

Important People in our Dreams Winter 2013



Dream Network Journal



Winter Solstice

Golden Gateway to Dreams

31st Annual Dream Conference
DoubleTree by Hilton Hotel Berkeley Marina
Berkeley, California, USA
June 4 - 8, 2014

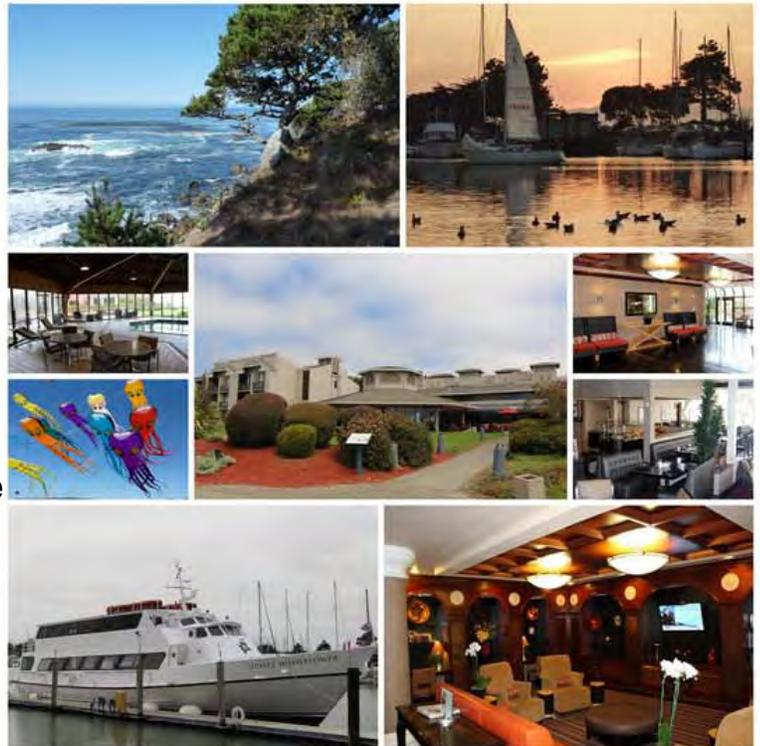
REGISTRATION IS NOW OPEN FOR THE PREMIERE DREAM CONFERENCE OF THE YEAR!

The 2014 IASD Annual International Conference will held on Wednesday evening June 4 through Sunday evening June 8, 2014 at the beautiful DoubleTree by Hilton Hotel Berkeley Marina on the bay at 200 Marina Blvd., Berkeley, California, USA.

THE VENUE

The DoubleTree by Hilton Hotel Berkeley Marina is located on San Francisco Bay with sweeping views of San Francisco and the Golden Gate Bridge. The hotel, with a pool and fitness center, is surrounded by a waterfront wildlife sanctuary with nature trails that offer spectacular views, hiking, bird-watching, and fishing.

Berkeley is a uniquely historical university town and home of the IASD Central Office. Spend time vacationing in the Bay Area and enjoy such San Francisco sights as the historic Fisherman's Wharf area, Chinatown, Alcatraz and riding the cable cars. Explore the nearby coastal beaches, redwood forests and Yosemite National Park.



The Conference will feature world-renowned keynote speakers, over 150 presenters from around the globe, an opening reception, the Dream Art Exhibition and reception, a Dream Hike along the shoreline nature preserve, the annual Dream Telepathy Contest, the ever popular costume Dream Ball and an afternoon cruise on San Francisco Bay.

For additional conference information, pricing, and early bird discounts, please visit our website:

[HTTP://ASDREAMS.ORG/2014](http://ASDREAMS.ORG/2014)





Earth Writes

They say that under its snowy blanket
the earth lies sleeping,
and to be sure,
the wind in the snowy spruces
sounds like the soft sigh
of a soul in dreamland.

Still, I suspect she is thinking,
resting from the effort
of bringing forth and giving
but fully cognizant
and planning a new poem of poplars
a novel stand of new growth pine
and lyrical lilacs for May.

Fallow, mellow she muses
beneath fragrant white sheets.

By Ruth Latta

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. ☺

@2013
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Upcoming Focus
for SPRING 2014

Lifting the Veil:

Share your dreams that have revealed
Spiritual Truths, the Future, or Ways to take Action
toward resolving personal, family, community or
(inter) national problems needing solutions.

Lifeline: 4 Weeks after you
receive this issue.



12/21/2013

About Our Cover Artist

Nature photographer Mike Newbold makes his home and office down along the banks of the Colorado River not too far from Moab, Utah. His photographs have been best described as something similar to muligan stew, with a touch of Saffron. This month's cover shot was taken at high noon, Solstice day 2012.

- newbold@cmn.net



Editorial

With the upcoming Christmas/New Year holidays upon us, it's *that time of year* when most of us are focusing more than usual on all we have to be grateful for and considering ways to express that gratitude by gifting others.' I am certainly in that space and yet, within this context, feel somewhat inadequate to the task, having been gifted with the extreme privilege of meeting, working, learning from and communing with so many of you over the 24, yes 24! years I've been stewarding this publication. I hold your essence and your dreams within my soul, which is admittedly sometimes overwhelming. I pray frequently that those of us who are intimately involved—authors, artists, poets, dreamers all—have made progress toward fulfilling our stated "Mission" and feel confident—daunting challenge that it is—that we are succeeding. (See Paco's thoughts in this regard, page 9) Only you, the readers, can 'grade' us and given we most often receive praise and rarely receive other than constructive criticism, I'm led to believe we are doing our job.

A big Bravo! to specific individuals, who have gone many extra miles over the years toward assisting in achieving that goal: Lorraine Grassano, who has been giving 'backstage' for nearly 20 years. She is our main copyeditor and proofreader; her contribution is essential, excellent and evident throughout these pages. (Couldn't do it without you, Lorraine!) Russell Lockhart, Marlene King, Paco Mitchell, David Sparenberg have each been writing thought provoking columns for so long I've lost count ... and

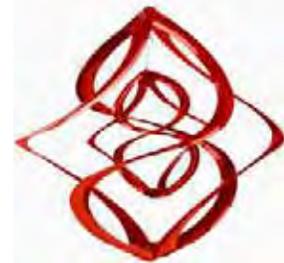
recently Arthur Strock has joined our 'regulars.' Stanley Krippner, who sent a heartwarming Yes! in response to my requesting he become an advisor ... 24 years ago is a champion. Janice Baylis (who had a regular column for years), Noreen Wessling, Brenda Ferrimani all frequent contributors, oh, my ... I could go on for pages! To each of you: for sharing your wisdom, experience and keen ability to 'pen' those attributes ... words are insufficient but let me try: Salamat * Grazie * Merci * Todah * Gracias * Tak * Noehoem, Pisan * Mahalo * Danke * Chukaria * Gratias * Obrigada!

