

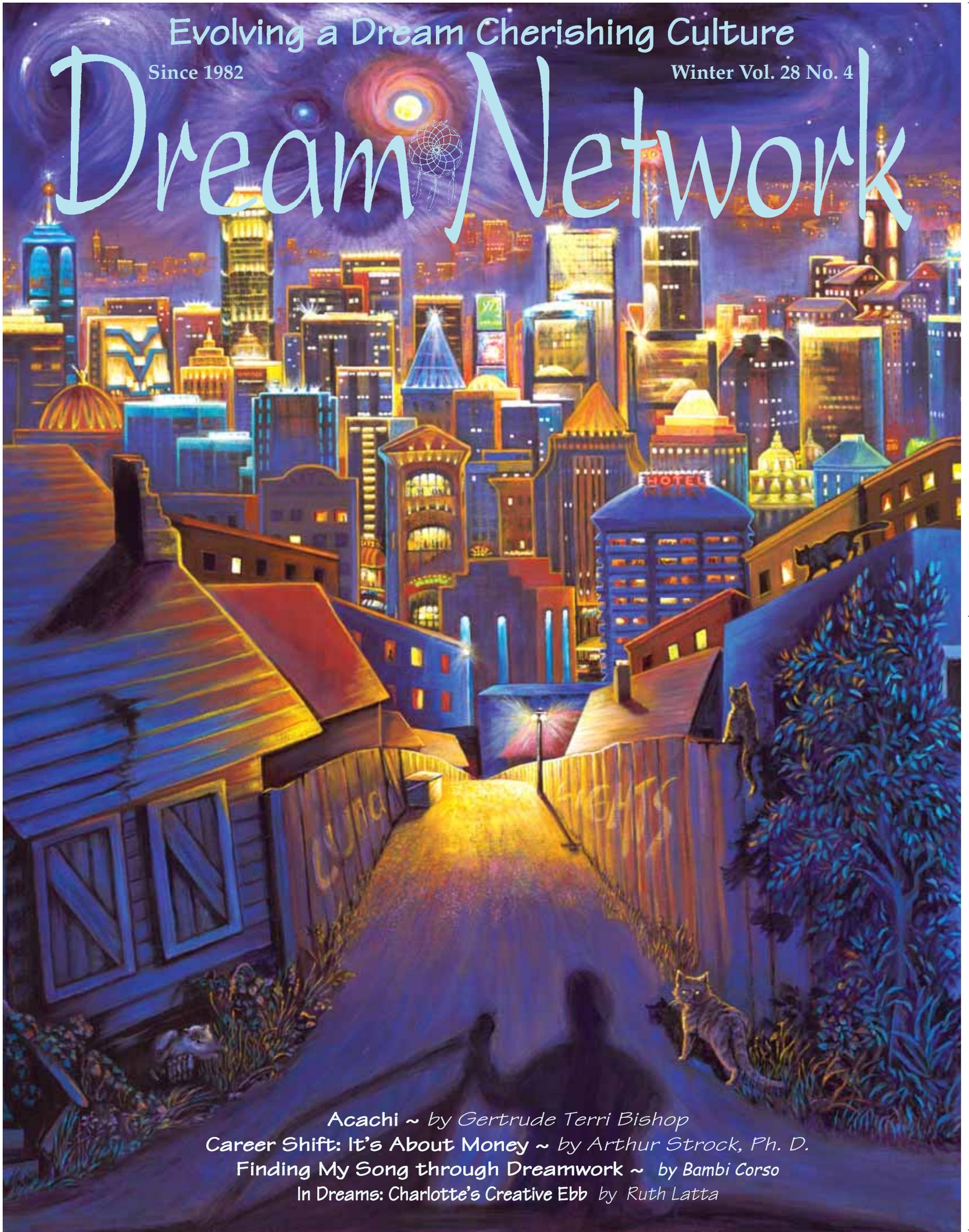


Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture

Since 1982

Winter Vol. 28 No. 4

Dream Network



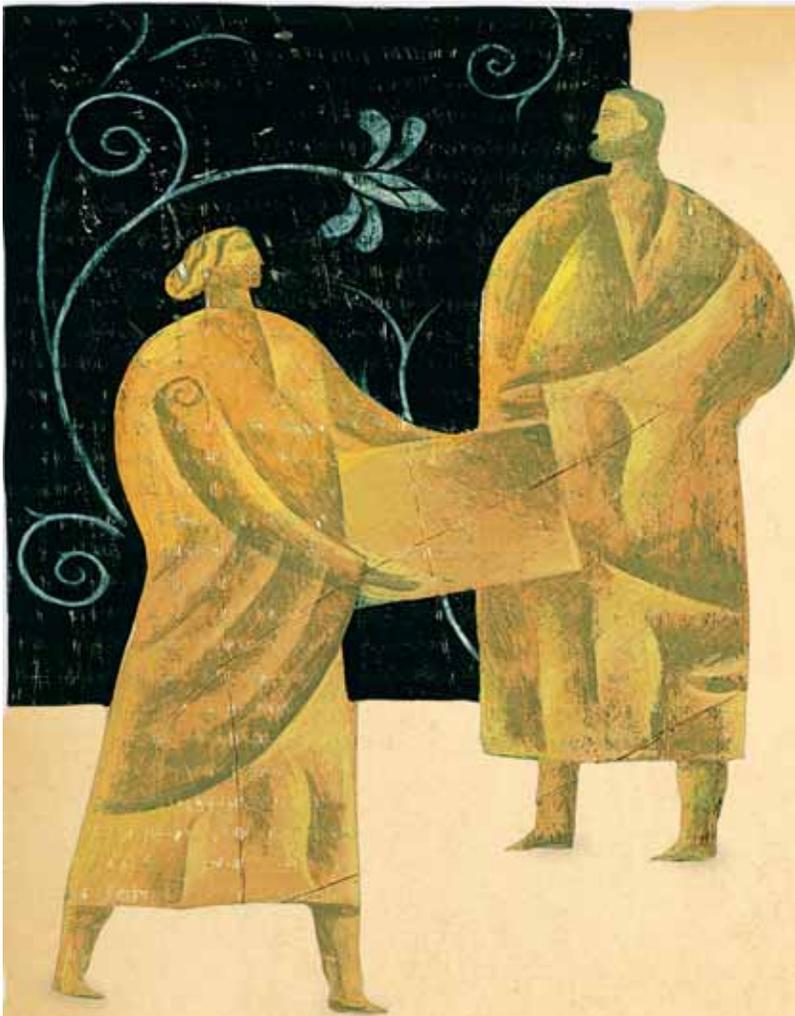
Acachi ~ by Gertrude Terri Bishop

Career Shift: It's About Money ~ by Arthur Strock, Ph. D.

Finding My Song through Dreamwork ~ by Bambi Corso

In Dreams: Charlotte's Creative Ebb by Ruth Latta





For the Sake of Tending the Soul of the World

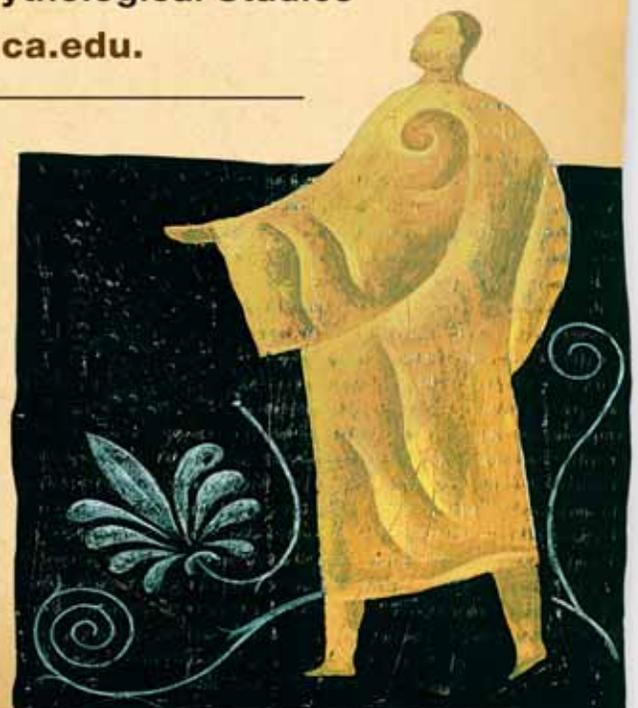
Pacifica Graduate Institute is an accredited graduate school near Santa Barbara, California that is firmly rooted in its vision: *animae mundi colendae gratia* (for the sake of tending the soul of the world). Students enter graduate work with the seed impulse that, when cultivated, opens to personal fulfillment and contributes to the depth psychological tradition. At Pacifica, they develop their innate talents of critical thinking, curiosity, intuition, and aesthetic sensitivity.

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Working Together for the Earth

I am standing on a hillside with a larger group of people.

One person in particular catches my eye.

He has a saddened face with a hint of tears forming in His eyes.

As I approach Him I realize that he is Jesus.

His clothes were similar to ours so He didn't really stand out among us.

I walked up beside Him then walked down the hill with Him and asked,

"So, how is it going?" He replied with tears flowing,

"Look at what you people have done with my Father's creation.

It is a mess." As I stood there looking,

I could see the debris of centuries before me. I went around to

others nearby and told them what Jesus had said.

A few recognized Him but many did not even acknowledge His presence.

A small group of us with brooms, rakes and trash bags

started to clean up the mess. It took teamwork as the

shifting winds would blow the piles around.

If four worked from each side of an area towards the center,

they could defeat the wayward winds.

Jesus watched, smiling as we worked together.



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, 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.

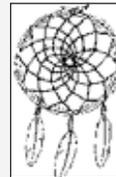
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Upcoming Focus

for SPRING ~ Vol. 29 No. 1

The Healing Power of Dreams or Dreams & Health Care

How have your dreams assisted you in
healing on the physical, emotional or
spiritual levels?

Lifeline: 4 Weeks

after you receive
this issue.

About Our Cover & Feature Artist Brenda Ferrimani

Brenda Ferrimani has been a painter of dreams since 1999, when she left commercial art behind in order to dedicate her time to creating art with personal meaning and power.

Her own dream material has been a fascination, but in recent times she has begun to build a body of work called "Amazing Women's Dreams" which focuses on dreams of other admirable women of our time. The visionary project will allow a glimpse into the psyches of women, give the Feminine Hero a voice and demonstrate how alike we all are in our struggles and growth potential. This body of work will be the basis of an artshow and a book containing the stories of these women, their dreams, Brenda's dream paintings and her personal experience living with the dream material and creating the artwork.

To view the Amazing Women's Dreams and art body thus far :
<http://www.brendaferrimanidreamart.com/amazing.html>

Editorial

AWESOME! This issue marks the completing of my 20th year as publisher/editor of this journal. What a journey it's been! Proof that mysteries abound and that where there's a will, there's a way. Someday, I'll share with you photos of the 'place' (I called it a Hobbit Hut) where I began, while simultaneously completing my graduate degree program... along with stories about the vast differences in doing the work in those early years, compared to now. Remarkable.

When I was coaching teens regarding their futures, helping them to choose among the options available to young people upon graduation from high school and/or getting a GED, I always handed out what Carlos Castenada learned from Don Juan: "Choose the Path with a Heart." The work I do to bring you *Dream Network* is truly heartfelt and soul guided work; the most important work of my life. And, given no clear signs regarding transferring responsibility, I have committed to carry this missive through and beyond 2012. Being Still, Listening (and encouraging you to do the same)... in the midst of the present chaos and storms to come.

In current weeks, I've pondered the question: What purposes does Dream Network fulfill? Yes, our contributors consistently validate the importance of dreams and provide encouragement, inspiration, information and more etc., but the *essential* purpose.

In 1981-82, I worked as a volunteer at the Ojai Foundation where Joan Halifax's was the matriarch. It was an exciting, leading-edge, cross cultural place to be in those days. Tibetan Rinpoches and their entourages, Native American medicine people... there were seminars and workshops ongoing, with presenters like Joseph Campbell, John Lilly, Fritjof Capra,

Jean Hous-ton, Robert Bly, Rosalyn Bryeir... a crash course and peek into a future we're still working to manifest.

There, as a volunteer, I saw many of my co-workers become attracted to this or that discipline, school of thought or teacher... and move from the Foundation to join that project or group. The Foundation was like a stepping stone for many who were seeking their path, their Way.

That's how I've come to see one of the most important purposes and the key function of Dream Network. Over the years, I've been fortunate to meet many fine individuals who at first timidly shared their dreams, their dream-stories, their poetry and art on these pages. I've seen them move from shyness into dreamsharing or dream groups, dream certification programs, universities, to reading, then to writing books, creating inspirational videos, or to one of the many Jungian institutes or dream-focused organizations such as IASD. We have fulfilled a critical, important function as catalyst or stepping stone for many over time. Given I seem to have an innate desire to encourage others, I derive great satisfaction from this view. Nuts and bolts detail work notwithstanding, I am and will always be eternally grateful for this work.

Then, I ask myself: Why was I chosen? Frankly, a very unlikely candidate (in my own opinion)... but that's another editorial/story.

Miscellaneous Info:

Warm welcome to Ann Sayre-Wiseman and her new, important column, *Children's Space* (p. 24).

Poetry on page 26, Dream Network/Autumn Vol. 28#3 was written by David Sparenberg (and not credited to him). Apologies.

Thanks to Allen Flagg, Dean McClanahan, Noreen Wessling, John Woodcock and Pat Kampmeier (who ordered a 5 year renewal!) and so many others for their help. **Love ~ RO**

Editorial Policy

We invite you to submit letters, articles, poetry, reviews and artwork focused on dreams and mythology designed to inspire and educate our readers. We accept articles from every-night dreamers and professionals, ranging from the experiential to the scholarly.

Typical article length is approx. 1600-2000 words. A photo and art work to enhance your submission is requested. Artists wishing to have their work considered for our covers, please contact the editor: Publisher@DreamNet-work.net. Electronic/email, .pdf, .tif or .jpg files are preferred for text, ads, artwork & photos. Please include SASE with Postal Service queries & submissions.

Dream Network reserves the right to edit all material submitted for publication; we retain first North American serial rights only. All copyright reverts to the author/artist/poet after first publication, with the proviso that *Dream Network* is referenced and contact information provided in secondary publication. We retain the right to republish materials submitted in future issues or subject-specific booklets and/or monographs.

We encourage you to list your dream-related research requests and ask that you notify us of dream-related events, services or books which would be of interest to our readers.

We are perpetually 'Exploring the Mystery.' Your participation & questions are warmly invited.



Letters, Questions & Dreams

Talking With Our Dreams Is A MindBody Dialogue

Most of us in our Dream Workshops remember or record our dreams, acknowledging and paying attention to the creativity of our unconscious minds. We've all had dreams that were so full of meaning that we felt compelled to bring them into the world of waking reality in the form of poems, drawings, stories, paintings, healing, problem solving....and most of us know of those people whose dreams have brought inventions, books and systems of philosophy and science into existence.

We start our adventure by understanding the creative dreaming process that occurs automatically for two or three hours every night while we sleep and even comes as breakthrough hunches and intuitions, helped by mindfulness and peak experiences.

Those who don't remember their dreams may be reminded that schooling experiences in our society often mis-educate us from becoming proficient in math, music, art... and in our dreaming. We can all do better at educating our dreams to help us and by educating our other neglected potentialities.

By consciously paying attention to the creative sources within us, we can bring into objective reality the manifestations of our creative well-spring, like a butterfly breaking out of its chrysalis.

Our dreams are becoming actualized into the waking world!

Allen Flagg, New York, NY

When the Time is Right

It has been some time since I emailed you for advice on how to start a dream group. You sent me some wonderful suggestions and information. At the time it did not work out for me to start a group but I saved everything you sent me, plus all my *Dream Network Journals*.

This past Spring I again felt called to start a dream group and in July we held our first meeting. We meet twice a month and are using the material you sent as well as the Jeremy Taylor book *Dream Work*. We have had a somewhat slow start but now that summer is over we are seeing more interest and attendance. Our members who attend regularly are wonderfully enthusiastic and quite inspirational.

Again, thank you, Roberta, for all your support and for being the catalyst for our group here. I will definitely pass on the magazine to the group.

I'm passing along a couple emails I received after our last meeting, which say a lot more about the group than I could say.

Carelyn Parr, Saint George, UT

(Emails sent to Carelyn after her dream group meeting):

I just want to say how wonderful each of the Dream Discussions are, each one holds such gifts! The silly part of me wants to call us "Dream Girls" but in reality this teeny, tiny handful of beings, with you loving guidance has become a safe haven! To see these ladies finding themselves and their wholeness (and facing their shadow selves more fully) through dream messages is truly wonderful!

Our web of creation, together is expanding beyond the rim of the crystal jar... each one of us a part in it's creation.

Thank you for holding that space for us, with us, gently bringing together

the feminine and masculine, right brain left brain, etc... so that balance and safety through unconditional love could help all of us be braver and more honest than before!

xxox, Daniel

DEAR Carelyn, It was so good to see you, today! What a fantastic group. I am just so excited about being a part of it. Thank you, so much, for inviting me!! And... how did you know about me being a Freedom Lover?

Yours truly, Tammy

DNJ: A Stepping Stone to Professional Development

You probably have no idea how incredibly important my work with you and Dream Network Journal has been to my professional development.

Your warm and supportive reception of my early articles enabled me to develop confidence in my writing.

Your encouragement was exactly what I needed to empower my application process and launch my work at Pacifica Graduate Institute.

Thank you so much!

Jeanne Schul, Rome, GA

Our 'Letters' section provides a 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
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Bear Medicine

Dream Network was referenced in a recent paper in *Dreaming*, Vol. 18(3), pages 181-200. The paper discussed dreams and animal rights activists. The name of the author she cited was Picone, Judith (2000), and it was 'Sleeping with Bears' in *Dream Network*, Vol. 19 No. 1, pgs. 12-13. I now sit here in Somerset, UK, very happily exploring my order form to receive back copies of many of your journals.

I am so excited to have found you!

I have a very special reason for wanting to read anything about bears and sleep or dreaming. A few years ago, I was seriously ill... and had had a dream some time previously that *I shape-shifted into a bear*. In the dream, I shouted 'Small bear, small bear, small bear' at my enemies and they shrank in size. You should know I am—or should I say was—a hardened scientist.

