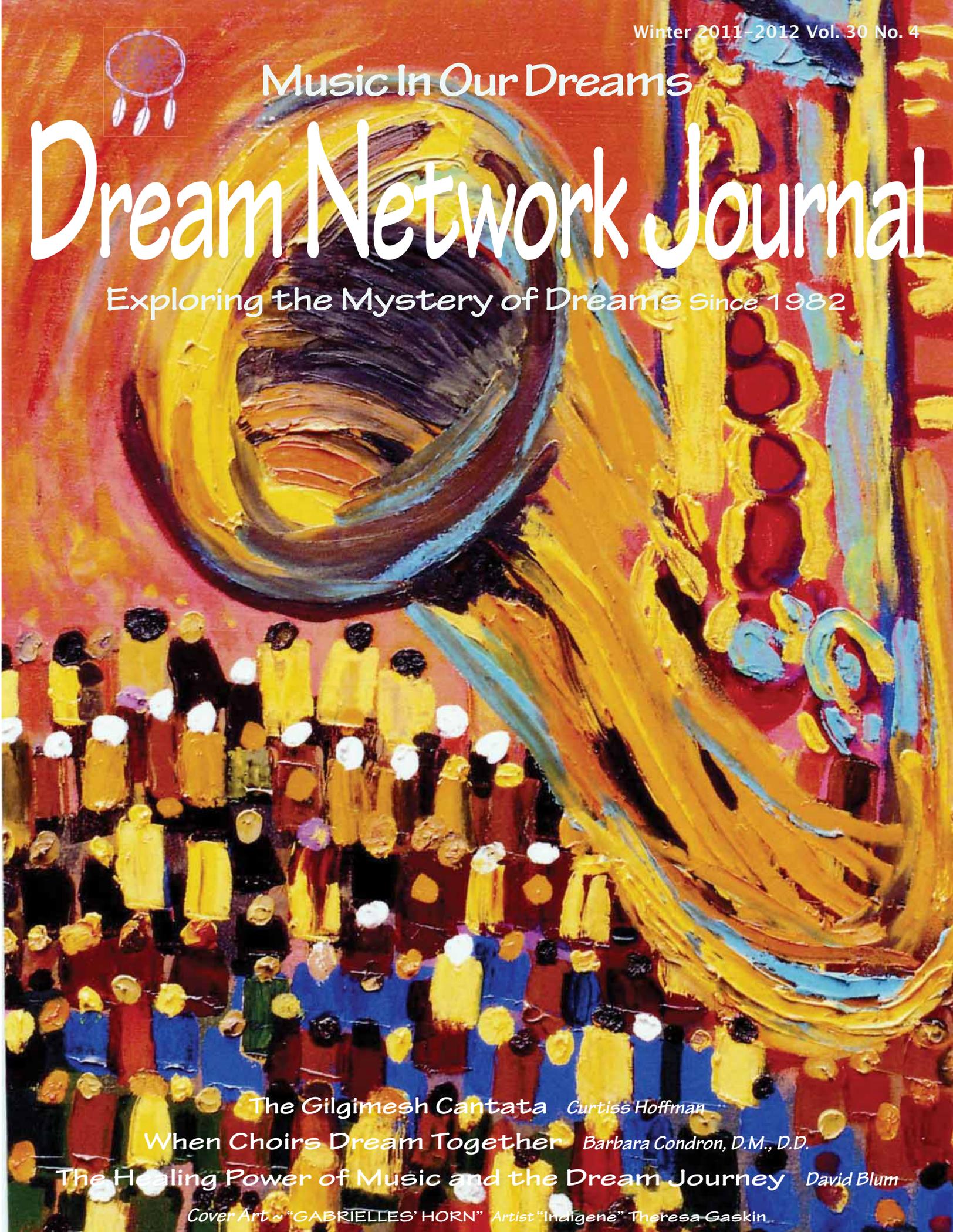




Music In Our Dreams

Dream Network Journal

Exploring the Mystery of Dreams Since 1982



The Gilgamesh Cantata *Curtiss Hoffman*

When Choirs Dream Together *Barbara Condron, D.M., D.D.*

The Healing Power of Music and the Dream Journey *David Blum*

Cover Art ~ "GABRIELLES' HORN" Artist "Indigene" Theresa Gaskin



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22 - 26 June 2012

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The Trees are Singing!

I awoke to this strange sound coming from outside my window.
After a while, it occurred to me it was coming from the trees.

They were creating music; they were singing!

I was filled with inexplicable joy at the wonder of this.
It all made sense somehow, like the 'Pythagorean Music of the Spheres.'
How the Universe is alive and we are all making music!



Mission Statement

Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture

Since 1982

Our purpose is to raise individual and cultural appreciation for the value of dreams. We will provide information that will assist and empower readers.

We hope to aid in the personal development and healing of our physical, emotional, psychological and spiritual responsibility and well-being, with the help of dreams.

We aspire to unite and serve people who respect dreams by aiding the integration of dreamwork into the everyday life of our culture, always mindful of the dreamer's integrity. We believe dreams can become agents of change that often reveal important new insights about the health and developing life of the dreamer.

Recalling a dream is a signal we are ready to begin understanding the information presented. Our primary mission is helping readers glean meaning from dreams through journaling, studying and dreamsharing one-on-one or in groups. Enacting or manifesting your dream's hint can lead to healing and empowerment.

We seek balance, giving all cultures, nations, voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard. There will be times when a particular area will be given greater emphasis, depending on what is surfacing. Given the limited print and online space the emphasis will change from time to time. Still, a wide range of ideas and opinions will be explored and expressed.

We invite you to indicate areas of interest and questions you want to explore or pose in future issues. ☺

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Upcoming Focus
for SPRING-Vol. 31 No. 1

Angels in Dreams



Lifeline: 4 Weeks after you
receive this issue.

About Our Cover Artist "Indigene" Theresa Gaskin



*"Illuminating the black and white
of life in vivid color"*

Website: <http://indigeneart.com>

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Singing the Editorial



I have a confession to make: I actually hear music playing, mantra-like, nearly 24/7. It's always there in the background, rhythmic, soothing and calming... that is, unless it's dominated with external sounds... like now. I'm listening as I write you to a recently acquired CD entitled *The Goat Rodeo Sessions*, featuring Yo Yo Ma, Edgar Meyer, Chris Thile and Stewart Duncan. It's the most energizing sounds I've heard in eons. Steven Colbert, who interviewed the string quartet recently on his nightly show, introduced me to the album. Colbert's first question was, "OK boys, let's get right to it. What exactly is a Goat Rodeo?"

An immediate response from Stuart Duncan: "We have come to believe that a Goat Rodeo is a situation that is so chaotic that everything will have to go right so that everybody doesn't get screwed." Like now. Right?

Further into the interview, when asked by Colbert what style of music they played, Edgar Meyer quickly responded, "It's genre'-proof!" Yo Yo Ma said "... we want to take people out on the edge, where they may see a different view."

Likewise, it's hard to know whether the music arising from our dreams will be 'labeled' Dream Music, but it is for certain a new genre' in the process of birthing. The response to this issues' theme, Music in Our Dreams, has been overwhelming. So much so that I've been trying to figure out how to make the actual music and songs that have surfaced in dreams sing through on these pages.

Consider deeply the sampling of musical inspirations referred herein; you will be guided by links provided to an awesome assortment of musical compositions which come either directly from or are inspired by dreams. For example, Curtiss Hoffman's dream inspired *Gilgamesh Cantata* is available on *Dream Network's* website; Craig 'Sim' Webb refers us to his website to enjoy a well composed and recorded dreamsong and North of Eden's website referral has abundant musical recordings to enjoy. There's more!

A recently received poem from Stanley Krippner—his annual year-end poetic synopsis—is entitled *It's Been A Hard Twelve Months*. I believe the title, itself, is a sentiment many of us can relate to and, sorry to say, that many of the info-sources I pay attention to are saying we'll continue to be rafting the white waters of these crazy times for the coming year as well. Though I remain an incorrigible optimist, it seems inevitable. We best withdraw to a great extent from the chaos and follow our intuition, advice we receive from our dreams and this wise counsel from Rumi:

"Submit to a daily practice.
Your loyalty to that
is a ring on the door.

Keep knocking... and the joy inside
will eventually open a window
and look out

To see... who's there."

ANGELS! Our spring issue will focus on Angels in our Dreams and in our waking life. Please share your dreams/experience.

I will gift you with a message received from one of my own Angles, given when I was, in fact, feeling very distraught and alone: The Being came up from behind my left side, took hold of my hand (I could *feel* the hand in mine) and repeated, over and over again:

"You are never alone. You are never alone."
You are never alone." You are never alone."
Chetzemoka Park, Port Townsend, WA 1982

Thank you for all that you do. Blessed New Year and HolyDays, Every day, dearest friends. Sending LOVE,

Roberta Ossana

NOTE Regarding Submissions

Individuals from all cultures and walks of life are encouraged to submit dream related manuscript, poetry and artwork to be considered for publication.

We invite you to share transformational experience and any insight regarding effective dreamwork and dreamplay techniques.

Feel free to send in a submission, even if it falls outside the scope of the suggested focus or theme. Your article may be appropriate for publication in one of our other regular features, *The Art of Dreamsharing* and *Dream Education*, or *The Mythic Dimension*.

Given the overall synchronicity that shapes the *Dream Network Journal*, your submission is likely to 'fit' perfectly in an upcoming issue. We always love to hear from you in our Letters column; whether you were inspired or infuriated by the latest issue, please let us know!

Typical article length is approx. 1600-2000 words. A photo of yourself and art work to enhance your submission is requested (.pdf, .tif or .jpg files are preferred for text, ads, artwork & photos). Always share your dream(s) **in the present tense**. We prefer that you use **Word.doc** for email submissions, **sent as attachments**. Artists wishing to have their work considered for our covers, please contact the editor: Publisher@DreamNetwork.net.

Include SASE with Postal Service queries & submissions. Mail queries & submissions to DNJ PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532. Visit our website for more in-depth Writer, Artist and Poets' Guidelines: <http://DreamNetwork.net>.

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We look forward to hearing from you!

Letters, Questions, Dreams

Appreciation

I have seen the *Dream Network Journal* and it is outstanding. You have many reasons to be proud of the service you provide.

After reading the journal, it will be a pleasure to donate it to our College library on your behalf. Have a wonderful New Year.

*Dr. Barbara Condron
School of Metaphysics World Headquarters,
Windyville, MO*

~~~~~

### Response to Arthur Bernard's Article

Thank you for sharing your dreams, what they mean to you, and how your dreams have enhanced your life in DNJ's autumn issue (V30#3-pgs.7 - 10)). I also awakened to my spiritual self after starting to keep a dream journal when I turned forty. Prior to this time, with the exception of when I was very young, I did not go to church and wasn't interested in religion. I still do not consider myself a religious person, but from the time I wrote down my first dream in my journal, I definitely was being guided on to a spiritual path. To this day, the study of spirituality and consciousness remains a focus for me.

Shortly after turning forty and entering my dreams into my dream journal I dreamt: *The phone rings and when I pick it up a voice says, "Judith, this is Jonah calling." Then I get the mental image of a whale and a worm.* That day I went out to buy a bible and read the story of Jonah and the Whale.

Soon after having this dream I started dreaming dreams that prompted me to place the images and symbols into circles that I drew with colored pencils. By the third circle, I was placing roses and crosses inside of the circles with intense energy. While snooping through a bookstore, I discovered Carl Jung and his book about mandalas. I had never heard of mandalas, but for the next year was obsessed with creating them. Finally—at first sadly, and probably luckily—this creative energy left me. The impulse to be creative didn't, however, and I became a watercolorist and then woodcarver using the watercolor techniques I learned on my woodcarving.

Many years later, I had a waking dream that connected me with what I call "The heart of God." My sister died of cancer and I had worked very closely with her over the four years of her battle against it. About a week after her passing into the spiritual world, I was having a massage. At a certain point in the massage, I could no longer hear or feel the touch of my friend giving me the treatment. I was instead in a void of clear blue sky. I drifted in and out of this state and when white fluffy clouds appeared, I would once again become aware of my friend; when they retreated, I would be in the blue void. Then without words, I understood "God" was talking to me. He told me that there was no judgment after death other than how we judged ourselves. God's heart was pure love, compassion, forgiveness and non-judgmental. His joyous love of creating was the pool where all of our own essences would eventually return and become the material of all creation. I usually call "god" Creator and this presence felt masculine to me in the sense of Yin and Yang... Yang being active and creative.

Thank you again for sharing. As well, I'm very happy *Dream Network Journal* will be continuing. You all have done such a superior job with the journal. May your dreams continue to be a source of healing and inspiration to you.

*Judith Picone, Edmonds, WA*

~~~~~

Calling for Dreams in New Book: *Pandora's Box*

This is a call requesting that you send in your amazing wild, extraordinary, outrageous, spectacular and authentic dream images for PANDORAS BOX: The power of the IMAGE.

We want the most amazing images one could articulate and/or illustrate. Just send a short paragraph with a description of the picture the dream has given you and why you think it is amazing. Or, you can make a sketch of how it might be illustrated. Your contribution will allow me permission to use your sharing, anonymously.

Looking forward to your contribution!

*Ann Sayre-Wiseman, Cambridge, MA
Ansayre@aol.com, or to
Publisher@DreamNetwork.net*

Dreamwork Weaving in Ontario, Canada

I loved the presentation of my article Soul Medicine in your autumn issue (Vol. 30 No.3 pgs.30-34). Thank you!

I am having lovely little chats with Marlene King via email since she so beautifully edited the piece. You gave me that as a gift as well for which I am very grateful.

I love to track themes in dreams appearing from different people, clients, friends, so anytime you notice themes and want to ask if they're appearing with me here please feel free to connect, or about any dream image etc. I really feel right now that whatever is 'coming' is going to be foreshadowed in our dreams right now.

Thank you so much for all your work to keep weaving the dream community through the journal and all the other ways that I likely have no clue about!

The weaving is starting here in London Ontario, Canada as well. It's very interesting. I formed a speakers series called "Elders and Dreams Speak," gathering dream experts and indigenous elders to share about the 'times we are living in.' One man came who is part of a poets' circle and said he'd just been asked to write 21 poems about dreams. Then he saw my flyer!

Lots of shamanism groups are springing up, which if you knew London—VERY conservative—you'd know it is a shift of significant proportion.

So, dreams are finding their way to this urban world right now in ways I haven't seen before.

And... did you know that David Cronenberg has released, or is releasing a movie about Jung and Freud, *A Dangerous Method?* Probably you do, we're usually behind the USA! I'm waiting with anticipation. I think it explores his sexual/libido adventures as part of his practice.

My best to all involved.

