation. The woman smiles knowingly, but acknowledges she can't tell me; I must figure out the solution for

myself. She hints at something to do with buttons, maybe saying something simple and obvious. I don't recall what this is. I go back to the "doors" and finally spot something, perhaps the buttons, that she might have been referring to. I try pushing one and, sure enough, a door opens to the outside. I hurry out, joining a crowd of people heading down a path leading from this high location. I can tell that at some distance down the path it appears to get terribly steep. I think I see people sliding swiftly down at that point. It looks dangerous, but obviously it is the only way to go.

I associate the castle situated on a high location with an archetypal storybook castle. I also think of the "ivory towers" that suggest to me institutions of learning and connect this dream to the earlier ones discussed above.

In this new dream, *my husband and I find ourselves with many others in another confining place and we are trying to open the locked doors that will provide a way out.* As in the earlier dream, *I ask a woman (my inner feminine) for help. Although she offers a helpful hint, she says we must find the solution—the way out of confinement—for ourselves.* So here is one more metaphoric dream showing my desire to escape the confines of thoughts and beliefs that are hindering my development. Evidently, I still need to figure out what these beliefs are.

I find the timing of the dream significant, since it came the night before my husband and I began participation in a study group on Eckhart Tolle's book [A New Earth](#). Tolle states that the book's main purpose is to bring about a shift in consciousness to help us escape the collective dysfunction of the human mind, to transform the distortions of egoic human mind.

He writes,

"The change goes deeper than the content of your mind, deeper than your thoughts. In fact, at the heart of the new consciousness lies the transcendence of thought, the newfound ability of rising above thought, of realizing a dimension with yourself that is infinitely more vast than thought. We will come to realize that the 'voice in my head' is not who I am. I am the awareness that is prior to thought, the space in which the thought—or the emotion or sense of perception—happens."

I note, in reflection on this last dream, that I termed the confining space an "amusement center." We entertain ourselves constantly with our chattering thoughts. In the dream I "push the right button" and make it out to join others who have escaped. I need to figure out what "the right button" represents in waking life. Perhaps the very steep and seemingly dangerous descent we still must go down represents going down into our unconscious. In the dream this is the only way to completely get away from the confinement in the "castle." Additional dreams can help me do this.

In a second dream the same night,

I am trying to find my way home from some meeting or conference. I have many "papers" with me as well as my pocketbook. I seem to be having trouble figuring out just where I am and which direction I should go. At some point where I have stopped, perhaps to rest/sleep, I become alarmed when I realize my things have disappeared. I become frantic, fearing I won't be able to find my way home without the papers and my pocketbook that contains my money and my identification. I'll be stuck where I am. I'm relieved when someone helps me find/spot my pocketbook. At least I'll have means to continue on my way.

I equate "home" with our place of origin to which we return at the end of our earthly life. I am trying to find my way there after attending meetings and/or conferences (all the places I go to try to receive guidance for my journey through life), but I am not sure "where I am and which direction I should go." I fear the loss of my credentials and my money will prevent me from being able to continue on my way. I am relieved when someone helps me find what I thought was lost. This would seem to be a positive outcome; but is it? Perhaps I am too attached to my identification with my ego. Perhaps I still need to learn to let go. David Gordon would classify this as a Dream of Attachment, as he discusses in his book Mindful Dreaming. He and Tolle point out we need to let go of these kinds of attachments to allow something new to emerge in our life. Gordon, in an article about his book, states, "Dreams of Attachment and Letting Go prompt us to grieve and release our attachment to the causes of our suffering. In so doing we awaken—much like those who report near-death experiences—to a deeper contentment and fuller peace than we ever imagined."

Several books I have been reading recently seem to tie all these ideas together. David Richo in The Five Things We Cannot Change... and the Happiness We Find by Embracing Them presents many of the same ideas, perhaps in a slightly different manner. He states,

"Paradoxically, an unconditional yes to who I am, how others are, and what the world is, places me in the best position to grow. We can say Yes! to participating in our own evolution and working toward our life purpose in three ways: by cultivating psychological health, spiritual maturity, and mystical oneness or spiritual awakening. These are not three levels that follow one

another linearly; they stand as one integral whole. Each is complete only when it includes the other two. To integrate these three dimensions of ourselves is to combine sanity and sanctity."

Dreamwork is one of the best ways we can say "Yes!" to participating in our own evolution and working toward our life purpose. Dreams can help us understand what is going on within ourselves—emotionally, psychologically, spiritually and physically.

My discussion so far has dealt with the dreams' importance for me personally. Personal dreams can also have a message for the collective. In the third dream discussed above, my husband and I "*find ourselves in a large area with many doors and many people. We, along with others, are trying to find our way out of this space.*" This suggests that an awakening may be taking place among many people—many who have been trapped as I have been by confining beliefs and are trying to find their way out. The fact that thousands of people around the world have been studying Eckhart Tolle's book by means of the Oprah webcast may be one concrete example. ∞



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Why and How People Change

by Justina Lasley

Understanding the Self



Positive personal growth and change are primary rewards of dreamwork. The dream both encourages and eases the process of change.

Personal growth requires courage, risks, hard work and an open mind and spirit. There is no easy, painless way to make major alterations in one's life. Often people go through some of these life-changing events and do not take the opportunity afforded them for a more empowered, fulfilled and spiritual life.

Once we move toward personal development, our psyches get involved by offering us tools to enhance and ease the process. Self-development is never easy but dreams provide a guiding light and offer us a path. The challenge is to be willing to use the tools and follow the path.

It is necessary to understand the concept of "self" in order to fully understand personal growth and change. The definitions of self vary. Webster's definition of self (pertaining to our ego-self) is "the identity, character, or essential qualities of any person or thing." Carl Jung introduced the word Self (using a capital S to denote the difference from the ego-self) to refer to a "supra-ordinate, inner, unknown, divine center of the psyche which we have to explore all our lifetime." Marie Louise von Franz, author of *The Way of the Dream*, defines the Self as "the regulating and unifying center of the total psyche both conscious and unconscious." The most fundamental archetype is considered to be the Self, built upon an integration of the multiple levels of the conscious and unconscious mind.

Dreamwork and the Self

I conducted a qualitative research project attempting to show the impact that dreamwork and group dreamwork in particular made on group members' movement into greater alignment with their true or inner natures. In my research I not only looked at my own experience of personal growth through my dreams, but also interviewed six members of an ongoing dream group.

I wanted to know whether group members noticed a difference in their sense of self after working with their dreams and whether others

were aware of the change. I tried to clarify each participant's interpretation of self. Those interpretations varied, but they generally incorporated the following words and phrases: "inner core," "internal," "layers of self," "true," "original," "essence," "the unconscious" and "original nature."

I believe that one's true nature, the authentic Self, is the person that one is born to be: in other words, one's God-given nature.

It is, therefore, not influenced by outside factors.

It is through dreamwork that I came to a closer relationship with that Self. As I became truer to that genuine nature, I became a happier, more fulfilled, and individuated human being.

I believe the main purpose of dreamwork is to move toward our authentic selves. In order to do this, changes must be made in the way we think, feel and react. Personal growth will not take place until the individual is ready. No one will change simply because someone else wants that change. Even when we want to and are ready, doing so is difficult.

For those who are open and ready, the dream is an excellent catalyst for this process. The dream softens and eases the work of transformation.

The Urge to Change

Why do people want change? Sometimes an individual is simply unhappy with his life as it is.

He believes an alteration in his behavior is the best way out of the situation.

Dissatisfaction: People usually change when they are dissatisfied with the way things are working or not working in their lives. They may want to improve relationships, career, or health.

Loss: One is forced to live differently when circumstances are altered through the death of a child or spouse, divorce, career loss, financial upheaval or a health issue. It is certain that the loss will cause change; it is up to the individual whether it is a positive or negative change.

Spiritual Awakening: Some people may have a spiritual awakening as the result of a major life event, such as a death, a birth, a psychic experience. Such experiences may move a person to a deep awareness of his spiritual nature. Consciousness of the Divine is often present.

His senses are heightened and he sees the world differently than before the awakening.

After facing one of these life experiences, an individual who previously had no interest in delving into the dream world may now feel a strong urge to find meaning in his dreams.

Personal Growth

Robert Kegan's representation of personal growth as a spiral movement is helpful in understanding the process of change. ([The Evolving Self: Problem and Process in Human Development](#)) We start at the bottom of the spiral, making positive changes in our lives. We come to several snags (core issues) in the process as we move around the first level of the spiral. With effort and new awareness we are able to move beyond the difficult places.

As the dreamer continues in her individuation process, she moves into the second level of the spiral and again she hits the snags. She might feel as if no progress has been made.

Kegan's Growth Spiral

By examining the predicament and comparing her reaction now to her reaction in the past, she can see she has not become as depressed, has not stayed with the problem as long, or has found new solutions to the problem.

Each time another level of the growth spiral is reached, the individual may hit the same snags. At each level obtained, he will know new ways to deal with the problem. Most often, change is a slow process and it can be difficult for an individual to recognize the changes he has made. With awareness, dream group members do change! They seldom go back to the way they were before honoring the dreams and their truth.

How the Dream Facilitates Change

When sharing a dream, the group member is often unaware that he is going into a vulnerable area. In therapy, a person getting close to an issue may move away from it out of fear. But the dream has the power of story and metaphor... it catches us unaware. The dreamer doesn't really know where it is taking him; therefore he may go to places he would not normally choose to go.

When a person looks at the dream characters as aspects of herself, she can see more clearly how she treats herself. The dreamer has the opportunity to move away from blaming others for her predicaments, and to stop accusing others of making her life miserable.

She can step back and perhaps for the first time see herself more clearly. She can view positive and negative characteristics, the qualities that help her move forward and the ones that prevent her from achieving personal growth. She is asked to take responsibility for her life.

The dream gives the dreamer a glimpse of who he really is. As one begins to envision this more authentic way of being, he begins to act in ways that are consistent with it. The layers of camouflage that have been hiding the true self begin to fall away. As he begins to act in an authentic way, others begin to treat him differently and eventually he is changed. She has begun to grow into the person her soul yearns to be. I believe that through dreamwork we begin to understand that God's wisdom is available from a deep core within ourselves. Many learn through dreams that we do not have to look to an outside authority for all of our answers and that ones' dreams provide direct access to our own understanding of God.

Through dreamwork, a group member can gain a new confidence in his ability to know his own truth, to believe in personal wisdom and to trust that he has the tools needed to create a spiritually rewarding life.

The Group's Role in Facilitating Change

Although change is an individual accomplishment, the dream group plays a role by offering support and encouragement.