Autumn issue 2013 we asked you to share dreams in which 'Important People' appear and to expound on what their appearances meant to you. I am particularly tickled with Arthur Strock's answer to the question *Who Are the Important People in Your Dreams?* (Page 11) So evident, so true. We have also been 'visited' by some very high profile individuals: Presidents, movie stars, future husbands ... what a grand exposition. I know you'll appreciate the sharings and insights.

For our Spring issue, we're requesting that you share dreams which have 'Lifted the Veil' and provided a glimpse into future events, to the 'otherworld,' dreams that have revealed lucid information on actions that can be taken to resolve problems, overcome obstacles, correct wrongful directions. Wide open focus, which we hope will inspire you to gift us with your dreams, ongoing processes and outcomes.

We'll be hearing again from Brenda Ferrimani and the exciting dreamwork/teamwork she's doing with Sherri Purcelli. They are **co-**creating a new tarot system entitled "*Mystic Illumination Tarot - Pathway to Soul Alchemy.*" One of their cards will grace our cover. Thanks Brenda & Sherri!

Wishing you, One and All, a deeply meaningful Winter Solstice and the very best this Holiday Season and New Year has to offer.



Errata and apologies to Arthur Strock; somehow the last sentence to his article *A Valuable Dream Journey* (Vol. 32 #@&3, pg. 35, was cropped off. It reads: "Karen had been visited by an intriguing Native American guide on her first Shamanic dream journey. Such dreams can be very compelling and seductive in nature. Who wouldn't enjoy the prospects of a quick follow-up dream, but Karen resisted any temptation to push quickly for another. Instead, she made the decision to work with the dream at a slower pace, which she intuitively knew would be best. In doing so, she reminds us not to get side tracked by dreams' undeniable ability to provide us with exciting entertainment. Karen tapped into the inner knowing that the true value of the Shamanic dream, *as with all dreams, is to assist us on our earthly journeys of spiritual growth*". (concluding words in italics disappeared)

Letters, Questions, Dreams

BIG Traveling Dreams Book

I would like to start a BIG traveling Dreams book and I am inviting you to play along. Here's how it works: I will be sending out 4 large spiral bound books. I would like everyone to write a **BIG Dream** they had. I want this book to travel and crisscross the US and beyond with everyone's BIG Dream. I am going to propose to libraries to take our traveling **BIG Dreams** books and have our exhibit travel to other libraries around the states (and beyond?). When I think of the ancient Dream temples, I imagine them being filled with peoples' dreams ... and in book form, they can continue to inspire generations to Dream BIG. I am going to start with 4 books; it could be that there will be so many **BIG Dreams**, that we will have lots more books!

Here are the rules:

1. Write down a **BIG Dream** you've had - brief commentary ok to add (ink, colored pencils, write in spirals, gel pens etc.).
2. Write in present tense.
3. One page only.
4. No cutting on the paper or folding (book has to remain flat), as the next person needs the other side of the paper...
5. You can add a poem, a drawing, a cartoon, a Mandela, a few musical notes, doodles, painting, a quote, what else?
6. Everyone has 4 days to do this.
7. When done, put the book in the mailing envelope and mail to the next person. If you don't know who to send it to, I can give you addresses, but mail them to anyone who has had a **BIG Dream**.
8. You can also decorate the outside cover and inside covers anyway you

want, but leave room for others too. (Copyright free pix, images, words etc)

9. When the book is full, the person that fills in the last page will mail it back to me.

BIG Dreams: *life altering, profound clarity, incredible insight, coming back to soul, awakenings, new birth, other-worldly, beyond realms, time travel, spiritual growth, healing, illumination, far reaching understanding, powerful, core experiences, reflecting who we are, truth telling, soul quenching.*

If you want to play along, just email me back and say, "I'm in."

Thanks for making this **BIG Dream** come true!

Star Edwards, starharp@comcast.net

~~~~~

### **ReNewed**

Sorry it took me so long, but I finally renewed! My life is just non-stop busy, even as I get older. Or maybe because of it. I love DNJ and I'm glad I will be getting it again.

I haven't written too much poetry of late, as I've been concentrating more on music. At my late age, I find I am writing more complex scores for choirs and other instruments. It is a new adventure for me, or perhaps just a delayed one, as music was my first love. In my twenties and early thirties I was a singer/songwriter type. Now it's a bit different, although I did record a CD of my songs in 2011.

I find as I get older that I don't dream as much, which is distressing to me. It could be because I have struggled with disrupted sleep for a long time. Still, I cherish the Dream People and often reflect on what I have learned from them. At some point, I may write poetry again just to honor them and, who knows, learn to dream better again! If this happens I will certainly let you know.

I did have a dream a couple of years ago that let me know I was going to move to Santa Fe. So here I am!

*Peace, Janet Emmons, Santa Fe, NM*

~~~~~

Promoting Dream Events

Thanks for promoting both IASD's PsiberDreaming Conference and the Dream Summit - both important. We need all the focus on dreams that we can garner. No need to exclude one --- every effort promotes more focus on dreams.

I am participating in the Dream Summit. I think it's important that we move dreams into the future of communication. Summits are very popular now and this one seems to be set up in an ethical and future-focused way.

I am writing another book. Hopefully it is close to publication. It's called *Wake Up!* and I am hoping that it will wake up the world. I am not quitting until I know that more people understand the wisdom they are sleeping through. I am trying very hard to create a concise, clear, and enjoyable way to work with dreams for the mainstream = DreamSynergy!

Thank you for continuing to help people understand the importance of dreams and dreamwork.

Continue to follow your dreams . . .

Justina Lasley, Mount Pleasant, SC

~~~~~

### **Interested in Mutual Dreaming**

I am a member of the Dutch Association for the study of dreams (VSD) and very much interested in the research, practice and reporting on mutual dreaming.

I am a semi retired businessman and studied for 7 years with Stephan Kaplan Williams in the Netherlands, next to several workshops and reading books on the topic of dreaming.

Presently, I am very much interested in the Collective Conscious ideas of Carl Gustav Jung and the Global Conscious Project of Prof. Roger Nelson at Princeton University. There is a link with mutual dreaming.

My experience has been with Lucid dreams, OBE's, precognition dreams and peak dreams (similar to NDE).

I am a down to earth person and look at dreams as highly interesting and to further enrich my life.

Please let me know if and how I can help. With kind regards.

*Henk Viëtor, Dutch ASD*  
~~~~~

Kudos from Krippner

I read every article in this issue. You have done well in maintaining DNJ's high quality. Thanks also for the nice review of our book.