Helen Battler, London, Ontario, Canada

See Curt Hoffman's review of the movie *A Dangerous Method* on page 37. (Editor)

~~~~~

## POWER SONG

### Song

song sung in a whisper on a hillside in morning  
song in twilight, midnight  
song sung to a candle cradled  
in darkness, song  
before the silhouette of a tree  
tracing the watermarks of a tide  
washed stone, song for the mortal  
heart when the heart is weary, song  
for the human soul when soul is  
lonely, or the soul is lost  
song for these bones, under skin, flesh  
inside a breathing, blood warmed body;

### Song

song not to be sad, not forlorn  
not to be wounded always, hopeless  
of healing, a healing song  
sung for recovery, for going on, for  
the sense to awaken, arise  
before danger comes near, to  
speak, to abide with the pain of the  
world without breaking, and to feel, freely  
without numbing fear.

### Song

song of a thousand generations, gathering  
coming, going on the pilgrimage  
Earth: sacred song, song of sanity, song  
of peace—song of a power dreamer  
standing in the lotus of creation.

*David Sparenberg 2011*



# What Happens When Choirs Dream Together?

By Barbara Condron, D.M., D.D.



A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO, I had the pleasure of meeting Viki Andersen, the producer of a film series called, *Dreamtime*, that aired on PBS. “What fascinated me was the idea that throughout time, in all cultures, someone has always been dreaming,” she said, her eyes lighting up. “No matter what time, someone has always been dreaming as far back as we can imagine.”

Viki’s observation came to mind as I looked over the data we collected from the 20 people in our cantata group. They remembered a total of 756 dreams in 80 nightly sleeping periods. One woman—the one who portrayed Mary—remembered dreams all but two of those nights. Looking at the dream records, I thought, “Someone was always dreaming!”

## Dream Journal: Katrina P.

*I am in the upper level of the Peace Dome. We are sitting around the outside perimeter in a large circle. Dr. Barbara Condron is leading a discussion about the cantata. A lady I serve at work says, “I think we should get a cheese truck, and take it to all the cheese festivals, to dance at the cheese festivals.”*

*Matt Valois says, “I want a radio truck so we can travel around and do radio.” Dr. Laurel Clark is sitting next to Dr. Barbara and she says, “Matt if you want to do radio I will teach you.”*

*We get up and walk out of the Peace Dome and into my parents’ house. Dr. Terry Martin says she wants to get the music down enough to be able to sing “Kyrie.” I tell her that I know the song*

*because I learned it in high school. She tells me that she knows that and I had such good training from Mr. Palmeri. I think that I should find Palmeri and let him know about my performance.*

The dreamer is a 30-year-old chef born in Poughkeepsie, New York. For two months, she has been taking a class in performing arts at the College of Metaphysics in Missouri. She portrays Elizabeth, sister of Mary and mother of John (the Baptist) in a musical presentation called, *The Christ Seed*. The play was presented in the Peace Dome in December 2011.

All the characters in her dream are people she knows. Five of them are involved in music, both in her current life and from her past. Three hold doctorates in metaphysics. Three are involved in the performance.

Is Katrina’s dream reflecting her life or is her life reflecting her dream? One month later, on November 21, she writes, “*I am rehearsing the Cantata in my dreams all night long. Running through the whole thing from beginning to end over and over, refining it.*” Each month, she shows measurable improvement in her characterization, singing and movement, a testimony to the incubation connection between day dreaming and night dreaming.

If Katrina is dreaming of the cantata, what are the other 19 singers dreaming? Is singing and rehearsing present in their dreams as well? Do they dream about one another? We want to know, and we have the means to find out.

***We are the music makers and we are the dreamers of dreams.***

—Arthur O’Shaughnessy, British poet

We, the teachers, students and researchers at the School of Metaphysics, have been answering questions about dreams since 1973.

What happens when someone begins recording, studying and interpreting their own dreams? What happens when those students compose music for words from the *Bible* and the *Tao Te Ching*, or the prayers of indigenous people? What happens when teachers who are awake in their dreams come together to dream during the day?

All of these questions merged in the fall of 2010 when two dozen people started meeting at the World's Peace Dome to do something they all love—sing!

Located on the campus of the College of Metaphysics, the Peace Dome is a three-story monolithic dome rising from the countryside in south central Missouri. It was dedicated as a universal site for peace in 2003. Since then, students at the college come together to offer a holiday program interweaving songs of the season with the *Universal Peace Covenant*, a 577-word document created in 1996-97. The dome creates what is called a whispering gallery with acoustical properties such that a faint sound may be heard around its entire circumference. Singing in the dome is a rare delight.

This year, the program is evolving. Auditions are open to anyone currently studying at the School of Metaphysics (SOM), an educational institute with branches in 15 cities. Twenty-four singers from seven states are selected. Participants meet once a month for four weekends to rehearse the elements of the performance.

The remainder of the month, the seventeen women and six men live their chosen lives as a homeopathic doctor, electronics engineer, yoga instructor, chef, human resources administration, nurse, biofeedback specialist, attorney, landlord, web designer, teacher, student, minister, or writer in cities like Chicago, Dallas, and Louisville, Kentucky. The varied group ranges in age from 15 to 64, from high school student to post-college grad. Most identify themselves as Christian or Interfaith and a few have no affiliation yet identify themselves “spiritual.”

Because they are actively enrolled students at SOM, they are invested in mind and consciousness development, including daily mental exercises in concentration, meditation, and visualization. Keeping a log of these experiences, particularly dreams, is a class requirement.

Early on, I realized we had a unique opportunity to study the dreams of people who are pursuing a common goal. Since 2007, researchers at the College of Metaphysics have studied data collected by 961 dreamers in 21 countries on seven different topics, ranging from the moon's affect on dreaming to solutions for economic challenges in our lives. In those *Global Lucid Dreaming Experiments*, SOM students form a unique control group. Since this particular study is driven by a common creative goal rather than by a dream hypothesis, we are open to whatever the dreams reveal.

Do people who sing together, dream together?

This seemed like the perfect time to find out.

## Rehearsing in our Dreams

Interestingly, within this group, a dual dynamic arose in those studying part time at a branch of the School of Metaphysics in a major U.S. city and those studying full time at the College of Metaphysics in the countryside of Missouri.

The number of dreams remembered by lead characters who study at college (187), compared to the number of dreams remembered by lead characters who study at schools (13), points to greater dream recall from those electing full-time study. This is also substantiated by the number of dreams recalled by choir members studying at college (318), and the number of dreams remembered by choir members studying at schools (208).

The average dream recall in a week for those living at the college was 3-4 dreams, higher than the average of those participating in the study. The average dream recall in a week for those living in a city was 2-3 dreams, lower than the average. When the content in dreams is examined, the impact of full time study and practice becomes apparent.

The dreams used in this study were recorded between October 1, 2010 and December 18, 2010. To make it easier to note connections between dream content and our common musical work, several of the researchers delineate the characteristics that will define a “cantata dream.” These are placed



in three categories: 1] People: anyone who is directly associated with the presentation, people portrayed in the Christmas story, even angels. 2] Places: the Peace Dome, the College of Metaphysics and Bethlehem. 3] Things: music, singing, dancing, star of David, Bible study, pregnancy. Out of **756** total dreams remembered, **276** dreams are “cantata dreams.”

Dreams involving music are the most common, with 71 including singing, composing or dancing. This would seem to indicate a link between the group's purpose and their individual dreams. It also indicates something else. Dreams featuring music began in early October and picked up as the time of performance approached. This seems to point to a Dream Consciousness Circuit link between subconscious thinking (the dreams) and conscious thinking and activity (performance). Here are excerpts from nine of those dreams.

**\*COMPOSING:** Charlotte (choir member, first time soloist) *I am singing a beautiful song and dancing a floating sort of dance. Another woman there (I do not recognize) remarks that it is a beautiful song. I say, “Yes, I wrote it.” I continue to sing some more. Then I say, “It’s a John Denver melody, but I wrote these words.” (It is the melody to ‘Annie’s Song. I don’t remember the words I made up.)*

“The different ways music appears in the dreams illustrates the broad range of the demands the cantata places on the class. Solos, duets, quartets, sextets, choral pieces with harmony, and instrumentation are featured in the presentation, and people are stretching, entering new territory and discovering what they are capable of producing. Their dreams reflect this, offering them ways to learn and to express any apprehension. Dreaming becomes additional rehearsal time that sharpens their skill without requiring valuable day time out of their schedules.”

**\*RECORDING:** Karen (choir member)

Woke up singing “This is my Quest.” A small part of the dream that I remember is recording the songs in the Dome with everyone in the group.

**\*SINGING:** Josephine (choir member, soloist)  
I am placing clothing in the washing machine and there are other people using another washing machine down stairs. Karen M. comes in with additional clothing some belonging to Dr. Daniel. Karen and I are singing.



**\*PLAYING/SINGING:** Tad (portrays Zechariah)  
Dr. Pam is playing her harp - Minerva. I am singing in the dome.

**\*REHEARSING:** Matt (choir director)  
All the cantata members are present in the Peace Dome, and we are rehearsing the songs for the cantata while sitting in a circle, I am conducting. After singing “The Quest,” Dr. Barbara says that it is a good day of rehearsal, and that we should be all getting some rest to prepare for tomorrow.

**\*PRACTICE:** Katrina (portrays Elizabeth)  
I am rehearsing the Cantata in my dreams all night long. Running through the whole thing from beginning to end over and over, refining it.

**\*PLANS:** Christine (choir member, guitarist)  
Heather practices a song she will sing and it sounds pretty good, but is a little out of tune. Elizabeth looks in a mirror and talks about her future musical plans at different SOM centers.

**\*SINGING:** Pam (choir member, harmony coach)  
I wrote “singing” in my dream journal for this day. That’s all.

**HARMONIZING/IMPROVISING:** Christine  
(choir member, guitarist)

At one point, four others and I (including 1 black man) sing together. I lead, remembering the words as best I can and they harmonize. Then we improvise.

One student wrote in her dream journal: “\*Special note—I had a roommate (Gerry) sleeping in the bed next to me who said that I was singing in my sleep.” The idea that people dream about what they do during the day is familiar to most people. By recording their dreams, students brought this idea into their experience. They began to see connections between their thinking and their dreaming, their choices and their

dreaming, and their actions and their dreaming. They observed that the dreaming helped them communicate *subconsciously* between one another, sometimes telepathically, sometimes by occupying the same dream space. This was emphasized when Tad starred for the first time in a dream Laurie remembered. These two people had known each other for 10 years, both living on the college campus for most of that time, yet Laurie had never remembered a dream about Tad, until December 6, 2010. Most people don’t think about group dreaming. Yet on October 24, 75% of the choir members remembered their dreams. This highest dream recall for the cantata class followed a special weekend at the college called the Still Mind Weekend. It is dedicated to silence, fasting and open-eyed meditation while sitting with a teacher. The stillness makes it easy to receive the inner voice that comes through in our dreams. And as any music teacher knows, the power in the song is often in the silence. ♪



Barbara Condron has been formally studying and teaching dream interpretation at the School of Metaphysics in the U.S. since 1975. Learn more at [www.som.org](http://www.som.org) and [www.dreamschool.org](http://www.dreamschool.org).



# The Gilgamesh Cantata: A Personal Exploration of Dreams and Music

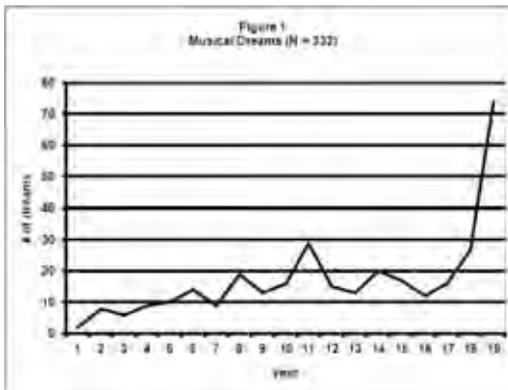
By Curtiss Hoffman



**D**REAMS HAVE LONG BEEN A SOURCE OF INSPIRATION FOR MUSICAL COMPOSERS OF ALL GENRES. For example, Richard Wagner – who once wrote that “all poetry is only true dream interpretation” – recounted in his autobiography that he was unable to find a way to begin his gigantic Ring of the Niebelungen cycle when he had a dream in which he felt that he was drowning in overwhelming waves, while the figurations of an E flat major chord sounded in his mind. When he awoke, he realized that his dream had provided him with the opening of Das Rheingold, which is set at the bottom of the Rhine River.

When I proposed doing a symposium on music and dreaming to some colleagues at the 2010 IASD conference, what I had in mind to present was exploring how music finds its way into my dreams and how my unconscious mind is able to recognize musical themes and compositions. However, recent events in my dream life have transformed this study into an exploration of how music found its way out of my dreams and into a partially finished composition.

I have journaled my dreams for the past 19 years, using a database program that allows me to retrieve motifs with ease over the entire period. Out of a total of 9,696 recorded dreams, 332 contain the words “music” or “musical” – an average of 3.4% of the total. Over time, the number of musical dreams averaged 17.3 per year, and tended to increase to a peak in year 11 (2002-3), then to decrease to around the mean, and lastly to increase again sharply, starting in year 18 and continuing to the present (2009-11). (See Figure 1).



In addition to these two keywords, there have been numerous other occurrences of musical genres in my dreams. Music has always been a part of my life; I trained as a clarinetist from an early age and played in bands and orchestras through my second year in college. Over the past 9 years, as the result of a dream I reported in DNJV24#1, I have returned to instrumental practice on the crumhorn, a Renaissance double reed instrument ancestral to the oboe and the English horn. Mostly my interest is in classical music, but as Table 2 shows, both jazz and rock music appear in my dreams and are part of my waking appreciation, also. Missing from this list—and of less interest to me in waking life—are popular music, folk music, country, hip-hop, rap, and such genres. They do show up in my dreams, but more rarely. So, this listing somewhat parallels my musical tastes. However, as I do not consider myself to be a particularly good singer, it is a bit surprising that song shows up at the top of the list.

**Table 2**  
**Genres (in descending order of frequency):**

|                  |                 |
|------------------|-----------------|
| Song – 100       | Classical – 10  |
| Performance – 96 | Prelude – 10    |
| Tune – 86        | Overture – 7    |
| Symphony – 46    | Duet – 7        |
| Opera – 25       | March – 7       |
| Voice – 23       | Hymn – 6        |
| Jazz – 20        | Sonata – 6      |
| Concerto – 17    | Composition – 6 |
| Rock – 16        | Trio – 5        |

Also, there have been a number of more technical musical terms appearing with some frequency in my dreams. These are shown in Table 3, and obviously reflect upon my familiarity with the language of music and its incorporation into my dream life.

**Table 3**  
**Technical Terms (in descending order of frequency):**

|               |               |
|---------------|---------------|
| Theme – 63    | Melody – 13   |
| Note – 62     | Beat – 12     |
| Movement – 39 | Tone – 12     |
| Bass – 36     | Pitch – 11    |
| Key – 24      | Lyrics – 10   |
| Tenor – 22    | Variation – 9 |
| Rhythm – 21   | Soprano – 9   |
| Staff – 19    | Scale – 8     |
| Harmony – 16  | Flat – 7      |
| Measure – 13  | Octave – 5    |
| Alto – 13     | Sharp – 4     |