Just as dreams are personal and individual, so is personal growth or transformation. Group members won't all achieve personal growth in the same way or on the same timetable. However, the group does, in many ways, encourage change in individual members.

The “dream group spirit” is like that found in a sport, for example, swimming... where a group learns, practices, encourages, supports and celebrates accomplishments together, yet each individual competes against himself. Each time he swims he is trying to improve his personal time and ability. Progress is measured on an individual basis.

Groups help ease the process of change—just as the dream itself eases the process. The group enhances the work by building community, increasing insight, encouraging new ways of being and acting as a mirror for each member.

Within a dream group, members find a safe place to try out new behaviors. By providing trust and safety, the group allows members to break down defenses, allowing the vulnerability necessary to move beyond old patterns and others’ expectations.

Group members take a glimpse into the dreamer’s true self and allow him to express his deeper needs, perhaps for the first time. The group empowers him and invites him to be more than he has ever been.

By observing others in the group, having the opportunity to imitate behavior and at the same time viewing his own uniqueness, each dream group member has the opportunity to move forward in his life. In learning to forgive and accept himself, he learns to be more tolerant of others and to honor their uniqueness, as well as his own.

Fear:

An Obstacle to Change

People like what is familiar. Moving into new areas of life means we are entering uncharted territory, and we may feel that we will be in danger if we venture further.

Sometimes, when someone is right on the edge of making an important change, she will “chicken out” and move back to a place that feels familiar—no matter how dysfunctional. She may have been given the opportunity for personal growth, but fear prevents her from following through.

The dream provides the suggestion, the view, the nudges, and the support to move the dreamer through fear to personal growth.

The dream is going to come again and again until we get the message, and then it will keep coming until we do something about it. The dream is a great tool because it allows so many levels of action: the dreamer can dream it and not do anything about it; he can write it down, which takes it to another level; he can read it to the group, which moves it to another level, then he can listen to other people comment on it; finally, he can act on it. Whether he does so now or next year, the message of the dream is always available to the dreamer and each level of dream-work moves him closer to understanding his authentic nature. We have to stay in an agonizing place—“holding the tension of the opposites,” as Jung refers to it—until something new evolves. I know from personal experience how distressing it is to be in this space.

If I can resist the desire to move back to what is easy and resist the pull to move forward too quickly to the new uncharted way of my life—I will reap huge rewards. I will eventually know that I am different from the way I was before, the world will look different and I will be in a new place on my “growth spiral.” Eventually, I become contented in my new place of being—in my new skin—closer to my authentic being, my spiritual being, my “Self.”

Changing the World

As an individual changes, she moves closer to her true nature. As family and friends watch and experience the positive changes in her, they will be influenced and may make changes in their own lives as well.

The process continues through the community and then the country and eventually the world. This process does not happen overnight or perhaps not even over decades, but it does happen. As the dreamer becomes more accepting of her own “shadow,” she becomes less judgmental. She does not need to project negative qualities onto others because she owns all aspects of her personality, whether she considers them positive or negative.

As Jean Shinoda Bolen describes in her book, *The Millionth Circle*, “When a critical number of people change how they think and behave, the culture will change also, and a new era begins.”

It is not always easy to interpret the dream and garner the gift. But when a group member does so, the decisions he makes come from the center of his being and are not influenced by others’ needs or experiences.

The solution seems right.

Once accomplished, the change usually feels so natural and comfortable that the dreamer wishes it had been achieved sooner. The truth is usually that he was not ready and equipped to make the change before the dream brought it to his consciousness.

The dream brings us messages when we are ready to hear them and when we have the skills necessary for personal growth. The awareness brought forth by the dream is a gift; the dreamer only needs to be willing to unwrap it. ∞

Dreams and the Future

Part III



A Continuing Dialogue Between

Russell Lockhart and Paco Mitchell



Paco Mitchell: Russ, at the beginning of our Dialogue #2 you said: "But, at bottom, we are all linked by a kind of rhizome layer."

That's a huge statement. For centuries we've labored under the opposite assumption, that we're not all linked, that we're separate, that the universe is a machine, even that we are machines. We've devoted ourselves to the principle that knowledge is served by slicing everything into finer and finer discrete pieces—we know more and more about less and less. But with a knowledge of the parts came control over the whole—or so we thought. We were bound to become... Masters of the Universe!

But now you speak of another level of knowing that has escaped the attention of our restless blade, like a baby in the bulrushes, hidden from Herod's soldiers. This "rhizome layer" is some kind of unitary phenomenon that underlies consciousness. I've been thinking of it, provisionally, in terms of "continuous time," as a way to contrast it from the "discontinuous time" that goes with our Western mind-set.

Current modes of thought scarcely admit the existence of your "rhizome," even though it amounts to one of *the most primordial of experiences*. We need a different means of approach that will enable us to *see into the darkness* of what, in former ages, was

common knowledge. This would amount to a new way of knowing... but one that is also very old.

In his book *The Dream of the Earth*, Thomas Berry evokes the "shamanic personality" as something we urgently need to cultivate, now and in the future. To do this we must recover an old way of seeing imaginatively, but in the light of present knowledge. I understand the shamanic personality as a certain disposition—imaginative, poetic, alert to dreams and synchronicities, capable of *discerning the patterns* that emerge from both waking and dreaming experience. In short, a disposition to recognize the "imaginal realm"—Henri Corbin's *mundus imaginalis*—as *real*. The shamanic personality, it would seem, is well-suited to healing the rift between the continuous time of the rhizomic layer, and the discontinuous time of modern consciousness.

Of course, we need to re-educate ourselves in those imaginative ways, which are so legion as to constitute a virtual labyrinth! How do you orient yourself in the face of these possibilities and how would you suggest others orient themselves?

Russell Lockhart: This labyrinth of possibilities is a core image, to be sure, and captures well the problem set before us. I want to say, first, that I do not think "orienting" can be codified, no matter how intense the effort. Think of Daedalus and his son Icarus in the labyrinth. So, following

myth, we have the Icarian grand schemes whose promise always seems to melt away and crash; or, the Daedalian inventiveness that raises us just enough and over the edge to freedom, but generally freedom only to go on about what was before.

I remember now that my father-in-law wrote a poem, "In A Labyrinth," in which—in contrast to the myth—something *different* happened: "I saw a tiniest crevice—see?" Well, an entirely different story unfolds from that, does it not? Thus, I see that an orientation to the "labyrinth of imaginative possibilities" is itself highly individual.

For myself, I pay most attention to what "presents" itself. Just now, for example, the memory of something I read in John Fowles' essay, *The Tree*, presented itself in my experience. Does it belong here? I don't *know* that it does, yet I *trust* that it does. Fowles first described standing in the world's most perfect garden, at least since the Garden of Eden. It was Carl Linnaeus' garden, the embodiment of the spirit of Linnaeus' "ordering of nature," which to this day, determines so much not only how we "see" order in nature, but as well how we try to "order" the nature of our lives. Fowles declared himself a Linnaean heretic and even reveled in the fact that Linnaeus, at the end of his life, had gone completely mad.

Fowles then goes on to describe an experience of his childhood. An elderly man in his neighborhood had gone mad upon the death of his wife and simply withdrew from the world. What had been an orderly landscape turned to seed and weeds took over; all manner of "undesirable elements" took hold. It became a complete eyesore, blighting the neighborhood, the very antithesis of that for which we strive. Yet, into this complete horror, as Fowles walked by one day, landed Britain's rarest bird, a waxwing, nibbling happily on a crop of wild berries.

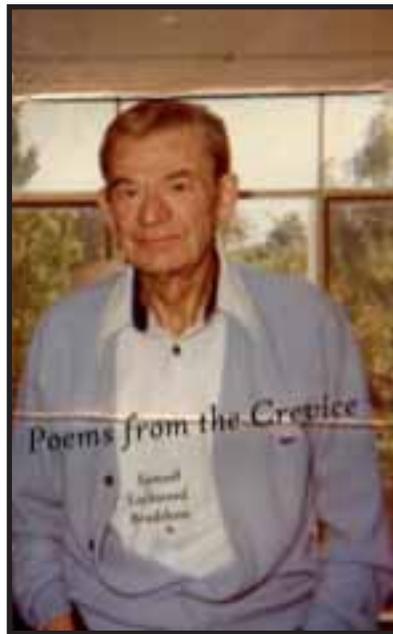
How does one prepare for that?

I know only that most of the time we are preparing distractedly *against* it and this is terribly costly to our soul and our spirit. So, this response to your question is itself an example of how I orient myself.

And... here's something more. When I remembered that image from my father-in-law's poem, I knew I had the title of the book I want to publish of his poems: *Poems from the Crevice*. Then, I asked my wife to find me a picture of him to use on the cover, and she gave me a small photograph that had been folded and so had an "imperfection" running across it. There was the crevice! The cover designed itself in my imagination and I sat right down and laid it out—as you can see in the accompanying picture.

PM: So, you orient yourself to imaginative possibilities by paying attention to accidents, imperfections and the unexpected—"gifts of the imagination," we might say... threads that lead us further *into* the labyrinth, not out of it.

This suggests an artistic sensibility. A poet, for example, catches aleatory images, like butterflies in a net, dresses them up in words and



borrowes them to craft a poem. A scientist reading a numerical print-out scans for anomalies in the "data"—that which is given—and from those unexpected patterns develops a theory.

Your trust in the face of not-knowing is a bit unusual. Not everybody is as comfortable with uncertainty as you. You see opportunities in chance events—openings to another level of reality. And it is not directed consciousness that you apply to the initiatory event but a deeper sensitivity, perhaps even an "animal knowing." Something about the moment fits an unconscious pattern. And something in you—in us—recognizes it.

I think of that something as a "subliminal knowing witness." And you have learned, by experience and inclination, to trust, to listen to, this subtle witness.

Who or what is the knowing witness? We can say, "Oh, that's just intuition at work." Fair enough. But I suspect there's more to it than that. Something closer to an imaginal person, a "who" more than a "what"—whether the person be animal, human or both. From within the shadowy penumbra

of our consciousness, this "something" directs our attention toward the *scintillae* sparkling there—a topic we might take up elsewhere.

You mention John Fowles' story about how Linnaeus, after a lifetime of obsessively and devoutly classifying nature, went mad. It reminds me of Goya's etching "The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters."

Perhaps if Linnaeus had listened to Goya's owls, or had paid more attention to the "tiniest crevice" your father-in-law wrote about, Linnaeus might not have ended his life in madness. As it was, he exemplified the scientific spirit of his time, and he paid a price for the inherent imbalance within that spirit, *the fantasy of rational control over nature*. Goya's etchings—Los Caprichos or the



"The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters" Goya

"whims"—illustrated some of the dangers of that imbalance. And we're still paying the price today.