When I thought I was going to die (and so did my doctors), this dream bought me strength and courage whenever I thought about it. So much so, that when I recovered I had a tattoo designed of a baby bear with blue eyes sitting next to a woman with blue eyes. They are looking at each other and are obviously connected. Every time I look at it (the tattoo—Yes, I had it done!), I am reminded of the way my soul really looks, as it was shown to me in this dream and I know I have the strength and survival abilities of the bear.

I hope this clarifies my curiosity about the article. I look forward to a long and happy relationship with you and the Dream Network. I hope you don't mind my sharing this with you either.

Kind Regards,

Dr Jennifer Parker, The Dream Research Group, United Kingdom

Do Children 'Inherit' Recurring Dreams from their Parents?

There is one area of dreaming that I am particularly interested in: *Recurring Dreams*. Not in a general sense but in another sense. Several people I know—once they discover that I am writing a book—have volunteered the information that they have had a recurring dream since they were a child but that their own child has then had and continues to have the same recurring dream.

For instance, my friend, Ginny, has a friend, as you will see who had the same dream as her mother. She says the following:

"My daughter, Emily, now can't remember her dream but one morning I woke her up and while she was surfacing she said that she had had a bad dream and described the same recurring dream that I had as a child. *There were pirates sailing round on top of a tall grey tower firing at her and others with canon balls! The atmosphere was dark and smoky and terrifying.*

She clearly described Eastbourne gas works, which is what I saw in my dream, but Emily wouldn't have known that! She could not sense who the *pirates* were, but thought it was family. It was only a short dream but I had the same dream over and over again and now Emily has had it too. She has not had it again but I feel sure she will. When I mentioned this to my friend here, Lucy Colman, she said that she had the same dream as her mother. I can't remember the details but when I see her again I will ask her.

Ginny's friend Laura is also happy to share a recurring dream which she has had.

Laura shares the same birthday and the same name as her mother and they look very alike, although

emotionally they are very different. Laura has had her dream about fifty times over twenty-five years and so has her mother. It is all about *moving from a house that she really, really loves to somewhere that she does not want to move*. She experiences overwhelming feelings of grief to leave this house and to move to a new one. The styles of house differ enormously from Victorian to wooden cabins, to glass and chrome. The style of the house is never consistent but the despair at leaving it is.

Can the only explanation be genetic? Or could it be explained in any other way? Looking forward enormously to hearing anyone's response to this unusual phenomena.

Caroline Kidd, Somerset, England

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Making Dreams Real

A dream, for me, is one way of applying a mystery to my everyday life. I do things—like buying something or taking pictures of objects, people or scenes that I've seen in my dreams—to help bring them into my waking life. I also draw items I've seen in my dreams. I'm interested in learning more about dreams, because I believe them to be intuitive perceptions, often divinations and I use them consistently for guidance. This helps me a lot!

Jay Atilares, San Mateo, CA

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Just Had to Have It!

I found the *Dream Network* in a delightful little coffeehouse and just *had* to have it. I've been interested in dreams for quite some time now and have been recording my night visits on and off for probably the past ten years. Thanks for publishing such a wonderful Journal!

Kevin Shlosberg, Boonton, NJ



Alkaachi

by Gertrude Terri Bishop



HE BOLTED UPRIGHT IN HIS BED. It was 3:17 AM. He had dreamed the same dream he had dreamed for the past 15 years. Like clockwork, every 5 or 6 months, the dream came back to awaken him at exactly 3:17 AM... again and again.

It always started *with him standing at the bus stop waiting for his bus. When the bus arrives, the sign indicating the destination always reads 'FOREVER.'* He boards the bus, pays his fare, and takes a transfer ticket. There is only one available seat remaining behind an African woman dressed in white with a turban of white wrapped around her head and a purple sash around her waist. He sits, staring at her turban, when she suddenly stands, turns around and looks directly at him. She has steel-gray eyes that look piercingly at him as she says, "You don't need a transfer." She takes the transfer from his hands and leaves the bus.

The dream always ended there.

This reoccurring dream troubled him for years—so much so that he once spent an entire Saturday researching dream interpretations. In fact, he researched every aspect of his dream and came away with nothing but more questions.

The next day, he sat, as he always did at the end of the day, looking out his office window and reviewing what he had done or failed to do that day.

The name plate on the desk where he sat read 'Samuel Featherstone, Case Manager, HELP.' The HELP stood for Highland Emergency Living Partner, a non-profit, social services organization that worked with the city of Highland, various coalitions and organizations to assist the indigents of the city. Samuel had been working at HELP since graduating from Columbia University.

To say he had been thrust into a cultural shock of epidemic proportions would have been an understatement. He was, at first sight, overwhelmed by the size of the problem. Over half of the city's population of 50,000 was unemployed or under-employed. Among these were the working poor, working sick, mentally and physically challenged, and addicts of all types.

Samuel's father had warned him about what he had termed an uncivilized society: a society falling within the categories of the unlearned, financially deprived, and unsophisticated. In other words, he had been warned about the poor. In spite of these warnings, Samuel had pitched

in, loving every minute. However, his dream of becoming a catalyst for great social and spiritual reformation had long been abandoned.

Looking out his window, Samuel saw a few people starting to line up outside on the sidewalk that led to the kitchen area. Some of the usual dinner clients were getting ready for the meal to be served at 5pm. Talking with the small group was John Osborn, a 67-year-old black man, who Samuel knew would be coming into the social services office as he always did each day.

Samuel shuffled the papers in front of him reviewing and checking off each application as completed: Mr. Nazareth needed food – check; Mrs. Jenkins needed assistance with her rent, again - check; Mr. Curry needed assistance with his utility bills – check; Mrs. Willow needs help filling out her forms for disability – check; and on and on as he glanced through and checked all thirty-five applications.

As Samuel placed the applications into the box for filing, Mr. Osborn walked into the office and proceeded, without salutation, to voice his complaints about everyone and everything in the 'system' as he called it. No one was exempt from his tirade – including the



President of the United States .

"However did Bush become president?" Not waiting for an answer, he continued, "The man can barely find his way to the bathroom." After going on and on about the president's ineptitude, he focused on various members of the president's cabinet and members of congress before settling in on the local Highland politicians.

Samuel interrupted Mr. Osborn's homily, "The dinner line is starting to form."

"Yeah, I know, but I still have time.

What Mr. Osborn really wanted was a place to sit and rest rather than stand in the dinner line for an hour. He usually got to the building a little before 4pm but no one was allowed to loiter around the building before 4pm. He knew that HELP would be feeding between 50 and 100 people each day so when there were about 15 or twenty people in line, he would go outside and take his place.

Samuel was glad when the phone finally rang so he could excuse himself and Mr. Osborn would leave.

"Sammie?"

"Dad?"

"Happy birthday, son. I bet you thought I had forgotten. How did your day go?"

"Everything went well, Dad. You know, it's just another day. I don't make a big thing about it. How's Mom?"

"Your mom's fine. She is down at the Kennedy Center for some awards ceremony, but she sends you her best wishes and says she will be calling you later."

"How are things going with you Dad? Still trying to work your way into another heart attack?" Samuel knew life wasn't as easy as his father made it out to be. He also knew that there was something hypnotic and intoxicating about wealth that leaves people like his father feeling self-reliant, self-secure and even god-like. Wealth also requires a long-term commitment which leads to the grave.

***"Just remember,
you were not sent to
this earth for some
exalted purpose.
Your exaltation—if you
proceed down your
chosen path—will be a
celestial exaltation
throughout the eternities."***

"In this rat race, you don't have to try very hard. You just have to stay one step ahead of rogues and scoundrels."

"Speaking of rogues and scoundrels," Samuel said, "I saw quite a few of your old-time friends on the news. Seems like they got caught with their hands in the cookie jar. What do you think about that?"

His father laughed and said, "If you are not smart enough not to get caught, then you need a lawyer like me. Play it straight or pay me to straighten it out for you. Either way, you will pay through the nose."

"Well, Dad, when our life's work hinges on power, prestige and popularity, what happens when the hinges break?"

His father evaded the question by saying, "You know, I was talking with your mom yesterday and the funniest thing occurred to me."

"What was that?"

"Did you know you and Barack Obama are the same age?"

"Dad, I am the same age as a couple of million other people. So what's so surprising about that?" Samuel

sighed under his breath knowing where his father would go with the conversation.

"Well, you know Obama went to Harvard Law as I did. Just think, if you had decided to become an attorney, the road would have been already paved for you. With all the donations we have given Harvard as well as my name recognition, you could have acquired not only a certain celebrity distinction but doors would have been opened for you that you would not have been able to open yourself. In fact, you could be running for president instead of Obama. What do you think about that?"

"Dad, let's not go down that road again. I made my decision to go to Columbia University School of Social Work and I'm happy with that decision. I hope Obama is happy with his decision to go to Harvard Law School. I wish him well."

As his father rattled on and on about the missed opportunity that had been waiting for him as his only son, Samuel's thoughts reminded him that his life did not mirror that of his father's or mother's—both were professionals in the full sense of the word—attorney and physician. Neither did his life bear any resemblance to theirs: No one saw his picture in the newspapers or on television. He had never appeared on 60 minutes. He never had a book on the New York's Best Sellers List. No Nobel or Pulitzer Prize had been awarded him. In short, very few people even knew who he was or what he did in life... or cared. This was fine with him.

"Sammie, are you listening?"

"Yeah, Dad."

"Did you get your birthday bash money?"

"Yeah. Thanks loads." His father and mother never sent a gift they had bought. Instead, they always sent a cashier's check for \$10,000 with a





note saying, "Have yourself a bash!" He never did. He always put \$5,000 into a CD and gave the other \$5,000 to various charities throughout the city. He never told his parents this.

"Well, kid," his father said, "I've got to run, but I want you to know my greatest fear."

"What's that Dad?"

"I'm afraid when I die and leave all my fortune to you, you will give it all to the Salvation Army."

"I have a good solution to that problem," Samuel said.

"What's that?"

"Don't die."

They both laughed and said goodbye. Samuel glanced at the clock and realized it was after 5pm closing time. He cleared off his desk, grabbed his brief case and jacket and headed for the door.

When he got to his two-room efficiency that evening, he turned on the television for the 6 o'clock news, put a bowl of beans in the microwave and thought about all the people in the world who felt their dreams for this world would never be realized.

Before he realized it, it was time to go to bed and he felt sure he would sleep soundly, because he had not been able to go back to sleep after his dream the night before. But as soon as he had settled into sound sleep, the dream popped into focus again. Only this time, *the only vacant seat was beside the African lady in white. As soon as he settled into the seat beside her, she said, "I am Akachi. May I take a minute of your time?"*

"Sure," Samuel said. He wanted to come right out and ask her who she was. But most important, he wanted to say that he had seen her in his dreams for years but he couldn't because he knew that she would think him crazy or something.

"I see you didn't transfer," she said. "You should know that our destinations are set before we are born but very few people live out their destinys. We often deviate, detour, or, in other words, transfer from our preordained destination to some other path. You started thinking about this transfer the night your father became angry with you for selecting ColumbiaUniversity over Harvard. Because you love your father very much, you were not sure you should live your own dream. Then, when

your father had his heart attack, you were very close to doing what your father wanted you to do."

Samuel finally recovered his speech and asked, "Who are you?"

"As I said, I am Akachi. Akachi means the Arm of God. God uses me as one of his arms to assist those who have special devotion to serving his earthly children."

Samuel looked hesitantly at Akachi and asked, "Then, are you here to tell me something about my life—like whether or not I am on the right track with my life?"

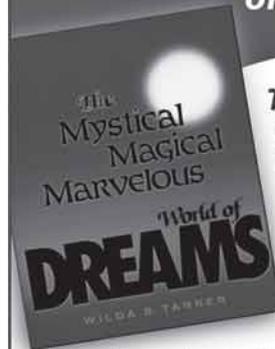
"Indeed," she said. "You have always been on the right track but from time to time, you have questioned your decision. You have done well but don't question again and you will not see me again. Neither will you have the dream again. Just remember, you were not sent to this earth for some exalted purpose. Your exaltation—if you proceed down your chosen path—will be a celestial exaltation throughout the eternities."

Before Samuel could say anything else, Akachi was gone...

... and so was the dream. ☽

Contact Ms. Bishop via email at g_bishop@bellsouth.net

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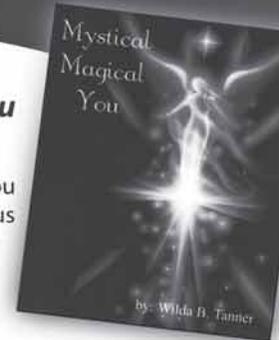
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Finding My Song through Dreamwork

by Bambi Corso

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A LOVER OF DREAMS, and I have always known that working with them would guide me throughout my life. At a young age, dreams became vital for my well being. There was something about them that fed me, something that deep inside I knew was absolutely necessary for my own development and evolution. Thus, dreams became a practice in commitment, mindfulness, and trust.

As a child, there were three things that I was profoundly interested in. One of them was doctoring, and the others were reading and writing. In those days, I was fascinated with medicine, the idea of which was initiated by my mother who practiced holistic medicine and the power of the mind so we could heal ourselves. I was a very quiet child, so reading and writing were ideal forms of communication and therefore became my other big interests.

In my late teens, and far from the memories of my childhood interests, I began a 27-year career in the corporate world of administration and later executive management. Though this type of livelihood was stable and I learned a tremendous amount about business, it was unfulfilling and devoid of passion. I watched my dreams carefully as they pointed to high levels of creativity, meaning, soul and purpose. These dreams seemed to keep me going and kept me hopeful that the pull of my future would eventually find me. I had read a quote by Oliver Wendell Holmes stating, "Most people go to their grave with their music still inside them", and vowing to myself not to be one of them, began dreaming of searching for my song, my calling.

Throughout my years in the corporate world, I was often visited by images of fire, injured or angry animals, destruction and the lack of having a voice. These dreams,





though disturbing and upsetting, encouraged me to work on myself, to begin to heal the areas of my own personality that were far from being whole and complete. My vacations were spent going to spiritual retreats with the goal of learning something else about myself that I could transform. It was obvious to me that I had to dig deep in order to find my strength, my confidence, and my voice.

As my life evolved, I was often visited by dreams of healing and the desire to make a difference. There was an overall sense of unseen forces at work in my life represented by images such as alchemy, guides, mysterious people or animals, finding treasures and themes of metaphysical elements at work. These dreams helped me to remember that I was not on my path alone, and that there was help coming from somewhere else.

In 1998 I was given my first song in a dream. *I start this process of cleaning up and recycling, and eventually all the remaining people start to help too and now we are all working together toward the same goal of cleaning up the Land. As we are doing this, I start hearing an Indian song, one I've never heard before and it just repeats over and over as we pick up the trash. Everyone works an area at a time like we're a human machine picking up the trash in a herd type fashion. I notice some other people now showing up, dark people, but I don't think anything of it as I continue to clean. But the song continues and more and more people show up and now I realize that they are hairy and naked, like old ancestral primitives and they are holding staffs. Still, I continue cleaning, but now they have encircled us at the top of this mountain area. I suddenly realize that these are the people of the Land! They never say a word, but they acknowledge what we*

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are doing by showing themselves to us, which is so rare and such an honor, a reverence takes place between us. I see the looks in their eyes as they stand here proud and strong which is hard to explain. They are still living on the Land and watching over it. They are grateful. I hear a voice say, "Social Knowledge Keeps Us Both", like living together in harmony, honoring one another for our lives and our differences. The idea of cleaning up the Land became more a representation of cleaning up the emotional and spiritual land of people with whom I would eventually work.

Continuing to watch for indications of what I should do with my life, I dreamed that I myself would be doing dreamwork in a larger way when *"I am at a conference and Stephen asks*

me if I'll introduce the next set of people, which I do, but then feel bad because I don't know enough to say anything more than that about them, and I need to be better prepared."

Based on this dream, the next night I attended a local Toastmasters meeting whose name was Rhetorical Link where two of the dream images were represented in physical form. The first was the name of the Toastmasters group represented as a family surname in the dream (Link), and the names Bob and Hope, which came up when the main presenter made the unsolicited comment that, "Well even Bob Hope says he still gets nervous every time he speaks." I knew then and there that I was being guided to this place, and I spent the next two years learning the skill.

The next clue came in 2001 when I dream, *It's fascinating, for "Sound" is traveling between the two Poles, in an energetic way. I can see the night sky behind the poles and so there is a sense of vastness. These little tiny particles of sound travel between the poles, and then bounce off each other. The particles are together like a swarm of bees and travel the same kind of way, it looks the same, and so all these particles fly through the air and then hit one Pole, and as they hit, it sounds like a shattering of breaking glass, but then I can also hear voices and maybe some music for a moment as the particles actually touch the Pole. As soon as they hit one Pole, they start moving to the other Pole, and the same thing happens. I am just blown away by what I am seeing and so fascinated!"* Years later, I acknowledge that these poles were the first introduction of the Law of Attraction, and that Like attracts Like which would play a huge role in my soon to be career.

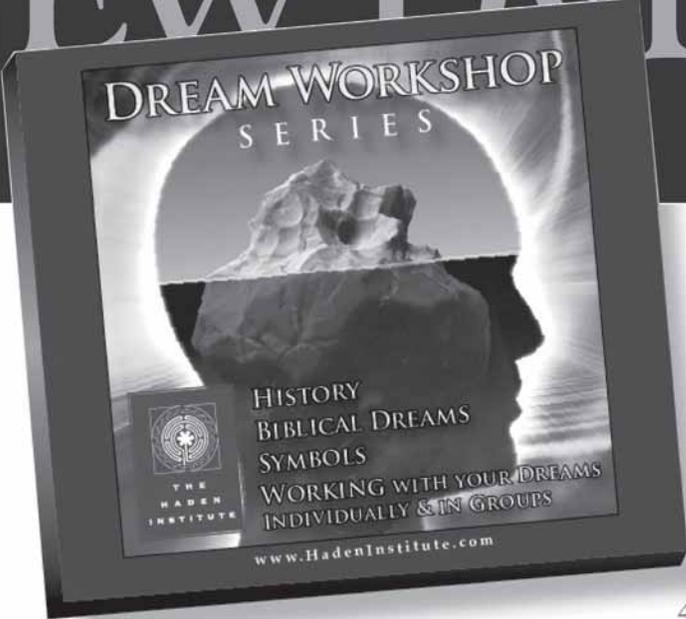
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opportunity presented itself and I knew intuitively that this was what I had been preparing for. As a Life Coach I could combine all my years of personal study and knowledge to create a healing business to empower people to transform their lives in a positive way.