In addition, actions of a musical nature appear in my dreams, especially playing and singing. These are shown in Table 4. (This listing does not include any non-musical instances of these verbs, such as playing games, or conducting tours.) Though I am not a proficient vocalist, once again, singing is high on the list. Composing is rather far down on the list; while I composed a little music during high school, it is not something that I have felt motivated to do... until recently.

**Table 4**  
**Key Actions: (in descending order of frequency):**

|              |               |
|--------------|---------------|
| Play – 298   | Conduct – 14  |
| Sing – 143   | Practice – 10 |
| Perform – 49 | Hum – 10      |
| Chant – 33   | Compose – 6   |

A wide variety of musical instruments have appeared in my dreams, as shown in Table 5. Not surprisingly, the crumhorn and the clarinet—the two instruments I actually play—have a high frequency; as a crumhornist, I play with a recorder group, which might account for the frequency of recorders on the list. But I do not play piano, or any stringed or brass instruments. So their frequent appearance in my dreams would seem to derive from listening rather than playing music.

**Table 5**  
**Instruments (in descending order of frequency):**

|                 |                 |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| Instrument – 87 | Cello – 9       |
| Piano – 52      | Organ – 7       |
| Crumhorn – 37   | Viola – 6       |
| Recorder – 31   | Bassoon – 6     |
| Clarinet – 29   | Oboe – 6        |
| Drum – 23       | Harpsichord – 6 |
| Violin – 19     | Mouthpiece – 6  |
| Flute – 17      | Trombone – 5    |
| Trumpet – 13    | Pipe – 4        |
| Guitar – 12     | Sitar – 3       |
| Reed – 11       | Tympani – 3     |
| Saxophone – 10  | Bow – 3         |

The same pattern is demonstrated by the types of performers who appear in my dreams. As Table 6 shows, although wind players are near the top, singers exceed them in frequency; and other types of performers are not far behind. Much of the music I listen to is orchestral but increasingly, chamber music as well. I haven't listened to much choral music, so it's surprising that choristers appear so often. This may prefigure the developments I will discuss later in the article.

**Table 6**  
**Performers (in descending order of frequency):**

|                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Singers – 40        | Keyboardists – 10  |
| Conductors – 26     | Music Teachers – 9 |
| Wind Players – 26   | Rock Groups – 9    |
| Orchestra – 24      | Brass Players – 8  |
| String Players – 19 | Bands – 7          |
| Musicians – 1       | Jazz Musicians – 6 |
|                     | Percussionists – 6 |

A wide diversity of composers is represented in my dreams: 54 identifiable composers in all. Table 7 indicates all those appearing at least twice. Mahler and Wagner, who definitely rank among my favorites, are at the top of the list. However, the rest of the distribution is not entirely in accord with my waking life tastes. Some of my favorite composers — for

example, Rachmaninoff and Vaughan-Williams—are very far down on the list; others, like Bruckner and Puccini, have only appeared once. With the exception of Michael Praetorius, none of the Renaissance and early Baroque composers whose music I now frequently play appear on this list. It might be suggested that the frequency of composers in my dreams is correlated with the degree to which their music impacts me emotionally ... but the four Late Romantic composers I mentioned above, appeared only once or twice, and yet they wrote highly emotionally charged music.

**Table 7**  
**Composers (in descending order of frequency):**

|                              |                            |
|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| Gustav Mahler – 35           | Franz Josef Haydn – 3      |
| Richard Wagner – 25          | Michael Praetorius – 3     |
| Johannes Brahms – 16         | Robert Schumann – 3        |
| Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart – 16 | Leonard Bernstein – 3      |
| The Beatles – 16             | Edvard Grieg – 2           |
| Ludwig van Beethoven – 16    | Bob Dylan – 2              |
| Johann Sebastian Bach – 12   | Percy Grainger – 2         |
| Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky – 9 | Georg Frederick Handel – 2 |
| Felix Mendelssohn – 5        | Johann Pachelbel – 2       |
| Franz Schubert – 5           | Sergei Rachmaninoff – 2    |
| Antonin Dvorak – 4           | Camille Saint-Saens – 2    |
| Frederic Chopin – 4          | Dmitri Shostakovich – 2    |
| Richard Strauss – 4          | Ralph Vaughan-Williams – 2 |
| Giuseppe Verdi – 4           | Carl Maria von Weber – 2   |
| Jan Sibelius – 3             | plus 29 others – 1 each    |

As I reported in *DNJ V29#3*, during the summer of 2010 I read Jung's *Red Book* and it had a profound effect upon my consciousness. Themes from the book frequently appeared in my dreams and waking synchronous experience, and in dreams, often prior to my reading them. The "biggest" dream in this series concerned my observation of a group of choristers performing an *a capella* cantata based upon texts from the *Red Book*. Upon awakening, I realized that the texts derived from the "Incantations" section of the book, in which Jung presents a series of prayers within his dreaming that was directed to the Babylonian hero Gilgamesh, whom he had previously (in the dream) mortally wounded then saved, by collapsing him to miniscule size and placing him within an egg, which he brought to a village for incubation.

Subsequent dreaming has made it clear to me that I have been asked to compose this cantata out of themes my dreaming presents to me. Even though I had no formal education in musical composition, I agreed to undertake this project. The first stage was to translate the words of the Incantations from German into Akkadian, the actual language of the Gilgamesh epic. My training in ancient Near Eastern languages has made it possible for me to accomplish this. Next, I am applying to the Incantations section text the specific musical themes derived from my dreams.

My dreams indicated that the cantata would be sung *a capella* by four voices, and that it would be in 6 sections. In order to manifest this, I have audited two Music Theory courses this year, which enabled me to set the melodies my dreams gave me within a tonal harmonic structure. Far from easy!

The first section I was moved to set to music is associated with a powerful *Red Book* image (Jung 2009:55): the sun *barque* of the Egyptian god Ra sailing over the surface of the waters, beneath which lurks a monstrous fish, identified by Jung as the "*Spirit of the Depths*." The text consists of



There is a language  
older by far and  
deeper than words.

It is the language of  
bodies, of bodies on  
body, wind on snow,  
rain on trees,  
wave on stone.

It is the language of  
dreams, gesture,  
symbol, memory  
and music.

We have forgotten  
the language.  
We do not even  
remember that  
it exists."

*A Language Older than Words*  
Derrick Jensen

four lines and the melody for it was given to me in a dream. Translated into English, these are:

*One word, which has never yet been  
spoken;  
One light, which has not yet shone;  
One confusion, without equal;  
And one road, without end.*

Underlying the text, the Akkadian words for "Spirit of the Depths" are intoned as an undulating pedal, representing the waves. In addition, singers from time to time hold long notes on "a," which is the Sumerian word for water.

The piece is in four sections, each of which corresponds to one of the four lines of the text. The first section picks up the theme of "one word" from the dream, as each line is sung solo above the bass pedal, first by the tenor, then by the alto, then by the soprano, then again by the tenor.

In the second section, the melody is taken up by the sopranos, harmonized by the altos, while the tenors sing the pedal and the basses harmonize beneath them. This corresponds to the "one light" phrase.

In the third, "confusion" section, the sopranos sing arpeggios while the altos hold the pedal and the tenors sing the melody, harmonized by the basses.

The fourth, "road" section, the sopranos sing descending road-like quarter notes while the altos harmonize, the tenors hold the pedal and the basses have the melody. There is a brief coda in which the pedal finally reaches the water's surface with the soprano line and then works its way down through the voices.

This piece was premiered at the 2011 IASD conference to a receptive audience. A second section of the cantata was performed in August of 2011 at the same music camp that provided the inspiration for the original dream that "commissioned" the cantata.

Since I undertook the writing of the cantata, dreams about it have come in profusion. I have had 47 dreams in which the cantata was featured, 35 providing musical themes. In 11 of these, I have actually visualized the notes on the staff; more often, I just hear the themes. Most of these dreams are just brief snippets... or the theme occurs only at the end of a longer dream. Some dreams have provided me with insights into the structure of the cantata or helped me to revise what I have written. I know that there are themes

that I have not been able to recall in the morning, but one dream early in the process informed me that these are being stored in my unconscious for when I will need them later on.

The creative process sometimes takes unexpected twists and turns; for example, the section performed last summer combines two dream themes in a canonical structure. I had no idea that the second theme would fit the first as well as it does. An early dream indicated that I would need to incorporate a chorale from Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* into one section of the cantata. Recent dreams have shown me that this will actually be in a rondo form, with several repeats of the chorale interspersed with other dream themes. A section I am working on now contrasts a vigorous hora rhythm from one dream against a more melodic pastoral theme from another. As Jung observed of the paintings which accompany his dreams in the *Red Book*, sometimes they didn't come out the way he expected!

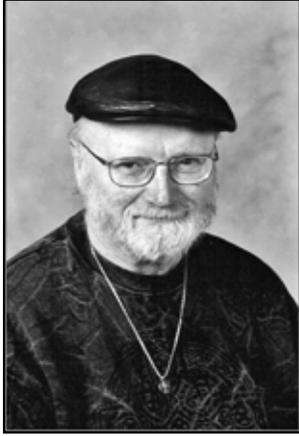
In many instances, I have no idea with what portion of the cantata the themes will go. But in other cases, I get the words with the music. My knowledge of music enables me to see that some of the themes bear a relationship to existing music. But other themes are unfamiliar and hopefully my dreams will give me more! ☺



Go [here](http://www.understandthmeaningof-mydreams.com/cgi-bin/article/news.cgi?act=read&cat=18&num=10) to listen to the *Gilgamesh Cantata*

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# Musing on Dreams, Music and the Muses

By Russell Lockhart. Ph.D.

IT'S NO SECRET I AM ADDICTED TO ETYMOLOGY. With this issue's theme of music in dreams I must go to the etymology of these words. Lifting the cover of "music" just a bit reveals the word comes from *mousike* (Gk.) which translates as the "art of the muses." Did we know the muses were so close at hand? Recall there were nine muses, each presiding over a different art or science but all having the attribute of *inspiration* and functioning in *oracular* fashion. We most commonly think of muses as inspiring a creator in the act of creation. Yet, we must also note that created music or song also *inspires* its hearers. When music "works" it must be putting the "listener" into connection with the muses as well. The passive hearing of music and song is unlikely to be the goal of music, whether in the concert hall or the dream. It was this, I think, that Baudelaire had in mind when he said that the only proper criticism of a work of art was another work of art. That is, if music and song connects us to inspiring and oracular muses, then it is up to us to respond to their promptings in us. We are used to being inspired by music. But what about the oracular function of music? What is the prophetic nature of music? What does the music (of the muses) want of us? I think it must be more than to be dutiful fans, consummate consumers, or just hearers of music in dreams. But what?

Digging deeper, we find "music" comes from the older root *men-I* meaning "to think" and is also the root for our word "mind" as well as a diverse brood: mania, mad, maenad, minne (love), mentor, Minerva, monster, memory, remember, to name only a few. These are unlikely to be the images or functions we bring to bear on music in dreams, but this brood is lurking there in the word music and so belongs to it, however we finally "face the music" of our dreams. I know from working with music in dreams over many years as an analyst that these themes can be most helpful in bringing out the fundamental drama that is part of every musical dream and most importantly, open up the inspiring and oracular dimensions of the musical dream.

No other art or science will have this privileged relation to the muses as does "music" which bears their name. This may point to something fundamental such as Brian Greene speaks to when he observes how a

musical idea "that can move us in a concert hall is at work in the cosmos." Paraphrasing, a musical idea that can move us in a dream bears important connections to what is at work in the cosmos. This enlarges the potential context of the musical dream beyond the personal aspects of the dreamer. What, then, of the word "dream."

In Old English it was used to refer to noise, joy, music, and what we now call dreams. The Old Saxons used the same word for dream and mirth. Everywhere, in all languages, we will find a relation of the word for dream connected to sound. An early Greek word (*thylos*) literally meant noise and din and a specific sound of an instrument by this name made—a kind of thrum. In Latvian, the word for dream (*dunduris*) is the same word as for gadfly and wasp. In Sanskrit, dream is *dharanti*, meaning "it sounds" as in buzzing and murmuring.

We are not accustomed to thinking of dreams as a dimension of sound, as a dream's very nature being music. But this is what the etymology points to. There is an important story about Echo. Not the Echo of Narcissus. But the Echo and Pan story told by Longinus. The muses taught Echo to sing and make music, and she in turn taught *all* things to sing. If we are looking for the origin of music in our dreams we must look to Echo. She was torn apart by Pan, yet her still-singing and music-making body was scattered far and wide and in turn is the source of the music we hear in the woods, among the animals, and likewise, I think, in our dreams. But most of the time we are in such lust for interpretation that we don't stop and listen to the music of our dreams, nor the dreams of our music.

Egberto Gismonti, in spite of his accomplishments as one of Brazil's greatest musicians and composers, knew something was "missing." But what? He felt it must be deeper in the heart of his Brazil. He went with a group of anthropologists into the Amazon. He would play guitar and flute for the Indians and connect with the folklore—a typical western attitude in relation to primitive peoples. The Indians were not interested in his guitar, though undeniably Gismonti was the best guitarist in Brazil. Someone told him to just sit and play and see what happened. What happened was after 4 or 5 days, the chief, Sapain, invited Gismonti to stay with him.

"We are not accustomed to thinking of dreams as a dimension of sound, as a dream's very nature being music. But this is what the etymology points to. There is an important story about Echo.

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But the Echo and Pan story told by Longinus. The muses taught Echo to sing and make music, and she in turn taught all things to sing. If we are looking for the origin of music in our dreams we must look to Echo."



They could not speak in words, so they spoke instruments, Gismonti with his flute, Sapain with a jacui, a kind of flute. What happened was that Gismonti was exposed to music not as a thing separate, but music as life itself. The experience changed Gismonti; it changed his music; and because it has informed his music ever sense, it has changed Brazil. I think we can safely say that Gismonti found an experience of Echo as the still singing voice of all things and was able to bring her home.

In Leonard Cohen's acceptance speech for the Principe de Asturias Prize, he says that "poetry comes from a place that no one commands, that no one conquers." He could have said the same thing about music, about song, about art, about literature, about dreams. What is the secret of this place? Miles Davis hinted at it: "Man, you don't play what you know, you play what you hear." William Olen Butler, in his *From Where You Dream: The process of Writing Fiction*, hints further: "Art does not come from ideas. Art does not come from the mind. Art comes from the place where you dream, Art comes from your unconscious; it comes from the white hot center of you." You get the idea.

Echo's body, torn and scattered, sings and makes music and in doing so enables the voice of all things. Maybe she is the fundamental vibration of the cosmos. If we try to command and conquer this place, in the fashion of the frenzied Pan, we will not hear her music in dream or elsewhere. We must, in other words, put all those intentions aside, and go to sleep. There, in dream, is a fair chance of hearing the music and song of the still-living flesh of Echo.