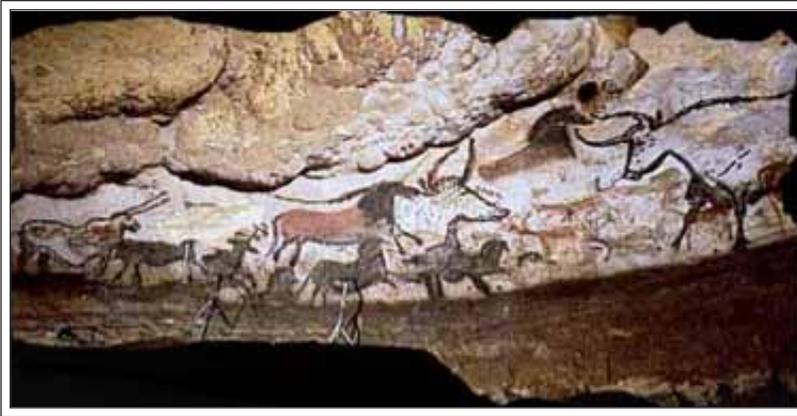
But your approach elevates hidden nuances and overlooked subtleties. How? By allowing your attention and interest—your libido to be deflected toward the background of consciousness? Let's call that a kind of "liminal vision"—seeing into the dark—and

recognize that it leads us toward the rhizome layer. The imaginal realm. The creative unconscious. The dream.

So when you say you orient yourself to the imagination with whatever “presents” itself, you often start with what is small, negligible. But as you follow

the trail of hints, you are led to larger and larger patterns, which together begin to reveal the rhizome. This is as much a way of working with dreams as of composing books, or writing poems.

RL: Yes, further and further *into* the labyrinth would be another way entirely and one that would be a recovery of something long lost. Imagine, thirty-two thousand years ago, Paleolithic peoples ventured into those labyrinthine caves, deeper and deeper and it was then, in the deepest recesses, where they painted the most incredible images on the cave walls. I’m reminded of what Picasso said when he saw the cave paintings at Lascaux: “They’ve invented everything.” Now, why go so deep just to paint images of what is so available on the surface? Why this art at all? It remains a deep mystery. But my intuition tells me that this was not an exercise in rendering life-like images of bulls and horses and rhinos but more the expression of the animal’s role in the primogeniture of the human imagination *itself* as well as giving expressed vision to the dreams those animals induced in early humans. That’s one reason I think that in these early expressions there are so few human images. The walls are alive almost exclusively with animals. In this there was a kind of rhizomic integrity of world, imagination and dream. I think history can be read as a progressive fragmentation, a violent fracturing into discon-



Cave paintings at Lascaux

nected shards of what must have been a more integral world. We have lost much; but for this very reason, we have much to gain. So, yes, I believe deeper *into* the labyrinth is the way to that recovery. You know, after writing this paragraph, I had a dream. In the dream, *I see outside a tiger moving along a path. There is a sense that everyone fears the tiger. But I know I must go and greet the tiger and to pet it as I do my own cat Samantha. I do that and the tiger rolls over on its back and I rub its belly as I do Samantha’s when she does that, and the tiger extends its paw to me and I grasp it and we “shake hands.” I can see that the tiger is enjoying this immensely as do I* and I wake up with tears in my eyes from the utter joy of this encounter. I don’t have a cave wall but I will find a way to bring this animal into visible manifestation!

PM: What a moving dream! “Enjoyment” is the correct word. The tears make sense as a response to the *deep joy* of holding the tiger’s paw. It’s a potential connection that we all carry within us, but have mostly forgotten. Russ, there’s something important here—your intuition about Lascaux, combined with the subsequent, powerful dream of the tiger. It’s as if the dream, though it was not created by you, nevertheless came as a *validation of your intuition*. Even more, it is as if *someone* sought to validate your intuition.

Let’s take it even one step further: It is as if the *tiger* sought to validate your intuition. For it’s difficult to escape the impression that there is some kind of consciousness or awareness in and behind these dreams. And where

there is conscious awareness there is something personal—i.e., a “personality”—even (or maybe especially) if it comes to us in the form of a *Tiger*.

Of course, we’re accustomed to thinking of our connection with animals either mythically—as in the Book of Genesis (even when interpreted literally)—or as “merely” physical, in the evolutionary sense of “vestiges”: bones, sinews and organs. But the *persistence of psyche over time* extending as it does as much into the future as it does into the past, therefore permits an extension of “personality” in both directions as well.

This suggests that those Paleolithic artists or shamans who wriggled and squirmed their way down into the deepest caverns for the purpose, as you hinted, of giving form to the animals who made up their imaginal cosmos, probably experienced those very same animals as “personalities”—i.e., persons—living presences who came to them bearing messages, warnings, teachings and blessings. Who is to say that, in those times, they did not in some fashion speak the same language? The animals, after all, were the already ancient “ancestors” of those earliest humans.

It might not be too far-fetched to see in these animal persons parading through the human psyche over the millennia, prefigurations of what later humans called “angels.” ∞

...to be continued...



Dreams Change

by Arthur Strock, Ph. D.

Change is a big buzzword right now. People are clamoring for change. No need to wish for change. Change is inevitable and has been recently occurring throughout the world with unprecedented speed. People have gotten change, a bursting of the housing bubble, a drying up of credit, and an increase in fuel costs to mention just a few of the changes. At a superficial level, however, what people may be asking for is not change, but "more". Maybe what people are really asking for is more of the same: more credit, more money and more stuff.

At a deeper level of realization, the recent interest in change may be a reflection of a general growing dissatisfaction with not only what we have, but also a growing dissatisfaction with stuff in general. Wanting more may be based on our own feelings of emptiness. People may have been viewing their gas tanks as half empty rather than half full.

The pattern of life is a cycle of change. First come periods of expansion during which more is better. The tree grows with new branches and leaves. Then come

periods of contraction where less is better. Then the tree gets smaller as leaves fall off and winter comes.

As life changes, our dreams change. An attempt at dream incubation regarding the topic of change resulted in a total absence of recall. Talk about change! That was a change for me. But then I realized that I had not sufficiently considered the topic in my waking life and utilized the information I already had. Sometime later, dream recall returned with more change. A dream *involved my being asked to be on a television show called "ThankYou.Com."* Although in the dream, I was to be thanked for something, the message of the dream was a reminder that we do have so much for which to be thankful.

A surf of the internet actually revealed a *thankyou.com*. The site is a part of a larger "thank you network." Unfortunately, the site had an empty quality to it and was quite frustrating. In order to get any information from the site or even qualify for participation on the site, an individual is required to have certain types of credit cards or bank

accounts. The site fit in beautifully with an American dream of getting more credit to buy more stuff.

Perhaps if we set our ideals for how we want to grow spiritually in addition to financially, we might at least metaphorically be able to develop a new network of *thankyou.com websites* that would encourage a change in the American theme, one with more relevance for spiritual than financial or material growth. In these unsettling times, imagine how reassuring it would be just to log on to our own personal THANKYOU.COM site where we could view with increased clarity all of the already satisfying aspects of our lives. Being satisfied with ourselves and what we already have would allow us to realize that sometimes less is better.

Now wouldn't that be proof that dreams change? ∞

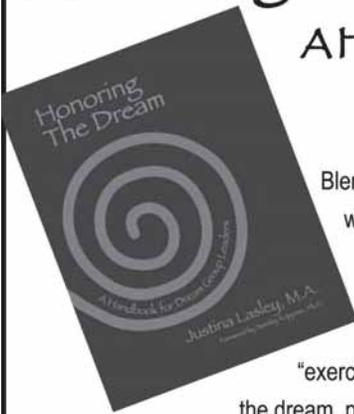


You may contact Arthur Strock via email @ arthurstrock@comcast.net

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Dreams That Fade Before Morning

Each of these dreams is on an inward journey.
They go deeper than the mind's eye can see,
seldom stray close enough to the surface
to slip into what the memory makes of such things.

These are dreams that blink out before dawn.
Sometimes I can recall a slight phantom outline
of the plot. More often than not, nothing.
Even their fragrances flicker and are gone.

I must descend into these dreams without paper
or pen. I may wake with some hint that I've
visited them, but they become so much like ether
there is no vocabulary that can name their parts.

Some mornings I'm sure I spent the night dreamless.
Usually by the time I'm into my second cup of coffee,
the memory nudges up against the host of a dream.

I know better than to call its name or wonder
how we spent the night. I've learned to trust
these things, to let them go about their business
unhampered by a curiosity that doesn't seem to know
that some memories were meant to set like the sun.

Fredrick Zydek

Dreams That Fade Like Old Photos

It's not from neglect they begin to pale.
I visit them almost every day. Sometimes
they skip off the memory like flat rocks
skittered over a pond just before they lose
momentum and slip beneath the surface.
I think some fade because they never made
it past the dream stage in the first place.
Dare I tell you how many were born from
unrequited love? Would you believe I was
sure I would marry twice before I finally
settled down and started keeping house?
There is an old Polish saying which insists
that when wrinkles come - the wind stops
singing. I believe such things. It takes
a long time before what might have been
can curtsy and back away from what is.
We must find ways to rejoice when this
happens, to let go of what wants to fade
away, so we can focus on what is clean,
clear and real as a spring rain before us.

Fredrick Zydek

A Radical Shift in Consciousness



By Christina Donnell, Ph.D.

The thirteenth-century Persian mystic poet known to Westerners simply as Rumi wrote of a continuous essence moving through form; like the sun, its presence is sometimes palpable, sometimes not and yet always there. Similarly, the intelligence that guides creation is sometimes palpable, sometimes not and yet always there, generating life force. The fact that many artists, mystics, and poets throughout history have developed the ability to tap into the wisdom bubbling up from a deeper level of existence indicates that our consciousness has the ability to have an experience with the vital essence from which forms emerge and by which they are nurtured.

I call this deeper level of reality, this creative intelligence behind and within creation, the Dreaming. It is the life force of all living things—galaxies, human beings, and trees—as well as the power in corporations and communities. I have found that dreaming is one way to commune with this creative intelligence that guides creation. Awakening within the Dreaming allows you to experience a connection with this immeasurable, indestructible force that is paradoxically you and yet much greater than you. When we awaken within this source, we become one with it and our infinite nature emerges.

My first dream that revealed to me the radical shift in consciousness possible by entering the Dreaming contained imagery that emerged from my experiences with Zen meditation and shamanic training. While lying in bed with my eyes closed and my awareness centered between them, image after image appeared in my mind's eye. Meditation had accustomed me to letting images rise and evaporate without breaking my concentration. Then a heavy, syrupy feeling, which I eventually learned to associate with transcendent dreaming, blanketed me, pulling me into sleep.