Looking back, I realize that everything has its time. What's important is that we begin the gestation period by first planting the seeds and then watering them little by little to allow them to grow into full bloom. For me, it was never just one dream that moved me onto my path, but the unfolding of a dream series called my life, in story... one night at a time.

I have since completed my Certification as a Law of Attraction Life Coach, and hold two certifications through the Pacifica Graduate Institute where I was trained by Dr.

Stephen Aizenstat Ph.D. in his method of DreamTending. My Life Coaching business, *Living with Purpose... On Purpose* is a combination of life coaching, dreamwork, and a life's worth of experience and spiritual practice. It is a direct result of following the guidance received in my dreams. I now inspire and guide people to do the same utilizing the Law of Attraction and the wisdom of their dreams which I also write articles about. Decades past my original interests, I now consider myself a healer of sorts, and get to enjoy the pleasures of reading and writing in a way that supports my calling.

I believe that similar to James Hillmans' "Acorn Theory", we are all born with a sense of who we are to become already built within us. The guidance system that helps to reveal these gifts is that of dreams and

intuitions, showing us where we feel our desires and our emotional responses allowing us to choose which direction will best serve us. Dreams help us navigate the waters of identifying who we are and what we truly want to be through their ability to move us emotionally, mentally, spiritually, physically and symbolically. When listened to deeply and given proper attention, dreams offer a highly calibrated guidance system designed to help us stay on track, correcting our direction by suggesting adjustments in our thinking, actions, decisions and relationships so that we can live the life we desire, the life of our dreams. ♪

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Year of the Peacock

by John C. Woodcock Ph.D.

IN THE EARLY NINETIES, I WAS FIRED from my agency job where I worked with children, using the sand tray method. The dismissal was sudden and without explanation. I met with the administrator and he began telling me the usual bureaucratic mumbo-jumbo as to why I was fired. I felt angry and accusatory and was ready to launch an attack. In that moment, I glanced out the open door to the garden and saw three peacocks silently looking in. My anger vanished and I quietly interrupted him, pointing them out. Without shifting his momentum he said that they are

noisy birds and when they cry out he and others think it is children screaming.

As he spoke, I was reminded of a recent dream.

A client of mine is in desperate straits. I place her in a tent and I lay bread crumbs at the entrance to attract the peacocks that would heal her.

When I left the office the peacocks were gone but I felt this experience held much meaning—that is, the firing, the appearance of the peacocks and the sudden eruption of my dream

memory are threads to a weaving of some kind.

The most immediate effect of this event was to separate me from the mental health profession. The peacock experience was a *moment*. It revealed the nature of the mental health profession and my relationship to it. The administrator's response to the appearance of the peacock was to assimilate the fresh experience to the familiar screams of children. That is all he and the profession can hear. It is reductive and keeps the industry going. I don't belong there. His response neglected the moment of





the peacocks arriving at the door and instead he spoke about screaming children, i.e. his own fixed categories into which all direct experience is pushed. The peacock became screaming children.

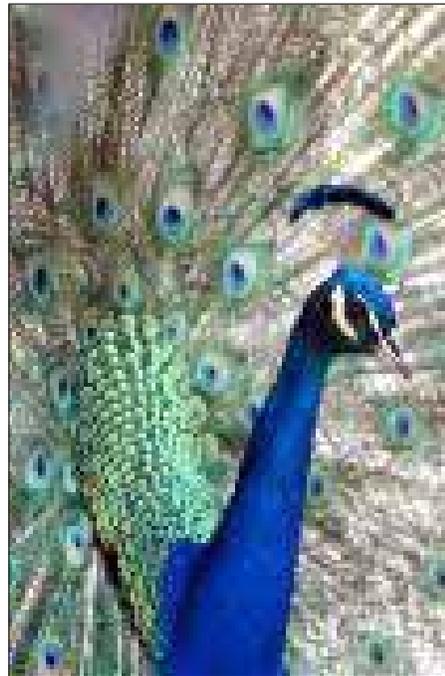
My response was more immediate and I did not assimilate the moment to my feelings of being fired. For example, I did not conclude that the peacocks were protesting the firing. Instead it felt more like an appearance, at the very moment that I was being booted out of a job and indeed as it turned out, from the entire Managed Health Care system. In other words, as I was being led away from collective containers of experience, something was coming towards me, in silent greeting, carried in the symbol of the peacock.

On my birthday in 1996, I had a dream in which:

I find a peacock in a yard, while all around busy traffic, work etc. is going on. It is stunningly beautiful with iridescent colors. His tail is not in display—maybe not quite old enough. He is very friendly to me and comes up into my arms. I hold him. I am worried about traffic and want to hide him but am told not to worry. There is a mate in the yard too. This dream gave me a feeling of something emerging in its own time, something very beautiful.

I shared the dream with my mentor who sent an e-mail back to me:

Dear John... very important the peacock comes to you... you are a friendly holder in the busy-ness of the world. Who has time for peacocks?! If one thinks of this as a task (as well as a privilege) then it IS your task to hold the peacock until it's ready. It's not necessarily something you've done yet, perhaps something still to come. Clearly though this is a



promising dream. (An interesting word—promise = 'to let go, send forth'). So, I think the unconscious is promising you something, it has sent forth to you the peacock, for you to hold it. Don't necessarily think of it as something already experienced, i.e., keep your eyes open to see what you find in the "busy-ness" of the world. And what of the mate? A generative image and further promise.

Lastly, he added:

Do look to the sky later this month and see the brightest comet in four hundred years, Comet Hyakutake, last around here about 10,000 years ago!

This birthday in 1996 was particularly important to me in other ways too. The previous six years had been a time of tremendous hardship for me. My astrological chart had been ruled by transiting Saturn which was sitting squarely on my Sun-Jupiter in Aquarius, my sun sign. It was in this period that I was faced with the reality of everything Saturn stood for: the weight of time, responsibility,

discipline, money worries, the impossibility of outer movement, constriction, depression. But by 1996 Saturn had moved across to Pisces and Uranus had moved into Aquarius. Uranus is of course the ruler of Aquarius where it is exalted, as they say. The timing of this new astrological configuration, with my dream and its hint of a promise of things to come, felt "right" in the sense of a meaningful coincidence.

On a cloudy afternoon of March 24, a friend and I set off to view the comet *Hyakutake*, heading east over the mountains to find a possible location to view the comet peeking through the thick cloud cover that is so much a part of the Northwest weather. It didn't look promising. We drove for about two hours into Eastern Washington, left the freeway and began meandering along the country roads of Wenatchee. We were following our noses, and each other's suggestions: down this way, across this beautiful river, around a bend, tracing the contours of a low hill. The hill looked promising as a viewing spot but the clouds were still thick as the day drew to a close. We didn't know what we looking for yet the way in which we went back and forth helping each other along the way suggested strongly to me later, when I reflected on the whole episode, that we were being purposeful in the sense of *telos*—having purpose yet the goal remaining hidden or unknown.

At last we turned the final corner and stopped the car. We had indeed arrived at the place where we needed to be, yet neither of us had known of its existence. There before us were peacocks. It would have been startling enough to see one peacock but there were several trees filled with them. We were at a peacock farm. Apparently they were retiring for the night. Several crossed the road in front of us as we sat in silence, marveling. There was no need to go





any further so we got out and watched for some time as these wondrous birds, bedecked in their fine iridescent plumage moved around us, quite unafraid. Like the peacock in my dream, they were not in season as their tail feathers were not full grown. My friend and I beheld this display in quiet wonder, both very moved, until it became dark. Then, in yet another spontaneous gesture of mutual accord, we turned the car up a little dirt track that revealed itself and led us up the hill where the peacocks were also heading.

There, among the tall firs that crowned over us, we found a dry patch, spread a blanket and waited in the cooling night. We even napped a little. I lay on my back looking up in the direction of the Big Dipper, which I could just see peeking through the clouds. I watched for a couple of hours and witnessed what modern people see so very seldom—the great vault of heaven moving over me, silent and vast. The Big Dipper arced its way westward degree by degree and about 11pm, a window opened up in the clouds revealing the full glory of the night sky. There was the Big Dipper unveiled now and near its handle, a soft ball of white light with a tail spreading outwards from it across half the sky above us. We were granted a clear view of the comet *Hyakutake*, the comet that had last been seen 10,000 years ago.

It is such a peculiar feeling to witness in silent stillness such a grand spectacle of light that seems so full of motion and sound. The comet did not move relative to us except as the Sphere of Heaven arced overhead, slowly and majestically. The great tail of the comet which suggested so many “whooshing” sounds remained poised in suspension. The effect was to produce a moment which felt so portentous, pregnant with meaning. Comets have always been seen this way: i.e., as portends of the future



and now I was feeling it, personally. 10,000 years is a long time between visits and I marveled at the fact that 10,000 years is the time span that Joseph Campbell uses to measure the emergence and final decline of the great City States, ruled by the Priest-Kings. In this long span of time, the foundational myth was of the Universe as an orderly mandala in which every aspect of earthly existence has its allotted place and role to be fulfilled in concert with the whole... just as the planets do, revolving faithfully in their orbits, forever regular.

I had the privilege to witness the second appearance of the comet that had ushered in a cultural era lasting 10,000 years and which may be presiding over the death of this same era, now at the end of this millennium. After a while the clouds closed over again, as if to draw the curtain finally, on this extraordinary day, and perhaps, era...

I dream of a peacock, healing others; holding the promise of something to come; peacocks appearing as harbingers in my outer life; a comet appearing. At the same time I learn that comets, peacocks and transformation are connected on the macrocosmic scale as well. Comets have long been associated with portentous events in history, particularly violent catastrophes and the tail of the comet is likened to that of the peacock, as indeed is the entire sky.

“The serene and starry sky and the shining sun are peacocks. The deep-blue firmament shining with a thousand brilliant eyes, and the sun rich

with the colors of the rainbow, present the appearance of a peacock in all the splendor of its eye-bespangled feathers. When the sky or the thousand-rayed sun... is hidden by clouds, or veiled by autumnal mists, it again resembles the peacock, which, in the dark part of the year, like a great number of vividly colored birds, sheds its beautiful plumage, and becomes drab and unadorned... .”

(De Gubernatis)

During the next seven years I was indeed turned away from the Mental Health Profession where I had worked for twenty odd years. I entered a period of deep uncertainty and my book *Living in Uncertainty Living with Spirit* describes some of the many twists and turns my life took.

Now, in 2009 I am once again working with people here in Australia but what is my new profession? To be in a profession, we must have taken vows of some kind. To profess is to take a vow. So, what vow have I taken? There is one steady drum beat that sounds through all the vicissitudes of my life to date and I know that drum beat only gets stronger as time goes on. A vow has been taken and I have been unwavering in that regard: I love the objective psyche and trust the guidance I get from it—even though to follow its hints disturbs the security and certainty of the ego.

When I work with people these days—while we engage in the usual *here-we-go-again-gaieties* (Joyce) of our daily lives—I also watch and listen for the silent appearance of the peacock into our conversation and my vow is simply to exercise hospitality toward our new guest.

I suppose you could say this is my new profession, although I have no name for it! ☺

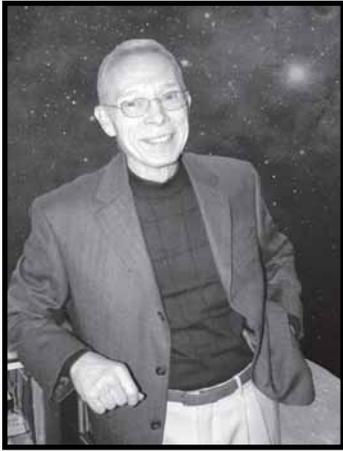
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Dr. Woodcock may be reached at [jwoodcock@lighthousedownunder.com](mailto:jwoodcock@lighthousedownunder.com)





# Dreaming the Light of Insight



Arthur Stroock, Ph. D.

## CAREER SHIFT It's About Money

**MONEY COMES TO MIND** for most of us as soon as we think about changing jobs or moving into a new career area. But, where's the money going to come from? The sometimes tongue in cheek answer, "From wherever it is now" doesn't always help us feel better.

Possibly a more important question is what area of work would be most fulfilling. Deciding what we would like to do is often a surprisingly difficult question to answer. Years ago, after finishing my doctoral dissertation, I wondered what kind of work to look for. I had been a counselor in a guidance clinic, so counseling seemed like a good option. On the other hand, feeling a bit overly impressed with my research abilities, I wondered if a research position might be best. Also, with a doctorate, there was the possibility of teaching.

At that point in my life, money was a critical issue. I had gone through family savings to complete my degree and in addition to that was thousands of dollars in debt. Compounding the problem were the inevitable expenses of having a school age daughter and an unemployed wife.

Dream incubation seemed like a really good idea! I did not want the task of pursuing jobs in three different career areas. So, before going to bed, I posed the question: "What would be the best job area for me to pursue, counseling, research, or teaching?" The next morning my mind was filled with *a college song, the words to which called students to gather together*. The dream required little interpretation. I telephoned the head of the psychology department at a nearby community college, to whom I'd recently sent a resume. While talking with him, I heard the rustling of papers, which I imagined was a search on his desk for my resume. Whatever the case, he asked if I could come to his office sometime within the next couple of weeks for an interview. Well, not having a job, it was pretty easy for me to say that I could do that. Then he asked if I could come to his office within the next couple of days. While attempting to control my over the top excitement, I quickly answered, "Yes". A couple of days later, after being in his office not more than a few minutes, he was handing me the textbook from which he wanted me to teach. Clearly, the dream had paid off! I enjoyed wonderful enriching experiences teaching several different courses before making another career shift.

My current situation is somewhat different. Now retired from a school psychology teaching position, I live modestly on retirement income, supplemented by income from consulting work. I wanted to know how I could find more time and money to support work in the area of dreams to include writing a book. My wishes were encouraged by a dream *calling me to devote more of my life to helping people connect through their dreams*. So, the question came up: "Where would the money come from if I stopped my income producing

consulting work to allow time for a career shift to dreams.

You can imagine how an AARP news letter headline, *Boost Your Income!* caught my attention. Always on the lookout for a magic pill, I couldn't resist reading the related article, *Second Thoughts?* The article outlined a little known option for retirees receiving Social Security benefits. The option requires paying back what has been received and reapplying at one's current age, in order to receive a dramatic increase in monthly benefits. Other advantages of this option are that the government does not charge interest on the amount previously received, and even allows a tax credit for taxes paid on past benefits. The article seemed to be saying, "Sit back in your chair and process that one for a while."

A call to an old friend who had worked in the area of finance for years was an attempt to get a reality check on the option that seemed too good to be true. He quickly pointed out things that could go wrong with such a plan. He did a good job of stirring up all sorts of fears in my mind, including fears about the Social Security system itself. Once again, dream incubation seemed like a really good idea! Dream incubation results are often most easily understood if a simple yes or no question is asked, in my experience. In this case, impatience ruled. I asked, "Would it serve me best mentally, emotionally, physically, spiritually, and financially to pay back my social security earnings in order to get a higher rate?" Well, I guess that covered it.

My overly ambitious dream incubation question resulted in a multiple dream response that was amazing, overwhelming, unsettling, and confusing. There were far too many symbols and statements to consider all at one time. In a part of one dream, *I was disappointed about something, but*





knew that the "system" was working. I was surprised that the process of writing down the dream also turned into a loosely connected dialogue with my higher self. I heard my inner voice say something like "Look at Arthur's bookshelf." I also heard the words, "the cellular phone." Then, came a harsh inner voice message, "He's making money on his own" while at the same time seeing a mini vision of a donkey pulling a cart, followed by inner voice statements, "data has put out an advisory not to ....", "the money is gone," and "using up time."

One dream, however, seemed particularly helpful. In the dream, I looked at a set of hinges. Even while still dreaming, I realized that they represented something. With work I got them to move and swing freely. Then I looked at another set of hinges, slightly larger but not looking quite as good. In the process of working with them, they began to move, but required a light coat of grease to move freely. I eventually realized that the hinges represented a play on words. An important message of the night was that the decision about the Social Security option hinged on work, or put differently was tied in with how I could best use my time.

Then a distant recollection from years before oozed through my mental haze. I recalled that my father—who worked as an accountant—had used the term "donkey work." Now donkeys have played prominent roles in the history of man, but apparently weren't very highly regarded by my dad. He used it in reference to the parts of his work that were unrewarding, repetitive, and non-thinking. I felt deeply hurt when I realized that the dream image of a donkey pulling a cart represented "donkey work," which for me was the emotionally unrewarding consulting work that I had done for a very long period of time.

We may find that successful courses of action can be enhanced by integrating dream information from the

unconscious with very conscious waking life information. The talk with my friend had not been helpful, but a consultation with my accountant turned out to be very helpful. A few simple computations resulted in a delightful surprise that the increase in social security was close to double the amount I earned from my consulting work. Presto, my decision was made! I would change my social security status so that I could stop working at lucrative but unrewarding work, and replace it with dreamwork.

No doubt about it, career changes are about money, or as a light hearted little friend of mine used to say with a smile and tongue twisting rapidity, "No bout adoubt it."

Meaningful career decisions are also so much more about our personal values and ideals than we might consciously realize. Fortunately, dreams can help us contact our deep heart and soul and encourage con-

sideration of the interplay between the financial and less tangible, but vitally important personal factors. Certainly dreams present us with unexpected, meaningful, and creative behavioral options. Utilizing an interactive process that included logical reasoning and intuition furthered my ability to make the much wanted career shift. The process also illustrated how dreamwork can be so much more than just interpreting all of the symbols contained in a dream.

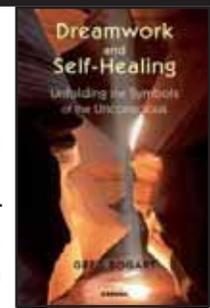
So, if you feel the need to make a career shift, you may decide that dream incubation is a really good practice. I send you my best wishes for your up-and-coming career changes. Please write to me about your experiences, I would love to hear from you.

P.S. Just as I completed writing about my new career decision, I got a call offering me more consulting work. How about that for a test... and synchronicity? ☺

## Dreamwork and Self-Healing

Greg Bogart, Ph. D., MFT

This book explores archetypal themes and complexes, symbols such as the ouroboros, king, puer, wounded healer and cross-gender imagery. The author shows that dreamwork is a natural antidepressant and is helpful in transforming anger and couples' conflicts. The book also explores synchronicities, spiritual awakening, and representations of the body in dreams.