Let your dreams occupy you. ∅

## DREAMING PLANET



### Epistemology and Music in Dreams

By Paco Mitchell M.A.

WHEN I SET OUT TO WRITE THIS ESSAY on "music in dreams," I wanted to discuss one particular dream—a simple enough task, or so it seemed. But I didn't realize that the dream would force me to take a drastic philosophical turn, and that I would soon end up in deep epistemological mud. As a result, I felt obliged to alert the reader that a slippery detour lay ahead, so I added to the title that ponderous term—epistemology.

The word derives from Greek: the study of what I stand upon. Formally, it refers to the theory and philosophy of knowledge; informally, it encompasses our basic notions about what is true and false, real and unreal, what we presume to know and how we know it, and how we justify that knowledge to ourselves and to others—matters of some concern to dreamers.

I wouldn't have burdened dream-seekers with mention of epistemology, had not the dream itself demanded it. Besides, we may as well confront the question that already confronts us whether we know it or not—if we take dreams seriously.

Why is epistemology an issue? It is because our modern world-view doesn't regard dreams as real. Neither dreams per se, nor the persons, places, and events in them, have real, ontological status in the usual objective sense. They are seen as strictly subjective, imaginary, fanciful, ephemeral. From a materialistic viewpoint, dreams are random, accidental, meaningless products of brain chemistry—less than fireflies on a dark night.

But for me dreams are serious business, and over the decades I have come to harbor increasingly radical views about their nature and value. They have altered my assumptions about what is real and what is true. Paradoxically, the more I learn about dreams, the less I know, as I face up to their mystery.

Epistemological mud indeed!

Following is the dream in question. Perhaps you have had similar dreams and have entertained similar questions about the nature of reality. In the dream:

*I am playing the flamenco guitar (which I do in waking life). In this case, I am improvising a falsetto, or melodic variation, based on an ascending and descending scale and using pica-do, a type of plucking technique. In a lucid moment, I realize that I really am playing and composing the music as I dream.*

The crux of the issue here is that, in some strange, objective sense, everything in the dream was really happening. I really was playing the guitar and inventing the notes—composing as I went, even though the level of technique and improvisation was far beyond my actual abilities at the time.

Stay with me now.

If we accept the possibility that the music was actually being created while I dreamed, that some sort of “guitar” was actually being played, then we face a dilemma. As I said, both the “I” who played and the music being created, exhibited musicianship beyond my actual capabilities. They were not, however, beyond my future capabilities. Here we touch on the question of teleology in dreams, a point on which Freud and Jung disagreed. Teleology means that the dream is getting at something, that it has a goal (telos) and is therefore oriented toward the future. This teleological aspect of dreams accounts in part for the feeling that they want or intend something.

Also implicit here is a subversive notion about linear time—past, present, future—a cornerstone of our current reality-paradigm. For some time now, just as scientific experiments and models in physics itself have undermined our confidence in the solidity of matter, so they are currently nibbling away at the foundations of time. Linear time begins to look more and more like a perceptual construct—cf. Salvador Dali’s famous melting watches. Who knows what the conventions of the future will say about the nature of time? Shamans of the past might ask, “What took you so long?”

When my own future potentials, then, come to me in a dream and merge with my real-time dream-ego, I am inclined to think that the dream wants something from me. I start to feel that something other than myself, some other subject, is orchestrating the flow of images in my dreaming, as if wanting me to know something about what I am capable of, thus guiding me into my future.

But this dream, I think, goes one step further: By seeming to present my future self in the form of my present self, in the framework of the dream, it suggests that an “incarnation” on an imaginal level is taking place. Is that even possible? Can the future flow backward, ‘retroactively,’ into the present, informing the present with its own potentials? Can the Greater Self momentarily take the form of the smaller self, in the imaginal space of a dream?

And since any question can be turned around, perhaps the reverse is also possible: Can present reality flow forward, into the future, joining what is with what is not yet? Is that what dreams routinely do? Does each of us consist of two (or more) selves, one actual and one future, both of which co-exist and are capable, in a dream, of becoming one? Stay tuned. Meanwhile, the HMS Epistemology rocks beneath my feet as we plow through heavy philosophical seas.

I believe the questions posed above, however unorthodox, are worth

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asking. In any event, they have not yet been answered by our culture, at least not to my satisfaction. The answers, it would seem, lie in the future. In the meantime, all of us who listen to dreams—attending to images that bridge the gap between here and there—must necessarily be guided by our own lights.

Dreams are one of the oldest and most common experiences of humanity. I suspect that humans were dreaming before the advent of speech. Perhaps language itself evolved from dreams. How ironic that something so universal as dreams also marks a deep division among humans, in regard to what is true and real.

It will take some time—a few generations, I would guess—for these issues to sort themselves out in a general way. But perhaps my questions about epistemology and music in dreams will help loosen some of the preconceptions that prevent us from seeing the epistemological wave already sweeping the planet.

And the next time you dream about music, listen carefully. Take note of where the music is coming from and who, exactly, is creating it. ∅

# The Geisha Dance Through Time

By Star Edwards



Book Sculpture Honoring "Dance Across the Centuries" by Star

**T**HE FOLLOWING ARE DREAMS I HAD ABOUT THE GEISHA.

In the beginning, some of the dreams were postcard snapshots of the back of a woman's head. I would see thick luscious black hair piled on top of the head with exquisite, curious ornaments stuck in the hair. Then the dream on 5-9-07 broke through. As a musician, I have never heard music in my dreams, so this was very exciting! The music was a delicate, haunting melody wrapping itself around me as I slept and watched the dream unfold. The music stayed with me for 2 days. It was like a tapered ribbon humming inside my head that eventually thinned to a silver thread connecting me to the dream world.

## Dance Across the Centuries

*I am teaching a group of women dressed in colorful kimonos; they are lined up side by side. They look like Geishas. I show them several dance steps. I tell them to be graceful and mindful. First, there is a fountain step with prayerful hands rising above the head. Next, is a river step on the right side. All the women make little steps and cover their lips with their fans. I leave out the meditation cross-legged step. It doesn't work. I hear music in this dream! Because we are working on this dance step over and over again, the melody stays with me for 2 days.*

**Synchronicity:** Two days after this dream, my mother mails me a Japanese doll wearing a kimono!

## More Information about Geisha

*In the dream, I have gone back to my 5-9-07 dream. All the students line up and practice their steps. Indeed, I see S. L. She has kept her body of the Geisha in this present time, since it embodies so much grace and poise. She is one of my favorite students because she is such a good dancer; however, she is also a bit of a rascal and has hurt her left knee. It is difficult for her to continue to dance. The Geisha school is a cluster of 5 or 6 buildings with beautiful pink trees surrounding the area. I am with the dance students from the line up. I recognize some of the faces from my present life. My mother is just a fair dancer and at times hostile to me. She is defiant, jealous, arrogant and sadly empty inside.*

*More images and information tumble out of this dream...not sure how, but I understand many things about my present life. My mother's jealous attitude toward me has been an issue for many life times. At one time she had been a painter too, personifying mediocrity again. Another lifetime, I see these attitudes surrounding us regarding playing piano.*

**Comments:** Before I slept, my intention was to find out what my karmic connection is to S. L. I understand so much now! Because of this dream, I feel more peace about my relationship with my mother and excited knowing my connection to S.L., who presently, is a dear friend. My mother

continues to ignore and discourage any of my creative gifts. I understand now why my mother is so determined to keep me invisible to my talents. I know my mother loves and appreciates art, having worked many years at the art museum. As a teacher of music, I can empathize with her love and frustration concerning the arts. It may be that the task at hand is for me to fully accept my creativity, follow my heart and passion, regardless of whether someone denies it to me.

The Geisha embodies beauty and the expression of it, which is still very much a part of my mother and I. I believe this love of all things beautiful is a mirror reflecting our own inner beauty. My mother's task is to embrace this in order to continue progressing in her soul journey.

### Across the Sea of Time

*I see B. F. and "Candance." They are talking and B. F. is giving something to Candance. I am off to the side working on my Geisha book sculpture, when B. F. suggests I give the sculpture to Candance. With a few modifications and adding more red color, I give the sculpture to her.*



**Comment:** Tonight Candice is on TV. When I write down the dream, I write "Candance." I believe she is also in the line up of women that is in the original dream (5-9-07). The sculpture in the dream is the same book sculpture in the photo that accompanies this article, honoring the Geisha dreams.

### A Living Memory

*We are having a backyard party. W.B. and his wife are in the kitchen. W.B. grabs a drum and starts drumming. Many people join him outside. I arrive late, so there are no more drums left to play. I think I should play my harp instead. W.B. wanders into my harp studio and sits down. I tell him I love to play and am very serious about my music. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees a purple covered book and picks it up to read. It is poetry and drawings of a beautiful Japanese woman. I try to tell him the name of the woman in the drawings. I hear the name, but don't understand the Japanese word. Part of her name is called Sunflower. He then picks up my current black dream journal. I tell him, I don't let many people read my dreams but he can. Then images and information start pouring out explaining this relationship. He is my father in my Japanese life and gives me the name, Sunflower. He also teaches me music and gives me away to be a Geisha teacher. There is much love in this relationship and he says he is proud of me.*

**Comment:** Upon awakening, I felt so embraced with love. Love is Open Book Honoring "Dance Across the Centuries" by Star

so powerful! It really does span the ages! This dream came the night before our backyard party. When W. B. came to the party, I was very nervous, since so much had come through my dreams the night before! W.B. has been very supportive of my music in this life and very helpful. He is very talented and a successful musician. A friend of mine, who is

taking Japanese lessons, told me that the name Sunflower in Japanese is Himawari.

### Geisha Comes as Teacher

*I am in a lounge writing down my dreams. I see a cave with lots of full suitcases in the lounge. As I write my dreams, mom walks in with the Geisha girl. Someone runs to get me. They say she's come to talk to me. She is a very petite child Geisha (maybe 5 or 6 years old). She pulls up a chair next to me and shows me an article that I wrote and says I should publish it. I say, well I already have, but I have now changed it to an expanded book. She looks amazed. Her face is now an adult face (all white with her hair up).*

**Comment:** I am curious to know what article we are talking about. My first impressions were that it was a dream article that I sent into the *Dream Network Journal* a few years ago. Am I to write a book?? I am a book artist, would that apply?? Still processing.... what is all the baggage in the cave? Baggage from the Geisha life??

### This Life Called Dance

*I see P. T. in the front yard next door. He is dancing with 2 people. One guy has a mask and it looks like a Japanese stylized face. Nelix comes to the door to watch. I know the lady who was in costume. I tell them I have found a place to dance on Wednesday.*

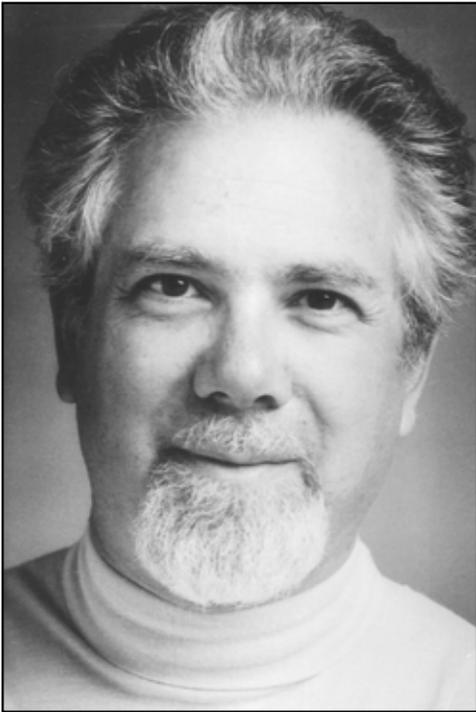
**Comment:** I have many dreams with people wearing stylized Japanese masks. Is P.T. part of the Japanese life? P.T. and I teach at the same music school. Nelix is my dog. He is my ally and dog-friend in many of my dreams!

### Let Your Spirit Dance

*When I go to sleep, I see myself dancing as the Geisha with a fan.*

**Comment:** I watched the new Michael Jackson DVD before I slept and actually felt twitches in my body in response to the dancing. They were strange physical sensations. It made me wonder if my physical DNA still holds the memory of dance in each cell? ☺

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# The Healing Power of Music and the Dream Journey

By David Blum

IT'S NO FUN TO HAVE CANCER. There are two things to fear: the illness itself and the anguish it evokes. I have known both fears in full measure. This article is in the nature of a personal confession. It tells of one person's effort to cope and of how, in the process, an unexpected voyage of discovery was launched. Perhaps because music has always meant so much to me, both as conductor and listener, it has accompanied me on the voyage, often extending into my fantasies and dreams. It is my hope that the reader will look upon music, as I have experienced it during my illness, as a metaphor for his or her own experience. Each of us has a store of inner gifts. At a time of crisis, any powerful image that arises spontaneously from within oneself—in whatever form—brings with it a creative potential. A friend of mine—a cancer patient—finds precious moments of serenity in conversing with the kindly grandfather she had known only in her childhood. That is her music.

My first bout with cancer occurred eight years ago and after six years without recurrence, I had every hope of being free and clear. But, in the summer of 1994, lab tests revealed that cancer cells were again active; the question was *where*. A series of scans elicited widely divergent views from the medical experts; some advised major surgery, others advocated caution and further testing. Alarmed and confused, I felt I must take an active role in my treatment. I decided not to

undergo potentially disabling surgery based on questionable assumptions.

I have long found it helpful to give attention to my dreams; they now came in abundance. As I began a suspenseful ten-month period of waiting and watching, I noticed an extraordinary thing taking place. Rather than mirroring the acute anxiety that often filled my waking hours, the dreams were largely ignoring the outer situation. Two aspects of the dreams proved especially striking: one was their insistent way of cluing me in to values that the conscious mind had neglected; the other was the frequency with which music appeared and the revelatory light each piece shed on my given situation. For instance, when the talk around me was abuzz with surgery and I felt mentally trapped in a kind of medical box that left little room for my own personality, I dreamed *that I did, indeed, need an operation. To affect this, however, I had to be a surgeon unto myself and inject a fluid into my brain—a fluid called 'Schubert.'* The message

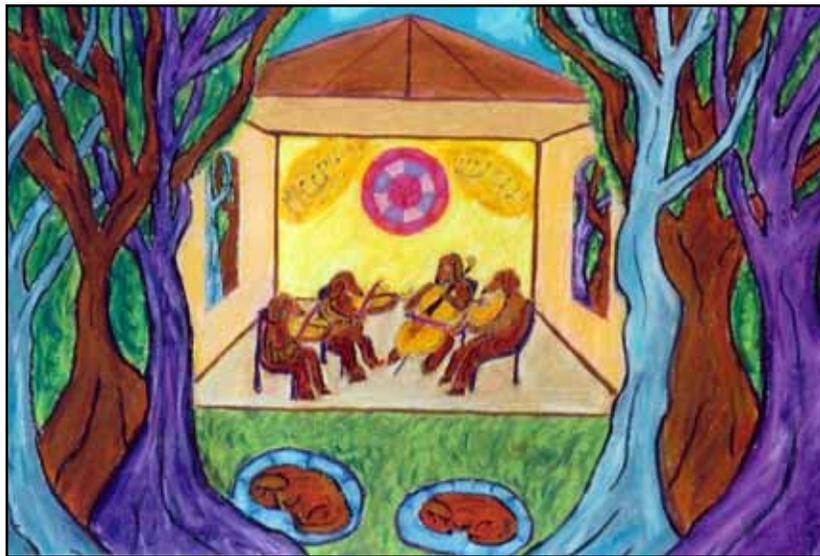
was clear: I had given too much of my energy to the doctors. I had a job of my own to do.

Musical dreams unrolled like reels of a film. After a day in which my wife Sara and I had felt really pulled down by the medical ordeal, a voice told me *to listen to a Mendelssohn symphony.*

The dream, in effect, said *"It is not the moment to live on a monumental Brucknerian level. "Give yourself to the music of springtime that speaks of*



“While ensconced within the MRI capsule, I saw again my beloved long-haired dachshund Papageno, who had died recently at the age of 16. He was now gamboling in the fields and was soon joined by a host of dachshunds. They took up instruments, formed an orchestra and began to play—what could be more natural in such a setting?—the scene ‘by the brook’ from the Pastoral Symphony, shaping every phrase with the graciousness and beauty of a Beecham performance. Their music liberated me from my confinement.”