Stanley Krippner, San Francisco, CA
~~~~~

### **Enthusiastically 'Spreading the Word' About DNJ**

I have received my copies of DNJ and just wanted to take a moment to say thank you, once again. The issue looks & feels beautiful and I am enjoying the articles heartily.

Having read the Mission Statement, which resonates deeply for me, especially the approach of the stance of the Poet/Poetess tending a vital original fire.

I'd be happy to distribute some flyers locally to the bookstores in my area and also to share this info with folks who come to my groups, workshops and one to one sessions.

As I do a fair amount of promotion on-line, I will be letting folks know about the issue and the magazine too, in places and venues like Facebook and so forth and hope that folks who might not have connected with your wonderful publication may find out about it and/or choose to check it out.

I will also continue to share info about the wealth of creativity and helpful ideas and perspectives in DNJ via my Online communities and promotions...

In Deep Gratitude for all that you do for the Dreaming and the Dreamers. My Best,

Travis Wernet, Occidental, CA

~~~~~

Manifesting Clones

Thanks so much. I am going to put together a submission, as I have had dreams right along that helped me understand how to relate to a much loved family member with an addiction problem. They came when I needed them. I guess I should speak to the clone and find out if she can proofread!

I am very interested in the waking dreams of alcoholics and addicts because I think that craving states are that place ... where reality changes and of course the body changes as well. I need two more clones and another lifetime... so busy. Instead, I think I'll go home and cook dinner.

Your work is so important. It was all my years as Russ Lockhart's client that taught me to deeply respect dreams.... probably the dream as well. Thanks again,