"Greg Bogart's inspirational approach to spiritual depth psychology is potent medicine indeed. We find ourselves drawn into these gripping stories, awed by the vitality of dreams, which reveal both the sources of our wounding and paths to healing. For anyone seeking the guidance and wisdom that comes to us from the mystery within."

~ Linda Schierse Leonard, Ph.D.

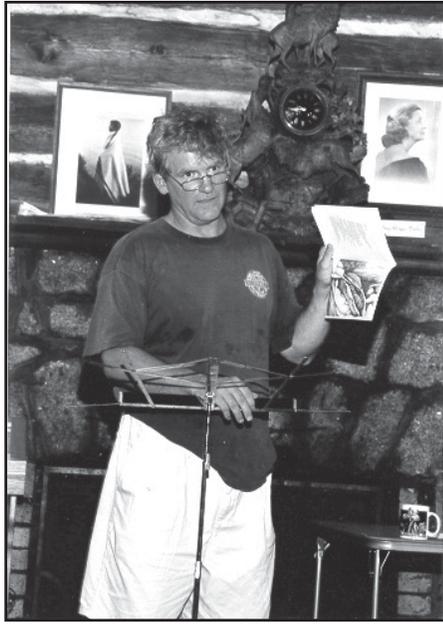
"Greg Bogart shows how Jungian dreamwork can be applied effectively in brief-term and long-term therapy, couples counseling, group process work and as a catalyst for personal transformation. "Taming Wild Horses" is a powerful case study that's unlike anything I've ever read. Bogart's brilliant chapter on dreams and spirituality makes this book highly recommended reading."

~ Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.

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# Choices: What Would You Do?

by Jeff Lewis

SOMETIMES DREAMS SHOW US CHOICES.

I want to share with you several dreams that I think illustrate a difficult choice I had to make. In this case, it was a choice of life path. To be more specific it was a choice between two very different "spiritual directions." I want to present you with the dreams illustrating this choice of paths with as little commentary from me, the author, as possible.

Unlike most articles on dreams and their interpretations, I am not going to tell the reader which path I eventually chose. I may do so in a later article spelling out some of the consequences of my choice, but for this piece I want to leave the reader with the raw material to pose to them that difficult question — on a cold and snowy night faced with a fork in the road which of these two paths would you take through the dark woods of life?

I had these two dreams in order on the same night in the early 1980s. In the first dream

*I am walking down a city street in Boston, Massachusetts at night. I am walking, alone, on the other*

*side of the street from the one I was mugged on and in the opposite direction, as if back toward my friend's house where we had dinner that night. Without warning a black angel emerges from an alley on the left, strides forward raising a revolver in his right hand and shoots me in the head in the temple just above my left ear. The last thing I remember as the bullet slams into my brain is how beautiful the angel's face is in the gun flash.*

The street, about a block from the Christian Science Mother Church, is one a friend and I were mugged on at gunpoint by three black youths on Christmas Eve in the early 1970s. We were walking to the subway station after dinner at a friend's apartment where the uncomfortable topic of conversation happened to be the then-controversial slasher flick, "The Last House on the Left," which our hosts had seen, but which my friend and I had not. The two of them seemed powerfully struck, even obsessed with the film.

Our muggers took what little cash we had, threw our wallets in the street, then the one with the gun pistol-whipped me on the head. Later, when we reached the Red Line subway station to Cambridge,

MA, where I lived at the time, we noticed a blind fellow creeping closer

and closer to the edge of the platform and the fall to the tracks as a train pulled in. Assuming he intended to jump in front of the train, we moved forward and pulled him back. It was that kind of night!

In the second dream of this night

*I get off a Chicago and Northwestern commuter train coming from the city of Chicago in the suburb of Barrington where I grew up, attended high school. It is 7:00 AM and as I step down off the train, I notice how bright and beautiful the morning is. The train, I see, has stopped just out of town at a station at Hart Road (I believe it is at Hart Road that I get off, as that is the name of a very successful New Age artist acquaintance of ours at that time but which did not, does not exist, in reality). Over across the parking lot and the trees on the other side, I can see the huge high school I attended in the distance as well as the football stadium where the Broncos, the Barrington team, used to play. I recall playing there, being a co-captain of the team when I was a senior. A huge rush of nostalgia for those years when I was an athlete, team captain of all three of the sports I participated in, floods through me. The train pulls away, leaving me alone on the*





*platform and for the first time I notice him down in the parking lot. He is one of the most stunning beings I have ever seen in a dream.*

*He is leaning against a parking meter down in the parking lot as if... he was a car parked there that a "commuter" had left to catch the train. Even from this distance, maybe a hundred feet away I can see the dried trickle of blood down his cheek from the bullet wound in his temple. And he is steaming, steam is pouring up off him in the bright, morning sunlight. He is steaming because he is hard-frozen, frozen so stiff he could be left like this leaning against the parking meter.*

*Of course it is me. I, even I, can see that! Despite the fact that dead fellow over there with the bullet hole in his head, right through his brain, that same brain so terribly prone to bouts of "acute depression" is me. I sure don't want to go over there and... feel him, let alone be him! It is such a beautiful morning! I feel so... fine, so cheerful, so alive! The sun is shining, the fields of athletic glory just over the treetops beckon and here comes my old High School girl friend in her dark blue school choir robe to meet me at the station!*

*Yes, here comes A., my National Honor Society President, Christian girl friend to meet me! She mounts the steps smiling, her generous lips part, her gray-green eyes sparking, her tawny hair in a ponytail, holding out her hand for me to take. I am thrilled to see her and she seems glad to see me as well. She takes my hand and together we head toward that nice, New Age church over there, the last house on the left side of Hart Road with nary a single look back at that poor frozen fellow still leaning so embarrassingly against that parking meter in the parking lot.*



*As we walk down the road toward the church, chatting animatedly about what has happened in our lives since we last saw each other, I notice the headless Nike of Samothrace—the famous "Winged Victory" displayed on a landing of the Louvre Museum in Paris—standing, her great wings outstretched, in the lawn in front of the church. My girl friend, A., and I turn and walk up the sidewalk to the church where I look forward, at last, to being a part of a community.*

Those are the two dreams had—nearly 30 years ago—that I feel illustrate the choice I faced in order to take the path with heart.

I would like to pose the dilemma I faced in this dream to the readers of this article and ask each of you to choose which way you would go given these dreams, from among the following possible actions. Here is a list of possible actions you might take to choose from. One of the choices is the actual path, the action I took. In a future article, I hope to fill you in on the consequences of that choice.

Here is the short list of possible choices, there may be more. Suggest your own if you see one.

1. To follow "A." and enter the New Age church where it is likely I will find some measure of community.

2. To begin doing artwork that incorporates a New Age, Hart spirit, thus gaining greater success and possibly greater community in the process.

3. To take the dream as a suggestion that I might have a "calling" as minister in such a church, (I might add this is something I was considering at the time) and that the "sacrifice" to achieve this goal was the bowing, or losing of my head in favor of a greater one.

4. To take the longing I felt for the "fields of glory" where I had starred as an athlete as a suggestion to take my life in that direction... possibly as a coach or athletic instructor.

5. To consider this dream a "shaman's" call, one in which I have been "called" to address, to help heal the affliction of "acute depression."

6. To return to the fellow, me, leaning up against the parking meter and dare to feel him, discover why it was he had been shot on that Boston street in the first place.

Please choose which action you think you might take. You can email your choices along with your reasons for the choice to me [delfi@centurytel.net](mailto:delfi@centurytel.net) or to *Dream Network Journal*, [publisher@DreamNetwork.net](mailto:publisher@DreamNetwork.net). ☺

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JUNG AS I CAN BE...

Submitted Anonymously

I'M DRIVING WITH MY PUPPY, Sophie, on my lap. I push her off. I'm too close to the car ahead of me. I'm struggling to find the brake, afraid we're heading for a crash.

How would Swiss psychologist Carl Jung (1875-1961) interpret this dream? Would he note that "Sophie" comes from the word Sophia, meaning wisdom? Since the famous analyst saw all dream images as representing parts of the dreamer, perhaps he'd identify Sophie with my own "instinctual" self.

Jung often spoke of the "second half of life" (after age 40) as a time of deep personal renewal, often preceded by confusion and angst. How did he know what I was going through? At least I was imploding on schedule.

In the space of a year, I had lost three different career paths. I'd been pursuing each part-time, simultaneously, and now couldn't do any of them. Actually, I had relinquished one voluntarily—a 25-year pursuit of theatrical success. Mistress Theatre had finally taken her toll on me—in time and money. The other two part-time vocations were abducted in a staggering succession of uncanny and strange events outside my control. Because of changes in a law, and in boardroom rules, I could no longer legally work in these positions. The rapid, immutable rulings left me dismayed, disoriented... but also feeling directed. I was "supposed" to be doing something else. But what?

Just before this career free-fall, I had plunged into a voracious reading frenzy of Jungian psychology. I couldn't explain why. I just needed to read the books.

Jung's writings were too difficult for me, so I was reading works by his protégé, Marie Louise Von Franz. She

was the ideal mother, offering encouragement and inspiration to my battered psyche. I devoured her stories of myths and dreams. They were good, wholesome food, nurturing long epic dreams of my own. My experiment: to read everything written by the prolific Von Franz, to record my dreams every night and see what would happen.

I started my reading on Christmas break. I brought home 10 books. They were rarer items—retrieved from academic libraries throughout Illinois. I carried them like freshly picked produce. They were my prize and my solace. Life had become confusing. I didn't know where my career was going and these books were a temporary release. I plodded through them, even though I only understood half of what I read. After two weeks, I went back for another stack.

While I kept a steady diet of Von Franz, I also read other prominent Jungians, referenced in other books or on Amazon. My reading list kept growing—edited in a file on my hard drive.

A year later, I'm talking shop with Jungian Stephen Martz.

Martz seems to be a kind and gentle man—someone who could entice you to bare your soul. His analyst's grey hair speaks authority. His intense gaze suggests intelligence and enthusiasm. If Jungian therapy were in my budget, I'd ask Martz to be my analyst. He exudes warmth and wisdom—and lives in my neighborhood.

It's a treat to interview Martz for a magazine article on Jung and dreams. It's a subject close to my heart.

"What have I learned?" Martz responds rhetorically. "To take the unconscious seriously. Life is so much more than what I see and touch and smell. It's a journey inward, to a different reality."

Jungians typically interpret everything

in their life, not only dreams but daily events. As Martz sits in front of a poster depicting a traveler at a fork in the road, he tells me about a recent flood in the basement room where we're meeting. From my reading, I know that water can signify the unconscious. A flood could represent being lost in one's unconscious dreams, fantasies or personalities.

I don't suggest this but ask if he has an interpretation.

"Not yet," he said. "I'm just sitting with it and seeing where it goes over time. But it was duly noted."

I tell him, "It can drive me crazy, trying to interpret every single thing that happens."

"Well, there is Freud's famous quote, 'There are no accidents,' and I think that is mostly accurate. But Freud also said, 'Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar,' and I think that's true for Jungians as well. I will know in time what the event meant."

I appreciate his patience and am glad I didn't offer my simplistic interpretation. "You don't feel any pressure to understand it right away?"

He doesn't. Martz takes a long view of his dreams and the journey of self discovery. He believes that, "when you're working analytically, the longer the period of time, the better you understand (dreams or events). It may take many a circle before we really get it."

I keep circling around this topic. My editor asks me "why?" "Why do I feel compelled to read Jung?"

I'm embarrassed that I can't seem to answer her simple question. I've been struggling with this assignment, to write about my Jungian experiment. Am I simply reluctant to reveal myself? Or is it because I'm actually unaware of what I'm doing? Will my editor think it's a cop-out to say, "I don't know?" For me, my lack of awareness is further proof of Jung's





theories. He said that all of us are mostly unaware of our motivations. He said that we receive most of our perceptions and intuitions from outside our normal waking consciousness.

I ask Martz to describe a “formative” dream, one that was decisive in his life. He finds it difficult to choose one. As he opens a simple spiral notebook with great care and tenderness, he decides to quote a recent dream.

“I meet a man who is younger than I. He is carrying a newborn infant. We talk and I recall when my children were infants. He gives me the baby to hold. I am deeply moved by this very tiny baby in my hands.”

He closes the notebook. “I will probably be working with this dream for several months. I think it has a lot to say about my ‘charge’ as I go forward as an analyst—particularly on my ability to hold the tiny and the vulnerable.”

I too recorded my dreams in a notebook but then bought a small digital recorder since I could never decipher my scribbled notes. Now I whisper my dreams (to not wake my husband) and then diligently type them in the morning. Sometimes an interpretation seems obvious—A man stuffs paper towels in my mouth, trying to stop my singing. (How often has an inner saboteur stopped me?) But many times I’m frustrated. Why is my unconscious so obtuse? Elegant people are having a party in a very dilapidated home. What does that mean?

I ask Martz why interpreting dreams is so difficult.

“I think it’s like learning a foreign language, only harder. It’s the language of symbols. We’re not taught that language. We’re so rational and so scientifically oriented; we don’t believe these images. We don’t trust them. I have one client, when he tells me a dream he challenges me, ‘See if you can get something out of this.’”

He laughs at the memory. “I think it takes years and years and years and sometimes the hardest to decipher are our own.”

I’ve been recording my dreams for over a year. At the beginning, I had four or five every day. Now they’re tapering off. Even though I couldn’t interpret them, I hoped that the act of recording would bring me a benefit. Von Franz counseled me: if I’d humbly open myself up to the reality of my unconscious, I’d be rewarded.

So I recorded my dreams as an act of faith. A friendly greeting to my unconscious. Almost immediately, I felt subtle but powerful shifts. My hunches grew stronger and I had a strong premonition—just before the career earthquake—of a different professional path to explore. It was a very palpable feeling of direction. Synchronicities (the term Jung gave to coincidental events that have meaning) keep happening. These “coincidences” propel me on this new path that I sensed over a year ago.

I also began to have “aha” moments, suddenly seeing my quirks. Jung says that our conscious self, our ego, is like a man walking in sunshine—unaware of the shadow that follows his every move. I was starting to see darker parts of my personality, the shadow that others saw but I had not. I caught fleeting glimpses of embarrassing traits—such as my impatience with children.

I ask Martz, “How does the public misunderstand dreams?”

“They think, ‘I dreamed of something just as a rehash of the day.’ They don’t sense that they are important. The problem in our culture is that everything is ego.”

Maybe that’s why I cannot easily answer the question, “Why am I compelled to study Jung?” My “ego,” my conscious self doesn’t know. Why am I driven to cover my home with alchemical art? I don’t know. Not

fully. I only know that buying this strange art, reading these indecipherable books and recording my dreams feels right. “Feels right.” There is some part of me that knows why, and this part is pleased.

When I talk about this double of myself, I remember that Jung spoke of this also—in his autobiography. I am only now, nearly two years into this experiment, beginning to have a sense of what he might have meant. My double, call it my unconscious half, perceives the world much more completely. She picks up a million nuances that don’t quite register in my waking mind. She retains memory of all the events that I’ve repressed or forgotten. And she knows all the parts of me, not just the parts I approve of, but all parts—those sinister and virtuous.

It feels impossible to explain and piece together all the separate strands that form a path and then a life. While struggling with this assignment I’ve been examining the twists and turns of my life’s journey. I realize that my Jungian experiment was a search for guideposts on the path. It was also, most importantly, a search for God.

When I interviewed Martz, I was intrigued with the poster in his meeting room. I now see why. The poster spoke of my current situation—a traveler at a fork in the road under a sign that points in two directions. One says, “There’s no going back there.” The other points a way ahead. I’m starting a new path with dreams helping to guide me. Describing their content may not make much sense to you (or to me), but even without understanding them they are providing the tiny intuitions I need.

Mordred, a hawk in a recent dream, lands on my shoulders. I’m waiting for the pain of his talons sinking into my skin. But there is no pain, only our flight together. It is a good dream, one that encourages me as I pursue a new path. *∅*



Children's Space



Help!

with Children's Dreams

by Anne Sayre Wiseman

I have been invited to introduce a column that would help parents and adults with Children's Dreams. I am delighted and eager to share some stories and helpful suggestions gained from my years of working with my own dreams, those of my students and many children's dreams. All have worked with my creative method.

In truth, all ages seem to have very similar fears, they just take different forms. Children, being virtually defenseless, made me want to put together a book that would give kids permission to discuss their fears, learn from fear, face fear and possibly negotiate a better position than that of the helpless victim.

The dream mind that creates strange and unusual stories while we sleep demands to be heard but most people rarely bother to do much more than say "I had a weird dream last night," and let it go at that.

I believe our dreams come with a message—often imbedded in a metaphoric situation—that focuses on an out-grown strategy, or that dreams mirror our lives, our fears our hopes and problems in an indirect way that makes us stop and think.

Listening to peoples' dreams and working with problems, I am amazed at the unique originality that the night minds of young and old create while

we sleep. Imagination has no boundaries! Our stories are different, but we all have pretty much the same kind of fears, embarrassments, aspirations, disappointments, regrets, shames and injustices.

While recording my own dreams, I find if I hone the symbols for their essential feeling and translate the dream into a metaphor, the message of the dream is usually helping to illuminate some element or problem in my life... one from which I can learn or change for the better.

But working with children's dreams requires a different approach. First, our job is to promise to talk to the child about their dream in the morning, see if we can both learn something from it. Next, it is important is to comfort and reassure a frightened child. The art of listening is critical and lets the child know you are taking their dream seriously. That's middle-of-night or morning dreamwork.

Later, you can find ways to empower your child and teach them how to learn from fear, itself, by discovering ways to help them face the fearful images in their dreams. That is, to face fear with an active and creative approach. Children have their own ways that are adapted to their abilities and their ways are often better than anything you might suggest.

Watch for clues!

When my first son, Piet, was four-years-old, he was wakened by a bad nightmare *about the house burning down*. Trying to be helpful, we suggested that the next time he had a dream like that maybe he could use his new red fire engine and put the fire out. Next time he had the fire dream, he came down stairs and announced he had put the fire out!

"How," we asked? "I peed on it," he said. It can be as simple as that.