“The Dachshund String Quartet”

*everything spontaneous and heartwarming in life.”*

The next morning, I bought a recording of the *Scottish Symphony* and as Sara and I listened together to the slow movement, we felt released for the first time from the weight that had been upon us. Soon thereafter, I dreamed that an impoverished young tenor is asked to sing the role of Riccardo in the second act love duet from Verdi’s *Un ballo in maschera*. For several days afterward, this enthralling music pulsed through me and I succeeded in singing it to Sara in a worthy imitation of Gigli’s style, if not of his vocal beauty.

I was astonished that I was singing at all! I came to realize that, while the doctors were trying to assess my condition, the dreams were setting their own agenda. I was simultaneously undertaking two journeys: one medical, the other spiritual. The latter was my domain entirely. It was important that I did not simply accept the dreams passively, but find ways of bringing them into my life. As I did so, I felt their restorative power.

I have become an unwilling expert on taking medical scans of all sorts. With most of them, one is not allowed to wear headphones. Owing to difficulty with the computer software, one Magnetic Resonance Imaging (MRI) session that was supposed to last an hour, went on for three and a half. I tried my best not to be anxious: chest-heaving could compromise the films. There was nothing to do but to let the conscious mind will itself into the imaginative world. And it was then that what might be called my *animal-music myth* came into being. While ensconced within the MRI capsule, I saw again my beloved long-haired dachshund Papageno, who had died recently at the age of 16.

He was now gamboling in the fields and was soon joined by a host of dachshunds. They took up instruments, formed an orchestra and began to play—what could be more natural in such a setting?—the scene ‘by the brook’ from the *Pastoral Symphony*, shaping every phrase with the graciousness and beauty of a Beecham performance. Their music liberated me from my confinement.

Glory be to the ‘OncoScint’ (a nuclear scan that searches for traces of carcinoma); at last I was able to use my Discman! I chose for the occasion Beethoven piano sonatas played by Richard Goode. The scanning proved inconclusive. What did prove conclusive was the way Beethoven’s spiritual odyssey parallels our own. As I lay under the gamma camera, I found myself understood, embraced, as it were, by music that encompasses every emotion and could alleviate my sense of alienation. I thought of those practitioners of gender studies in musicology who reduce Beethoven to a male stereotype. One OncoScint scan accompanied by Beethoven’s music and they would revise their theories. And let us not forget Bach. When does shattering joy strike like lightning in a hospital? When one listens, while being wheeled through the corridors, to the *Rejouissance* from the Fourth Orchestral Suite.

Meanwhile, my dreams became increasingly discriminating. In one, a famous soloist asks me to conduct a brilliant concerto, but I tell him that an intimate piece of chamber music is called for: Mozart’s *G minor String Quartet*. That music defined the attitude I needed for my journey; it looks not outward but inward. It balances darkness and light, fragility and wonderment.

Continued on page 24

## DREAM 1

I dreamed I was hiding  
behind a rock,  
peeking over the top  
at a bomb buried nearby  
that was set to go off.  
A red light flashed on  
and I ducked down  
and braced myself.  
I didn't hear anything,  
but the stone began to warm  
and press against me--  
I could feel its rough skin  
and muscles rippling beneath.  
The heat kept building and building  
until my whole body seemed molten,  
seething with fear  
and unexpected pleasure,  
and I couldn't tell  
if the bomb, the rock, or myself  
was going to explode.

I woke to find myself soaked  
and tingling from toes to scalp,  
my penis spasming  
on the verge of release,  
at home in bed  
with Pat sleeping beside me,  
thinking thank God  
I'm not about to die!

But instead of easing  
back from the dream  
I opened into it  
to see where it would take me,  
and lay there curled  
feeling well and surge through me  
again and again,  
as stone turned to flesh  
and flesh to ecstasy,  
the sweet, terrifying lava  
of transformation. ♪

## DREAM 2

This time a tree  
not a rock  
was drawing me  
the one I touch in passing  
for balance and something more  
some kind of familiar  
fellow-being acknowledgment  
on my way down to the river  
to chant my morning mantra:  
"This flowing, miraculous  
universal whole..."

In the dream I stopped  
and leaned against it lightly  
and soon began to feel

a wave of such magnitude  
and richness approaching me  
I pushed away  
in sudden fear of being  
overwhelmed, my sense of self  
obliterated, absorbed.  
But that welling had been  
so strong, sweet, welcoming  
and its loss now a building ache  
I pressed back, embracing it  
with my whole body  
cheek nestling into bark  
to let whatever  
was going to happen happen  
and then felt surge  
through skin, muscle, sinew, marrow  
an energy so vast, intense, exquisite  
it seemed some cosmic  
lifeforce of creation  
countless cells or atoms  
in iridescent coils  
of blissful rapture  
swirling through trunk and limb  
leafpalm and bloodsap  
until I couldn't tell  
and didn't care  
what part of me was tree  
of tree was me. ϕ

### DREAM 3

This time it was sharks  
or dolphins, from the slicing  
fin  
till the sound and feel  
of singing drew me  
in  
to a soft, sensual  
churning of flesh  
and fluids  
commingling blissfully  
and my singing  
inspiring the others  
and theirs mine—it was  
so rich, deep loving, being  
like that together...  
and then I saw  
a most beautiful, glistening  
woman's head gazing at me  
passionately—so it was  
mermaids, or selkies—and I felt  
there was nothing to fear  
except maybe how  
to get back, or under  
with so much  
just beginning to learn... ϕ

## David Blum, Cont'd from page 21

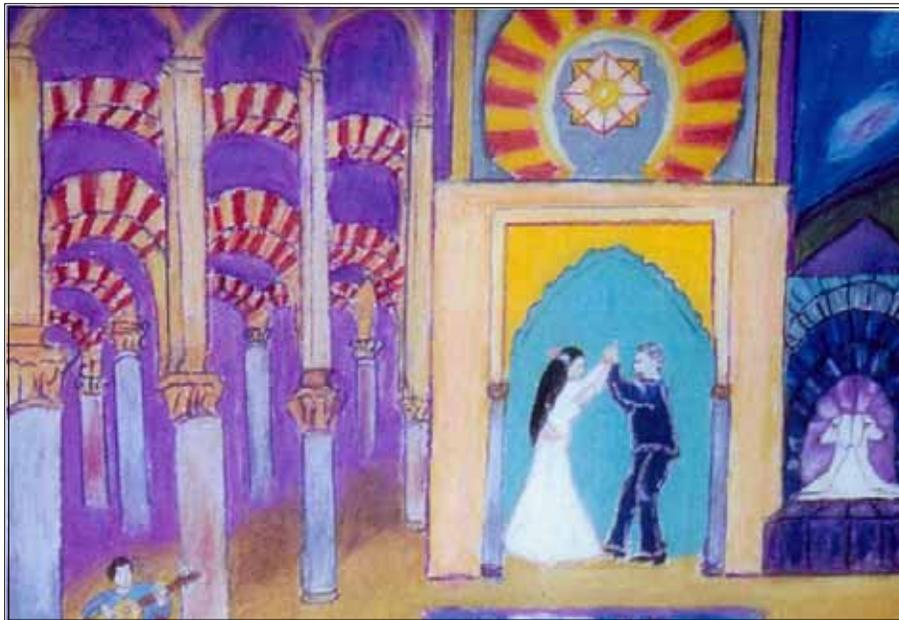
In May 1995, the diagnostic tests finally pinpointed the probable site of recurrence, in an unexpected place: the sacrum. A surgical biopsy was required and this provided a musical encounter that bridged from dream to reality in an unusual way. Shortly before the procedure, I dreamt that *the first movement of Mozart's Clarinet Concerto is being played too quickly and I encourage the soloist to listen to Beecham's moderate, courtly tempo in his recording with Jack Brymer*. The *Clarinet Concerto* is one of those rare works of the composer that veritably breathes a divine serenity. In the wake of the renewed cancer scare, I tended to overdo things, often quite frenetically. The dream was asking me to adopt a more reposed tempo for myself, to live more fully by living less hurriedly.

It seems amazing but somehow inevitable that, later in the week, at the very moment I was wheeled into the operating theatre, the first movement of the Mozart *Clarinet Concerto* was piped into the room. I heard myself saying to the phalanx of doctors and nurses hovering over me, "I assure you that this tempo is too fast," whereupon I began to conduct music for them. The medical staff undoubtedly looked upon me as a lunatic!

The next thing I knew, I was awakened after the biopsy and informed that the presence of a tumor was confirmed. At times of danger, good and bad news become relative. The good news was that, even though cancer had been detected in a place that was inoperable, it seemed confined to one area and had been growing extremely slowly. We decided to hit the tumor with all the forces we could reasonably muster, meaning a combination of chemotherapy and my lifetime limit of additional radiation.

As I entered this new phase of the journey, I had more than one nightmare in which *I am asked to enter a deep, dark cellar, the prospect of which terrified me*. I did not know how to deal with this, but then a dream gave me a hint: *I am supposed to conduct a concert but the orchestra is in disarray, not knowing what music to play until, on a library shelf, I come across the score to Beethoven's Third Leonore Overture*. The image 'clicked.' The overture is a symphonic synthesis of the drama of *Fidelio*: only by braving a descent into the dungeon can deliverance be won.

The administration of radiation is painless and takes only a few minutes daily, but the aura surrounding it and knowledge of its potential side effects can be daunting. I summoned the dachshund musicians and asked them to play the *Third Leonore* at each session. Dachshunds, being badger hunters, have no fear of underground passageways. We entered the dungeon together and I lost my own fear. I felt lightened and transported by the rising triad of the *Allegro* theme; it



became my personal leitmotif.

What difference has this ongoing music and dream journey made for me? Much is being written nowadays about the relationship between a positive mental attitude and the immune system. I cannot say to what extent direct cause and effect are at work here, nor can I predict the outcome in purely medical terms. What I do know is that the process has in *itself* proved valuable. It is always good to come closer to oneself. Serious illness just gives one a push (sometimes a very big push!) in that direction. It helps one understand, perhaps sooner than one would like, that time is best measured by its quality rather than its quantity.

Most days, I find myself engaged in life with a surprising energy. Yet, when friends tell me, "How well you are doing!" I correct them. I am not the doer but the receiver. The only thing I have 'done' has been to remain open to the manifestations of an inner reality, however 'irrational' it may seem. Everyone has this capacity. As the poet *Holderlin* wrote:

*Near is God  
And hard to apprehend  
But where danger is, there  
Arises salvation also. ☽*

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David Blum was an internationally renowned orchestra conductor and author. His Haydn and Mozart recordings with the *Esterhazy Orchestra* and *English Chamber Orchestra* have received acclaim on both sides of the Atlantic. His books, translated into several languages, include *Casals* and the *Art of Interpretation*; *The Art of Quartet Playing: the Guarneri Quartet in Conversation with David Blum*; *Paul Tortelier, and Quintet*. David Blum frequently contributed to the *New York Times*, *The Strad*, *The BBC Magazine*, *The Musical Times*, and wrote profiles for the *New Yorker*.

His DVD, *Appointment with the Wise Old Dog*, is a crystallization of thirty years of inner work on his dreams.

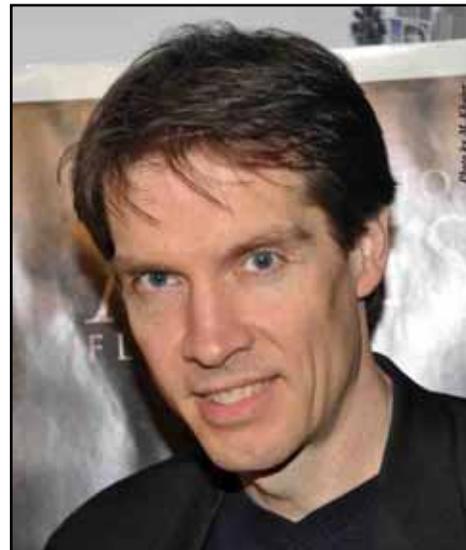
Cellist Yo Yo Ma, a subject of Blum's last book, *Quintet*, introduces this moving documentary.

For those interested in discovering David's two worlds: music and dreams, we would recommend viewing his website: [www.davidblummusiciananddreamer.com](http://www.davidblummusiciananddreamer.com).

# Lucid

## "Never Felt As Good"

By Craig "Sim" Webb,  
Singer/Songwriter/Edutainer



### **T**HE BIRTH OF MY NEW DREAM-INSPIRED SONG

This song and the fact that I chose to record it are inspired by a number of dreams. I have experienced many dreams spread over a couple decades that encourage me to record and share more music. Many such dreams involve various famous musical artists. These come at least monthly, sometimes weekly, and occasionally more often. I am lucky to be amongst the tiny percentage of people whose dreams include music and sound.

My newly released song "Lucid (Never Felt As Good)" was originally inspired by a music-only dream where I "received" the lyrics and melody from the song's opening line and chorus. *Just before I awaken, I clearly hear a disembodied voice singing, "Wherever I've been in my life, I've never felt as good as when I'm with you."* This type of dream melody with lyrics is not unusual for me, but I liked the tune and decided to experiment with it on guitar. Within a few weeks, I composed more lyrics and created a chord pattern and song structure around the dream melody. That was the easy part.

Then came another dream, again music only: *I hear the last few notes of the song's guitar solo bridge as a distorted electric guitar.* Again no visuals, but what seems to me a clear suggestion from the muse to switch the feel from acoustic/folk to more rock and roll, especially for the solo. The sound of the electric guitar solo in the recording is much like I heard it in the dream.

I recorded the song with friends but the quality was low. Dreams urged me to again record more music and I decided to revisit this song since I felt it was kind of catchy. The recording-arranging process spread over 10 months. In that time, I had multiple dreams encouraging me to continue recording and arranging it. Towards the end of arranging, I had a breakthrough evening where I found the sound I was looking for. I went to sleep very late, but happy. In the morning, I had what felt like a celebration dream:

*A spiritual teacher of mine is strolling along the red carpet. Waking, the dream feels related to the song.*

A week or so later, when I was having trouble blending the mix, another dream came:

*I'm with my sister at the breakfast table, listening to the current mix with her. It seems that the mixing process is dragging on far too long on the last few notes. I am also shocked to hear that the drums and guitar arrangement has been changed and now sounds quite heavy metal, though it sounds good in an unusual way. At that point, I decide not to change the arrangement any further.*

Within a couple weeks of completing the recording, Grace has blessed this song with air play on about 150 radio stations so far and I am very grateful.

Among other music I've composed, dreams also inspired the recording of my fun environmental song *Polymers*: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YFy6npBQ8mU>

Life has now blessed me with well over a thousand lucid dreams, so to share some of the dream and lucidity skills and insights that have come my way, I lead lively online interactive teleclasses about how to harvest dreams for creativity (music, art, inventions, film etc.), healing, life path guidance, spiritual growth, adventure, etc. ☺

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[www.dreams.ca/teleclass.pdf](http://www.dreams.ca/teleclass.pdf)  
Email: Craig Sim Webb <csww@edutainer.ca>  
Link to song: [www.edutainer.ca/lucidsong.htm](http://www.edutainer.ca/lucidsong.htm)  
(song also available at iTunes and Amazon)  
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Much to his astonishment, C. G. Jung discovered that the ancient art of alchemy was describing, in symbolic language, the journey that all of us must take towards embodying our own intrinsic wholeness, what he called the process of "individuation."

The alchemists, over the course of centuries, had generated a wide range of symbolic images which directly corresponded to the anatomy of the unconscious which Jung had been mapping through his painstaking work with thousands of patients.

Jung, in illuminating a psychology of the unconscious, can himself be considered a modern-day alchemist;

The alchemists had little or nothing to contribute to the field of chemistry, least of all the secret of gold-making. Only our overly one-sided, rational and intellectualized age could miss the point so entirely and see in alchemy nothing but an abortive attempt at chemistry. On the contrary, to the alchemists, chemistry represented a degradation and a "Fall," because it meant the secularization and commercialization of a sacred science.

Jung makes the point, "The alchemical operations were real, only this reality was not physical but psychological. Alchemy represents the projection of a drama both cosmic and spiritual in laboratory terms.

The opus magnum had two aims: the rescue of the human soul and the salvation of the cosmos."

# FACING THE DEATH MOTHER

A Guide for Healing Our Feminine Selves and  
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On both a personal and a societal level, the wounding of the Feminine archetype is one of the most important psychological challenges facing women and men today. Undermining this great archetypal force creates space for the deadly influence of the Death Mother, an archetype that entraps us and paralyzes our initiative, spirits, creativity, and vitality. This lecture is a journey deep into the human and psychological dimensions of how the Death Mother shapes our culture, as well as how many of us are held captive by the internalized effects of the wounded mothering we experienced as children. This healing path is based on the classic myth of Medusa, enriched with personal experiences and psychological insights that open our direction toward healing and renewed personal consciousness. It will help us examine our assumptions about ourselves and our lives in order to move from paralysis to full vitality and creativity—and most of all to a deeper love of ourselves, others and life.

Dr. Harris draws upon a tapestry of mythical images, stories, and psychological truths, to guide our journey into this most important aspect of the dark and wounded Feminine to learn how this journey can transform and enrich our lives.



*"The Death Mother wields a cold, fierce, violent, and corrosive power. She is rampant in our society right now."  