Dana DeDolph, Astoria, OR

~~~~~

### **Precognitive Dream re: Current Syrian Conflict**

I recalled this dream after hearing of our president's decision today to consider going to war again in Syria.

It was June 6, 1968, my husband and I were at the movies, a film full of extreme violence without a real story or message was showing and it disturbed me so much that I left and sat in the lobby, very concerned about what was happening to our culture.

That night I had the following dream:

*I am with a man, we are talking and all around us are cans of garbage. The man knows and understands all about this situation and conveys his knowledge to me. He tells me that the people are being fed things that are not good for them at all; he says it is like the lumps of fat from meat, which we would normally throw away, but they swallow it. He knows that this is all part of what is to come for he says we are living in very troubled times. He then warns me that we are nearing the end of the millennia which will bring with it a period of great violence. He then leads me to a mirror, it is a tall mirror and I see that it has a split or crack and the man says that this is the reason for the problems amongst the people.*

(This was also the day that Robert Kennedy was shot to death.)

*(Ed. I responded, then ... a follow-up from Jean)*

How kind of you to write such a warm response to my dream story. I never forget a dream; I have recorded my dreams for over 40 years so was able to check the date and other details again to make sure.

I appreciated so much that you took the time (on a holiday, too) to share your views on our country's difficult situation. Yes, it was wise of the president to wait and allow a debate to take place.

I thank you for all you have done towards the birth and growth of such a wonderful magazine. I have watched it over the years and seen the influence it is having on our one day becoming a dream culture. Sincerely,

*Jean Leonard, Palm Desert, CA*



## The “Mission” of Dream Network Journal

By Paco Mitchell, M. A.

I HAVE OFTEN PONDERED THE AUDACIOUS MISSION STATEMENT OF DREAM NETWORK JOURNAL—“to evolve a dream-cherishing culture.” Just figuring out what one person—let alone a culture—has to do in order to “cherish” dreams, seems riddle enough. And to “evolve” (v.t.) that process, one enters truly mysterious territory—the biological, cultural and spiritual evolution of a *feeling* that regards dreams as valuable!

The mission statement certainly establishes a transcendent intention, valid for the centuries. It reminds me of Tertullian’s credo, his belief based on irrationality: *Credo quia absurdum*. “I believe because it’s absurd.” Applied to our case, none of us will ever accomplish DNJ’s goal because it’s so big it is effectively “irrational.” But each of us *can* contribute to it in a small way. That is certainly what I want my writing to do—to make a small contribution to the re-valuation of dreams.

Anyone associated with *Dream Network Journal* has a responsibility to help it live up to its name and mission. And my experience as a Jungian therapist, dream-explorer and author of essays on dream psychology suggests that the mission implies challenges that put us on a collision course with our existing, non-dream-cherishing culture: *We must be willing to stare into the face of troubling, even intolerable, images.*

But this is precisely what our present culture encourages us *not to do*. Sure, we can entertain ourselves to death, especially if we do a lot of shopping in the process. But our culture goes out of its way to *train us* to avoid images and realities that are unpleasant, sad, gruesome, depressing, outrageous, etc. Instead, it wants to keep us soothed, tractable, compliant and easily manipulated. “Happiness,” believe it or not, is

hardly a description of robust psychological health, which has more to do with the ability to deal with difficult truths and situations. In effect, our culture promotes pathology—up to and including delusional states and insanity.

This is why dreams are such bastions of freedom—inherently unorthodox, heretical, dissident, iconoclastic, renegade, nonconformist and unconventional. And let’s take it one more step: Dreams are also where we encounter our own tendencies toward criminality, debauchery, madness, cruelty, etc. In fact, anything that humans are capable of, no matter how ghastly, we, too, are capable of—as humans. This all goes against Christian orthodoxy, of course, which is why Freud reportedly said to Jung, as their steamship approached New York Harbor in 1909, “They don’t realize that we are bringing them the plague.”

This truth-telling aspect of dreams, their “negativity,” is what makes them regenerative engines of salvation and conveyors of divine wisdom. The Voice of God is shocking. As M.-L. von Franz said, “God is what brings us to our knees.” But dreams can only serve this divine function if we allow ourselves to be “shocked” by their images. This goes for both dreams and emotions in general: If we make a habit of protecting ourselves from our own emotions by turning away from them, how can we possibly evolve a dream-cherishing culture? *Cherishing* means taking something to heart, allowing our *feelings* to be affected, and our *affects* to be brought into play.

\* \* \*

The condition of the global environment cuts our illusions to the bone. We have never been in greater need of the ability to “stare troubling images in the face” than now. In the final installment—Part Five of my “Bateson’s Nightmare” series—I have taken considerable pains to express myself *forcefully*, because our situation requires it. That is why I so

appreciate the cover art provided for the last issue (Summer-Fall 2013) by Native American artist Raven Redfox. The emotional resonance between that spontaneous, shamanic painting and my "Bateson's Nightmare" essays, is gratifying. Here are some observations about the painting:

First, it is a *truth-telling image*, devoid of the fake, manufactured, Happy Face, let's-pretend-everything-is-fine sort of visual brainwashing we are constantly exposed to in the non-stop marketing of our consumer culture. The *sobriety* of Raven's painting is a welcome relief from the false gaiety that surrounds us. In contrast, I find a paradoxically hopeful reassurance in Raven's instinctive willingness to face up to bitter truths.

Virtually everything in the painting has been crossed out—all but the tree and the full moon, that is. It suggests that we are either destroying or harming—"crossing out"—practically every zone of life on earth. Yet, symbolically speaking, *the tree and the full moon have been spared*. Something about their essence transcends this destructive human influence. The tree is devoid of leaves, so it is either "dead" or dormant; but given its proximity to the full moon, which pulls the sap and moisture in all things, I am inclined to regard the tree and moon as symbolic of life forces that are stronger than our destructive capabilities. Thus, to me the tree is dormant, pregnant with spring. If the moon escapes being crossed out, perhaps that is an unconscious recognition of how vital it is for us to develop our own *lunar vision*, which involves seeing into the dark, into the shamanic realm of dreams and their healing images—if only we can open our eyes to them, however "painful" they might seem.

One last comment about this amazing painting: *Lightning bolts* are Heaven's symbolic way of energizing the Earth. Sometimes it takes a shock from above, or within, to wake us up, which is what dreams often do—shock us into wakefulness. That is why it is so important that we overcome our personal fears and cultural deficiencies, learn how to wake up and "stare the unpleasant images in the face," whether we find them in paintings, in a damaged environment or in dreams. The last thing we want to do is sleep-walk into the future. ∞

## The Trial of Sleep

In the depths of silent eddies seized in the night,  
the obscure imageries turn in long parabolas  
as you wander down the long hallways,  
the interminable streets  
of the kingdom of the unconquerable night.

You are being irradiated by the truth, deceptive,  
enigmatic but still the truth,  
amply disguised by its unobtrusive satire,  
its curious symmetries, its hint of the voluptuous.  
You are the captive of the imagery  
rumbling through your mind  
and attend impassively to the events displayed  
in your slumbering brain,  
your body wrapped up in a little fetal ball  
in the silence of your isolated room.

You must bear witness to what transpired there  
and delve the arcane meaning  
of its unrolling scenery.  
You must observe the sway of its  
penetrating commentary, pictorial, taciturn,  
corrosive, that eats to the bone.

This is your editorial on your own life  
directed at you but yet produced by you  
in the honesty of the sanctum of sleep.  
Your dreams will not lie to you.  
You must have the courage  
to act upon them in daylight.

By Arnold Skemer



# Who is the Important Person in Your Dreams?

c2013 By Arthur Strock, PhD

**T**HE OLD MAN was still working. He had enough money and didn't need to work, but working was a part of him. He dimly realized that his sparkle of existence fueled by over half a century of work was dying. He needed to know if his illusory passion for a different kind of work was real or only an empty excuse to stop working altogether.

His thoughts floated on the mist of awareness into a dream where ...

*A slender, almost shapeless woman covered in silence appears before him. Her features dissolve, leaving only the sheen and smooth perfection of her short, silvery-white hair.*