I awakened within a dream in which I was doing exactly what I had been doing before the dream—*lying in bed with my awareness centered between my eyes. Then the image of the black jaguar sitting in its tree, intently watching the jungle below, appeared and distracted me.* The part of my awareness that was watching the dream thought it was peculiar that the jaguar image had appeared in a dream. With this thought, my awareness was drawn into the dream and became so immersed in the image of the jaguar that I lost sensation of my body and felt suspended in midair.

Although the sense of losing awareness of one's body and physical surroundings happens to many people

who practice meditation, this was not meditation. In fact, I soon felt my awareness itself begin to dissolve. The sensation was so extraordinary and pleasing that my attention was irresistibly drawn further into the jaguar image. Suddenly, a piercing brilliant light, accompanied by extreme heat, entered my brain. Unprepared for such an experience, I became anxious and aware of my body again. As the illumination from inside of me grew brighter and brighter, I experienced a rocking sensation and then felt the point of consciousness that was myself gradually expanding beyond my body.

Meanwhile, my body had been dissolving until I became unconscious of it. I was now all consciousness—without form, feeling, or sensation—spread out in every direction without limitation. I was no longer as I had always known myself to be, a small point of awareness confined in a body, but instead an infinite consciousness bathed in light and reveling in a state of exaltation.

After some time, I felt my consciousness contract, becoming smaller and smaller until I again was vaguely aware of the outline of my body. I spent some time wondering if I was going to slip back into my body but did not know how to do this. Eventually, it just happened and I awakened from the dream, once more aware of my body and the cars passing on the street outside my window.

I felt dazed and bewildered, as if returning from a foreign land but was soothed by the sun shining on my face through the window. My friend Miriam was sitting on the edge of my bed. I tried to lift my arms and hands, but they felt limp and lifeless. While I could understand every word Miriam spoke, I could not sequence a thought or speak. I learned that I had been in this state for almost thirty-six hours. I had missed a full day of work and a

dinner engagement with her and when I did not answer the phone in the morning, she had come to check on me.

Eventually I stood up, although my legs felt weak and wobbled beneath me. After a while, exhausted and ill at ease, I went outside for a short walk, thinking it would help me return to normalcy. I soon doubled up from an unbearable heat in my abdomen that rose to my throat and I felt as if I would vomit fire. I returned to the house and sat on the couch, taking no interest in anything and feeling detached from my surroundings. Miriam spent the day to make sure I was okay, and left in the evening. Retiring early, I slept fitfully, having strange dreams yet aware that a part of myself was watching me sleep.

Around 5:00 a.m., the same heavy, syrupy feeling descended upon me again and I awakened in the same dream as the night before. *The jaguar was sitting in the same tree, intently watching the jungle below.* Again I was pulled into the image, and light pierced my head, filling me with rapture and vitality. As I felt myself dissolve, my consciousness once again expanded in all directions, then slowly contracted. When I finally became aware of my body, my heart was racing, there was a metallic taste in my mouth, and my exhaustion was even more pronounced than after the first dream.

I did not feel like the same woman I had been only a few days before. Something intangible and powerful—which I could not grasp or analyze—was happening and I could not free myself from a sense of apprehension. From that day forward, I would never be my old self again. For the next several years I would live suspended between spirit and matter, between heaven and earth.

The days immediately following the dream were a prolonged nightmare.

I was aware of an intense internal glow, always in rapid motion. The nights were especially difficult since the stream of light that had pierced my head in both dreams seemed to increase in speed and intensity during the hours of darkness. I could feel my energy increasing, decreasing, and re-patterning. I could distinctly feel and perceive the luminosity emanating into a field surrounding and connected to my body and habitually lay awake all night watching myself sleep or dream. With the increased energy coursing through my body, my arms and hands seemed to take on a life of their own. When I was lying, my body would vibrate, regardless of the surface it was on. Images rapidly Rolodexed through my mind's eye. When one became fixed, I was gripped with fear because I had no control over being pulled into it and having my awareness consequently dissolve. Soon the images began to occur even with my eyes open, seemingly a solvent working on the glue that held my awareness together. Even more alarming was the fact that my consciousness was not as stable as it had been before but now expanded and contracted, regulated in a mysterious way by the images, making me fearful that a fine line now separated me from insanity. The expansion and contraction of my consciousness altered the way my mind functioned. I perceived a luminous glow around objects both in my mind's eye and in the physical environment. This glow never remained constant in dimension or intensity, but rather waxed and waned, and sometimes changed color.

Gopi Krishna, author and renowned twentieth-century yogi and teacher from India, noted a similar perception in response to first experiencing the awakening of kundalini, but for me it went further. When the glow increased in size or brilliance, the urge to merge into it grew stronger, until my

awareness dissolved into the unseen energies behind the manifest world. It was during this time that I began to have experiences of simultaneously lying in bed and walking around downstairs, with my awareness in both places.

Three people—two friends and one client—independently told me they had awakened from sleep and seen me standing at the foot of their bed. I remembered lying in bed and simultaneously standing at the foot of one friend's bed, wondering what I was doing there, while I had no conscious recollection of the other incidents. I knew these experiences had something to do with the amount of energy coursing through my system and my merging with images.

For a long time, I remained uncertain about the meaning of my condition. From the point of view of my Zen meditation practice, I surmised that I had turned from witnessing the rise and fall of awareness to participating with objects or images in my field of awareness. The amount of energy concentrated in an image, the merging into a participatory exchange with it and the energy from which the image itself had risen had shifted my perception. My perception had also become rooted in the sensual dimension of experience, born of the body's natural capacity to resonate with other forms. Thus what had been considered a distraction in my Zen meditation practice had become a new way for me to engage with the sentient world.∞

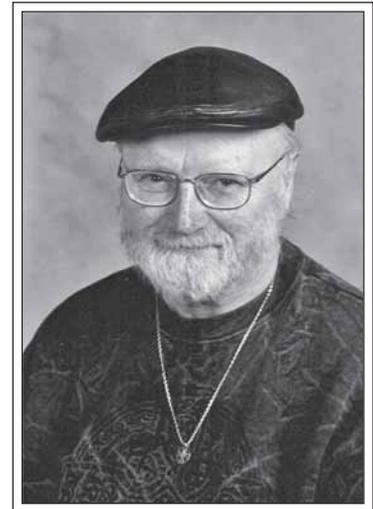
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Christina Donnell, Ph.D. a classically trained clinical psychologist, has studied Eastern traditions and the shamanic energy practices of the Q'ero Indians of Peru for nearly two decades.

# DREAMS IN THE NEWS

## The Cost of Dreams and the Price of Their Loss



by Russell A. Lockhart, Ph.D.

The word "dream" is used synonymously with hope, aspiration, and desire as exemplified in such phrases as "the dream of owning one's home," "the dream vacation," "the dream of striking it rich," even "the dream of a good night's sleep."

These dreams are frequently the objects of advertisement. "Give us your dreams," MasterCard entices with luscious images of beautiful places, beautiful people, and beautiful times. In a Citibank advertisement, this "link" is made explicit. Look at the little red arch connecting "dreams" to "realities." Advertisements are always "commands," so decoding this becomes a 'command' to turn your dreams into realities. And what is this little red arch? Well it is part of the Citibank logo and one may consider it an icon or symbol. You see how it "connects" the i to i in the logo? Think: "eye to eye" as your subliminal brain will do. This expression does not mean "of one mind" as is so often thought,

but rather "face to face." Citibank wants you to take in the idea that Citi is the means by which you realize your dreams. Dreams seeking to be realized in this sense are, at bottom, inevitably linked with money. And something will always symbolize that link, in this case the little red arch. In addition to an iconic image, advertising commands will often carry a slogan as well, so that both the visual and conceptual brain gets the message. In this case, also in red, is the "assurance" that Citi never sleeps... But why red? Blood, desire, passion, hot? Colors will alert the emotional brain and "hook" the ideas and concepts to emotions. Red must be OK and good. Is "in the red" (debt) not so bad if that's what it takes to turn dreams into realities? ...Citi never sleeps...

In my last column, "When Dreams are the Enemy," I described the problems of many soldiers returning from war who found their dreams so horrific

that they went to great lengths, self-destructive lengths, to keep from sleeping. I suggested that this was one of the more extreme states of a general problem in a culture suffering from sleep and dream deprivation to the detriment of our health: physical, mental, and spiritual. Oh, not the type of "dreams" referred to above—we never are deprived of those—but rather the nightly dramas that most people would prefer to forget than turn into realities. Citi never sleeps...

Our dreams, in the sense of hopes, aspirations and desires have become commodities. At some level, it is this that lies at the bottom of all financial structures and dynamics. When things go wrong, when our homes are lost to foreclosure, our retirement plans turned to dust, our livelihoods threatened, it is easy to blame corporate greed, lying and deceiving executives, the power of the moneyed, government and regulator laxity and complicity. But from simple

markets to complex credit-default swaps, the massive towers of financial Babel that have become possible in recent years could not be built without us—the collective populace, all of us who charged more than we had, who bought more than we could afford, who tried to put off to tomorrow, what was necessary to face today. This commodification of our desires, our dreams in that sense, I believe has been ever more responsible as well for a kind of failure of will in relation to the body politic. This has allowed the erosion of freedoms, the loss of spirit, and the abandonment of principle at all levels of the culture. Since the commodification of desire cannot bear much reflection we must be distracted from such potential awareness and we may thank the myriad forms of entertainment for providing this distraction. Moreover, entertainment itself has become an endless manufacturing engine of new commodities to be desired. Citi never sleeps...

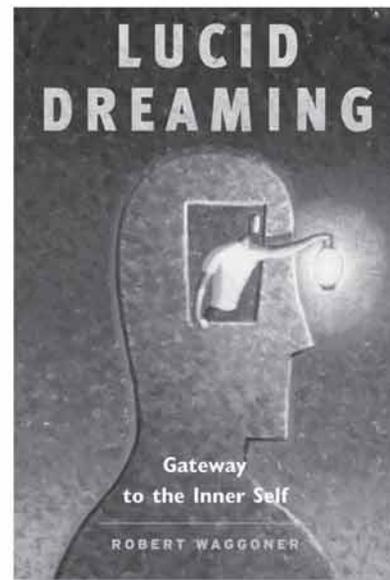
How innocent are we? Rather than attempting to parse the degrees of innocence, I believe more would be gained if we embraced the pain of guilt completely. To feel the full force of our collective guilt may be the necessary medicine to stimulate the redemption that might be possible in the return of individual responsibility. Clearly not just to put Humpty Dumpty back together again, no matter how much hope could be generated for such an enterprise...as if all that has happened was a bit of getting off track. I fear the dream of returning to what was before—like too many dreams these days—would only turn into an even greater nightmare than we face at present. Citi never sleeps...