—Marion Woodman*

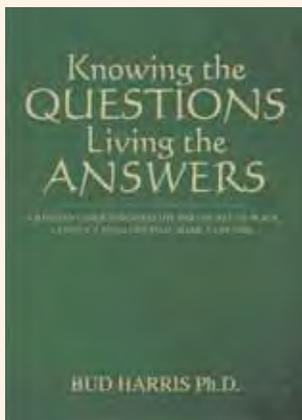
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**Massimilla Harris, Ph.D.**, is a Jungian analyst and has practiced over 20 years in Asheville, North Carolina. She is also an author, teacher, award-winning quilter, and certified Solisten Provider. Developed by Dr. Alfred A. Tomatis, Solisten is a special kind of music therapy that enables Dr. Harris to join body and psyche in her professional practice in order to help people release the blocks to their potential and their own voice. More information about Dr. Harris is available at [www.budharris.com](http://www.budharris.com).

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A Jungian Guide Through the Paradoxes of Peace, Conflict and Love That Mark a Lifetime



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*Knowing the Questions and Living the Answers* Means Accepting the Paradoxes of Peace, Love and Conflict that Mark Our Lifetimes. This book is about learning to hear and interpret the nudging and out-and-out messages of that inner blueprint, which Dr. Harris defines as the "pattern of creation longing to be fulfilled within each of us." The more faithful we are in working to discern this personal pattern of ours (the Jungians have named this work the individuation process), the less buffeted by fate, or life's Pattern-at-Large, we will be. That doesn't mean our awareness can bring immunity from the cataclysms and heartbreaks the Wheel of Fortune has in store for every one of us at some time or another.

The message in *Knowing the Questions, Living the Answers* is that the more conscious we become of the personal patterns, the better able we will be to live the answers to life's questions rather than just suffering through them and learning nothing from them or about them. Accessible and satisfying. We immediately trust Dr. Harris as he reflects on life.

*"...a gracefully written, clearly presented guide to a complex school of thought." - Laurie Sullivan*  
*"Best summary of what it's like to be a Jungian analyst that I have ever read. Encourage persons wanting an easily read introduction to read." - Dr. W. Shropshire Jr.*

**Bud Harris, Ph.D.**, is a practicing Jungian analyst in Asheville, North Carolina. After earning his Ph.D. in psychology and becoming a psychotherapist and psychologist, he experienced the call to further his growth by becoming a Jungian analyst. Bud moved to Zürich, Switzerland where he trained for over five years until he became a diplomate Jungian analyst. Bud is the author of seven books and lectures widely. More information about Dr. Harris is available at [www.budharris.com](http://www.budharris.com).





# At the Crossroads: Archetypal Dreamwork in the Life of a Musician

By Jeremiah McLane

IN 1998, I BEGAN AN INNER JOURNEY into my dreams with the help of Marc Bregman and the North of Eden Archetypal Dreamwork group, never guessing how this would affect my life as a musician, and in fact, every facet of my life. I've had many dreams about music, and some have had a direct effect on my career path, my relationship with the divine, and the music I make. Early in the process of working with Marc, I had this dream:

*I'm in a cab traveling through the most unbearably beautiful landscape. I feel longing, pain, and joy all mixed together. The cab driver begins to go crazy, driving wildly and refusing to go where I direct him. I'm terrified and furious. We yell at each other, I threaten to get out of the cab, and he cries, "Don't do that!" Eventually we stop, and then I am helping him navigate his way through a depressing mess of unemployment forms, food stamp applications, etc. He seems miserable.*

From an archetypal perspective, the cab driver is the Animus, a divine figure, and the dream showed that my relationship to him was based on mistrust and fear. At the end of the dream, he is lost in a bureaucratic kind of hell, and his miserable demeanor mirrors the desolation in my life at that time.

Since both the cab driver and me in this dream are elements of my psyche, Marc used a method similar to gestalt therapy, where he had me inhabit both characters, speaking with their voices, feeling their feelings and sensations. Afterwards I would repeat this process on my own as a type of "homework" until the next session.

Anyone meeting me for the first time at this point in my life would have said: "This is a

charming and pleasant person." But gradually, I began to see myself as the cab driver/Animus saw me: a scared and hostile man who felt trapped and was desperately trying to regain control. The pleasant charm was a cover for a lot of anger and fear that I hid from almost everyone around me. To those closest to me however, a darker side was clearly visible, and eventually I could see how this darker side was reflected in my relationship to music. I was happy and charming when I felt I had performed well and received praise, but I was aware of the need to keep people at arm's length. I did not want to become closer to any of my fans; in fact, I generally looked down at them. When I felt I hadn't performed well, I couldn't stand to be around anyone, and my only solution was to withdraw into practicing so that I might redeem myself at a later date. This cycle of shame and pride kept me continually focused on whether a performance was good or bad, and I rarely felt the intense passion and connection with music that I had known as a younger person.

One way my need for control manifested in my career was that I became the consummate accompanist, always just outside of the limelight. I had tried my hand at writing my own songs during one point in my career, but the practical side of making a living seemed to dictate that I forgo that level of expression. I did compose and perform instrumental pieces, but it was not the same as singing my own songs. Writing a song and performing it in front of an audience felt like risking everything. It required me to be vulnerable and this was precisely the feeling I was trying to avoid.

Then one night I dreamt that *instead of explaining a dream to Marc, I am actually singing it to him*. In my session with Marc the next day, I did in fact sing my dream, and to my delight it made perfect sense to both of us. The idea of singing in public began to take on a huge significance to

me. I began putting words to music and thinking: "What if no one likes my songs? What if they aren't any good?" Then I had this dream:

*A crowd of gospel singers surrounds me. A full moon breaks through the clouds, and I see a young boy looking intently at me. He puts his hand on my shoulder and says: "Here is the mark of Jesus." I fall down to the ground and everyone gathers around me, their voices filling the air.*

I was raised in a firmly agnostic New England intellectual family, so the boy's proclamation came as quite a surprise to me. My first thought on waking was: How could he see anything of God in me?

Then I began to have dream after dream of playing music, sometimes in total fear, not sure of my part, sometimes with abandon and wild glee, knowing with absolute certainty this was the place for me. I sang with the Beatles, jammed with ten-year-olds, no clue what I was doing, sometimes out of control, sometimes vulnerable and scared, all the time just going with it.

I had the feeling in these dreams that I wasn't my old self, that there was indeed something of God in me. Maybe the boy knew what he was talking about after all; maybe the split in me around music was beginning to heal. The more songs I wrote and sang, the more I was sure that singing was the way to bring my full self, with all of my feelings, into my music. I began to experience music in a new way. Whereas I used to feel that the sadness in music was at odds with the joy that was also present, now I began to feel a softness in the pain as it mixed with love.

This past year I wrote and recorded a song called "Crossroads," which features the young boy in my gospel dream. The words are as follows:

At the crossroads, I faced a choice:  
 In return for hard work,  
 I'd become an artist, give up my soul.  
 Then I'd never have to feel  
 The longing and the anguish,  
 The terror and the grief.  
 Well it seemed like a good deal at the time  
 But in the fine print it said:  
 It's the child who feels these things, and  
 only the child can sing.

At the crossroads, a young boy stands,  
 Wonders where I'm bound.  
 I'll make my own way and leave him  
 there.

Because what good's a young boy  
 When a man must tell his story  
 No matter how he lies.

Down at the crossroads  
 There's a young man

He's getting ready to make a deal.

They'll give him all the gifts to be  
 someone,

And he will never have to feel.

He made a sacrifice, he gave his soul,  
 Never knew the cost.

He gained a world of praise and in return,  
 The child in him was lost.

I stand before the boy,  
 His hand on me, he's crying  
 "See what I have found,  
 Here is the mark of God upon this man"  
 And I fall upon the ground.

Down at the crossroads  
 Stands a young boy  
 His love I truly understand.

He looks me in the eye, I realize

This time I'm going to go with him.

There is an enduring myth in the folklore of American music, in which a musician, wandering the back roads at night, meets the devil at a crossroads. A deal is made: In exchange for the musician's soul, the devil bestows the gift of master musicianship, and presumably fame and fortune follow. I imagine this myth exists for many reasons: musicianship, like any other craft, requires hard work and commitment. What if one could excel at music without the suffer-

ing and hardship of enduring hours upon hours of practice?

For me, however, this myth holds a different meaning: perhaps I gave up the very thing that would have allowed my musicianship to flourish? I am referring to the child, who in my dreams represents the part of me that is primal and authentic.

The deal I made was this: I would devote my life to mastering the art of music and become a gifted artist. Of course, this was a product of being finely attuned to feedback from the outside world; it had nothing to do with being vulnerable or in touch with my genuine feelings. In return for the gift of creating something of worldly beauty, I would feel like a hero and win praise from others.

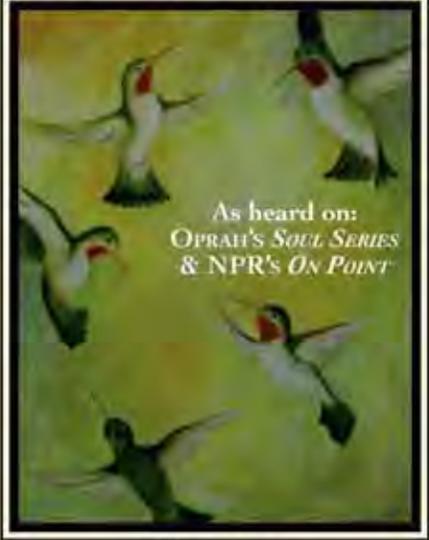
In my late teens and twenties, I wasn't conscious of this deal, although I was always aware that something was not quite right with my music and my life. I was able to create music that was pleasing and soulful, but the potency and passion I sometimes felt making music was lacking in the rest of my life. I imagined I could live out my life this way, suffering the setbacks and victories of being an artist in this world. Although I didn't have huge commercial success, I told myself I didn't need that for validation. I had a kind of success that went deeper than that: I had my art and the adoration of the few who could appreciate it. The life I was leading at the time seems impoverished when I look back at it now, living in isolation from others, no real human connections, only music to keep me going.

In my thirties and forties I became more successful, but there was always some career goal out of reach, always some level of dissatisfaction with the music I created. I began to feel that the music I was making was for others, not for me. I used to believe this dissatisfaction was the motivating force that allowed me to work harder, but it became clear to me that this force did not have my best interests at heart. I began to see this force as pathological, something that was separate from who I really was.

*Dream: A really fat teenage boy crashes into a man's car; then the teenager is burning stuff in a garbage can on top of a mound of dirt. I think he is burning*

Continued on page 38

**ARCHETYPAL  
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## DREAMTIMES: DREAM EXCHANGE

# “Mirror, Mirror...”

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**T**HERE ARE MANY LEGENDS, SUPERSTITIONS AND BELIEFS ACROSS ALL CULTURES ATTACHED TO THE SYMBOLISM OF THE MIRROR. When a mirror appears in dreams, there is a host of meanings to draw from and explore in relation to how it “reflects” within the context of the dream and the life of the dreamer.

The complex symbolism includes the belief that a mirror reflects a person’s soul. This stems from the myth of Narcissus who stared so intently at his image in a pool of water that he fell in and drowned. Today, this translates as the superstition of a cracking/breaking mirror causing someone to experience bad luck or to lose her/his life. Mirrors used to be covered when there was a death in the house, as it was believed they were portals for the soul to enter or exit. Lewis Carroll used a mirror as an egress in *Through the Looking Glass* to enter a parallel world of opposites. (Waring)

A mirror is said to symbolize the imagination “in its capacity to reflect the formal reality of the visible world.” (Cirlot) It has been used for trying to predict the future and is associated with the moon (the feminine), which reflects the sun’s light. Ancient Celts believed mirrors captured souls and they buried women with mirrors for the safekeeping of their souls. Since vampires are purported to have no souls, they are said to have no reflections in mirrors. In Bram Stoker’s *Dracula*, the infamous Count throws a shaving mirror out of a window to keep from being discovered. (Nozedar)

In the following dream, the dreamer stated that it was unusual for her to recall looking at herself in a mirror while dreaming. She had experienced “observation” dreams before, but this time her eyes met eyes in a mirror:

*I see myself as I looked about 10 years ago, but I have a different hairstyle and notice I have no eyeliner underneath my eyes. I think I look very strange and am appalled no one says anything to me, as I feel I look kind of “naked” without eye make-up. I can’t believe I’m out in public like this.*

~A.T. - Oregon City, OR

By examining the face, we realize it is a reflection of the self (or persona) we present to the world. The eyes (or “I”s) as described in the dream are bare and possibly, literally underscore a connection to the self of ten years ago (because they have no underlining). The eye—also a reflective surface—is referred to as the “mirror of the soul” and is also believed to be the “window of the soul.” Shakespeare



It seems important to the dreamer that she not appear ‘unmasked’ in public. An interesting exercise for this dreamer might include reconstructing the dream image by standing in front of a mirror without eyeliner and noting what feelings, images or messages surface. She stated she looked “very strange,” although apparently others did not say anything to her about it. Perhaps this exposed piece begs to be integrated into the new emerging self of the dreamer.

Looking like she did ten years earlier may indicate the dreamer is drawn back to life events ten years prior or may be wishing to appear younger. (Since her hairstyle was different, and since the appearance of the hair in dreams often represents the condition of our thoughts—are they orderly or confused?— it might be helpful if the dreamer

reflected on her different hairstyle and what it says to or about her.

Feeling “naked” or exposed is another theme in this dream. Being seen without a “mask” (make-up) in public disturbed the dreamer. The dream could be preparation for a new persona that is in the process of emerging. I would suggest that the dreamer take the dream mirror image forward in time and see what appears. What, if anything, has changed?

Mirror dreams are common and ‘reflect’ amazing insights into our soul consciousness. If you see yourself in a mirror in a dream, make note of every nuance—and practice the techniques stated here or create your own in order to discover who is looking back at you. ☺

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## Tuition for Life and Dreams

By Ann Sayre Wiseman

RECENTLY AT A CAFÉ, I SHARED A TABLE WITH A MAN NICELY TANNED. "A week in the sun," he said as we started to chat. "I'm 50," he said. "Never married, no kids, never smoked, never drank, never did drugs, never been in love, and I don't dream. I've had the same job in construction all my life that I'm good at, and that's enough for Me." This was his first week of a 3-week vacation in Puerto Vallarta. "Doing nothing for three weeks is almost more than enough!" he said.

After he left the table, I wondered about such a do-nothing life and how a person could grow or develop his ability to feel if he had never had any of life's big experiences. I realized that grief, rage, betrayal and loss are probably the only ways we get to learn about love, patience, endurance, tolerance, persistence, sympathy, understanding, anguish, sorrow, joy, exuberance, ecstasy and all the other dynamic feelings and emotions. The emotions that come from risking relationships and experiencing the challenges and opportunities life offers us, if we are willing to go through the game called risk.

As I look through my 7 decades on this lovely planet, I began naming what I'd learned from my experiences, commitments, relationships and the dreams that enriched my ability to expand and deepen my feelings.

Even Rape—a completely gratuitous experience, taught me an endurance that saved my life and avoided greater violence. Fortitude, patience and common sense won my freedom.