The dream woman was important. She was to be his comfort, his source of reassurance that he needed to give energy to a new dream. She would be able to release him from his worries, the worries of many elders: that their potential for making a mark in the world will be denied them in this new world of speeding change that defies comprehension.

*Time is visibly absent. Neither the old man nor the woman disturbs the stillness. They just stand opposite one another, seeing each other, but with no exchange of any kind.*

**THE TIRED, MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN** had just changed careers. She had emerged from the stifling cocoon of a corporate management position to pursue a new life. With adrenalin-charged power, she worked her way through a grueling graduate education program right along side quick learning students in their twenties. She emerged victorious with a master's degree, enormous debts, and only a part time job. As she drifts into dreams, she looks forward to seeing her grandfather again. In the comfort and silence of their meetings, their love for each other eclipses the need for any talk.

\*\*\*\*\*

**THE YOUNG MAN IN HIS THIRTIES** feels invincible. His power and vision are as yet unchallenged by the need to overcome the inevitabilities of future discouragement and pain. Dreams provide him with strong counselors and teachers whose advice and answers he knows will ensure success in his all-encompassing endeavors.

\*\*\*\*\*

**THE LITTLE GIRL** is spritely, engaging, and well cared for. She is growing up as she weaves her way through a world of confusing mirages, unspoken rights and wrongs, and the inconsistencies of adult behaviors.

In dreams ...

*She bravely meets the frightening and comforting lady in blue who returns night after night to stand by her.*

\*\*\*\*\*

We usually consider archetypal figures—which are there to help—as being most important in our dreams ... but they are not the only ones. Who we draw into our dreams as guides and helpers is influenced by our personal history and our stage of life.

The size of emerging problems, our belief system, our intentions for direction in life, and unconscious drives all combine to govern who will show up in dreamtime to assist us.

Even more so than in waking life, those who come to us in dreams allow us to grow spiritually. Respecting our gift of free will, they rarely tell us what to do. Their unstated perspective is a universal one that transcends the needs of the dreamer's ego and focuses on the collective Whole.

The more we consider the seemingly simplistic question of who is the most important person in our dreams, the more complex the question becomes. Adding to the complexity is the fact that we ourselves are participants in our dreams-- if sometimes only as unseen observers.

With the realization that the power of the universe embodied in love can be focused on us as we dream, we are drawn to an awareness of our own deep value. The dream in all of its quiet, veiled power comes to celebrate us as half-asleep dreamers, who when awake can be enormously vital and important contributors to the welfare of Humanity.

So we might then conclude that the most important person in your dreams very well may be *YOU!* ∞

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Arthur Strock is a school psychologist, psychotherapist, and author. He is a founding member of the International Association for the Study of Dreams and has given dream workshops at the Whole Life Expo in New York City, IASD Annual Conferences, New Jersey schools, and elsewhere. In addition to the Dream Network Journal, he has written for the Stillpoint Institute. We look forward to his forthcoming book, *Gathering Dreams on Main Street*. Arthur welcomes contact with other members of the DNJ community. His email address is [arthurstrock@comcast.net](mailto:arthurstrock@comcast.net). Visit his website [Livebyyourdreams.com](http://Livebyyourdreams.com).

## Dreaming of President Obama

By Sharon Heath

I have had two dreams of Barack Obama since he became President.

The first occurred right after his inauguration:

*Barack Obama is repeatedly and ritualistically dropping to his knees on a plot of dry, dusty earth and scooping dirt over his body and his head. This ritual has a profoundly humbling feel to it.*

I researched that image upon awakening and found that certain tribes in Kenya have coming-of-age rituals that include flinging dirt all over the initiates' bodies and heads before sending them into the wilderness for their vision quests.

In the second dream, which came to me a year or so ago ...

*I'm given the task of serving as an emissary between Obama and indigenous poets south of the border. I am to bring messages and poems from the poets to Obama and then relay his responses back to them.*

In waking life, I actually wrote to Obama about each of those dreams. I had sat next to him at a fundraising luncheon in 2005, and he'd been deeply impressed at that time to learn that I was a Jungian analyst. When I told him, he gripped my shoulder and said, "Sharon! The collective unconscious!" I've often wondered since then if he's been aware of what he carries psychologically for all of us and whether the collective American psyche is being humbled and initiated through his struggles and travails. ∞

# “What Is So and So Doing In My Dream?”

By Janice Baylis, Ph.D.



**W**HAT IS SO AND SO DOING IN MY DREAM? is such a common question that I made a “People Meaning List” for dreamers that contains these features:

Name/Relationship Job/Era/Character/ Physical/Psychological/Belief/Other.

People in our dreams have a strong visible presence and the dreamer can make multiple associations to other things, so people make good dream images and fit in well with the dream-mind’s associative thinking process.

I will give just a few examples from the “People Meaning List”.

To begin, here are a couple of Cher Bono dreams. One features Cher as associated with her name homonym, Share.

A shy woman joined a discussion group hoping to make some friends. The first two meetings she only listened. Then she dreamed:

*I’m sitting on the edge of a public swimming pool.*

*I am admiring the pop singer/actress, Cher. She is there also.*

*As I watch, Cher plunges into the swimming pool and swims around with the crowd.*

After our discussion of the dream and its associations with Cher’s name, she got up her courage, and at the next meeting, took the plunge.

As the group members were pooling their thoughts, she was finally able to share (Cher) what she was thinking.

Dreams of making love or having sex with a cultural celebrity are fairly common. Depending on who the celebrity is (and of course, who the dreamer is), the symbolic substitution varies.

Here is another woman’s dream of Cher Bono:

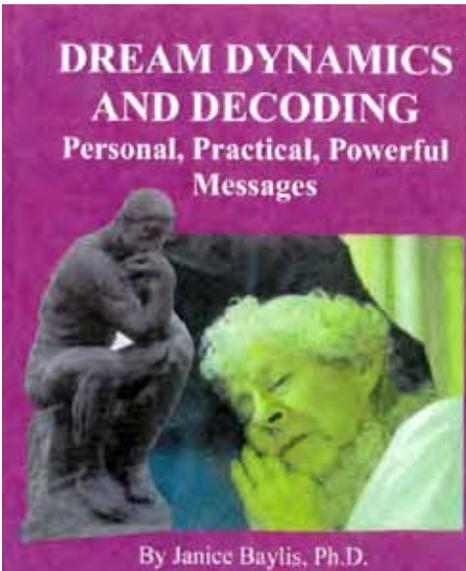
*I’m watching a Cher special on television. Cher is totally beautiful and sexy. She goes into the vamp character/role she used to do. She is rolling her hips. I watch those hips and next thing I know I’m making love with her.*

The dreamer was not a lesbian. When interpreting the dream, she settled on the idea that she feels Cher is very “hip” and that she, too, would love to be more of a vamp and feminist. This is the role/roll she’d like to share/Cher. Cher has been a cultural role model for many American women.

Now here is an example of a dream where the people in the dream are associated with their physical features. It had us stumped for a while.

## “Just Like My Sister”

*I am going to the hospital to visit my sister. [This sister had had surgery a year earlier]. By the entrance door I passed Wilt Chamberlain and Sammy Davis Jr. talking. I go to the desk and have to sign in.*



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What puzzled the dreamer was the appearance of those particular celebrities. Soon after the dream, she became ill and was admitted to the hospital for the same type of surgery her sister had experienced. Once we hit on Wilt Chamberlain as the long and Sammy Davis Jr. as the short, we 'got' it. "The long and the short of it" was that she needed the same treatment. She had her "aha!" when she realized the two men were in the dream because of their physical traits.

Next is a dream with a cultural celebrity famous for her belief in sexual equality and women's liberation: Billy Jean King. She brought equality, i.e. equal pay to the sports world. An American housewife had this dream shortly after the famous tennis match in which Billy Jean King trounced Bobby Riggs after he challenged her.

*I am at a tennis match with some other women and our husbands. The men are wearing English Army officers' uniforms. The women wear dresses with no coats. The women are so cold that they are covered in ice. [frozen, immobilized].*

*I take the women into my house for coffee. I feel they also want to see what it is like inside an American woman's home. While inside, Billy Jean King comes to me and says, 'It is time for us to go and play our doubles tennis game.'*

Billie Jean is a symbol of the female victorious over the male chauvinist. The dreamer was feeling a desire for more freedom in her marriage and her subconscious seems to agree. It is time to team up with a liberated woman image and become a winner.

Finally, here is a woman's 50th birthday dream-gift in her own words. She had just let go of a 20+ year career and taken a leap into the unknown:

I see three distinct images. Period. No movement, story line ... just these three distinct images:

- 1) Victor Mature (who looks surprisingly like my father).
- 2) The cover of the Ram Dass book, "Be Here Now."
- 3) A tiger approaching me in a very friendly, non-threatening manner.

### Dreamer's Associations:

"I frequently reflect on these three potent images. The name "Victor Mature" speaks for itself, does it not? There are always ways in which I could be more mature, e.g., no envy, respond not react, no anger, etc.