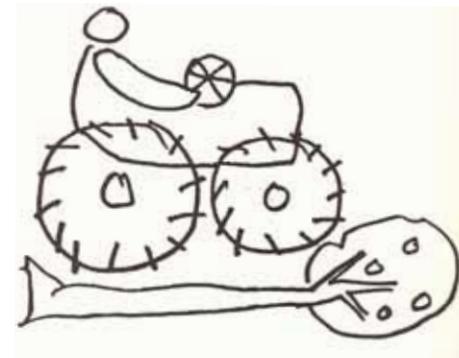
Children's dreams need to be handled carefully and creatively. ONLY if it is

easy and safe to talk about the bad dream, you can start by asking for a drawing. Sometimes a child does not want to re-experience a fear unless you can help the child feel safe by suggesting they invent a shield, a cage, or create a distance from the monster, armed with helpers... in a simple drawing. Once the frightening 'monster' is thus safely encaged, children feel safe and more willing to dialogue with the scary element and find out why it came.

Drawing the dream puts the monster on paper; once a monster is put on paper, it can't move!. That alone is a safer place than having the image stuck in the dreamers' mind. Talking to it opens up the story that may help the child—and you—to understand why it came and what is behind the fear. Ask the child if there might be a way to negotiate a better position than being the victim. Action empowers the dreamer!

In order to better explain my approach, I will be using some of the stories from my book *Nightmare Help: A guide for adults from children*. Therein are examples that cover the most common kinds of children's dreams and how you might work with them yourself in a creative and helpful way.

Mindy is 5. She dreamed that *a big tractor ran over a baby tree*. She drew this picture and she knew there was something unjust about what the tractor did and felt bad for the baby tree. She couldn't understand why a tractor would deliberately do such a mean thing!





to start the work with Mindy:

Q: What is happening? How do you feel looking at your picture?

Mindy: I think that was a very mean thing to do.

Q: Do you know how that feels?

Mindy: Yes, the tree feels it was mean and he shouldn't have done that.

Q: how does that make you feel?

Mindy: I'd feel angry and hurt

Q: What would you like to say to the tractor?

Mindy: Why did you do that? The tree can't move; it is planted!

Q: What do you hear the tractor say?

Mindy: He says "What do I care, I didn't plant you."

(Wow, what is an adult helper going to do with such an honest answer?)

Parents and dreamworkers are inclined to leap to an adult interpretation, but stop!

Be careful when you work with children's dreams not to analyze. Instead let the child lead you into a possible solution according to the child's point of view and ability to act on the situation.

At 5, Mindy recognizes the feeling of not being wanted and she knows the tree has rights... so, before you jump to your adult interpretation, ask the child to close her eyes and see what she could think of that would save the tree from being run over.

I did, and immediately Mindy had this solution:

Mindy: I could build a house around it; tractors can't run into a house.

Mindy's solution was much better than punishing the tractor or running away or hiding from the tractor. Her suggestion empowered her more than seeing herself as the abused unwanted tree.

She drew a house around the tree and

she even drew a skylight to give it light so it could grow in the protection of the house. And she said " Maybe when the tree grows tall, it could offer the tractor shade."



I doubt that many of the adults would have thought of such a generous, kind-hearted self-empowering solution.

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IN FUTURE COLUMNS I'd like to discuss what we can learn through working with children's dreams, such as negotiation skills, how to curb the urge of boys to kill, etc. And I want to celebrate the strange and original inventions of the night minds imagination and the wonders of flying dreams.

If you have questions, or a child's dream you'd like some help with, please contact us. Send in the dream, the drawing, the story and your thoughts about the problem. Please include your email address and permission or not, to discuss the dream in my column. ☺

Ann Sayre Wiseman (Ansayre) is an artist, author of twelve books on creative process. She earned a masters in Art Therapy from Lesley College. Previously she was Program Director for The Boston Children's Museum Visitor Center. Presently Ann conducts workshops in Art, Imagery and Dreams and What To Do With The Rest Of Your Life at The Cambridge Center For Adult Education, Esalen Institute and exchange programs here and abroad. You can visit her website at www.annsayerewiseman.com or email annsayer@aol.com

The Psychology of the Child Archetype

Carl G. Jung's CW 9i, The Archetypes and the Collective Unconscious,

paragraph 289 (Excerpt)

"It is a striking paradox in all child myths that the 'child' is on the one hand delivered helpless into the power of terrible enemies and in continual danger of extinction, while on the other he possesses powers far exceeding those of ordinary humanity. This is closely related to the psychological fact that though the child may be 'insignificant,' unknown, 'a mere child,' he is also divine. From the conscious standpoint we seem to be dealing with an insignificant content that has no releasing, let alone redeeming, character. The conscious mind is caught in its conflict-situation, and the combatant forces seem so overwhelming that the 'child'—as an isolated content—bears no relation to the conscious factors. It is therefore easily overlooked and falls back into the unconscious. At least, this is what we should have to fear if things turned out according to our conscious expectations. Myth, however, emphasizes that it is not so, but rather that the 'child' is endowed with superior powers and, despite all dangers, will unexpectedly pull through. The 'child' is born out of the womb of the unconscious, begotten out of the depths of human nature, or rather out of living Nature herself. It is a personification of vital forces quite outside the limited range of our conscious mind; of ways and possibilities of which our one-sided conscious mind knows nothing; a wholeness which embraces the very depths of Nature. It represents the strongest, the most ineluctable urge in every being, namely the urge to realize itself. It is, as it were, an incarnation of the inability to do otherwise, equipped with all the powers of nature and instinct, whereas the conscious mind is always getting caught up in its supposed ability to do otherwise. The urge and compulsion to self-realization is a law of nature and thus of invincible power, even though its effect, at the start, is insignificant and improbable."



Dream Poem

A foul-mouthed son
Of a tar was I,
Who spat at the waves
And blasphemed the sky.
With a crack of a whip
I was up in the nest
Where snarling winds
Tore at my hairy chest.

Once I drank and brawled
And slashed a mate,
Ripped him apart
From shoulder to heel.
Bang down he went
In a bucket of blood,
Busting out with a hellish squeal.
Grabbed by guards
I was roped up good,
Then locked in a cell,
No water, no food.

My sentence was three drags
Under the hull,
Which drowns a man
Or smashes his skull.

But mine were the
Lungs of a whale
And a steel-busting head,
So it's me standing here
Telling this tale,
All the rest are dead.

-by Dorothy Lander

Deep in a Dream

I was reading the book of lost fathers,
worrying about their brave enemies,
being extravagant with hidden urges
to change planets and making out my

annual quality of life report when
someone tried to comfort me with
home-baked bread. For reasons I
cannot explain, it gave me an incurable

case of the blues and sent me into
the worst poverty I've ever seen. A
show of hands said I was in the wrong
place but I was unable to move, frozen

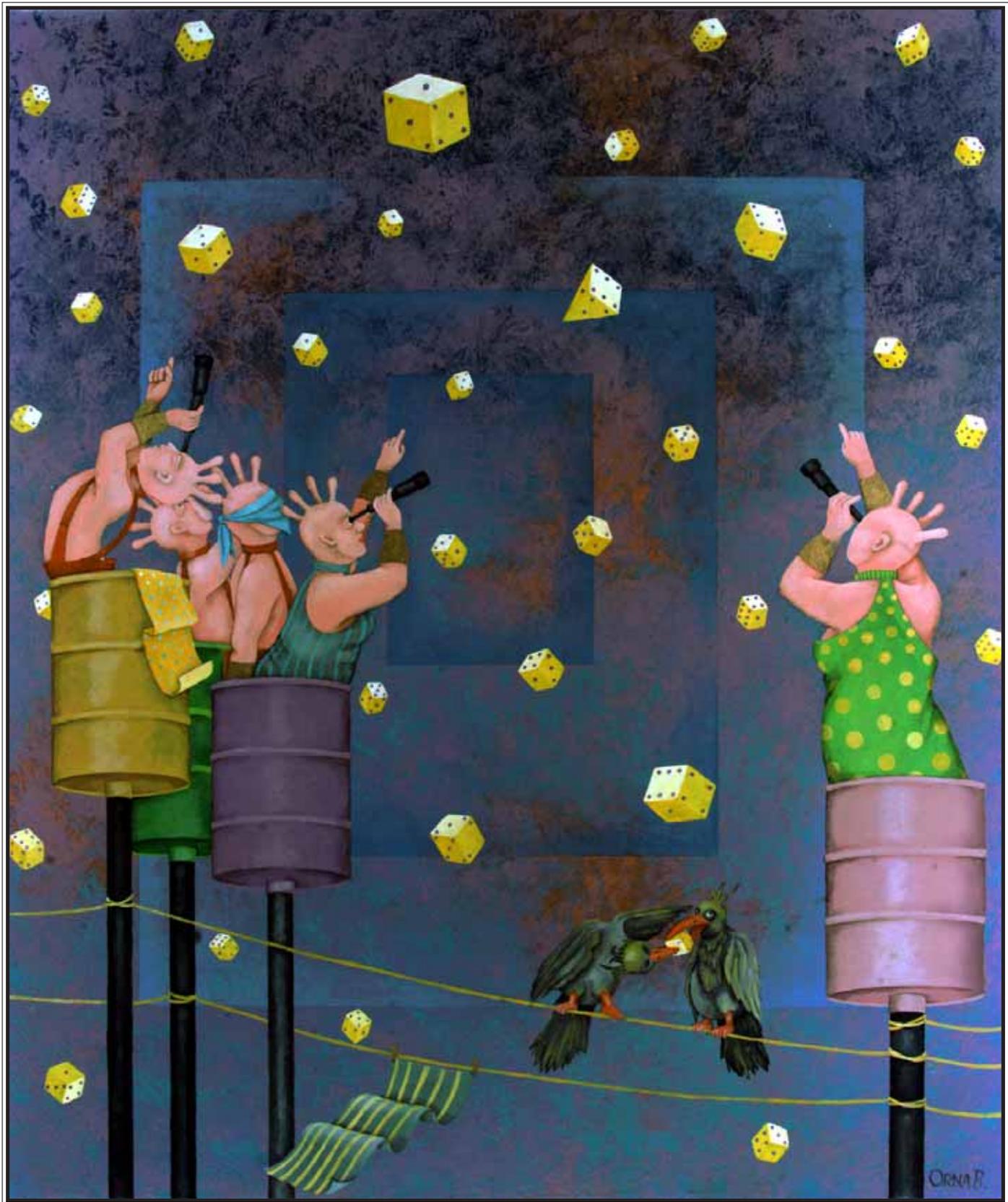
between not knowing I was deep in a
dream and wanting to wake up and get
the hell out of there. It was as if my
dream button was out of order and could

only make the screen go mute when what
I wanted was to switch channels and become
the prince of the clouds arguing once again
a new case for all the world's lost fathers.

by Frederik Zydek



“Collective Soul Search” Art by Orna Ben-Shoshan





The Art of DreamSharing & Dream Education

Reflections...

By Sandy Sela-Smith, PhD



FOR THE PAST THREE YEARS, I have been in the foothills of the Colorado Mountains, 8000+ feet above sea level, sinking my roots into the Earth, tapping into the energies that flow in nature, and reflecting on my life's journey, all while living in the shadows of the canyon walls and tall pines that surround my rustic cabin. I have also spent much of this time reflecting on the world in which we live, the paths we have taken that brought us to where we are now, and the roads we have ahead of us.

A few months ago, I had a dream that became a significant part of a book I recently completed, titled, *The Meaning of Three: Behind the Mask*. In the dream, I had wakened in a house that was mine but didn't look like mine. I went from room to room in a huge mansion searching for my clothes so I could go to a photography class. The clothes were not in a bedroom that I thought was mine, but instead the room was occupied by several college-aged women whose clothing was strewn about... but nothing was mine. I left the bedroom and came across a man who I thought was my ex-husband and was embarrassed by his sexual expressions in front of my family. This sent me into another room that seemed to be a warehouse for Victorian furniture, but the only person who was there was a forklift driver moving around old broken furniture, relics of

the past, and my clothes were not there. Then I was sent into another room that was decorated like a reception area in a brothel; no one else was in that room and my clothes were not there, either. The search for my clothing brought me to a man whose face and body were badly scarred from some coming of age ritual. At the end of the dream, he was filled with such raging anger that he completely demolished the mansion with all its rooms by using the forklift from the Victorian room.

I interpreted the dream-search for my clothes as one reflecting the journey I had taken to find my identity. I had put on many different types of clothing that formed the mask of a false identity. But none of the rooms or the clothing that fit those spaces reflected who I truly am. Because of gravely abusive childhood experiences that disconnected me from my body, I lived in my mind and wore the mask of an educated person, but I discovered I was not my mind or my education. I then wore the mask of wife, but my discomfort with my sexuality and especially my husband's sexuality caused me to reject an identity in marriage or in being a wife. My rejection of identities that would have masked who I truly was resulted in an attempt to become asexual with Victorian morals, but I did not find myself in that role, either.

Later, I searched for my identity in several relationships that followed. The separation and divorce that my Victorian side interpreted as promiscuous was represented by the brothel room in the dream, but that was not who I was, either. At the end of my dream, the angry man turned all of everything into rubble. I woke from the dream feeling disoriented and dizzy, without having found my clothes, or myself.

As I worked with the dream, I could see it was reflecting my lifelong journey to find myself, something that I believe all of us are doing, though the likelihood is that many of us have come to believe we are the identities reflected by the masks we wear and have no idea that we've been searching for ourselves. In the process of this individually experienced collective search, we have been wearing masks and clothes that do not belong to us. We are dreaming dreams, living lives and creating histories to reflect back to us who we have come to believe we are, none of which is our true identity. To date, we—as a collective human species—still have not found our metaphoric clothes.

Throughout human history, our species has identified with being body, with being mind, and with being spirit. We have identified with competition and conflict to gain power and wealth, as well as with struggles to gain safety



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by Dr. Sandy Sela-Smith, are now available.

What is it that makes life-dreams fail? We began with the best of intentions, but somewhere on life's journey what we wished for didn't happen and what we didn't want, did. WHY?

What stops us from experiencing life deeply, joyfully and magnificently, from the inside out? Even when our lives are full and successful, we can often feel unfulfilled and empty like we missed something. WHY?

What is that feeling we try to make go away—that something is missing; why a feeling of emptiness as if there is a hole someplace deep inside that we try to mask with distractions of work, play, life's responsibilities, relationships, conflicts, obsessions, or addictions, and even our spiritual journeys—until some moment when we find ourselves all alone with our thoughts and feelings and we drop into anxiety or depression that we can no longer mask?

In *The Mask and Behind the Mask*, Dr. Sandy Sela-Smith weaves together tales from her unusual life with dreams, past and future lives, alternate realities, shamanic journeys, and the transpersonal thread that connects us all as One to guide the reader along a path of self-understanding to answer these questions and more. The experience of participating in this journey of discovery to find what is missing can lead to the greatest gift you can give to yourself. That gift is reconnection with your true self, the amazing being that dwells within you. Even if we don't know it, most of us have covered our true selves with a mask and then believe we are the masks. Our true self becomes buried under what we hide behind our masks for fear of losing love and acceptance. Most of us did this before we were old enough to know what we had done. What we didn't know was that by putting on the mask, we robbed ourselves of having what we hoped to protect. ...The Mask and Behind the Mask... can lead you beyond what you buried for too long to find the magnificence of who you are. More will be revealed in *Under the Mask*, expected out in 2010.

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and security by grasping for superiority. But in all of this, the clothes still don't fit.

We are watching as our species may well be taking on the collective role of the angry man using the forklift to destroy everything, turning all we have built into rubble. If we believe what science is revealing to us, the human species has dreamed this dream before... beginning with experiencing ourselves as separate and vulnerable, becoming conscious of our aloneness, deciding how to organize to survive, entering into competition for power and wealth, advancing through collective identification with mind, scientific research, and advanced weaponry, still focused on accumulation of power and wealth to guarantee superiority... and ending in some final explosion that requires the species to begin all over again. Each time, the ending—as reflected in my

dream with anger exploding and demolishing everything that had been built before—begins the cycle again.

A significant understanding of any dream is that the dream does not end when we wake. Because our lives and our dreams are reflections of who we believe ourselves to be, dreams continue beyond the night and play themselves out in our waking lives... until we discover we are not the roles we play, the masks we wear, or the clothes we don that do not reflect our true selves, and we awaken from the dream.

After awakening from that dream, instead of continuing the search for a better fitting mask or clothing I could wear that would match another role, I reflected deeply on the meaning of the dream.

When enough of us awaken and reflect on our personal and collective

masks, false clothing and identities and discover that the clothes and the masks we've been wearing are not reflective of who we are—but instead reflecting beliefs that we are alone, that we must compete with one another and we must struggle for survival—then, we will discover our true identity.

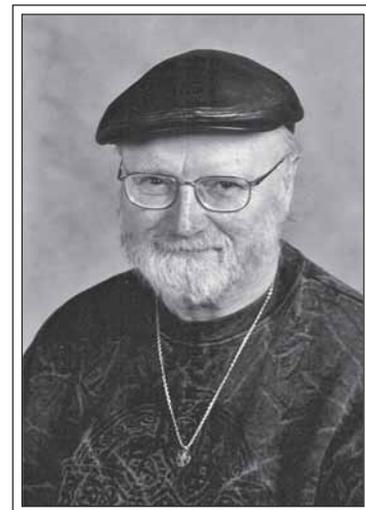
We are the creative life force that both individually and collectively created the dream, the false identities, the roles we played and the masks we wore, which reflect aloneness, fear, and separation. We don't have to keep creating this. We can decide to reflect upon what we have learned while living from who we are not... and make the decision to live from who we truly are. We can dream another dream that lets us live from experiencing our uniqueness instead of our aloneness and our connection instead of our separation. ☺



DREAMS IN THE NEWS



From the Labs...



by Russell A. Lockhart, Ph.D.

Every few days, as I scan for "dreams in the news," I come across a report of experimental results "from the labs." These are typically cited in the popular press, magazines, or web pages and have such titles as "Sleeping Your Problems Away," "Scientists Develop Software that Can Map Dreams," "Dream On.. but don't expect repressed wishes to surface or your psyche's hidden secrets to emerge," "Let Me Sleep on It"... always catchy titles to be sure. These are the articles that thousands, hundreds of thousands, even millions of readers take in—in contrast to the very small number of readers of the original research papers. These are the "fragments" entering popular consciousness and perhaps the deeper realms as well.