Tolerance taught me caution, and awareness that there are sick people in this world. The need to

In his book "Children's Dreaming and the Development of Consciousness," David Foulkes argues just that humans gain conscious abilities through learning to process dreams as children. Dreams have mental, emotional and structured stories that become useful to children in learning to interact with others in their waking lives.

support myself forced me to transform experience into books to help educate others. I always feel sympathy for the under dog and know that discussion helps the healing of the complexities of relationships if you can get people to listen.

For me, joy is creating a new life, seeing it grow and bloom. Whether I am in love or out of it, I know exuberance, ecstasy, grief, despair, passion, betrayal—all the dynamic feelings that enrich life and gives it layer after layer of meaning. Loyalty I got from old friends and my Holly dog of 14 years. Gratitude comes from years of teaching and humor from failure and from those who know how to laugh at themselves.

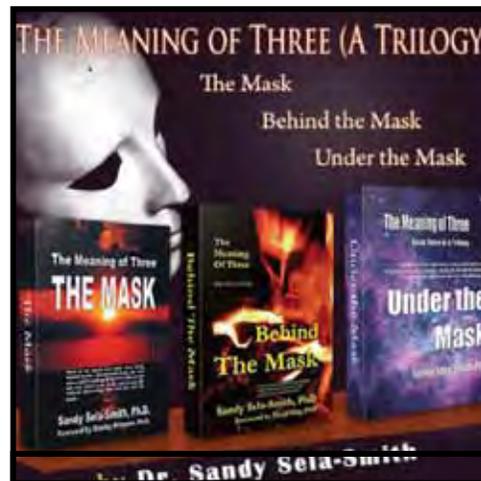
From dreams I have discovered myself in ways I had never understood or imagined and have gotten wisdom from this strange dimension of the unconscious we know so little about.

Teach your children to risk and dare to fail. Pay life's tuition!

*"Lest you die a thousand deaths avoiding the risk of rejection and wait forever to begin to live." ☽*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Contact Ann at [ansayre@aol.com](mailto:ansayre@aol.com)



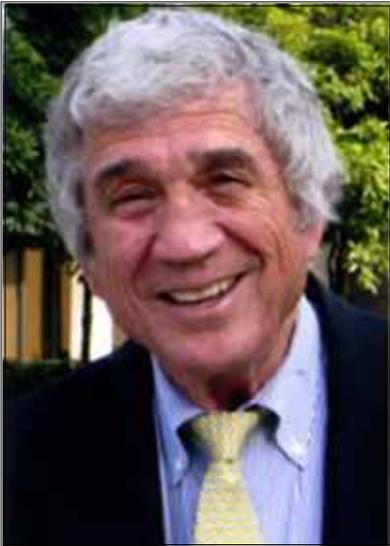
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# What Do Dreams Say About the Nature of God?

## Part II

By Arthur Bernard, Ph.D.

THE NOTION OF GOD IS THE MYSTERY OF MYSTERIES and to define the Almighty is difficult and puzzling. God means so many different things to so many people. I personally don't think the conscious mind, with all its limitations, is capable of giving a clear picture of the Supreme Being. Human belief systems have to fill in the blanks. In so doing, our minds can easily create the delusion of completeness and perfect understanding. In many theologies, ideas about God move into more and more remote zones of abstraction and metaphor. When religious groups start accepting these myths as truth, the capacity for potential harm to humankind increases.

Some people have no doubt that God is a special White man who was born of a virgin. Others use hyperbolic adjectives to define who and what God is: eternal, all-loving, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, and morally perfect. To go to war over competing mythologies strikes me as groundless and absurd. But people have destroyed and murdered each other over contending notions about God and have left a legacy of intense hatred and desire for retaliation.

What Jung presented in my dream (DNJ V30#3) seems so much more benign. If God is the deepest and most profound force within, all people must have a great deal of undiscovered potential. It could be well worth our best effort to find out what that means. If God is this life force within, maybe we don't have to risk our necks, take drugs, or harm people to feel alive.

I felt that some special teaching had been revealed to me, because as previously mentioned, I did not know if Jung ever stated what he did in my dream during his lifetime. Several years later, on the advice of a Jungian analyst, I called the librarian at the Jung Institute in San Francisco, because she had purportedly read everything Jung ever wrote and would know if what he had told me in the dream was a statement I could have possibly come across. She responded to my question with an emphatic "No," but then resoundingly added, "I'm sure it's something he believed!" I thought about my dream of Jung for a long time. It was one of those dreams that seems so wise, moving and soul-stirring that it is a gourmet feast for the mind and heart and may take an eternity to experience and identify all the subtle new tastes and textures.

God is unknowable. But for Jung, He is also one of the most certain and immediate experiences. (What Jung meant by an experience was that there is a force in the world that functions independently and unforeseeably in human life, a power that has its own intention—a fate—that people cannot control.) Maybe God lies beyond the limit of human conscious understanding but the unconscious mind spontaneously, via dreams, plants ideas about the divine that demand harvesting and examination.

In a letter he wrote to a young woman in August 1957, Jung said God is the ultimate mystery. And when he spoke of God, he meant the image that humans make of him. No one knows what God is like, or that person would be a God himself. <sup>(1)</sup> For Jung, the unconscious is the medium through which religious experience flows. The archetypal symbols of God, which arise primarily in the collective unconscious, could symbolize the Creator but could also be expressions of the life force that lies within and represents potential wholeness and creative power. God doesn't care what he is called: Jehovah, Allah, Wakan Tonka, Brahma, Tonto, or Yahweh. It's all the same, because God resides in all human bodies.

For most people, raising the deeper secrets that lie within is a difficult task. Literal and rational training and religious education in dogmas have walled minds off from the internal sage. Fortunately, human souls are endowed with a transparent window that offers a view of an inner realm. Powerful religious or spiritual dreams were thought to be the domain of biblical characters or people of great fame but they are really within the jurisdiction of all who seek them. Everyone has the capability of contacting this hallowed dimension in dreams.

My main lesson from this dream was that the essence of spirit—the force that created the universe—is operating everywhere and in everything: It makes hearts beat, tulips to bloom, giant oaks to grow, salmon to swim upstream. It connects all things and is the basic foundation, the building blocks of life. Perhaps there is a unifying spiritual intelligence that manifests at every level of creation. This intelligence is like a spiritual DNA—the hereditary material in humans and all other organisms. This God-image seems to be more consistent with the recent findings of science. Human beings live in an unfolding, expanding universe where consciousness is moving toward greater complexity.

Humans have trillions of cells in their bodies that come together in an extraordinary cooperative endeavor. The whole system has remarkable potential that far outstrips any one cell, because each individual cell is dedicated to the health of the whole system. Ecosystems undergo the same process to maintain health. What Jung told me in my dream promotes the idea of this planet as an interconnected community in which everyone is responsible for making it healthier.

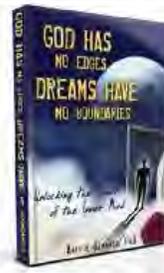
What would human experience be like in a “oneness universe”? On the external level, a oneness universe can already be seen in the globalization trend and technological revolution. For the first time in the whole of human experience, electronic breakthroughs give men and women the outer experience of potentially connecting to millions on the planet. Although there is a deepening economic interconnection between countries, globalization isn’t just about economics; it’s even more about the need for a paradigm shift in consciousness. Humanity has long been divided by external differences such as race, religion, gender and nationality—none of which should threaten or diminish us. What may well be the most celebrated accomplishment of the twenty-first century is the recognition that the human community is one—bound together as a single giant congregation with the need to consciously realize it has a common God and a common destiny: to cooperate with each other so the next generations can have a better future.

*God is the life force. It is the spirit that creates and animates all of life.* Jung’s message to me could be one of humanity’s primary wake-up calls. This is essentially what my dreams and those of many others are trying to impress upon the conscious mind.

Many individuals have had mystical experiences that give the feeling of being one with the universe, realizing the underlying connectedness and unity of all things on the planet and beyond. For example, over half the attendees in my dream seminars have had the experience of receiving a call from someone they were thinking about only moments before. Or perhaps they felt deep love surface regarding a family member and later find out that person was having similar thoughts and feelings about them at the same time. Psi experiments have produced positive results far beyond the boundaries of chance, regarding telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition, and psychokinesis. Quantum Theory suggests that matter and consciousness interpenetrate. This could mean that humans share a common heritage and that the separation between nature and people is an illusion.

This is not a new idea. The Pantheists assumed that the essence of God is in all things. Nature religions, including those of the American Indian and African peoples, believe in the dynamic unity of all life. In Vedanta—a philosophy taught by the Vedas, the most ancient scriptures of India—the basic teaching is that the real nature of humanity is divine and God is the innermost Self. Religion is therefore a search for self, a search for God within. The great Hindu sage Sri Rama Krishna stated, “Seekest thou God? Then seek Him in man! His Divinity is manifest more in man than in any other object. Man is the greatest manifestation of God.”<sup>(2)</sup> At worst, we are unaware of our true nature.

“There is a world of ‘hungry people’ looking for a deeper relationship with God.”<sup>(3)</sup> This statement by Father Thomas Keating, the abbot of St. Joseph’s Abbey in Massachusetts, appeared in the September 5, 2005, *Newsweek* special article on spirituality in America. The God is Dead



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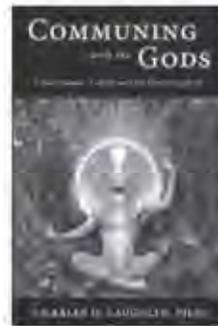
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era of the 1960s was partly based on the assumption that what cannot be explained by science, does not exist or seems an unrewarding pursuit. But the rational theology of that era has been eclipsed by a passion for an immediate, transcendent experience of God.

*Newsweek* set out to chart the varying paths Americans have taken on their spiritual journey to find God. Journalists observed Americans of all creeds and practices: Pentecostals hollering God's name, Catholics contemplating the Eucharist, Jews seeking God in the Kabbalah, Pagans on a quest for God in nature, Zen Buddhists meditating their way to enlightenment and Muslims praying to create a more God-centered Islam. Eighty-percent of the people surveyed in a 2005 *Newsweek* poll believed that more than one faith could be a path to salvation—which is most likely not what they were taught in Sunday school.

People are waking up, and what they are looking for is communion with the divine. However, knowledge about God is not good enough. Knowing God by reason or faith lacks a dynamic principle. Individuals can be ultra orthodox and well versed in theology, but the real question is: have they experienced God within themselves?

This quest for spiritual union with God is as old as mankind. So many ancient cultures believed that God spoke to people in dreams. If God spoke in dreams to the ancient patriarchs, why not to ordinary men and women of today? Maybe God is speaking to us but finds it hard to get through when we're awake and are so preoccupied with religious minutiae.

The following dream by John Dunne, a well-known aeronautical designer and theoretician on the concept of time, is about the nature of God and demonstrates how the unconscious attempts to bring a particular theological viewpoint to awareness. I think this dream is a first cousin to my dream of Jung and thus adds another piece to the puzzle:

#### ***It Is Pointless To Search for God for the Great Spirit Is Everywhere***

*"I am sitting on a hill overlooking the River Jordan in Israel. On the other side of the river, I see a large number of people who represent all of humanity. The whole of that side is covered in shadow. The deep shadow is contrasted so strongly with the brilliant sunshine in which I sit and ends so abruptly at the water's edge, that I become puzzled as to what might be the cause thereof. Then it dawns upon me that, about 100 yards to my left and slightly behind me, God is sitting, working with bent head at something of which I am ignorant. I do not see Him because I cannot turn my head. I merely know He is there. The whole scene is as silent as a picture. And the shadow, which lies upon the world, is the shadow of God. It is everywhere—on people and between people.*

*I am deeply puzzled about one thing. God's shadow is lying over the whole world. Then why do those blind fools not see it? As I ask myself this, I become abruptly aware that two yards to my left and just behind the limit of my field of sight, there is standing an allegorical angel. I don't know what the angel looks like, and that is quite unimportant. It symbolizes something that could be questioned.*

*And I fit him with an allegorical make-up that would be in keeping with the rest of the vision. I make him a conventional angel, tall, dark, beardless and attired in a long white garment.*



*But I am not interested in him. Wild curiosity holds me in its grip. I call to him and point. "Look! Look!" I cry, "God's shadow! It's everywhere! It's all around them! Why don't they see it?"*

*I had expected the reply to be something conventional like being too much absorbed in their own worldly affairs but if that answer had come, I would have discredited it... for my sympathies are with these people and I know that many of them are searching everywhere for evidence of God's existence.*

*The answer that comes—comes immediately in five, short decisive words—which is completely unexpected:*

*"Because God has no edges," says the angel.*

Dunne awoke and carefully memorized every detail of the dream. He concluded it was psychologically impossible to be aware of anything that "has no edges." Obviously there was no place in the whole world where God was absent. God had world-filling properties; consequently, it would be useless to search anywhere for evidence of God. <sup>(4)</sup>

It is a remarkable fact that billions of people worship a God who is invisible to the human eye. But not being seen does not mean nonexistent or unknowable. The wind can't be seen, but it can be felt. Atoms or white blood cells are undetectable by the naked eye but microscopes prove they exist. God can be experienced. What has been sealed up in human psyches for centuries has burst out into conscious awareness and is manifesting in books, workshops, radio and television programs. In spite of backlashes occurring, I don't think anything can stop this forward progress of consciousness. ∅

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# Wake Up Your Dreaming Mind

## Ten Methods for Improving Dream Recall

### Including Psychic Attunement

By W.H. Stover, MA

**M**Y INTRODUCTION TO THE FASCINATING REALM OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS and the incredible study of dreams occurred in early 1978. At that time I was on vacation in Virginia Beach, VA and attended my first lecture on dreams. Fascinated by this presentation, I was totally surprised the next morning to remember my first long, complete dream in about ten years. It was highly intriguing, so I copied it into a notebook. In the past three decades, I have recorded over 20,000 dreams in my journals. They have provided incredible information for all aspects of life including career guidance, health, and investment activities.

Following this first dream recall experience, I assumed that future progress in this area would be easy. This was highly incorrect and I struggled with dream recall for a number of years. Two years later, I counted my dreams over a period of six months and found I was having exactly one dream per week. Over a period of years, my dream recall improved, and by 1990 I was averaging around 55 – 60 dreams per month. This was a painfully slow experience, and over time, I have evaluated many different methods to improve dream recall and incubate dreams on specific subjects

The methods summarized here are those that I have found that will rapidly accelerate your dream recall and success with dream incubation. The final item summarizes my recent two years of studies using Psychic Attunement to enhance the overall dreaming response. It will be up to individuals to determine which methods work best in their own lives.

**1. REMEMBER – RECALL** – This is a simple yet powerful method for recalling your dreams. When you first wake up, stay absolutely still, and see if there is a dream present. If there is no dream, repeat the phrase “Remember – remember – remember – Recall – recall – recall” in your mind several times. Then wait in silence for a

minute or two and see if a dream appears. If no dream comes into mind, keep repeating this phrase for five or more cycles. This will typically bring up a dream about 30- 50% of the time. On occasions, it may be possible to recall a second dream after the first one.