"Be HERE Now" ... always working on that one ... especially when I get carried away worrying about the future - or regretting some events and/or decisions made in the past.

"I had always referred to there being a tiger at my tail, meaning (to me) money pressure. At that time, I was seriously concerned about how I would support myself.

"The friendly tiger helped ease my fears, approaching as s/he did. Soon after that dream, I drove into a small village while they were having a parade. The band was playing "Hold that Tiger"!

"My leap into the unknown was a wonderful, extraordinary time filled with Big Dreams for guidance and assurance, synchronicities, etc."

There are many ways to spotlight People meanings in our dreams. Associations to people, especially well-known icons, can provide an applause of 'Ahas!' since celebrities touch so many of our lives and thus provide a special kind of link in the cosmic unconscious. ∞



# Pre-Election Dreams

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**H**OW DID A DREAM OF MINE RECORDED IN NOVEMBER 2002 have anything to do with the Election of 2004? Back then, I had no idea that it did. Some understanding of the dream's significance came 21 months later after having another dream that I decided must be connected. Here's the first dream:

## *I Visit a Mysterious Place Along with Other People*

*I'm visiting some "establishment"—looking around the large building housing the "place." There's a large room that seems to have various spaces used for different purposes. One side is fitted out with rows of seats like church pews. A small area opening onto this seems to be used differently—I see couches and tables. Beyond this is a doorway leading into an area evidently not open to the public.*

*I'm there with unidentified people. We begin to sense that the place is used*

*for some secret purpose. We are not allowed to explore beyond this "open" area. I say I think even this area with rows of seats, which we are led to assume is a church, has another purpose. I don't know what. There are "officials" standing to the side overseeing the visit and keeping us from exploring beyond this area. If anyone should try to explore farther, we all would be asked to leave.*

*When we do leave the building, we're surprised to discover that the road into the place has been destroyed—we assume to keep others out. We have to figure a way to get out by finding a path our vehicle can travel. As we get to the edge of the property, we find a vehicle about to enter. I feel we need to warn them about what they may find.*

Dreams are messages from our inner selves, drawing background material from our lives and the personal as well as the collective unconscious. Dreams always have multiple meanings and lay-

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ers of significance. They can deal with our physical health, emotional and psychological status, spiritual life, and relationships with other people. They may also be bringing into consciousness a collective issue or circumstance.

At the time of this dream there was nothing going on in my personal life to which this dream seemed to refer. But considering a "building" to be a symbol for one's self, perhaps this dream was pointing out that there was a part of me not open to the public, a part that I keep private. This certainly is true, I already was aware of this. But dreams come to bring new understandings, not to point out what you already know. I put the dream aside and hoped further illumination would come later. It came with this next dream in early September 2004:

*While Helping Prepare the "Dance" Floor,  
I Worry about the Proposed "Game of  
War" I'm with an unidentified person in  
a public gathering place. We're helping  
clean/prepare some type of dance/recre-  
ation space. We are required to do this.  
I'm complaining to my companion about  
the situation. Evidently the men in charge  
are proposing some type of "game" in  
which others will be required to partici-  
pate. It is a "game of war." I say I don't  
understand how they can want to do this.  
It will involve serious consequences for so  
many people.  
My companion agrees with me.*

My immediate association to "the men in charge" requiring others to participate in a "game of war" that will "involve serious consequences for so many people" was our government and our involvement in Iraq. Now there's the connection to the 2004 Election.

I decided to look back through my dream journals for other dreams of authority figures, dreams that might be connected to this dream. That's when I saw anew the November 2002 dream recounted at the beginning of the article. In it I visited "some establishment" which we sensed "is used for some secret purpose" where "we are not allowed to explore beyond this 'open' area" and "officials" were "overseeing the visit and keeping us from exploring beyond this (open) area." I now consider this a reference to the then current administration's policies of secrecy and deception in place in 2002. Examples materialized as it became evident that the real reason for waging war in Iraq was hidden and denied. Decisions and deals with war profiteers were shrouded with secrecy behind closed doors, and the photographs of consequences of the war (dead soldiers, body bags, and coffins) were banned from public view.

In the dream, I said I thought the area with seats like church pews had another purpose. In waking life I believe the faith-based advocacy of the administration at that time was being used to push a right-wing moral agenda and perhaps to support the ideological agenda of the groups to whom support was given. Unfortunately, I think, [and now in the Fall of 2013 I know], the right-wing ideologues are still pushing their agenda.

Next we "discover that the road into the place has been destroyed—we assume to keep others out." Access to/communication with the government had been destroyed. "We have to figure a way to get out by finding a path our vehicle can travel." We, the people, needed to find a way out of this situation. The second half of the more recent dream suggested a way. It stated:

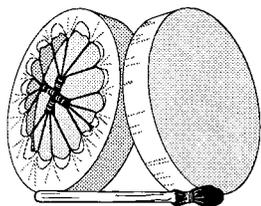
*Sometime later, after completing our  
chore, we watch as a couple dances  
around the outside of the special floor*

*area where we are standing. I comment on how well they are dancing. Then I notice that the woman is much older than the man, who appears to be a teenager. She is "leading." I comment that she is showing him how to dance.*

The space we prepared for the game of war had become a dance floor where a couple was engaged in a graceful dance, the dance of life. This is very different from a game of war.

I believe the young male represented our historically young patriarchally dominated nation, one involved in repeated aggressive games of war. I was encouraged to see he was being instructed by the older woman who might represent wise, mature feminine attributes, perhaps even the divine feminine. I hope she was "leading" him back to ways of pre-patriarchal cultures in which people lived without the need of fortifications and weapons, sharing with and caring for all beings.

Dreams come in the service of health and wholeness. In this case, not just for an individual but the collective—the whole world. May we as a nation learn the ways of peace. ∞



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Rachel Norment, M.A. in Art Education, is a dream work facilitator certified through Jeremy Taylor's Marin Institute for Projective Dream Work in California. She has facilitated ongoing dream groups since 1995. Rachel is also the author of *Guided by Dreams: Breast Cancer, Dreams, and Transformation*. Additional information about her work can be found on her web site: [www.expressiveavenues.com](http://www.expressiveavenues.com). She can be contacted at [Rachelgn@triad.rr.com](mailto:Rachelgn@triad.rr.com).

This article is an excerpt from Rachel's newly published book, *Dream Explorations: A Journey in Self-Knowledge and Self-Realization*. The book may be ordered through Amazon, Barnes & Noble, Balboa Press, or your local bookstore.

## Dreaming of Pope John Paul II & George W. Bush

By Sabine Lucas

Just before the news hit the media that Pope John Paul II's illness had taken a fatal turn, I was taking an afternoon nap. I have to add that I'm not a Catholic and have never been interested in what goes on in the Vatican. But during this nap I saw two images in succession: one about Rome, the other about Bush.

In the first dream ...

*I see a human chain being formed all the way from Rome to Berlin. I do not join the chain myself, but duck under it.*

In the second dream ...

*I see George W. Bush sitting in a human crowd. He has huge floppy ears that are swaying back and forth with the currents of collective movements and trends.*

*I hear an authoritative voice say:  
"This man needs to be removed from office."*

When I awoke, I jumped off the couch and rushed to the TV. They were just announcing that the pope's health had taken a turn for the worse.

So I thought (as in the dream) that he would die and a German pope would take his place. But I had no idea what kind of nationals were around the pope. After some internet research I came upon Cardinal Ratzinger. As soon as I set eyes on him I knew that he would be elected. In fact, in a strange way, he already was the pope before John died. That's how it looked to me on TV.

The accuracy of this prophetic dream about the papal succession makes me think that the other dream came from the same source and is just as accurate.

~ April 2005

# The Sleep of the Towers

By Jeff Lewis

**O**N SEPTEMBER 9, 2001, I have the following dreams:

## The Basement of Catastrophe

*I am in the basement of The Towers dorm in Madison, WI., on State Street.*