There is a *leitmotif* running through these reports. There is a nod to what we've always *known* about dreams (e.g., "people often credit dreams as founts of creative inspiration"),

followed by what the experimental results are now "proving" (e.g., "...but only now have we acquired experimental evidence that dreaming aids problem solving.") In some ways this is similar to the relation between the *gnosis* of the dream experience itself, and the subsequent, seemingly more crucial, seeking the *meaning* of the dream.

How is the individual dreamer to *use* these results from the lab?

If I listen to the experimenter's *interpretation* of their results or reviews of the dream research literature, I encounter many such statements as "Freud's dream theories have been thoroughly discredited," because research fails to support "defenders of the view that dreams are minutely and complexly constructed to hide and yet retain evidence of unacceptable beliefs and feelings." OK, as a *Jungian*, I can live with that. But then I find Jung's theory

of dream compensation is "contradicted by every relevant systematic study since the beginning of modern day research in the late 19th century."

Yikes!

Looking further, I find Mark Mahowald of the Minnesota Regional Sleep Disorders Center concluding that, "I don't think dreaming has a function. It doesn't seem to give humans an evolutionary advantage. It's just an epiphenomenon, a by-product of sleep," and citing as evidence that fetuses *in utero* are dreaming... and they are unlikely to be working out complexes from their past history. Nor does failure to remember dreams for long periods seem to have deleterious effects, unlike the disastrous effects of sleep deprivation. Mahowald admits that his views have no response to repeating dreams.

To the experience of dreams playing a role in discovery (e.g., Kekule and the benzene ring), invention (Ben



Franklin's role in the Franklin-Gordon printing press), literature (Robert Louis Stevenson's dream that led to "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"), art (Jasper John's *Flag*), sports (Jack Nicklaus pulling out of a slump by a dream correcting his grip), etc., Professor William Domhoff concludes that all this is anecdotal evidence and not at all impressive when seen against the background of untold numbers of dreams that are not solutions to anything.

Do these conclusions—and many even more "dismissive" of the importance of dreams—pose a dilemma for those who find meaning and importance in their dreams, or for the legions of therapists and other workers with their livelihoods dependent upon people seeking work with dreams, or for those in this community of the *Dream Network Journal* engaged in projects such as "Dreaming Humanity's Path"? As state licensing boards and professional associations begin to define standards of practice and ethics based on "evidence," will the practice of dream work—however defined—go the way of the dinosaur?

No!

The reason for my bold conclusion follows from a view of dreams I have articulated in these pages: *all dreams are about the future* and that future is highly determined by what we *do* in relation to the dream. Psychological approaches to dreams have been dominated by and over-determined by the view of the dream as "working out the past." Dream research that focuses on assessing dreams from this perspective *fail* to support dreams as meaningful or having a function. But a dreaming fetus is not a problem if one conceptualizes the fetus dreaming about the future. And, I dare say, that concepts of evolution could be given a jolt of good medicine by looking at dreams in this way from the earliest

"...because dreams
and their actions
are as individual
as our fingerprints
and unique as our DNA.

Yes, we have hands;
but what we do with
those hands is what
matters most.

Yes, we have dreams;
but what we do with
those dreams is what
matters most.

Could this be
researched in the lab?

Of course.
Will it be?"

time. This removes the mystery as well of *animals* dreaming. Of course! They have futures too.

Another reason for my bold "No!" is that there is too narrow a focus on the dream being "meaningful" in terms of the dreamer's conscious sense of meaning. In my view—as I have described in these pages and elsewhere—meaning resides more in what one *does* in relation to the dream.

From another angle, I say "No!" because dreams and their actions are as individual as our fingerprints and unique as our DNA. Yes, we have hands; but what we *do* with those hands is what matters most. Yes, we

have dreams; but what we *do* with those dreams is what matters most. Could this be researched in the lab? Of course. Will it be?

Part of the difficulty with much of psychological research, those "from the labs" reports that make the headlines, or the evening news, is that it remains bound by the limits of Newtonian models of science. There has yet to be a deep revisioning of these approaches in terms of even the basic advances in the world of cosmology, chaos, complexity, and other modern developments. Much of psychological research remains remarkably uninfluenced by these new perspectives, although it is refreshing to see contributors to *Dream Network Journal* taking up these issues in new and creative ways.

But more than this, what is missing most of all is a deeper appreciation for a Goethean perspective on the question of dreams. This has not yet been essayed or even noted by dream researchers, or even many dreamers. A magnificent start on this has been put forth by Henri Bortoft in his remarkably fecund work, *The Wholeness of Nature: Goethe's Way toward a Science of Conscious Participation in Nature*.

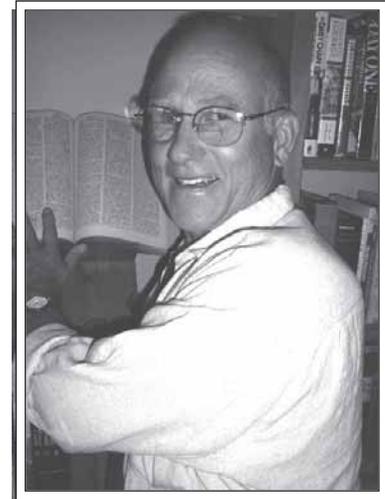
Imagine that! Conscious participation in nature. I'm working on a formulation of the way in which Goethe's "way" can help us explore the dream's contribution to this amazing effort in an essay I call, *Dreaming in Goethe's Space*. It is another angle on "Dreaming Humanity's Path." ☺

Peter Kramer, *Freud: Inventor of the Modern Mind*. (Atlas, 2006).

G. William Domhoff, "The Scientific Study of Dreams." (American Psychological Association, 2003).

Cited in Dennis Drabble, "Dream on ..." (Washington Post, November 27, 2007)





by Paco Mitchell, M. A.

Dreaming of Bronze

Bronze sculpture and dreams are two passions that entered my life simultaneously, almost forty years ago. My active involvement with art bronze casting lasted ten years, whereas my involvement with dreams continues to this day. But even though many years have passed since I last poured molten bronze from a crucible, or peered through a spyhole into a kiln to see plaster molds shimmering at red heat, the two activities—dreams and bronze—are strangely interwoven in ways that touch on profound mysteries.

There is something about fire that strikes a resonant chord within the human psyche. In *The Forge and the Crucible*, Mircea Eliade shows the earliest mythic, shamanic underpinnings of the fire-arts and how sacrificial and ritual practices were integral to the transformations wrought upon earthy materials. Similarly, Jung's alchemical studies delve into the psychological implications of the alchemical, i.e., the transformative, process.

But historical, mythological, or psychological studies are one thing; *experience* is another, a point Jung and Eliade well understood. For, as it turns out, archaic, shamanic images did not simply disappear from the

psyche with the advent of monotheism. Nor did the psyche stop producing alchemical images just because the alchemists were displaced by chemists and metallurgists. In fact, shamanic and alchemical images can still be found in the dreams of modern individuals today. As Jung demonstrated, such images manifest the autonomous operations of the objective psyche and therefore are deeply implicated in the phenomena of individuation.

The foundry dreams I've had over the years are remarkable, not so much for their quantity—I have recorded fewer than a dozen—but rather for their *quality*. All were numinous. Thousands of dreams have faded in the meantime... but those earliest foundry dreams still persist, forming a distinct portion of my treasure-trove of dreams. Even though twenty-five years have elapsed since I poured the last drop of molten bronze, still more powerful foundry dreams have occurred only recently. After all these years, to my amazement, I find that kilns are still firing, crucibles are still tilting and molds are still filling.

Since space limitations prevent me from presenting the entire foundry-dream series, I will offer two for consideration—the earliest and the

most recent. Between them they span thirty-six years. During that time many other dreams thronged to the fore, as if insisting on being heard. For dreams, you may have noticed, ceaselessly strive for our attention.

The first dream occurred within a year after I had built my bronze foundry. It was short but striking:

*I have just poured a very large mold, four or five feet tall. The bronze has solidified, but is still quite hot. I break the mold open with a sledge hammer to expose the rough casting and look down at my feet. To my surprise, I discover that I myself am inside the mold:
In fact, I am the casting.*

This to me is a simple alchemical dream. Philosophical alchemists knew that the alchemical art—by means of which they sought to “perfect” their *materia*—was the same art required to refine their own personalities. This is the implicit meaning of the alchemical saying, *Ars requirit totem hominem*: The art requires the whole person. This insight is entirely consistent with Jung's discovery and elaboration of the individuation process.

At the time of the dream, of course, I was far from a complete person (let's





not even speak of “perfection”). The state of incompleteness is reflected in the dream by the fact that what emerged from the mold was only a rough casting or, in the words of French foundrymen, *la fonte brute*. For, once the metal has been poured, a mountain of work yet remains to be done. At least a start has been made.

What kind of start? Well, an image or pattern—in psychological terms, perhaps, the germ of selfhood—has taken shape, but as yet it is only wax, a soft, malleable, impermanent, easily damaged material. It must be subjected to the fires of transformation. For this purpose it is surrounded by a stronger material—plaster or white earth—refractory enough to withstand high heat. The mold thus formed is enclosed in a kiln and subjected to fire intense enough to melt the combustible wax within. Molten bronze is then poured into the white earth of the vacant, receptive mold. In the process, the initial, perishable pattern or image is replaced by a durable bronze version of itself.

But the solidification of the bronze into its new shape is only the starting point for many hours of sawing, chiseling, welding, grinding, filing, sanding, polishing and so on. This corresponds to the laborious process of psychological development, without which no modern personality can begin to approach the alchemical goal of wholeness.

Every personality has its own style, its particular vicissitudes of development, its unique story. But whatever the particulars of the matter, no one who would become a whole person is spared the narrow passage from the lesser self to the greater Self.

In my case the work is by no means finished. I have been subjected to the fire and have labored long on the rough casting, *la fonte brute*, that I find myself to be. Frankly, I see no end to the work of individuation, but at least I can now begin to see beyond my own limited concerns, by which I was so consumed in earlier years.

What do I see? Many things. But one

compelling vision came to me through the second, most recent, foundry dream:

I am walking around an outdoor area at night, where many people wait in line. In their arms, they each carry a single mold containing a sculpture of their own creation, to be cast in bronze. As I approach the casting area, the first mold is about to be poured. An enormous mechanical arm swings toward the area. At first I think it is carrying a mold. Then I realize it is carrying a crucible with molten bronze.

Somehow, in the process of filling the mold with metal, the mold is simultaneously broken open. To my surprise what emerges from the hot, broken mold is a polished bronze sphere!

I look into the tilted crucible and see that the metal is already in the process of solidifying.

In other words, not much time remains to complete the pour.

If the first dream above announced the onset of an individual process—the individuation of one person—the second dream again points to the individuation process, but this time on a collective scale; in other words, it refers to the individuation of many. This image recalls Edward Edinger’s comments in *The Archetype of the Apocalypse*, where he speaks of the “Coming of the Self” and “the Christification of the many.” The polished bronze sphere that miraculously emerges from the damaged mold evokes the archetypal symbolism of the Self. As the first mold to be poured in the dream, it may correspond to the “arche-typus”—the first blow or impression—for what follows.

Everyone in the dream carries his or her own version of that first mold. In other words, every individual will realize the Self in a particular way... *assuming we have time.*

For the dream places a time-limit on this process.

I can see that the metal in the crucible is already beginning to crystallize. The

fluidity necessary to pour the metal is rapidly diminishing as the metal cools. If the molds are not poured soon enough, the whole process will be aborted and will then have to be repeated. Whether a repetition is even possible remains to be seen.

If this dream says anything about our collective situation—and I believe it does—it should be obvious that we don’t have a lot of time to waste. This is not a call to panic but it is a call to action, whatever one conceives that action to be.

I should comment on the fact that the bronze sphere is *already polished* while still in the mold. Physically speaking, this is as much an impossibility as was the Virgin Birth. It therefore hints at an interaction between the transcendent and the natural order, or between the eternal and the temporal. It would indeed be a miracle if millions of individuals were to realize the Self during the same historical period. This would amount to saying that the “Second Coming of Christ” might possibly occur by the millions. Matthew Fox tills this soil in his work on *The Coming of the Cosmic Christ*, and Edinger hints at the same with his “Christification of the many.”

So the mold is broken open, yet the sphere is already polished. In other words, all the work has been done inwardly, and what is revealed is an outcome. This is another clue that the sphere refers to a psychological, rather than a purely physical, process.

If my own experience is any guide, I must offer a general warning, following Jung, who said, “Every encounter with the Self is a defeat for the ego.” I have found this to be true. Those who would seek to maintain the supremacy of the ego will find the Coming of the Self to be a shocking and disturbing process, full of bitter conflict. But for those who have reached beyond the ego in their quest for spiritual and psychological wholeness, the Coming of the Self in the form of the Polished Bronze Sphere is welcome news indeed. ∅





DREAMTIMES: DREAM EXCHANGE

Doing Numbers

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

After receiving a pair of dreams from a dreamer, I noted that numbers were prominent elements that linked them together. When I investigated further into the meaning of numbers in dreams, I discovered that like all symbolic content, their meanings are complex and vary with each individual application.

Numbers can relate in their numerical terms; that is, if there are two plus digit numbers, break them down to a single digit. For example, in one dream, this scenario appeared:

We were walking in a neighborhood of row houses... two story with front yards of grass next to the sidewalk. In front of every house was a yellow backhoe. When I counted the houses, there were 20 on one side and 20 on the other, 40 houses and 40 backhoes.

The numbers break down to two and four respectively; two denotes relationships (partners, or doubles) and four represents foundations (working hard and accomplishments). To take it further, I would ask the dreamer what was happening in her life when she was two and four years old - - and also at 20 and 40! The "orderliness" of the description of the row houses suggests the outer persona of the

dreamer is very "together," but is still needing work as indicated by the backhoes.

Later in her dream, she speaks of

"...picking up [my daughter]. She was about two or three. We carried her and she fell asleep, but realized that it was probably too far to carry her."

I would ask this dreamer if the two-year old child part of her is still asleep, i.e., unconscious, and is difficult to "carry" as she won't make it to her destination if she does. This could be a significant integration dream and the repetition of the numbers lead to that conclusion, almost as if the dreamer was underlining it as an important aspect of her inner self.

In another dream she had that same night, she reports:

At [my brother's] house there was a mess in the garage and they were cleaning out stuff. There were 4 chairs (turquoise metal frames and upholstered in a nubby orange/yellow fabric) and he disassembled them and put them in the trunk of his car, a 1941 Oldsmobile that my dad and mom had. Two boys got into the trunk and they were in there for awhile.

The "two" and "four" numbers surface again in this dream as four chairs and two boys. Chairs can indicate respite and taking a break from activity and

the boys can relate to the young pueres within (animus) that are being stowed away (much like her daughter was asleep in earlier dream) for a while. Perhaps at ages two and four something "went to sleep" in the dreamer that is ready to be awakened and integrated. Cleaning up "old stuff" can be part of the task ahead for this dreamer. Also, the colors in these dreams, the objects and people relationships are part of the fabric to weave the meanings of the numbers into as well as noting what was happening in dreamer's life at the time of the dreams.

The 1941 Oldsmobile breaks down to a "six" (add 1+9+4+1 = 6); the significance of this number in numerical terms indicates cooperation and domestic harmony. And/or it can relate to the year 1941. Did parents marry then? Divorce? Have a child? Or what event does this vehicle represent for the dreamer? These are important questions to explore.

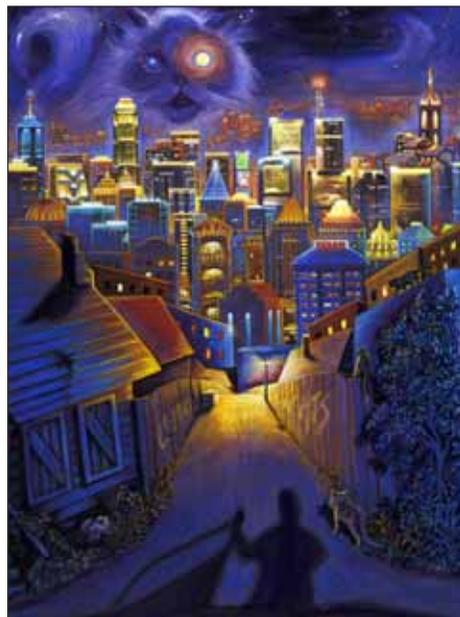
Numbers have more than one meaning in our dreams and it is helpful to flesh them out—like taking a look at all their sides and aspects. Look for numbers in the repetition of actions, numbers of objects and people in dreams and find out if they figure in to further decoding your dream. The exercise will yield a treasure house of information to aid you on that ever-present search for the meaning in our dreams. ☺

Dream Inspired Artistry



“Luna Lights”

The 4th painting in a body of works entitled
“Amazing Women’s Dreams” by Brenda Ferrimani



“Luna Lights” is a diversion from any of my previous paintings. Everything is different about it, starting with its subject. I’ve tried to reflect the soul of Candace, whom I see as highly individual, unafraid to go it alone in science or life, always with the curiosity of a cat and a playful beginner’s-mind-approach to everything she does. Being heavily immersed in science and left brained thinking, she’s often inexorably drawn—when a door swings open—to disappear into the mystery and beauty of life beyond our limiting physical views.

The painting blends together two dreams, which I’ve never done before. I usually ask the dreamer to share one dream that they remember from anytime in their life that they feel is unforgettable and life transforming. Candace offered two dreams that were currently important to her a year ago and which reflect what’s been at work in her unconscious in the recent past.

In waking reality, Candace has been intently focused for the past two decades in a very important work developing a vaccine to cure AIDS, along with her husband, Dr. Michael Ruff. It’s a very exciting time for her as this work nears its completion. The dreams she shared seem to be preparing her for what’s unfolding, helping to build her courage, self will and confidence for the huge expansion already taking place in her career and public life.

In this fourth painting of “Amazing Women’s Dreams,” I take my inspiration from the dreams of Candace Pert, Ph. D. Dr. Pert appeared in the feature film *What the Bleep Do We Know* and on Bill Moyer’s TV program *Healing and the Mind*. She is the author of the book *Molecules of Emotion: The Scientific Basis Behind Mind-Body Medicine* (Scribner, 1997), *Everything You Need to Know to Feel Go(o)d* (Hay House, 2006), and the musical guided imagery CD, *Psychosomatic Wellness: Healing your Body-Mind*.