The world's financial machinations, of which we are all intimate cogs, have created a debt monster, a true Frankenstein capable of destroying its creator. It did not, in the novel or in the world, turn out to be the "cup of

freedom" that the name implies. The notional value of this monster exceeds the productive capacity of the whole world hundreds of times over. How this monster will be reined in remains to be seen. But no one will escape being touched by the cost of this dream, this nightmare. Citi never sleeps...

In the meantime, the nearly forgotten nightly dream becomes ever more lost in a sea of commodity medications to which the populace is being addicted. Almost all modern medications have an obliterating effect on dreams or the memory of them. But these dreams are less subject to the commodification process than those that embody our hopes, aspirations and desires. What is so stunning about what has happened is the near complete absence of "truth telling." In the film, *The Dark Night*, our would-be heroes abandon truth, and it is left to The Joker to serve that function. Well, the joke(r) is on us and in us. It is to the nightly dream we must turn to for truth-telling now, our own nightly dreams as the way to pierce the veils of illusion that dress nearly everything in our world today. Citi never sleeps...

I find it strangely comforting to know that the word "debt" and the word "gift" arise from the same etymological nest and are therefore intimately related. In this sense, by my simple calculation, our debt monster cannot be "cured" by more debt—so far the only proffered solution by our world's leaders. No, the cure lies only by genuine "gift." What can that possibly mean? Citi never sleeps... You do. Citi never dreams. You do. Give someone a dream today—not the aspiration or hope or desire for a computer, or a fancy house, or a luxurious automobile, or the latest fragrance or stunning adornment. Give them the gift of a dream you have dreamed in the night. ∞



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Robert Waggoner is President-elect of the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD) and a graduate of Drake University with a degree in psychology. Over the past thirty years, he has logged more than a thousand lucid dreams. He is an international speaker and coeditor of the quarterly publication *The Lucid Dream Exchange* ([dreaminglucid.com](http://dreaminglucid.com)).

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## Dream Inspired Artistry



*I am swimming in the ocean with others and there are many people on the rocks and in the trees, which I can see along the shore line. All of these people are eagerly awaiting the arrival of a star that is to collide with the ocean!*

*(The people in the dream are not afraid, but are excited, longing for the star's arrival.)*

*To these people this phenomenon is a natural occurrence, and so watching it is like watching an eclipse of the moon, not to be feared at all. It is an atmosphere of awe and mystery.*

*I am very afraid, however.*

*I yell to the others swimming nearby with me,  
"We must stay at least a mile away!"*

*When the star arrives, it gently slips beneath the waters while illuminating everything around it.*

*All is quiet now and at peace.*

In this dreamscape a star collides with the ocean and somehow people are unafraid. The idea is inconceivable when we consider the possible results were such a thing to happen in waking life. This would be a dreaded catastrophe like those foretold by prophets of doom in Revelation, by Nostradamus, and even by some modern astronomers! It would most certainly bring "woe" to earth's inhabitants! How could such a thing be welcomed, even longed for?

Over the millenniums our earth has been impacted countless times by heavenly bodies. It is believed that a comet collision once redirected the course of evolution for this planet, bringing on an ice age that ended the age of the dinosaur, and eventually allowed the rise of mammalian life. Perhaps we owe our very existence to this ancient catastrophe. Whether or not the age of man has been a positive change for this planet, I am not prepared to argue... but I am still very glad it happened. I am grateful for my sometimes miserable, human life and all the painful, cataclysmic changes that have made me who I am.

What I have learned is that sometimes HUGE CHANGE is needed and can only come from a source beyond ourselves. The dream painting "Enlightenment" is about this kind of change which transforms the individual psyche with far reaching results. The source of the light is internal, but comes from a place unknown to "the ego." The light of "the self/soul" is allowed to make contact with the contents of one's inner ocean, lighting it up. What is conscious meets what is unconscious, changing it forever.

You could say this phenomenon is changing the world one person at a time, but it is even more powerful



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than that, because any deep profound change to the individual psyche is also a change to the collective psyche. The amazing illuminations and shifts we experience in the interior dimension are also experienced in that place where we are all one, where we are all connected and will eventually impact our evolutionary path as human beings.

In my painting, I wanted to let the dream reveal itself through the perspective of the people on shore, so that the anticipation and excitement of these dream beings could be felt. The positive emotions of those gathered on the shore is key to understanding the dream.

Allowing the light and darkness within ourselves to meet and merge, brings deep understanding and peace. From this place of SELF KNOWLEDGE we are all transformed. The yearning for this experience is what I have wanted to express. This dream has inspired me to say in paint, "Let's not fear change. Welcome in the light." ∞

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Visit Ms. Ferrimani's website at <http://www.brendaferrimanidreamart.com> Visit her online store for dream/art gifts. Dream T-shirts, mugs, journals, decor and more! <http://www.cafepress.com/bferrimani>



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## While travelling, travelling a while

I am on a world tour and have been for a very long time. I stay in big, luxury hotels with golden ornaments and red carpeting in places like New York, but also I stay in small ones and guest and boarding houses.

I travel by means of large, luxury ocean steamers, zeppelins, trains, airplanes and on foot to all sorts of places. While on the road I tend to meet the same people quite a lot. Sometimes they're by themselves, sometimes with a partner or in groups of differing compositions. Sometimes I make contact with them, other times I don't. Sometimes we see each other, recognize each other & leave it at that. Every now and then accidents happen: A plane crashes, a train derails. I travel on, like the others do.

At times I go sight-seeing in the places I'm staying in. On these tours, I might meet people I know, at times we make contact, sometimes we don't.

I'm staying in a city and decide to take a sightseeing tour. We're dropped off near an old, out-of-use cinema. We walk inside, entering a long, somewhat down-sloping corridor, at the end of which is a very large space that looks like the foyer.

Red, worn-out carpeting, up-to-the-ceiling fake-wood panelling.

All the doors and shutters are visible, but everything is locked.

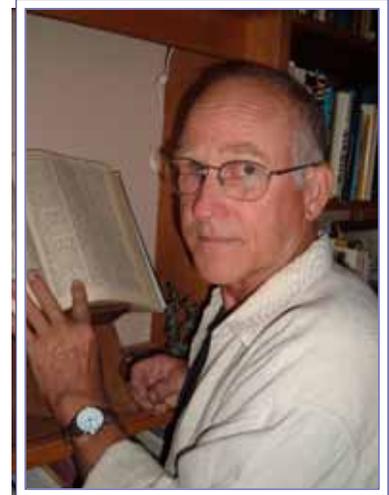
On the walls are metal strips, in which at one time or another film-posters were hung.

The door we entered through turns out to be locked as well. We can't leave the building and the bus that dropped us off has left. Around me, I hear people grumble. I'm not bothered too much, I take it the situation is a mistake and shall be cleared up shortly.

Then the rattling of the elevator—one of those old fashioned metal cages—sounds. The cage comes down to the level we are on and a group of people emerge. One of them is a bleached-blonde, heavily made up Irish woman who looks familiar to me. With the fingers of both hands she arranges her hair, in which (rain?) drops sparkle. We look at each other and she says: "I do so hope that this will be it for the present. The last time was a plane crash. That's bearable alright, but I do find it unpleasant when the body has to be in such pain so shortly before it dies." I then realize that in all those accidents, I died and continued on simultaneously and that this is the place where souls gather (together) in order to take a rest.

# Wisdom in Dreams

## PART THREE



by Paco Mitchell, M. A.

## Conversing With The Divine

A hallmark of our time is that virtually every spiritual tradition is under an assault of one kind or another. The “advances” of the past few centuries have not been kind to older, more symbolic, modes of thought. As a result, everyone is subject to a certain amount of spiritual dislocation, whether it be conscious or unconscious.

Examples abound. Militant Christians feel beleaguered by the threat of Darwinism; Muslims and Hindus in India line up for jobs answering the phone for Citibank; lovely Hula dancers in Hawaii forego the wisdom of the *kahunas* to place orchid *leis* around the sweating necks of salesmen just off the plane from Des Moines.

Part of the cause is to be found in the breathless acceleration of scientific and technological “progress,” with its intellectual savaging of quaint beliefs. But another portion lies with the very venerability of the traditions themselves. To a considerable extent, most ancient traditions have outlived themselves, in the sense that the psychological premises which

permitted them to thrive and endure in the first place, have been roughly displaced by other, more clamorous claims on people’s attention, assumptions and beliefs.

And the result? Confused millions scour the globe, raking through the rubble of once proud temples in hopes of finding some meaningful fragment, some battered cornerstone, upon which to build a new edifice. No belief system or body of spiritual practices—no matter how arcane, antiquated or alien—is beyond the reach of experimentation or outright espousal.

I understand that some will reject this argument as going too far, missing the bright side. But I speak as one who has suffered keenly from the spiritual failures of the age. In my dissatisfaction, I was driven to seek the healing balm—not from pulpits or academic lecterns, nor from the contortions of philosophers or political theorists—but from the wilderness of solitary experience. In my quest for Gilgamesh’s magic herb, I found occasional solace in the dappled shade of an olive tree, for example, or the

brilliant green silence of orange groves; in a stack of books or the plangent tones of a flamenco guitar. Most of all, I found what I sought in the treasure-laden chambers of my own dreams.

What did I find there? A creative ferment, welling up, taking form, seeking expression, demanding embodiment, the very future pounding on the door. Whether baffling, intriguing, shocking or mesmerizing, dreams were never boring in themselves. If occasionally I found them so, it was only because they mirrored the lazy yawn with which I sometimes greeted them.

But the dream-world, whatever its ultimate nature, will reward the devotions of its followers with occasional masterpieces, so exquisitely wrought that one imagines the hand of a great artist at work in the background of consciousness... crafting, chiseling, refining, polishing. Such a dream is always a challenge to the ego, whether the challenge is recognized as such or not.

One such dream came to me recently, and I expect to be working on it for a

long time to come. I offer it as another example of the wisdom to be found in dreams.

The dream was brief, and took the form of a short compound sentence:

*"If you want to hold  
a conversation with the Divine,  
first you must create  
a language that permits you  
to see eye-to-eye."*

My first reaction upon waking was to recognize that a profound truth was being expressed, and that considerable work would be required to bring it forth. Also, I knew that the dream was more-than-personal, as if it belonged to the world as much as to me. For in the hubbub of our daily lives, one thing we all need is to re-connect to that primordial sense of communion with the creative source of life.

This dream was offering a hint.