*I do not know if the place still is a dorm\* for university students or if it even exists any longer.*

*There is a bar in the basement and some sort of event is being planned or prepared here. I have what I would describe as a 'guide' here, someone familiar with the group—maybe a fraternity—putting on the party which is to happen some time later. We tour around the bar, but do not drink. From one end of it we see what I can only describe as a horrific series of 'special effects,' special effects from films I mean. I watch down behind the bar as it becomes a city street. There is some kind of explosion or earthquake and buildings begin to topple. As they do there are explosions, fireballs, and other effects. I recall—as I watch horrified—seeing the billowing cloud of death approaches him. 'oh, s\_\_t!'*

*In fact, so 'real' are these special effects down in the basement of this dorm or tower of sleep that they cause me to turn away, to flee, as the cloud bears down the bar at me. As I prepare to flee...*

*I wake up and lie panting in bed wondering what exactly is it I have seen?*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

## The Empire Strikes Back

*In the next dream... I am out on State Street in front of the location where The Towers used to be. They are no longer there. There is a... parade going by, heading up State Street toward the Capitol; except it's not the State Capitol dome up the street, it's the National Capitol in Washington, the huge dome towering there. No, wait a minute, it's the even bigger dome of St. Peter's Church in Rome.*

*Hundreds of people file by, floats, bands playing the music from Star Wars or some similar film and in general the parade reminds me of the parade at the conclusion of the latest episode of the Lucas epic. Movie stars and directors, political and religious figures pass down the street in convertibles waving. Here comes David, the robot boy, from A, he's the Grand Marshall or maybe the Homecoming King! What a grand event! Then why don't I feel... good, or happy?*

*Why do I feel so awful, like I'm a ghost or a walking corpse?  
Why is there this gray dust all over me?*

*And here comes the last float! It's the... Kaaba! It's the black draped cube, the holiest site in Islam, from the Grand Mosque in Mecca! Hundreds of people including George Bush, Billy Graham, Cardinals, senators and many smiling, waving Islamic leaders including Osama Bin Laden, mullahs and Hezbollah terrorists are walking by together behind it. What could this mean?*

\*(Dorm: from 'dormir' Latin for 'sleep')



## I First Met My Man in a Dream: Dreams Can Come True

By Rosemarie Riley

**A**T 6PM ON THE LAST DAY OF SCHOOL, I boarded a plane bound for Sydney, Australia. On arrival, I hailed a cab and headed for the hotel. The following morning I went down to breakfast and just as I took a bite of omelet, I felt a tap on my shoulder. Glancing up, I see a fellow dressed in tweeds at my elbow. He reminded me of my father. To my surprise, he asked me if I was staying in the hotel. I nodded and his next words had me spluttering. He invited me to dinner that evening. I declined and said I had a previous engagement.

Before leaving Melbourne, a friend had mentioned an R & R cocktail party at the Australia Hotel for personnel serving in Vietnam. At the time I had told her I was not interested. After all, my luck had run out where men were concerned. A week ago I had broken up with my boyfriend after being together for three years.

But now I had to attend so I showered and dressed in a navy woolen coatdress piped in white thin braid. Next I slipped my feet into white patent boots and headed out the door to a waiting cab. Fifteen minutes later, I entered the foyer of the hotel. At twenty-five I never enjoyed mixing with people I didn't know.

Counting to ten, I stepped into the Salon room. I overheard snippets of conversation as I circled the groups. Grabbing a glass of champagne from a nearby tray, I joined three women seated on a wooden bench against a far wall. I had barely finished my glass when I felt a touch on my shoulder. I glanced up. My gaze took in a long pair of charcoal pinstriped pants, a matching suit jacket revealing a white shirt highlighting a tanned face. "Can I get you a drink?"

On his return I learned his name was Charles, a Lieutenant in the Marine Corps and stationed in Vietnam. After thirty minutes of small talk, he invited me to join him for dinner.

In the foyer he bought me a bunch of violets from a vendor before he hailed a cab to drive us to The Gap Tavern. For the next three hours we discussed family and our plans for the future. When we left the restaurant, we strolled to the headland overlooking the gateway to the harbor.

Slipping an arm around my shoulders, he pulled me closer. Surprised, I glanced up just as he bent his head toward mine. And I have to admit his kiss undid all the promises I had made to myself about men. Together, we stood there listening to the waves pounding the rocks beneath us.

Before leaving me in the foyer of my hotel, he suggested we meet the following morning. I hesitated as questions flooded my mind. Did I want to start something that could only last six days? Did I want to risk my heart once again? Risk it! shouted the little voice in my head. As though sensing my quandary, Charles wrapped his arms around my waist and kissed me soundly. I have to admit that kiss was the turning point for me.

Every day for the next five days, we met for lunch then spent the afternoon sight seeing. Each day I found myself anxiously pacing the pavement if he was even a minute late.

On our last evening before he returned to Vietnam for a second tour of duty, he took me to dinner at The Gap Tavern once again. Once seated, he handed me a small square box-a parting gift. When I opened it, I gasped. On the satin interior, sat a heart-shaped amethyst ring and matching necklace. Taking the ring out of the box, he slipped it on my finger... and as the cab pulled away from the curb outside the hotel, he promised to write.

I wondered if I would ever see him again. It was then I remembered a strange dream I had when I was sixteen.

*In the dream I wore a white wedding dress, the bodice studded with pearls, and walked down the aisle toward the man I was about to marry. I could see him so clearly even to this day. He stood about 6ft 3 inches and wearing a dark pinstriped suit. He had wavy hair the color of midnight and neatly trimmed.*

At the time I shrugged off the dream. In my young mind I doubted I had inherited ESP talents like my grandmother and mother. But I had to admit this was not the first time I had had a strange experience. And each time I had shrugged it off.

For the next five months Charles wrote me every week. In one of my letters I mentioned a return trip I had booked to London in the following January. In his next letter he promised to meet my ship in Miami when it passed through on its way to London. He wanted to show me a little of US before I sailed across the Atlantic. I couldn't wait. So I agreed to leave the ship at Miami and re-embarked in New York.

True to his word when the ship docked at Fort Lauderdale, he was waiting on the pier. I couldn't miss him in his yellow striped pants and matching sweater. Panic set in. What had I done? This was a dreadful mistake. Then I reminded myself I would be catching the ship in five days out of New York.

With that in mind I settled back in the passenger seat of his rented Buick. Within an hour my panic disappeared and once again I felt as though we had known each other all our lives. He drove to Cleveland to stay with his welcoming parents. During our brief stay, the more I learned about their son, the more I knew he was 'The One.'

After four days we flew to Washington DC with plans to spend our last two days together before Charles flew to Norfolk, Virginia, to take up an engineer's job at the Naval Station. That evening he and I dined in the restaurant of the hotel. We had just finished our appetizers when he reached for my hand and said the four words I had been waiting all my life to hear. "Will you marry me?" Without hesitation I said yes.

Needless to say I didn't board that ship. Instead, I accompanied Charles to Norfolk, Virginia and six days later we married at the Naval Base.

That day, as I walked down the aisle, I was reminded of the dream I had when I was sixteen. Yes, on my real wedding day, I wore a white dress with a pearl bodice. And yes, my future husband was 6' 3 with black wavy hair and wearing a dark pinstriped suit.

So you see dreams can come true. ∞

# A Dream about President Obama

*I have a book that has ten spiritual questions on the cover as its title. I am giving it to a friend who is deeply concerned with transformation. Then the door to the house opens, and President Obama enters, hesitantly, asking permission by his humble posture.*

*He looks at the book and I see that he wants it.*

*“Take it,” I say.*

*I understand in this moment that he is longing for an opportunity for consciousness, for a way deep into his soul.*

*Later, he comes to the door again. His longing is visible. Then he is standing on the roof of the ten story building across the street that is visible through a window in my house. He looks miniscule. A very small man at the top of the world.*

*He may be the most important man or most powerful man in the world, but he is such a small man, looking down on the street, the world, with such a sad expression.*

*What he sees makes him so sad.*

*He feels the loss in the world and the loss of the consciousness he can't access. He wants to access it. He wonders and I wonder—seeing him there, so isolated, so alone, so fragile—how to make a bridge to it.*