The first time I heard from Candace was on Mother’s Day, 2008. I had just returned home from a 3-day dream retreat in Colorado Springs. Candace had finally noticed my e-mail message because of my address (BDREAMCAT) which oddly reminded her of the cat dream she’d had that very day during a nap! What’s dreamwork without a little synchronicity, right? The following two paragraphs state the two dreams that I have combined into “Luna Lights.”

Luna Dream

“I am in an old, abandoned, empty house trying to feed a large litter of kittens that I have been neglecting. They are very thin and emaciated. My daughter asks me where they have come from and I say I assume they are Luna’s. (Luna is my very old Himalayan cat who had five litters more than a decade ago by mating with the Wild Cat of the Glen.)”

City Lights Dream

“I am in a car being dropped off in an alley way. (Reminds me of Tin Pan Alley, or Vancouver or Victoria Island) I’m aware of my husband Michael on the driver’s side but he’s not really in the dream. He drops me off, at my request, in a dazzlingly, sparkling and inviting beautiful city filled with multicolored lights! I am aware he has no place to park and doesn’t want to come. He’s to go his way and I am to go my way and we’ll meet up later. There’s no insecurity or fear as I move out of the car to explore.”

Candace adds that this dream is related to previous dreams with a recurring theme, where she is always separated from her husband Michael while on a quest. There’s always poor communication, running, panic and desperation. This dream however—likely the end of the recurrent series—seems to reconcile the former chaos



into a peaceful, confident feeling.

Candace and I talked at some length about the significance of the cat dream she shared, not so accidentally on Mother's Day. For months she had been nursing Luna back to health after a near death illness and her cat was finally responding. What was the meaning behind all the waking and sleep experiences of neglect, and starvation? Who or what really needed attention and tender mother love? Some renewal, reconnecting to some vital cat-like instinct to survive and thrive, was occurring deep within Candace's psyche... and mine too.

We talked more about Luna when she was in her prime. Did her mating with the Wild Cat of the Glen resemble in any way her own experience? Candace made a strong connection to what was happening in those years with her career. Luna's story seemed to perfectly represent the magic and power that sparked when two exotically beautiful ideas merged. Candace's imagination was actively blending eastern thought with the mysterious world of quantum theory. The consequence for having such a free and creative mind was a lot of career expansion and many new projects to be tended, like the birth of Luna's kittens. In her book, *Everything You Need to Know to Feel Go(o)d*, she describes that time with a lot of excitement and a feeling of being sought after, courted, and loved.

The Luna dream however, does not depict the old cat in all her splendor. In fact, she's only alluded to... and her thin, emaciated kittens are an eerie reminder of AIDS patients that still need a cure and they ignite an urgency to finish her life-saving work.

By the time I actually visited Candace in July at her Washington D.C. home, she had been taking great care of herself physically and emotionally and spending more time with her own dreams. She gave me the dream of City Lights at that time, which

reflected an inner shift toward renewal, strength and confidence that was obviously transforming her.

Her dreams fascinated me! I was excited to begin the art project, and eager to make her dreams my own!

But, wait a minute... "What am I getting myself into here?" This is always the question I ask myself, knowing how sensitive I am. In the past, it's been true for me that whenever I surrender to my process, the "other's" dreams I work with come to life with great significance in my own waking life. What would "Luna Lights" mean for me personally? What synchronicities would manifest, causing a mirroring of my life and the two dreams?

First off, while creating "Luna Lights" I have never felt so old! Just like Luna on her last leg, it has been very difficult to do the physical work I have always done for years. My energy reserves have been depleted and I find I can no longer stand up for 12 hours at a time, or sit at the computer for long hours. Working and stressing, without proper sleep, diet and exercise, eventually brought all my endeavors to a screeching halt in May of this year, when one morning my right arm would no longer work for me. I finally found some help through an acupuncturist, where I was told I wasn't getting enough blood to my arm. Then, soon after, I suffered an outbreak of shingles. My body—like the old abandoned house in the dream—was falling apart and I knew I had to change!

During my recovery the message has finally penetrated to "slow down, relax and take care." I absolutely do not allow myself to worry. So what if the whole world seems to be falling apart! There's a quiet space inside if I allow myself to go there. At night I enjoy listening to Candace's CD on Psychosomatic Wellness. It's been very healing and helps insomnia. I am also slowly losing weight, adding distance to my walks, doing Yoga class

regularly. More than anything there's been a real change in how I view myself and in what I expect from myself. A more compassionate and forgiving attitude has taken over. Luna, for me, is about tending my inner life where a wise old crone is emerging. The Crone is deeply rooted in Moonlore; I'm reading more about this and getting a better look at that toothless old woman inside me.

Since completing the painting, Candace has informed me that Luna finally died and was buried in a special place in their backyard. Maybe that's why I felt compelled to place her face in the sky watching over the dreamscape. Seems appropriate, anyway. Luna had such a sweet face with one eye slightly different, which I'm sure inspired me to make one eye the moon. Her death reaffirms in me that a powerful inner transformation has indeed taken place.

Now it's on to the city lights! The sparkling city I have created is all about human potential. Tall buildings are very masculine symbols of potent creativity. The very feminine dream about cats combined with the very masculine dream seems to give me the balance I need. Maybe I haven't peaked in creativity at all yet... I may be feeling older but the dream tells me there are more surprises and wonders up ahead.

In regard to all our creative, beautiful minds, I pause to consider the dark side hinted to in the shadows of the dream. What consciousness do we bring to our inventiveness? We humans are ingenious and masterful, but in all we create, we have a responsibility to temper our actions with respect for life and the great mystery inherent in all things. All this is very humbling and exhilarating at the same time!

Thanks, Candace, for your dreams and all that this dream-art experience continues to teach me. ✓

Contact Ms. Ferrimani @
bdreamcat@aol.com



The Project X Search for the Secrets of Immortality: Mysteries of Ancient Greece

~ Part 2 ~

reported by Robert Petrovich
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Project X: The Search for the Secrets of Immortality is a program of research and study into the mystic arts and sciences of ancient solar cultures around the world. Through cultural, anthropological and metaphysical research of the solar teachings of antiquity, Project X research reveals connections between the many Holy Orders of antiquity who practiced similar systems of transformation and regeneration of spirit and soul through a sacred process of spiritual rebirth, by which they reclaimed their divine heritage and immortality. The study portion of Project X is an extension program of The Academy for the Advancement of the Religious Arts, Sciences and Technologies of Cosology. (For more information, visit www.jamilian.org or contact the Jamilian University: tel. 775-786-7432 or info@projectx.org.)

FROM MAY 20 TO JUNE 3 OF 2009, a group of twenty individuals participated in the first Project X research seminar and field expedition to Greece. A series of six lectures was delivered by Project X Director Gene Savoy Jr. during the course of the trip. Three of them dealt with Asclepias and dream incubation techniques. Of these three, two dealt specifically with modern versions of the techniques of dream incubation and healing. A synopsis of the first technique lecture delivered by Mr. Savoy follows. Specifics on the use of imagery and on the application of techniques have, of course, been omitted in the interest of space.

Asclepian Dream Incubation: Practice

The importance of the Asclepian schools and healing centers cannot be overlooked or overstated within Cosology. For it is from Asclepias and the healing practices that were employed by his temple priests that we will be able to decipher, learn, and practice similar healing arts and sciences for our modern age. As we learn more about Asclepias and review the techniques associated with dream healing, you will see why proper sleep and proper dreaming are so integral to the Process of Spiritual Regeneration.





"Going Within"

One of the old teachings we read about in many religions is: "Go within." Most people, if they go within, are thinking with their mind or their emotions. And we have learned that this does not produce the spiritual results we want.

For example, if you go within as most meditation techniques stress, you actually go "down," so to speak, slowly; and if you continue to do that over a period of time, you actually lower your frequency levels and deprive yourself of "nourishment" from the outside. One of the things that the ancient Greeks taught was that there were four elements—air, earth, fire, and water—and that life was sustained by those four basic elements. But these great philosophers also taught that there was a fifth element. The individual who wanted to gain immortality had to breathe and experience this fifth element, which was called Ether. And immortality was achieved through the breathing and the intake of Ether.

So by going within and by breathing Ether, the concept was that one had to have a catalyst—a source—to start this process, some kind of an igniter. And we know in Cosolargy that the secret lies in the sun. So when we absorb solar energy, it starts the force centers moving; and that is the beginning of the process. Now once the basic, or lower, force centers (the monads or chakras) begin to move, it gives life to the four major, or spiritual, force centers within, which are dependent upon not the physical sun but upon the spiritual Light of God and Ether.

Divine Medicine

It was taught in the Asklepian Order that diseases are twofold. By that we mean there are diseases of the human, mortal body and there are

diseases that are psycho-spiritual. The patient in the Asklepian healing temples sought cures of body and soul through the sun and through the divine Intelligence within divine Light. It was recognized in the Asklepian Order that the art of healing was indeed an art—a divine art and science that was bestowed by God upon that individual physician.

We also know from our studies that in ancient times there were three forms of healing: physical, psychic, and spiritual. Mundane physical healing was done by use of herbs, medicine, and by surgery. Of course, there was also healing to cure psychological ills. But the third—divine healing—was done by the Word. The innermost depths of an individual, that is, the power and energy within the force centers, was called by the Greeks the inner and divine medicine. But divine medicine used the inner Word, *Word* meaning "Intelligence." The Greeks called it *Logos*; and it is also referred to in various schools of the Middle East to describe, as the Greeks used it, a divine principle. This healing was a divine act that allowed one to apply a sacred process for divine healing. The word for this is *thaumaturgic*, meaning "miraculous healing."

In the beginning, all healing processes initiated or began with divine healing, which doesn't exist anymore, as all healing has been lowered to the mundane. And in reviewing what has been written about these ancient techniques, what little remains of this ancient medicine of spiritual and religious healing is difficult to make much sense of it because the art and the science itself was secret and was entrusted into the hands of priest-physicians who passed along their knowledge from teacher to disciple or from father to son. They were not "open" as we know medicine to be today, because these sacred arts and sciences wouldn't work by mere

human manipulation. Consequently, over the space of time, these techniques were lost to the world as things became ever more secular.

All of the great teachers—Socrates, Asklepios, Apollonius of Tyana, the Buddha, Jesus, the master teachers of the Essaei and Therapeute orders—all had one thing in common. And this one thing was the divine art of solar absorption. This was the source of their extra energy and intelligence, which allowed them to exist on a higher level than the normal individual human being. These techniques gave them an edge, an extra intake of energy, an extra intake of intelligence; and the forces within their beings were able to process this energy and the divine Intelligence within it.

So, in a sense, it does begin from within. The kingdom *is* within, but it is dependent upon outside sources—primarily the energies and intelligences residing within the sun. So we have here a combination of inner and outer forces—and this is the secret—the mundane soul merging with the what Pythagoras called the One Monad. This is the secret of all religious truths. But there is an art and a science to this. One cannot just go look at the sun as an animal does. And that is what we are trying to reveal to the world: The absorption of solar energy, and the Intelligence Factors within solar energy, is a divine art and science which was practiced by all the great religious figures of the world in every part of the world throughout the ages; and solar absorption must be practiced in a spiritual manner.

The energy of the sun is filled with Intelligence Factors which activate and set the eight minor force centers in action; and over a period of time, the solar adept is able to mature and activate the inner force centers of his spiritual being, which is immortal or eternal. And that is the purpose of our School. We train our eyes to absorb



sunlight and we introduce vital life-giving energy into the brain and nervous system. We then are able to take on greater measures of solar energy; and new receptors within the eyes and within the nervous system are actually generated and *activated* to receive and process this solar energy on a level which the average person cannot, because these faculties remain dormant within them. This then leads us to spiritual Light—divine Light—which is seen not by the physical eyes but by the spiritual senses: the faculties of spiritual vision.

Preparing for Dream Sleep

When we dream at night, we do not dream with our eyes; likewise when one experiences a vision. The same can be said when viewing the sun: We see the sun oscillate and pulsate and dance about the sky; we see geometric shapes and other forms and figures; but when we focus our eyes, the shapes and figures disappear. So the things we see and are experiencing occur because of something else. We have *inner senses* which are locked within one or more of our force centers; and this is how we experience the vision.

In ancient times, the priests of the temples and healing centers of Asklepios taught those seeking healing how to sleep and how to dream. The priest would set the supplicant in darkness, a sacred chamber within the temple *abaton*, the most sacred part of the temple. (This was the natural place for "incubation" to occur because, being the sanctuary, it was where the god or gods would make their appearance.) And the individual was prepared to sleep and to dream.

Asklepian physicians and healers realized the value of sleep and the preparation for sleep and how dreams and visions could be used for curing various ailments. They also understood, on the higher levels, how the

individual, by "going within," could "call upon" the energy and power of the intelligence within the force centers (monads or chakras), which could not be done during the waking state. The patient was encouraged to withdraw from the sensory world; and because the senses were quieted, this inner sensory experience would manifest or come into being.

In these temples, the process taught by the priests prepared one for the inner process of becoming, an inner process that was used to *heal oneself* through the powers within. The priest was there as *spiritual* physician to aid the individual and to direct him or her to slowly withdraw so that they could use their inner processes to heal themselves. If you allow that inner process to go to work within yourself—it can be on any level, whether its on the level of the eight psycho-physical force centers or the four spiritual force centers—you will realize that you *do* have the power *within you*.

The priest-physicians of the Asklepian schools and temples would withdraw when the individual had put their inner spark to work. The physician-priest remained in the background, having allowed the individual to make a personal relationship with a deity, with God, with a divine being. And many doctors today know that there is something within a person that goes to work, and that the best treatment is to allow that individual to put that thing to work. That is one of the best forms of medicine: the power within and the unlocking of this process that is dormant or asleep.

Envisioning Angelic Beings

We speak about imagination or imaging. Another word we can use is "envisioning." You can envision the Buddha or Jesus. You can envision another Angel of Light, or you can envision the Divine Child that is immortal and eternal and has come down to cultures throughout the ages and has come to our own culture in the world today. This Child appears

from time to time, and the Asclepiads called him "Telesphoros."

The word the Greeks used for these visions or appearances was *epiphany*. And to experience an epiphany in ancient times was a revered and most significant event. The appearance was for the benefit of the person, which was deemed a sacred gift. Now, the individual does not create this for himself or herself. The figure appears because there is a communion, and the individual person or dignitary or luminous being appears because it wants to. And that is the gift of divine visitation.

And when these luminous beings, or angels, appear to you, you can recall the vision of them later on and still acquire some knowledge or information from the vision, from these luminous beings of Light who lived before and have been redeemed from the earth and made immortal. It should be someone that is familiar to you, someone that you can relate to.

Oftentimes these divine figures appear with a message. They may not speak, but they will show you something, an object; or you will pick up a thought, and that thought can be a cure for you or can direct your life in a new or different way.

Those who are involved in the System of Cosolargy have an advantage. Our physical bodies and our minds are benefitted by the intake of solar energy. It gives us added life energy by which to live and by which to regenerate our inner life. And once we activate the force centers, we have a source of energy from within, which means you have the sun from without and the force centers within—two things. So the kingdom of God *is* within you! But let me say this once again: The key is to enliven the force centers, which leads to rebirth of your spiritual body. ☉





IN DREAMS: Charlotte's Creative Ebb

by Ruth Latta (c)2009

IT HAPPENED IN THE MIDDLE OF A DAY THAT STARTED BADLY.

That morning, Charlotte got up and switched on her TV to see what was happening with the fifteen British sailors, including one woman, being held in Iran. Immediately, she was slapped in the face with a commercial about insurance for seniors. The actor starring in it used the pronoun "her" when it should have been "she."

"You don't drive like her so why should you pay the same premium as her?" he demanded.

"As she does," prompted Charlotte.

Every time she saw the commercial it assaulted her senses. Too bad more people hadn't studied English, as she had. She switched from the CBC to CTV where a different commercial was airing, this one for special bathtubs for seniors. The tubs looked useful, though she was managing very well with her shower, which had a bench and a hand-held sprayer. The old people in the pseudo-interviews were her age and were articulate and well-groomed. But why, oh why, did seniors appear only in the context of disabilities and special needs?

Switching to a third news channel, she got another commercial, this one from another company offering burial insurance. "Which would you prefer, to leave your loved ones with fond memories or a stack of unpaid bills?" the voice-over inquired.

Charlotte scowled at the TV. Such ads were manipulative. Sometimes she felt like complaining about them to

the Canadian Radio and Television Commission, but she never got around to it.

Sometimes she thought she would prefer to leave her loved ones a stack of unpaid bills. At a family gathering in Toronto a couple of weekends earlier, she'd been parked at a corner table with a ninety-five year old third cousin in a wheelchair, who was both deaf and blind, and a ninety year old former sister-in-law who kept repeating herself. Charlotte had stayed with them long enough to be polite, but all the while she was making conversation, another part of her mind was saying, "You're only eighty-five, and you can still see and hear pretty well, so get your walker in gear, and circulate." So she did and it had been rewarding, renewing acquaintance with several generations. She knew she would be exhausted the following day and that her back and legs would ache... but it was worth it.

But fate always seemed to hold in store some unique put-down, in addition to the typical pains of old age. Charlotte had been telling her niece about the memoir writing group she had organized in the retirement residence where she lived, and how she'd been using everything from Shakespeare to Frank McCourt to inspire them. Her niece was an English teacher and in days gone by, when they'd lived near each other, they'd swapped books and ideas.

Then Charlotte's grand niece—twenty-five, and newly into a career with a pharmaceutical company—piped up.

She'd been standing sullenly beside her mother, with her breasts spilling out of a low-cut blouse more suited to a bar than a family gathering.

"Well, I'm glad I took science," she declared. "I pity my classmates who took Arts degrees, or, as we used to call them, 'Arse' degrees. They'll be earning peanuts when I'm buying my vacation home in the south of France."

'Why, you self-satisfied little drug pusher!' Charlotte had thought. She'd made no response, not trusting herself to be civil. The grand niece then spotted a young man by the fireplace and took herself in that direction.

"Kids today!" the embarrassed mother had mumbled to Charlotte.

This memory, painfully clear, was suddenly pre-empted by a picture on the TV screen. The British sailors were walking toward an airplane, the woman near the end of the line. Iran had captured them to tweak the British lion's tail, then released them with no strings attached because it was Eastertime and Mohammed's birthday.

The young people in uniform reminded her of herself and her comrades in the Second World War. Of course, by the time she was posted to Egypt, Rommel and his forces had been pretty well kicked out of there, so she'd never faced much risk of capture. At that time, too, she was single, not like the one female sailor who had a husband and young child at home. Charlotte reached for a tissue to wipe her eyes, then rose to shower and dress for breakfast.