Several points come to mind:

(1) If we need to *create* a language, as the dream says, it must be because the old one is somehow out-of-date, ineffective or inadequate. Indeed, the imaginal categories and thought-forms of two thousand years ago do stand in need of re-juvenation and revitalization—in short, what is called for is a re-birth! Hence the need for a new "language," a new Logos, a new myth, with all that entails. Like any birth, its movement will proceed out of darkness, toward the light.

I anticipate that this will be a tumultuous process fraught with conflict and confusion, uncertainty and mistakes. To generate new categories of thought and language, imagination and ethics is not an easy task. But the effort is necessary. Where else is the future to be born but out of the womb of individual experience?



Above all we need new stories, grand narratives with which to re-imagine our place in the universe and to re-locate the Divine Presence, the Lost Value. This work will be the product of the imaginative efforts of countless individuals who, even today, are already working on the great project.

(2) The dream also implies that we no longer see "eye-to-eye" with the Divine. Most likely this is because we have ratcheted ourselves so far upward, beyond our origins, that we think we are "above it all." We tend to regard ourselves as the only subjective presence in the universe. Man alone, the cosmic accident, sitting atop the immense evolutionary pyramid of consciousness. This, of course, is a titanic hubris.

We tend to forget just how much of *conversing* consists of active, attentive *listening*. How can we converse with the Divine if we have lost the habit and skill of listening? That is one benefit of any extensive dream study. Just to recall a dream in the first place requires intense listening to the Other and any further work on the dream is contingent on an even deeper listening for the inflections and subtleties rising from the depths.

(3) Surprisingly, one of the first associations that came to me when I considered this dream was the image of Moses on Mount Sinai, encountering the Burning Bush. It burned but was not consumed. This of course has been interpreted as a sign that Yahweh—in making His presence known to Moses—"chose" the bush as the vehicle of His manifestation.

But in the light of the dream, I saw the Burning Bush differently. What if it was just a bush, a normal shrub, that Moses looked at, but one in which he "saw" divinity, the Divine Fire, as inherent? In terms of the re-imagining called for by this dream, then, perhaps *any miserable shrub or scuff of grass* potentially reveals the Divine Fire. What if each of us is a potential Moses and *all of nature is Divine*, speaking to us of a new revelation, if only we have ears to hear and eyes to see? As Moses saw prophetically then, so must we see today.

True to the symbolic tradition of his time, Moses had to "ascend" to Mount Sinai for his epiphany; that is, he had to transcend the normal conscious level of his contemporaries. But if my reading of the spiritual crisis of our time is at all relevant, it is now more a matter of delving into the underlying psychic depths and bringing forth, into the light of day, those perceptions, insights and imaginings that will permit us once again to see the burning manifestations of the Divine eye-to-eye, that is to say, *right in front of our faces*.

As each of us struggles to put our experience into words, we contribute to the formation of a new sacred language, so that humanity might walk again in the Garden, at one with the animals and the trees... speaking "eye-to-eye" with God.

In this way dreams, our faithfulness to them and our labors on their behalf, may just point the way to a vision of the new Genesis. ∞



## DREAMTIMES: DREAM EXCHANGE

### DREAM PLACES, WORK PLACES

©2008/2009 by Marlene King, M.A.  
contact@dreamtimesguide.com

What a wonderful and amazing mechanism our subconscious mind is! It gives us a framework (our dreams) to exercise and work out the stuff we cannot get a handle on in waking hours... if we would pay attention.

The following dream includes feelings of lost time and being gone hours—and sense of not being able to anchor in the present after waking. Further, the dreamer had been having frequent internal dialogue about a troubling work situation:

*A national female news reporter walks into the studio of a major TV station after she had killed a bunch of people. Then I saw Oprah broadcasting a very tearful account of the events. Rachel Ray was one of the victims.*

I woke up, then went back to sleep and got further into the dream. When I awakened again, it felt like I had been gone for days. Where do we go? I can still feel this confusion or sense of lost time.

*JW, Green Bay, WI*

There were specific things I suggested to the dreamer who wanted to know how to work with this dream. As I walked her through its contents, I wondered about the reporter and the dreamer's connection and associations with a national news figure who had committed such horrendous crimes. Why choose her and why now? I noted that a feeling reaction

to the horror of the crimes was lacking in the description—only stating that Oprah shedding tears—none of her own. It was only after returning to sleep that the dreamer's feelings evolve and detach, that they manifest as confusion and lost time.

I asked the dreamer if she had any knowledge about who the other victims were and what part of her wanted to eliminate any (professional) people from her life? The fact that the dreamer selected two "darlings" of the media airwaves—who are for the most part beloved and wildly popular—were choices of dream characters I found intriguing. They are both likable and sympathetic individuals contrasted with the villainous female news reporter. Was this about the "good/bad" parts of the dreamer? What/who does Rachel represent? Could it be that the dreamer's powerful/successful feminine was shot down?

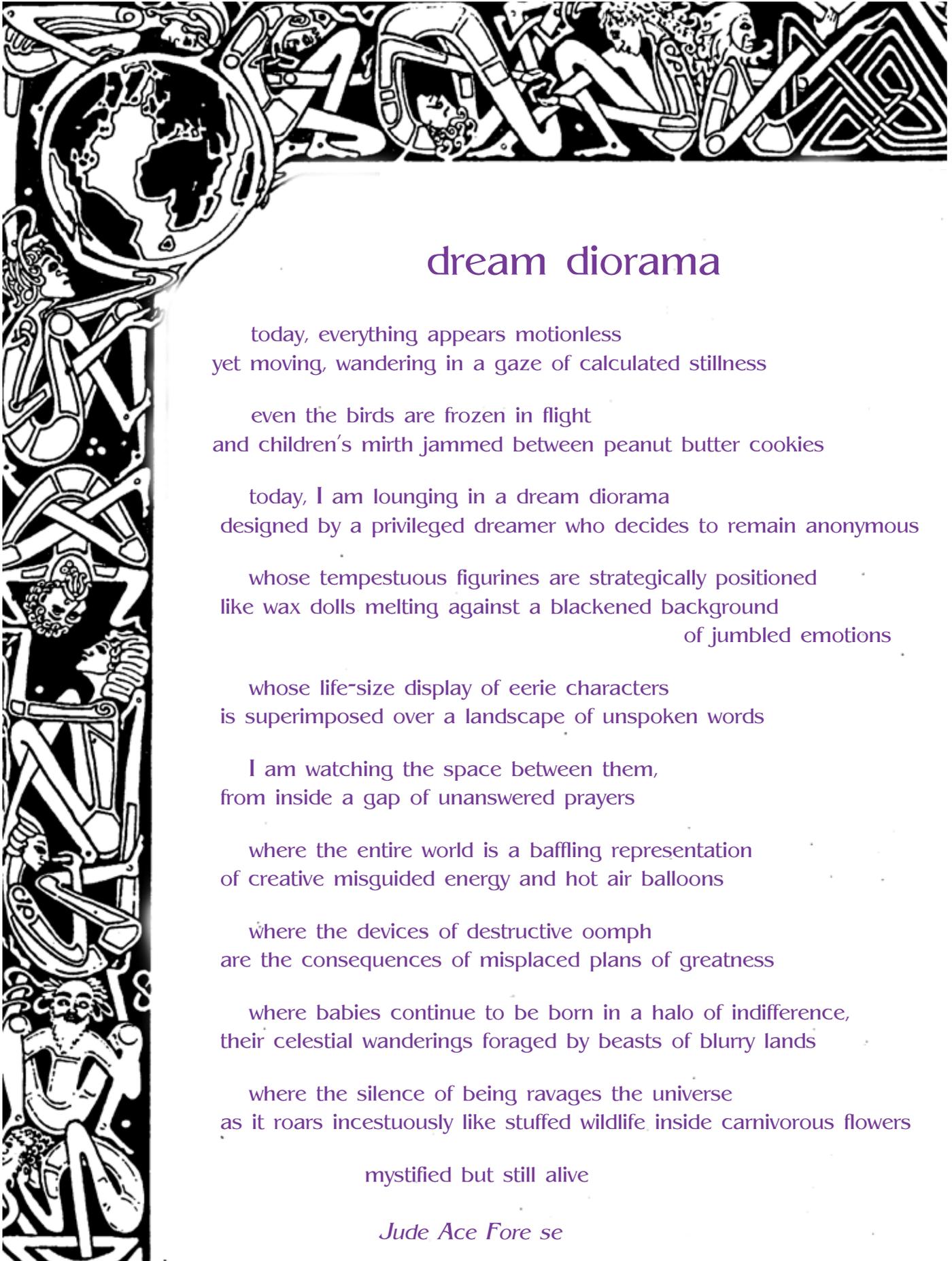
I later learned the dreamer's career is related to the food industry (thus the Rachel connection) and that a newly hired co-worker threatened to destroy the business she had built up by not servicing her accounts properly. The dreamer had suppressed her feelings and did not bring her concerns to the manager's attention.

It is as if the dream characters were working out what the dreamer wanted to do—in albeit a dramatic way—that got her attention.

I further asked the dreamer what more she learned after waking up the second time and if she was able to immerse in the emotional parts?

"When I woke up again, it felt like I had been gone for days." This often happens when doing deep processing work—time warps and lapses and then disorientation. This type of feeling often results after brainwashing and in-depth trainings, also. In response as to where we "go" when intense feelings overtake, it's not that we "go" anywhere but rather retreat to the places where the deep work—suggested in the dream material—dovetails with the waking life concerns we internalize. When connections between the heart and head happen, it's called integration of the Self and that is great work. This work could be achieved within the brain but dreams take it further into other dimensions/realm where it's not blocked and is manageable.

After our processing, the dreamer took action and confronted her boss about the co-worker and the situation eventually was resolved. She stated this was an important lesson for her—that she tends to "not say anything, even when upset." My guess is the authentic Self/Unconscious KNEW it had to work on whatever issues she was experiencing and couldn't do in a waking state... so she identified the problem and found the guidance in a dream. ∞



## dream diorama

today, everything appears motionless  
yet moving, wandering in a gaze of calculated stillness

even the birds are frozen in flight  
and children's mirth jammed between peanut butter cookies

today, I am lounging in a dream diorama  
designed by a privileged dreamer who decides to remain anonymous

whose tempestuous figurines are strategically positioned  
like wax dolls melting against a blackened background  
of jumbled emotions

whose life-size display of eerie characters  
is superimposed over a landscape of unspoken words

I am watching the space between them,  
from inside a gap of unanswered prayers

where the entire world is a baffling representation  
of creative misguided energy and hot air balloons

where the devices of destructive oomph  
are the consequences of misplaced plans of greatness

where babies continue to be born in a halo of indifference,  
their celestial wanderings foraged by beasts of blurry lands

where the silence of being ravages the universe  
as it roars incestuously like stuffed wildlife inside carnivorous flowers

mystified but still alive

*Jude Ace Fore se*

# Dreams Can Light the Way through a Dark Night of the Soul



by Michele Lewis, M.Ed.