**2. CHANGE YOUR BED POSITION** – If your bed is oriented in an east – west direction, turn it in a north – south direction for several weeks and see if that improves your dream recall. Also, sleep with your head toward the north position to see if that improves your dreaming results. Feel free to experiment with these sleep positions, as they do not work the same for all people. One lady dramatically improved her recall by simply moving from one side of the double bed to the other that was closer to a window.

**3. MOVE TO ANOTHER ROOM** – If the room where you sleep causes problems, move to another room for a few nights and observe what happens. The main bedroom at my home in Virginia Beach faced east across the Chesapeake Bay. When strong winds or rain came from that direction, the room was excessively noisy and I had very few dreams. So I moved to a spare bedroom on the other side of the house, which was much calmer. This was very effective, and I even did this when there was no storm present. If I awoke early and there were no dreams occurring, I would switch bedrooms and typically start dreaming when I did this.

**4. WRITTEN AFFIRMATIONS** – Another method to increase your dream recall frequency is by using written affirmation statements for a period of twenty-one days or more. This is done by composing a specific, short affirmation regarding the result you want, and then using it on a daily basis for an extended period of time. An excellent format for such an affirmation that I use is as follows:

**I am using his ever-present love  
to recall three psychic dreams every night now**

In practice, this phrase is written on a tablet twenty times per day for twenty-one days or longer. I have used this method extensively for many years. In the fall of 2004 and early 2005, I found my dream recall had declined to a level of only 33 per month. Alarmed at this drastic reduction, I used this written affirmation procedure for one month, and my dream recall increased very quickly to 60 per month.

**5. AROMA THERAPY** – Scents that are supposed to promote psychic dreams are angelica, lavender, chamomile, and lemon grass. Other scents recommended for lucid dreaming are anise, dill and clary. I began using chamomile and immediately received a dream telling me to use rosewood instead. I switched to rosewood and got good results. This is a clear-cut case of the rewards of remaining flexible in order to find out what works best for your own body.

**6. BURNING INCENSE** – will also improve dream recall. Some sources recommend jasmine and rose to increase dream frequency; and for spirituality content--sandalwood, frankincense and myrrh. For my own use, I have come to prefer lavender, jasmine and sandalwood. Many suppliers offer blends of incenses. Check out what works best for you. My dream/meditation messages have encouraged me to burn incense every other day in at least three locations in my home—most strongly pointing to my study where I write and use the computer.

**7. CRYSTALS** – Crystals, especially amethyst, rose quartz, citrine and the Herkimer Diamond can be extremely useful for promoting dreaming. I have found that an ordinary quartz crystal held in the left hand (kept in place with tape or by inserting in a glove) is highly effective--as well as kyanite and tiger-eye, my most recent discoveries. Crystals can be placed under the pillow, on a nightstand, or suspended over the bed. It is strongly recommended that you evaluate a particular crystal or location for two weeks to ascertain its effectiveness. Consistency and intent are very important. I suggest you keep records of the results.

**8. POST IT NOTES** – This method, which I first used while writing my thesis on dreams in 2001 at Atlanta University, is quite easy to put into practice. Simply write out a short dream request on a standard Post It Note and stick it on your forehead. Keep it there as long as possible. I normally wear it for three consecutive nights (held firmly in place by Scotch tape). If I do not recall a dream on the desired subject, I deem the time to be inappropriate, and move on

**9. VITAMIN B-6** – Some books refer to B-6 as the dream vitamin; one such resource named a possible side effect as causing overly vivid dreams. Indeed, the strongest result I get with any supplement is with B-6. It is suggested that you start out with ingesting 25-100 mg per day, at lunch, dinner or just before bedtime. Adjust the quantity up or down as required, but in no case take more than 200 mg per day.

**10. DREAMS AND PSYCHIC ATTUNEMENT** - In mid 2007, I tested a variety of methods that culminated in a procedure I call Psychic Attunement, which has dramatically improved my dream recall and lucid dreaming frequency. These trials rapidly demonstrated that acupuncture treatments were the most effective way to generate psychic messages in my mind; it was like having a dream in the middle of the day while awake. The messages were temporary and stopped about twenty minutes

after the treatment ended. Later in 2007, I began using an acupuncture needle in a psychic point located near the tip of the chin (Ren 24). The psychic nature of this point is based on ancient traditions of wisdom and is rarely mentioned in contemporary literature. This technique was also highly effective in creating messages, but they, too, ceased soon after the session terminated.

After many other tests, I began stimulating Ren 24 continuously through the night using tiny beads called acupuncture seeds, pasted on to the desired point with adhesive tape. They are readily available for purchase on the Internet.

These seeds or beads did not create any immediate messages; however, when left in place overnight, they drastically altered my dream recall. During August 2009, my normal dream recall of 56 per month, jumped to 80. After three consecutive months (Aug.-Oct 2009), my overall recall averaged 95 dreams per month. For the entire two year period (Aug. 2009-Aug. 2011), I have averaged 91 dreams per month. My dreams with the seeds in place show a definite tendency to be more vivid, with lucid dreams occurring more frequently.

#### **TESTING WITH OTHER PARTICIPANTS –**

This Psychic Attunement method has been tested on four small groups in my local Phoenix, Arizona area. In the first group of eleven people who attended a spiritual conference in March 2010, two participants experienced very dramatic increases in dream recall. One lady who was only remembering three dreams per month, jumped up to ten per month when using the seeds. After a year, she reported 30 dreams per month. Another person went from one dream per night to four or five. Three other test subjects reported mild to moderate results with dream content, dream frequency or visions. Two dropped out due to sleep disorder problems, and four reported no changes in their dream patterns.

A second set of eight participants from a spiritual group in Gilbert, Arizona in August 2010 showed even stronger responses, with two reporting a 100% increase in recall. Two other small groups recruited at local spiritual conferences in late 2010 and early 2011 shared similar results with the first two groups. Overall, about 50 people have used the seeds, with half that number reporting positive effects on their dreaming, including increased frequency of recall, and more lucid dreams or visions.

#### **FUTURE EVALUATION PROGRAMS**

These results are definitely encouraging, and it would be interesting to expand the tests to a larger pool of participants. We are now asking for volunteers to take part in a simple 30-day trial using the acupuncture seeds. To join in this activity, contact me via email: walter.stover <walths@infionline.net>

You will be supplied with instructions by E-mail. The first 100 volunteers will receive a free set of seeds. It is desirable if your current frequency of recall is five or more dreams per month. (Please note that men with beards are not suitable for testing, unless they are willing to shave during the trial period.)

I look forward with great anticipation to hearing from you! ☺

## A Dangerous Method

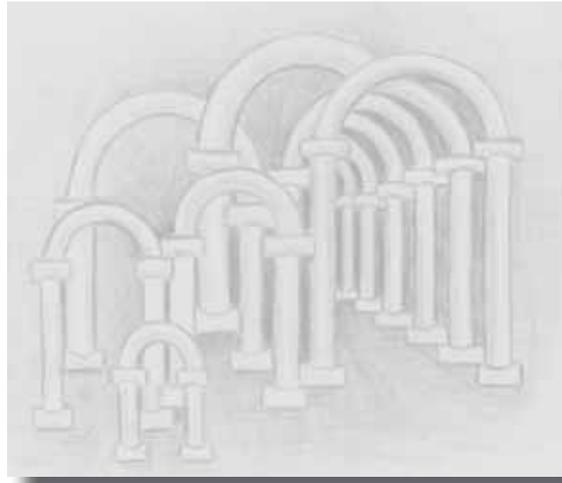
A film by David Cronenberg

Starring Michael Fassbender,  
Keira Knightley and Viggo Mortensen

Review by Curtiss Hoffman

MOST PEOPLE FAMILIAR WITH THE HISTORY OF PSYCHOANALYSIS will be well aware of the conflicted relationship that developed between its two founders, Sigmund Freud and Carl Gustav Jung. Moreover, now that Jung's *Red Book* has been published, we can see in considerable detail how his journey into the unexplored realms of the Collective Unconscious followed closely upon the collapse of that relationship. David Cronenberg's film explores this conflict from its origins, and places it within the context of Jung's relationship with the brilliantly gifted but deeply troubled Sabina Spielrein, first his patient at the Burgholzli Asylum, then his collaborator, and eventually his lover. He makes this relationship the main-spring of the tension between the two men, as Jung first sought to deny its sexual dimension to his would-be mentor and father figure, but eventually was forced—indeed, almost black-mailed—into revealing it. The film explores in depth his inner conflict between the Protestant values of sobriety and restraint by which he was raised and his own libidinous urges. In the end, all three of the principals come across as more human as the result of their turmoil – though it is clear that Cronenberg's strongest sympathies lie with Jung. Freud is depicted as being increasingly trapped in his own theories, unable to accept anything that goes the slightest bit beyond them; and Spielrein's neuroses, while she has overcome many of their manifestations by the end of the analytic process, remain latent, just below the surface.

The film is deeply permeated with symbolism: Sabina is always shown in white; Freud always has his cigar (which, of course, is just a cigar!), and Jung eventually adopts a pipe. The musical score, by Howard Shore, borrows heavily from Wagner's epic *Ring of the Niebelungen*, which is also frequently mentioned in the plot. For those familiar with the *Ring*, this provides a set of internal references, which augment the drama. For example, as the ocean liner bringing



Freud and Jung to the New World approaches the southern tip of Manhattan, we hear the "Entry of the Gods into Valhalla" from *Das Rheingold*. More subtly, the music given to the earth-goddess Erda accompanies Sabina's explanation to Jung of her theory of sexuality as surrender, which is diametrically opposite to Freud's views, just as the theme itself is an inversion of the masculine Wotan's spear theme.

The emphasis on the *Ring* also provides us with a context in which to understand, not only the film, but also where his explorations were shortly to take Jung. The film stops just short of the start of the *Red Book*, in 1913; it refers to Jung's plunge into the unconscious only in an afternote. But in one of his earliest dreams recounted therein, he and a mysterious dark companion shoot the Wagnerian hero Siegfried in the back – the suggestion is made in the film that the ideal man Sabina is searching for is the Siegfried archetype. Thus, it is ironic in the extreme that another afternote tells of her murder at the hands of the Nazis when they invaded Ukraine in 1943. But there is more than this: Freud at one point in the film refers to Jung as his "son," which clearly intensifies the Oedipal conflict that arises between them. In the *Ring*, Siegfried is the son of Sigmund – so it is his own filial relationship with Freud, which Jung is killing in the dream.

In a pivotal scene in the film, Sabina takes the initiative and kisses Jung on the lips as they sit on a park bench. He responds by remarking that ordinarily it is the man who initiates sexual contact. She replies that she believes that there is something of the masculine in every woman, and something of the feminine in every man. Have we here the origins of Jung's concept of anima

and animus? If so, this would certainly help to explain another dream encounter early in the *Red Book*: he meets the prophet Elijah and his daughter Salome, who attempts to seduce him. Jung's initial extreme aversion to the Salome figure is difficult to explain unless she is a back reference to something in his experience. By this time he had not yet acquired the reputation of "the Bull of Zurich" and was struggling to maintain a monogamous relationship with his wife Emma. But it is Salome who explains, and exemplifies, the archetype of the anima to Jung in his dream encounters with her. And if Sabina is Salome, surely Freud's role – at least in this early turn of the spiral – is that of Elijah, the inflexible Old Testament prophet.

The film is gloriously shot, with views that seem to be on location in Zurich and Vienna, though only the Viennese location is mentioned in the credits. The house, which Jung built, is strongly featured and perfectly rendered, within and without (having visited it last summer, I can attest to this, though it was a bit startling to see the stately boxwood trees which today line the driveway from the road as they were in 1909, only a few feet tall!). The road which Sabina's car motors down at the end of the film is recognizable as the one which leads to Jung's famous Tower, though that itself is never mentioned – for its construction lay in Jung's future.

I strongly recommend this film to any who are interested in Jung, Freud, and the origins of the psychoanalytic method. It demonstrates this method in some detail, with dream accounts (though Freud refuses to share his own dreams with Jung, for fear of losing his "position of authority"). The performances of the three principals are excellent. It is well worth seeing! ♪

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### Crossroads—cont'd from pg. 27

*the evidence. The man goes to look. Under the can is a small girl buried in the dirt. She cries for help, and the man pulls her out. There are other kids in the dirt; he pulls them all out. I think the teenager was trying to kill them.*

This teenage boy is allied with the pathological force in me. The dream shows him trying to kill, or at least cover up, the girl who represents the child-soul in me. The more I'm able to see myself as separate from him, the more I am able to expose the deal I made with the devil. The more I expose the deal, the more I am able to reclaim music as an expression of my true heart, my girl-heart, and the more I see my musical career, not as a way for me to replace God's love, but as a potential outgrowth of feeling that love.

The miracle of working with my dreams in this experiential way was that I began to feel so many of the feelings (fear, pain, anger, longing, inadequacy) that I had spent my life avoiding. This awakened in my dreams, and increasingly in my life, the child-soul in me who could jam with the Beatles, play with abandon, and sing with an authentic voice—in fact, the only part of me that had any real connection to music. This was the part of me I had traded at the crossroads for the careful, controlled accompanist who played only for the approval of others.

*Dream: I'm living on a beautiful tropical beach, my heart full of love and laughter. My friend Sam arrives*

*and is miserable, complaining about everything, about me, about his kids. I say, "Your kids are the only thing that's real." I feel love for Sam and his darkened heart. We go to the movies, but the tickets are sold out. I continue to feel ecstatically happy even though I know Sam doesn't even like me.*

To stand and feel love in the face of anger and hostility is new for me. To feel love where always before I felt justified in my anger and my withdrawal is proof for me of the effect that working with my dreams has had. Where before I used to be Sam, now I was someone else, someone full of compassion, love, and joy.

*Dream: A man, who I know is the Animus, is telling me that I need to align my heart with my music. He shows me how the flues on a woodstove align and allow the air to fan the flames. Outside the wind is howling and the sea is covered in whitecaps. I know he is giving me instruction in how to incorporate music into my life in a healthy way.*

Today, I'm looking at a small painting perched on top of my piano. It shows an upright piano dark black on a curving green earth against a sky brilliant with color. Beyond the horizon a flaming orange sky blends gradually into night filled with stars. A crescent moon hangs just over the piano and illuminates two sheets of music that seem to be dancing on the front of the piano. I've sat in front of my piano countless hours looking at this painting and feeling the presence of God so strongly. In those moments, I am keenly aware of myself and music, the beauty of the world, and the guidance, love, and support I have found through my dreams. ☺

#### Bio:

*Jeremiah McLane teaches music at St. Michael's College in Colchester, Vermont, has composed music for theater and film, and has released over a dozen CDs. He teaches a course called Advanced Musicality at the Center for Archetypal Dreamwork and has recently released a CD with co-teacher Bob Murray, O Boss Man, that reflects their personal dream journeys. It includes the song "Crossroads" and can be found at [www.northofeden.com/books/o-boss-man-bob-murray-and-jeremiah-mclane](http://www.northofeden.com/books/o-boss-man-bob-murray-and-jeremiah-mclane).*

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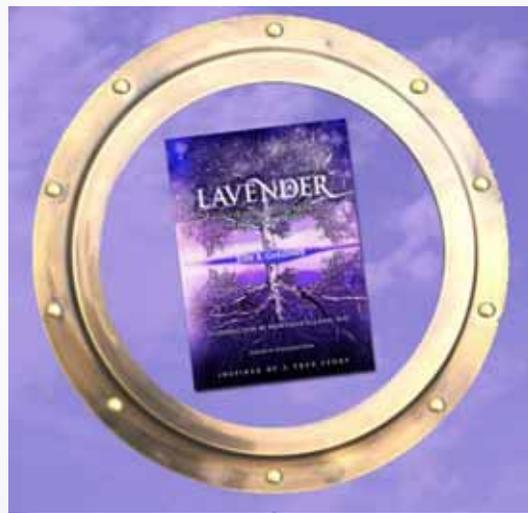
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