Late that afternoon, Charlotte arrived back in her room. She sank into her chair with a contented sigh and put her newspaper on the table beside her. In a moment she would open it and read more about the sailors and other matters, and probably fall asleep over it, as she so often did.





First she intended to take a few minutes to savor the day so far.

The memoirs class had gone beautifully. The activities director had complimented her on it, remarking that her fellow residents had talked about their writing all through lunch. What Charlotte had done was simple enough; she'd used the British sailors as a starting point and had urged the authors to write something loosely linked to this news item. Some, she suggested, could write about their war experiences. Several of the men had been overseas with the Canadian armed forces. Or they could write opinion pieces about the current wars in Afghanistan and Iraq, with a view to sending them to the local newspaper. Here was a way of harnessing the garrulousness of old age for a useful purpose. Or, if they'd been touched by the plight of a mother held captive, they could write something about their experiences as parents.

Thus, there had been a subject for everyone and the results were good. Her own writing that day had surprised even herself! She could have written about her war years—boating on the Nile, visiting the pyramids, or attending services at a private synagogue within the mansion of a wealthy family in Cairo—but instead, she'd written about a domestic incident.

Years ago, when her daughter was eight or nine, the child had been impolite to a visiting elderly relative. Once the guest had gone home, Charlotte had lectured the little girl on respect for one's elders. Meanwhile, Charlotte's real self was off to one side listening to herself play the role of mother.

"It's not fair!" her daughter complained. "You shouldn't have let Auntie criticize me. All I did was speak up for myself. If I can't do that in my own home, then I'm going to leave and find a nicer family."

Dazed, Charlotte had stared as the little girl strode to the door, went out and slammed it behind her. Amused, yet apprehensive, she'd called to her husband to go after her, but to stay out of sight. Watching from the window, she observed Dan in pursuit, skulking behind trees, hedges and cars, as the determined little figure walked to the end of their quiet suburban crescent.

She'd gone as far as the park, where she sat on a swing for fifteen minutes. (Dan reported later.) Then she came home, found Charlotte, and announced, "I've decided to give you a second chance."

"Fine," Charlotte had kept a straight face. After the child went upstairs out of earshot, Dan and Charlotte almost split their sides laughing.

This story had been a big hit in class that morning.

Charlotte opened her paper and began to read. She was halfway through the article about the importance of exercise when boredom overtook her and she decided to close her eyes for a minute or two to rest them.

To her surprise...

... she found herself back on a suburban street in the part of London where she had grown up. It was springtime. There were no traces of snow lying around as in central Canada in April. Instead, there were daffodils, birds singing, trees in bud, green grass. "Oh, to be in England now that April's here!" she sometimes quoted silently. Now, here she was, but how could she be?

The wind ruffled her long hair—it had been long when she was a child—and suddenly she was running.

'But you can't run,' she thought. 'You need your walker just to walk.'

But she could run, and she was fast. It was like living in a fairy tale. Her feet pounded the pavement, the wind roared in her ears and her hair streamed out behind her. The pain in her back and her knees was gone - how unexpected, and what an enormous sense of joy! What freedom! She wasn't afraid of falling, or of anything. Her muscles enjoyed the work-out. She pretended to be a race horse, as she had years earlier.

At the same time, her present self was there, observing. The experience had an other-worldly quality to it. A thought came clearly to mind. 'This is a special treat. It's just for this one time only. It won't be a permanent state of affairs, so enjoy it while it lasts.'

Effortlessly, she extracted every ounce of pleasure from the experience. She ran down the street to the oak tree at the corner, with a knot hole where she and her cousin sometimes left messages, like the children in Little Women. Then she ran back. There was no sign of Nanny to tell her to slow down, or act like a lady. As she approached the house she felt tired in a healthy, excited way, and ran around the side into the garden, and flung herself into the hammock.

When she woke she was hungry and it was dinner time. She started to get up from the chair, then realized that she'd need the arms to pull herself up. Her knee and back had the old familiar twinge.

What a strange dream!

In the bathroom she washed her face, pondering the strange tricks of the mind.

She'd read Hemingway's account of being ill and having the sense of watching himself from high up on the ceiling, seeing his soul unfurl like a filmy sash and then wind itself up





again and reenter his chest. That was a near-death experience, though—the first account she’d read of the phenomenon—but not the last.

She shivered. She didn’t think her experience was about death. She wasn’t ill.

Had she ever before dreamed an incident from two points of view simultaneously?

Well, yes! But then, not ‘dreamed’ though. It was sort of the same. She’d swept it under the rug. Thinking of the British sailors and her war years brought it back. She’d never told anyone about it and hadn’t thought of it in years.

Before her posting to Egypt, while training in England, she’d gone out for a while with a young man also in the armed forces. She’d liked him but hadn’t been in love with him. She’d been curious, though. They were young and full of hormones and on their own away from home for the first time. Added to this mix was the tragedy of war, the sense that everything was constantly changing and that life was short.

Charlotte’s surface conformity had concealed an adventurous and unsentimental heart. She’d considered herself a modern woman and wanted to live a little, maybe even escape the middle class married life that her parents wanted for her. So, when her boyfriend suggested “going all the way,” she bought a Woolworth’s wedding ring and they checked into a cheap hotel.

‘Where there’s a will, there’s a way,’ the old saying went. Not true. Both were inexperienced and inept. Her boyfriend hadn’t a clue, so she did her best to help. She was an active participant, yet all the while, a part of her was watching their wrestling match, thinking: “If this is what sex is, then it’s a wonder the human species has survived.” Not until much later, after Dan had appeared on the

scene, had she found pleasure in it. But that hadn’t been a dream; it had been all too real.

She combed her hair and put on lipstick, then set off down the corridor to the elevators. As she strolled along, supported by her walker, she remembered how good it had felt to run and accelerated her pace.

One of her table companions was out for dinner and in her place was the activities director, who was at work that evening to introduce a singer scheduled to entertain.

During the meal, Charlotte shared her dream with the others.

“To be caught up in a dream, yet know it is a dream, is odd. Have any of you had that happen?”

One older woman said no but that she’d love to run again.

The other elderly woman said that—on a couple of occasions—she’d been caught in a nightmare... and terribly frightened. Then another part of her subconscious mind said: “You can end this by waking up,” and she had.

The activities director, a woman in her fifties, was thoughtful. Back in the 1980s she had taken a course for women who were changing careers or re-entering the labor force. One of the instructor’s techniques was “guided meditation.” It involved lying down on mats and closing their eyes. They were to visualize a mentor, then go with that person to a special place where they were to receive a gift that would tell them something important or be helpful to them in the future. The main thing she got from it is that we can control our subconscious to some extent.

The elderly woman on Charlotte’s left nodded. “My dreams are usually a rehash of the day’s events, plus anything that is worrying me,” she said. “Tonight, before I go to bed, I’m going to make it a point to remember the days when I could skip rope and

see if I can dream of skipping.” She smiled at Charlotte.

Charlotte, who had been listening, thought of the Tai Chi class offered at the residence. This art—practiced in China for eight hundred years—promoted good health by circulation the “chi” or energy through the body by means of exercises in posture movement and breathing. There was a meditative aspect to it as well, encouraged by the soothing music. Charlotte liked the gentle flowing movements, almost like Greek dances. and she liked the way the art taught a wholeness or unity of the body. When running, your mind and body and movements are perfectly yet unconsciously connected.

As a result of Tai Chi—a new program at the residence—Charlotte found that she could more easily move her arms and shoulders. Should she credit this Chinese art for her ability to run in dreams? Class was tomorrow. Maybe tomorrow night, she would sleep, perchance to run.

The activities director rose to go and set up the microphone.

“Tell us about tonight’s entertainer?” asked one of the ladies.

“He sings like Ray Orison.”

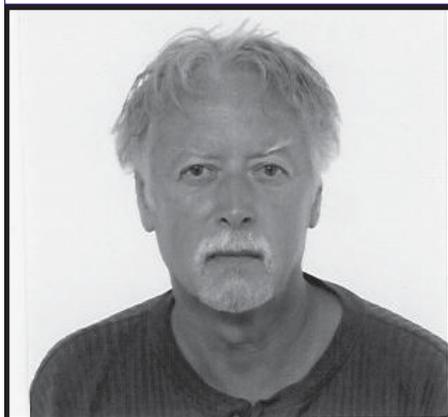
Charlotte and her friends exchanged glances. They preferred more sophisticated music.

“Try him,” coaxed the activities director. “You can always slip out if you don’t like him.”

Ten minutes later, in the lounge, Charlotte sat listening as the tenor sang, “In dreams, I walk with you.” Was it an omen? 



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The Dimensions of Dreams

The Nature, Functions and Interpretation of Dreams

by Ole Vedfelt, translated by Kenneth Tindall, published by Jessica Kingsley Publishers, London & Philadelphia, 431pp, \$39.95 USD

THE DIMENSIONS OF DREAMS is encyclopedic. I mean this in the best use of the term. The book is thorough, with advantage. Unlike what is typically found in an encyclopedia, this volume maintains ongoing cross references and the author is astute enough to connect the dots throughout the history of many dream work schools and techniques. His process provides the reader with a depth and richness to stimulate the rational mind and imagination alike. The scholarship is backed up with years of experience in public and private practice. Indeed, I would rank Ole Vedfeld's study as among the best of its kind; certainly a volume of reflective reference to be kept on hand by both professional and lay dream-culture worker.

The book ranges from Tantra through Freud and Jung to contemporary schools and practices developed by the likes of Fritz Perls, James Hillman, Arnold Mindell. Every reader will find their own affinities and mine include the several names now listed. Along these lines, let me invite you into a

scant but enticing sampling of passages and pages from *The Dimensions of Dreams*.

Pgs. 50-51 (Jung, Archetypes & Amplification): "Jung found amplification with cross-cultural symbolic historical material particularly useful with archetypal dreams, in which the dreamer has no personal associations.... The reasons for comparing dream(s) with mythological symbolism from different cultures, is that fundamentally they derive from the same elemental substance: the archetypes" (dynamic forces forming patterns of universal structuring within the human psyche).

"Knowledge of the archetypal parallels makes it possible to understand dreams and states of consciousness that are alien and terrifying for the dreamer and so could discourage him (or her) from going further with an inner development.... Archetypal amplifications must always be balanced against the cultural and personal." For, we might add, the dynamos of the *mundus archetypus* wear Janus-masks of a near-distant approachability, as they emerge in disguised-revelations out of collective anamnesis, mapped by dreamscapes, articulate in the vocabulary of dreams. This is to say, in full paradoxical motion: these forces *are*, with patterns established before our arrival, and we are the pattern-makers who know not our sources. Yet each is charged with making of them the centerfold of our person.

Pg.59 (Jung & Alchemy): "When I woke up my first association was that the dragons devouring each other's tails were Freud and Jung, but they are also an alchemical symbol. The symbolism is cosmic and archetypal. There is a suspension of time and space. There are two couples that together form an autonomy in a symbol of wholeness....

(**pg.65**) "Many of the alchemists understood that it wasn't so much a matter of producing actual gold, but rather that the complicated processes which were supposed to refine base matter into noble metal were an expression of a refinement of personality."

Now a flip back to pg. 59: "Jung was especially concerned with the development of the personality that is possible at a more mature age. He believed in an inborn development plan which observes a universal pattern but which within this framework gives to the individual his (and her) distinguishing character. The realization of this fulfillment plan he termed the *individuation process*. The individual has within, in embryonic form, a transcendent function that can unite the apparent psychic contradictions, consciousness and the unconscious. This ordering and balancing function can be developed through work with dreams."

Pg. 99 (Hillman): "An independent view of dreams is met with in James Hillman, who... (sees) dreams as an underworld in themselves, with their own objectives.... Contrary to ordinary interpretation procedure, where dream language is translated to the language of consciousness, Hillman proposes that the language of consciousness be translated into dream language... underscoring the experience that dreams contain something different in kind from consciousness, something fundamentally untranslatable into the latter's language." (*Therein may await a discovery to raise eyebrows and suggestive of the title of a Joan Halifax book, The Fruitful Darkness!*)

Pgs. 205-206 (Mindell): "The Jungian Arnold Mindell, who for a period of years was himself seriously ill, has developed a method of working



with somatic symptoms and dreams. In light of many years' experience, he asserts that he has never encountered a case where a symptom's process hasn't been reflected in a dream. In his view a sickness is often part of a person's individuation process and 'the soul is expressing an important message through the sickness.'"

...pg 207: "In itself, there is nothing revolutionary about the method. The technique originated with Wilhelm Reich... What is new in Mindell is that he more perfectly applies the method in connection with dreams.

(His) point of departure is the active imagination of Jung. But while Jung worked almost exclusively with mental ideation, visualizations, and inner dialogue, Mindell expands this to include body sensations and movements."

Pg. 234 (Tantra): "It is fairly certain that meditation increases the number and length of remembered dreams.... Among the many different forms of meditation I will here be concerned with the so-called *chakra system* of Tantric yoga. This is because meditation according to this system has in recent years become rather widespread in the Western world and because associated with these meditations are symbols and psychic development stages that recur in dreams."

Here it would appear we have come full circle. Yet, as always, the inevitable admittance arrives with us: Justice can never be done to so immense a volume within the reviewers little space. From hence, the reader must cease to follow and instead take the lead. Along the way, no doubt at a place where a favorite bookstore opens its doors, waits Ole Vedfelt, doctor of dreams and surveyor of dreamscapes. ☺



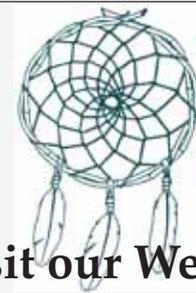
Eat, Pray, Love

By Elizabeth Gilbert
 Viking, February 2006

During a very intense and anguished time her life, Elizabeth (Liz) Gilbert finds herself faced with a huge decision that requires every ounce of soul searching and personal discovery that she can muster.

Eat, Pray, Love, is an emotionally honest journey through the landscape of transformation as Liz works through the thoughts and decisions required to pursue a path that has been calling to her, a path however, that is still unclear. Through her travels to Italy, India and Indonesia, we follow her through her adventures of healing, accompanied by the pleasures of food, the disciplines of meditation and the excitement of love. Filled with truth, heart-felt vulnerability and delightful humor, Liz shares the dreams, visions and synchronicities that precede, then accompany her as she embarks on the biggest exploration of her life, navigating the uncharted waters of going within.

This is a book about one woman's' spiritual journey and the people she meets along the way who help her define her destiny. Liz has a magical way of interweaving spirituality with the day-to-day activities we all work through, to create a brilliant tapestry of insights, understandings and enlightenments from which we can learn and integrate into our lives. ☺



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DREAM Meanderings

Sigmund Freud was a trail blazer
Suggesting dreams were more than
Nonsensical, random images,
Unfortunately, he saw them primarily as repressed sexuality
His student Carl Jung went beyond him
Saying dreams were often from a 'collective unconscious'
 leading us to self completion
Of the male (anima) and female (animus) parts.
At that point we find a beautiful balance.

Telescopes open the universe
Microscopes open the infinitesimal
The *inner scope* reveals the dreams which open us to the unconscious
The most curious aspect of dreams is they often speak to us in symbols
Symbols often represent our emotional response
What we feel during the day is often something
That is transformed into symbols in our dreams
Some symbols are significant to each of us, alone
Others are from the collective unconscious
Symbols are used to remove our blocks and perceptual filters
A picture speaks a thousand words
Only the dreamer can ultimately know what is being said
Dreams connect us with all our other experiences
Symbols as pictures are like shorthand
Working with symbols might be compared to learning to play the piano
After a period of practice our new skill
Becomes a natural flowing easy part of our life
Symbols are more accurate, understandable,
A more integrative level that enables us to
Become aware of ourselves as inter-dimensional beings.
Some dreams give insight into our feelings about others
On another level, sometimes everything in the dream is you
You are the producer, writer, actor and director
People in the dream can represent qualities within you
As we deal more effectively with people in reality, our dreams improve
As our dreams improve, our relations in reality improve
By a process of circular causation with cumulative change.
A house, building, store or other structure can be you with all its rooms
Any vehicle, car, plane, boat can represent the self
It is your mode of traveling or being in the world.
Archetypally, water represents the emotions, fire is purification
Air is the spiritual self and earth the physical self.
May you have wonderful dreams.



Dream Networkers/Regional Contact Persons

We are honored to be able to assist in making quality dream-related information and resources available to you via this publication and the willingness of these knowledgeable individuals. All are committed to the value of dreams; each has her/his own area of interest or expertise and can help point the way to the most appropriate resources to meet your needs. Most are available to answer questions from any caller, regardless of location. Please respect each individual's requests insofar as time availability. If no specific time is indicated, assume that you can call at anytime; you may get an answering machine. When leaving a message on a toll call, expect a collect call in return. **If you would like to serve in this way, please contact us:** 435-259-5936 E: Publisher@DreamNetwork.net.

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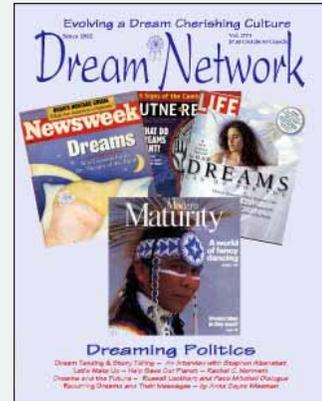




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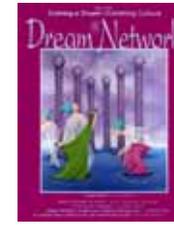
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NEW DATE The conference will now open on Sunday evening, June 27, and conclude with the Dream Ball on Thursday night, July 1, 2010. We are sorry for any inconvenience this change may have caused but it was unfortunately due to a situation beyond our control.

NEW SUBMISSION DEADLINE Due to changes in date and venue, the Call for Presentations deadline has now been extended to 15 December 2009. For instructions and on-line submission go to the conference web site below and click on the CALL FOR PRESENTATIONS link.
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CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS IASD is looking for dedicated volunteers before and during the conference to help with numerous conference-related tasks. Volunteers who work on-site for a dedicated number of hours may be eligible for a deeply reduced \$50 conference admission. Go to the conference website (below) and click on the VOLUNTEER link for information on available positions and to complete the Volunteer Application. <http://asdreams.org/2010/volunteer.htm>

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