The world is yearning for spiritual understanding and renewal. Many of us run through our days in a busy coma, forgetting our true nature and losing track of what's most important to us. But one day, if we're not paying attention to our inner life, the universe will take hold of us and shake. Sometimes hard. Until we wake up. This is exactly what happened to me.

*"Sometimes it takes terrible experiences to bring us to our human knees, so that our spiritual self can be born, and why would we think that is bad? We should be grateful."*

—Ramtha the Enlightened One

About ten years ago, my life—as I knew it—fell apart when accusations of sexual molestation against my brother turned out to be true. Afraid of being gay, my brother had repressed his sexuality and over time, the feelings had found an inappropriate outlet with adolescent boys. The charges sparked a statewide scandal and my brother's face and name were plastered all over the news and newspapers. I was a young mother, a high school English teacher, a good person from a good family. Devastated and confused, I fell into

months of depression. My brother and I were so alike. How could someone like me—someone I knew to be a caring human being—do things like that? My heartbroken parents went on anti-depressants and, after watching me retreat deeper into myself, encouraged me to do the same. Although I appreciated their concern, my soul answered with a resounding No! In mythological terms, I knew I had taken a trip to the Underworld, and that I could not leave until I had gained the wisdom that was waiting there for me. I could not hide from what had called me to a deeper, more spiritually rich life. Only when I had done the inner work, would I be able to reemerge, a reformulated human being, into the light again. Despite our natural resistance to it, pain can be a gift.

## INNER WORK OFTEN HAPPENS IN DREAMS

Several months after the ordeal began—as my brother's case was coming to resolution in my waking world—my dreaming life took center stage. In my dreams, I was able to bring meaning to the crisis and receive guidance about my path. Last year, I

published a novel, based upon these experiences and prodding from my dreams, titled *Reaching Out from the Inside*. One of the first big dreams in the book demonstrates the awakening that was taking place within me. (The scene is also pictured on the book's cover.) Mare Lumen, the protagonist, dreams of a dear friend, a very spiritual woman:

*Sophie placed her index finger in the center spot of [Mare's] forehead just above her eyes ...the third eye chakra. The contact seemed to open up a secret panel in Mare's head. As soon as the finger touched her, a forceful beam of white light poured in and flushed out all the heaviness and pain that had been stashed within. The finger slid across to the left and then over to the right, and as it did, charged energy came pouring through the floodgate, sweeping out the debris and replacing it with a tingling, radiant sensation of peace and power (212).*

This dream launched an intense two-year period of dreaming and dream study. I got more and more lucid as my knowledge and focus increased, which gave me unprecedented access



Michele & her Brother

to my psyche and unparalleled growth in my consciousness. In my dreams, I discovered the truth of existence... that the physical reality is not the only reality and in fact, it's not our true home. As the saying goes, we are spiritual beings having a physical experience. This became more than a New Age mantra to me. My dream life became as real as anything in my waking world. I just couldn't "read" and interpret it as literally.

## LEARNING THE LANGUAGE OF DREAMS

Dreams speak in the language of image. This symbolic expression is a foreign tongue to many, and some don't put in the time and reflection to master it. But oh, it is a rich culture!

This is one of the dreams that took some lengthy reflection to process, but became very clear with time:

*Her brother walked through and wandered towards Mare. He slapped his sister across the face and punched her in the stomach. She reeled back, stunned. Then he punched her in the chest. Seth*

*slapped her over the top of the head, but the instant he made contact she ducked and ran to hide. She wanted to escape this vicious, seemingly unprovoked assault. Who is this person? This isn't my brother. He is not violent! He soon found her and began the attack again. She could not seem to escape the abuse. It hurt. She pushed him away and jogged up some circular stairs. She eventually lost him (255).*

The most salient quality of this dream was the violence. It was not typical of anyone in my family. It was only when I remembered author Robert Moss' guidance, that characters in our dreams can represent parts of ourselves, that I discovered its true message for me. *What did the brother represent? What did I associate with his behavior?* Well, he was very angry, and he was beating me up. It wasn't long before I realized it was my own unexpressed anger about what my brother had done that was taking a toll on me. In waking reality, my brother had received such a backlash from the media and others that I had chosen to show unconditional love

as best I could. I knew he would have to come to terms with his crimes on his own terms, in his own way. I didn't feel the need to further punish him, since I was witness to his deep sorrow, regret and shame. However, I didn't do so well honoring my own anger and pain and it was wounding me as much as a physical beating would, only the bruises were not visible.

My dark night of the soul caused trouble for my marriage, too, as transformation often does. One night I dreamed my husband died of a "heart attack". Figuratively speaking, that was true and the dream was psychologically preparing me for more troubling times ahead, though I didn't realize it until much later.

## DISCOVERING MUTUAL DREAMING

A lot of healing took place in the dreamscape and I had many dream helpers. However, I had many questions, not all of which were answered through my dreams. One night I dreamed *I was in a circle of unfamiliar women. I implored them*

to assist me with my questions. As I woke up, I heard one of them say, "We're sending Danielle. She will be able to help you."

I asked my husband the next morning if we knew any Danielles. We didn't. A few weeks later, we interviewed potential new teachers. I felt a strong connection to one woman. After she left, I looked at her resume again. Danielle. Ahh... Sure enough, within a few weeks, I discovered a dreaming connection with her, and we became friends.

Within the first month of knowing her, I experienced what seemed like a very mundane dream.

*Mare was sitting in a diner further North in Maine. It was a bridal shower and a pretty blond woman was opening gifts at the main table at the front of the room. Her guests were scattered around at tables and booths. Four Native American women, along with Danielle, were in the back of the restaurant. The bride was opening one of the gifts from one of the Native American women and when she got to the card, she found it was written in a Native tongue that she had trouble reading. She tried to speak the words out loud, but she struggled with the pronunciation.*

*Though she was feeling a little like an outsider, Mare felt sympathy for the white woman. She turned towards the group of women at the back. "Maybe one of you could read it for her in English?" she suggested.*

*The women that Danielle was sitting with... laughed and Mare giggled along with them (358).*

In waking life, when I approached Danielle a few days later and recounted the dream, she said with

surprise, "You remember that?" I was confused. "What do you mean," I asked her. "Of course I do, it was my dream." She shook her head. "That really happened," she told me. "You were a tag-along and didn't know it. That's why they were laughing at you. I know these women; we meet regularly in dreams."

Her disclosure boggled my mind. We had dreamed *together*. How could this be? I never would have thought it possible but Danielle corroborated with additional details I hadn't mentioned earlier.

This had far-reaching implications for me but most importantly, I got ample evidence that we are spiritual beings and that we are all connected in the quantum field. Separation really is an illusion.

My dreams showed me the way out of The Underworld. Sure, I had to grapple with "monsters" and dive in the scary depths but dreams helped me open my heart and expand rather than shrivel.

May all human beings, especially those of you going through dark times, find healing and wisdom in your dreams too, because—truly—you are not alone. You are loved and supported in your growth, despite appearances and your suffering is bringing you to a higher place always. Trust in it. Surrender to it and you will ultimately find spiritual freedom and joy. ∞



For more information about Michele or her book, visit [www.MythicHeart.com](http://www.MythicHeart.com).

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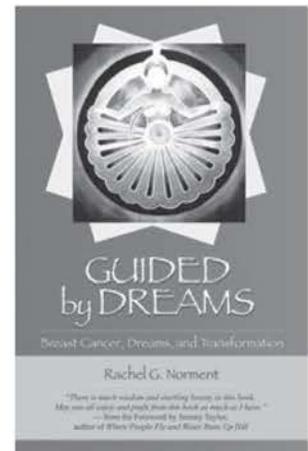
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## Book Review

by David Sparenberg

### THE SECRET HISTORY OF DREAMING

by Robert Moss

New World Library

Publication date, Jan. 15, 2009; \$23.95.

In the Winter Issue of **DNJ** a year past, I wrote a series of mini-reviews which included what was then Robert Moss' most recent title, **THE THREE ONLY THINGS**. It was an ambiguous review, as I found the work then to be halves of separate books which on one hand irritated me yet on the other fascinated. A year later, Robert has a new book and I have a new attitude. **THE SECRET HISTORY OF DREAMING** is indeed the book I was looking for from this gifted and prolific author a year ago.

With his forthcoming, Robert Moss challenges his readers with such provocative questions as, "*What happens when the imagination is driven underground?*" Which is to say, when dreaming is undervalued or suppressed in a society, where does this signature human activity go? He moves on from such questioning to present between pages 101-121 a chapter entitled **From the Dream Library**. Here is my first quotation from this wondrous new volume: (p.119) "For creative people, dreaming is very much about building imaginal space—a studio in the mind where ideas take form easily." While I would change "ideas" to images for higher creative yield, the concept Moss presents does give rise to exciting potentials. For this alone Robert's latest is worth the read. The suggestion of a Dream Library moves the initiating dream journal into a personalized collection combining one's own dreams of significance with dream inspired creative offspring from history, art and philosophy, along with the dream-stories of others. An inspired dreamworker might well include in such a dream library visual art, poetry, music and

storytelling which stirs the heart and mind and sets the soul to dreaming itself awake, moving an evolving, holistic psyche outside the confines of dream-impooverished normalcy and into the schemata of non-ordinary consciousness and creative divinity.

As one moves through the book, the enchanted reader discovers chapter after chapter with such alluring titles as **Joan of Arc and the Tree-Seers, The Beautiful Dream Spy of Madrid, The Underground Railroad of Dreams** and ultimately my favorite: **The Man Who Blew Things Up**. This latter chapter focuses on the interactions, dreams and correspondence between Carl Jung and physicist Wolfgang Pauli. Here again, I return to quotations, encouraging you to accept this invitation to become readers of Robert Moss, to experience some of **THE SECRET HISTORY OF DREAMS** in the author's words. It is my intention that these few cited passages draw attention and convey a sense of the fascination and enchantment with which this new book by Moss is brimmed. It is like a hearty harvest—a winter-worthy feast of word-pictures and examples.

On page 211 we find this:

"Over a quarter of a century (Jung and Pauli) shared dreams and coincidences and wild imaginings, groping together toward a unified theory to explain the interplay of mind and matter at all levels of the multidimensional universe. In their encounters, physics met psychology, erasing facile distinctions between objective and subjective and opening the way to understanding the *unus mundus*, the underlying unity."

The stage set, Robert Moss moves on to relay several dreams Pauli related to Jung—some of which Jung included in his book [Psychology & Alchemy](#).

(p 216-17:) "Pauli dreams of a *treasure in the deep. To reach it, he has to dive through a narrow opening. This is dangerous, but down below he will find a companion. The dreamer takes a plunge into the dark and discovers a beautiful garden in the depths, symmetrically laid out, with a fountain in the center.*"

"In another dream, (Pauli) *is falling, not diving, into the abyss. At the bottom is a bear whose eyes glow alternately in four colors. Looking more closely, he sees it has four eyes that change into four lights. The bear disappears and Pauli goes through a long, dark tunnel. Beyond it, in the light, is a pile of treasure with a diamond ring on top. Pauli is told the ring will lead him on a long journey to the east.*"

Then, in a segment conclusion, Moss reflects and relates: "Pauli and Jung both felt his adventures in dreaming and dreamsharing had brought him to some kind of balance when he reported a dream of exquisite harmony, the dream of the World Clock. He saw *a vertical blue disk and a horizontal disk of four colors, both turning from a common center and supported by a great bird*. This was the World Clock and *it had three rhythms or pulses: a complete revolution of the vertical disk turned the horizontal disk by a fraction; a revolution of the horizontal disk moved the golden ring*. The vision gave Pauli a sense of the most sublime harmony. Jung was fascinated by the image of a multi-dimensional mandala displaying the interplay of time and eternity."

Here again we find poignant and shining examples to justify the gathering of that resource of alterity author Robert Moss calls the **Dream Library**. Assuredly, **THE SECRET HISTORY OF DREAMING** should be awarded a place of distinction in that fruitful compilation of endeavor and metamorphic wisdom. ∞



## Dreamtime and the Shy Storyteller

by Bob (Sandman) Coalson

Once upon a time, the story goes, there was a very shy storyteller. He was a man with a bright mind and a natural talent for creating enchanting stories. But for a long time no one ever heard his stories, for he was incredibly shy. So shy in fact, that whenever he was in the presence of people his voice would completely disappear. No one knew why he had such an inclination because he never spoke about it. One could guess that he had an inferiority complex. Or, maybe an early life experience that marred his persona. No one knew for sure. Nevertheless, while shyness ruled the day, by night, amazing stories manifested in his dreams. This would-be storyteller wanted more than anything to share his stories with the people. But for a time his extensive story collection was relegated to a dreary shelf in his memory bin.

Then one day the shy man was awakened from a whimsical and silken dream in which a unique method for storytelling was revealed to him. In his dream...

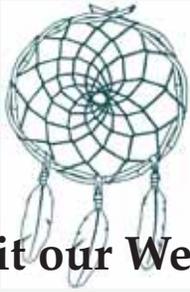
*The setting is a small out-of-doors theatre. People are gathered beneath a grove of trees listening to stories. Front and center of the gathering is the shy storyteller.*

*He is sharing an intriguing story but in a very peculiar way.*

*Standing just in front of him is a small girl performing as a sort of storytelling helper. In the dream, the shy storyteller whispers segments of the story to the young girl, whereupon she then relates each story portion to the people. The dream audience appears to be both intrigued and delightfully entertained, not only by the stories, but also by the spectacle of a child engaged in such an artful expression.*

This dream would not only be inspirational but also prescriptive in the eventual transformation from "would-be" to "true life" storyteller. One could say that for the shy storyteller this dream offered a kind of symbolic rehearsal of a story sharing method that would compensate for his pixilated shyness. With great excitement and passion, the shy storyteller began sharing his potpourri of stories, first in one place and then in another, but always in similar fashion: accompanied by either a young boy or girl. By-and-by his story telling quest was prospering with great success.

In Medieval times, a good storyteller was not unlike a troubadour. For whether the bringer offered melodic songs or told entertaining stories, either talent could earn one a hot meal, a place to sleep, or other alms. So the shy storyteller traveled



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in vagabond fashion far and wide, enjoying a reputation that preceded him for enlisting children to help in what amounted to a wonderfully novel story telling road show. Fanfare and anticipation accompanied the performance as people turned out to see which village children would be chosen and delight in the stories they heard.

Then one day the shy storyteller ventured into a small, remote village to encounter some most unexpected circumstances for which he was ruefully unprepared. Although this idyllic village had lots of people—many of whom were eagerly awaiting his arrival and storytelling—it was unlike any other place he had previously visited. This village had no children at all, just grownups. What an unnerving dilemma! The storyteller—who had built a legitimate reputation whispering stories to children—suddenly found himself at an impasse. Gripped with unbridled anxiety, his thoughts began to race....

"How will I ever share stories without children?" he thought. Then another thought occurred to him, "What about adults?"

"Could I *whisper* stories to an adult" he asked himself. "How dumb that would be," he reasoned. "Even if a grown up would agree to such a thing, the people might not like it. I could be rejected and sent packing, my reputation shattered." For the embattled, shy storyteller there seemed to be no way out.

The village people arranged for the gathering to be held beneath a nearby grove of willow trees the following morning. Nighttime arrived but there was no sleep for the flummoxed storyteller as he tossed and turned mightily. Near dawn he slipped into a brief slumber. Ah, but for the shy storyteller, the short nap produced a very grand dream.

The dreamer...

*... is visited by a grandfatherly appearing man who calls himself "Olapai", a master of storytelling from the days of old and keeper of storyboards in the dreamtime. Olapai offers the dreamer enlightening insights on the healing medicine of the story. The dreamer is told that in each story can be found a truth with three essential lessons that have the potential to heal. For the one in need—when these lessons are heard, embraced and made manifest through faith—then one can be transformed by the spirit of the story's medicine.*

The shy storyteller excitedly awakened to the brightness of morning with an epic realization: he was the beneficiary of the healing medicine of the stories that for so long he had shared with others. The invisible cloak of fear and shame that heretofore had only allowed public whispers had been removed. Later, as the sun marked a position high in the morning sky, the storyteller confidently arrived before his audience. With a smile and clarion voice he passionately announced, "I am a keeper of the story-way and today I share with you the medicine of the stories that I have been gifted to carry." The long silence had come to an end.

On that day the shy storyteller was no more. A new storyteller *persona* had emerged to offer the first story with the spirit of his newly discovered voice—a deeply personal story never before told. With a glint of tears in his eyes that betrayed his emotion he began, "The story goes... that a long time ago in the days of old... there was a very shy storyteller." ∞



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## *Paw Prints of Love on My Heart and in My Dreams:* Lessons Learned from Our Pet Dog, Baby

by Maggie Leonicio Umscheid

*"All things bright and beautiful, All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful, The good Lord made them all."*

*Cecil Frances Alexander (1818-1895) Irish Poet*

**H**ow would we spend our day, if we knew for sure that today would be our last day? This was my first awakening thought on the morning of Friday, January 4, 2008. Neither the welcoming warmth of a new sunny day with a clear blue sky, nor the playful fleeting flights of birds singing around the garden feeder could ease the heavy burden my husband Cliff and I felt in our hearts that day, as we prepared to spend the last hours with our 12 year old black Lab named

Baby. Every second was special. Every minute was an opportunity to observe and absorb the miracle of physical presence, giving and living. Every thought was connecting to God in prayer to help us get through the day.

For weeks, we had been struggling with Baby's fast failing health. We kept hoping for a miracle that would somehow save her from the inevitable departure from her human family pack. Deep in our hearts, however,

the painful reality reminded us that there was no turn around for Baby... we had to return the Gift to the Giver.

As Baby struggled to get up that morning, she wasted no time in showing her desire to begin her daily routine. Her tail wagging salute sent a clear message of her determination to do whatever she needed to do to get through this day. Her smiling, loving, and childlike eyes were like a delicate balsam to our aching hearts.

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As Nature helped us celebrate Baby's life with soothing sounds of comfort, the events of an ordinary day became sacred. We felt God's Loving Presence in this human-animal-spiritual connectedness. Baby left us peacefully and quickly that evening.

The pain of losing a pet is as unique and personal to each of us, as when we lose a human loved one. The grieving process is intimately and individually meaningful. Whereas my husband has often felt Baby's presence and her barks, I have chosen dreams as a tool to help me work through the pain.

I have been blessed with especially timely and meaningful dreams throughout my life. Comforting, guiding, or inspiring, my dreams have served a unique spiritual, meaningful, and healthy purpose in my overall well-being.

Here is a dream I had with Baby on the morning of Thursday, January 16, 2008, ten days after her passing:

*My husband, Cliff, and I are looking out our bedroom window. I see Baby sitting in her favorite spot outside. She looks so beautiful, young and her coat is shiny. She turns her head to look at us looking at her. Then, I see her coming in through the bedroom window and into our bed. She walks right in the middle of both my husband and I. We surround her and love her (just as we did when she was alive).*

I awakened feeling so happy from this dream. It felt so real, as if Baby was back with us again. As I relate the dream to my husband, he is amazed because he was just thinking and remembering Baby too. She came to my husband in his thoughts. She came to me in my dreams. Upon

waking, I say: "Thank you, Lord, for the Divine Gift of Communion with Loved Ones, wherever they may be. Bless Baby. She belongs to You, my Lord. Help Heal our Hearts."

I recognize that my strong desire to relive our memorable moments with Baby ignited this sacred dream visitation. Whether in dreams of the night, our daily thoughts, or our conscious choices in living, we are active participants in our healing and self-empowerment.

By the way, our pet Baby expressed her natural love and lived it. She has left eternal paw prints of teachings in my heart and dreams. Practicing her ways is our way to remember her:



Love one another with kindness  
Walk and exercise to stay healthy  
Live in the moment (like Baby)  
Celebrate life with

Passion and Determination ∞

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About the Author: Maggie Leonicio Umscheid was born in Santiago, Chile. She received her higher education in the United States. Maggie has re-searched and personally experienced the bountiful benefits of dreams and dreaming throughout her life. She is currently working on her manuscript translation: *Gift of Sacred Dreams: A Spiritual Journey of Grief, Grace, Growth and Gratitude.*

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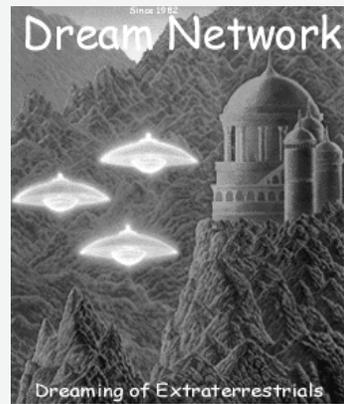
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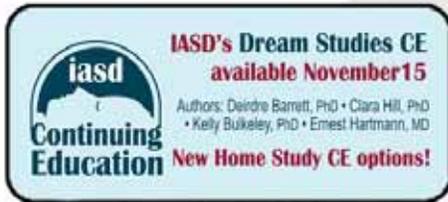
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