~~~~~

If we believe that dreams are sent by Spirit to enlighten us, to teach and instruct us in how to live, this dream calls for empathy and deep compassion.

How might we find non-conventional ways to support the President so that he can act in accordance with the soul promises he made and believed in? How might we help protect him from the exigencies, dangers, the insanity of these times, and from the old guard that always surrounds a president?

How might we be alongside him so he can be alongside himself? How can we be alongside him so that he can govern, as I believe he wants to do, with absolute integrity? How can we, together, step out of the pattern of fear, conflict, violence, and on-going judgement that is overwhelming the country, while also finding the viable ways to justice, peace and restoration?

How might we, together, read and live accordingly to the ten questions on the cover of the book? How do we incorporate the possible answers in our daily lives on behalf of the future and all beings?

Here's another question: What were the ten questions on the cover of the book that, if addressed, offer transformation?

Deena Metzger

Dreaming Another Language: She Will Not Kill

By Deena Metzger

I am or she is holding the photo and speaking to him, or he is the face in the photo, and I am or she is saying, "No, you will not kill." He, as a revolutionary, or they, together, they will do what they must, what they have been doing, what has been necessary, but they are here in this country, this Spain of the Imagination and they will leave without killing. Killing will not be the last act. Killing is not sanctioned. I am, or she is, adamant.

But now I am the Mother in a Spain of the Imagination and I am going to the Teacher. I open the door. I tell her that I am here on my knees. I fall to my knees and I am before her. One can only fall to the knees before someone one trusts implicitly. We are women in a Spain of the Imagination. We have dark hair, our faces are strong and clear, we wear black skirts and white blouses. But if we wore only black you would not be surprised.

I tell her that I have come about my daughter. She is sixteen or she is eighteen. She is the Daughter. She will not kill. I will not allow it. It is not to protect the victim; it is to protect my daughter. She is a revolutionary as we all are, as we must be. But, I tell the teacher with whom I am now collaborating, who understands everything, that I will send the daughter away. She will go to another country. I cannot send her to the United States. It is not a country of such women as we are or we have become. It is not a country that forbids killing.

That young man will go to another country too. That young man who is her partner, in the way the man was my partner earlier, when I held the photo or the portrait and knew that he must not and so would not kill. They will not kill.

I speak this to the Teacher. I am or was on my knees and she was seated on a wooden chair by the windows in the classroom that is empty of children. I fall to my knees and then I rise up. It is possible that I am also the teacher. It is possible that there is only one person in this dream and it is myself and I am playing all the roles. No, I am not playing roles. I am everyone in the dream as I must be because it is a dream and that is how the dream teaches us as there are no others in a dream, there is only what we know or what is being told to us by the dream which is the one that, ultimately, knows what needs to be known.

This is the dream. But it is a dream from a world of the imagination that birthed me when I was a young girl or a young woman and when killing (despite Guernica, despite World War II, despite Hiroshima and Nagasaki) was not killing a person but an act that created another world. In such dreams of language, killing was a word not an act. It was a word that led to another world. Killing was a word, an act that had to come to an end in a dream of life, of words come to life like *justice* or *freedom*. A dream of a world in which killing was not ever to have to kill a body that could not understand the horror of killing. To kill and not to kill were the same because they created the world we had to create so that the killing would be over.

It was a world I recognized in an imaginary literature of Spain where I have never been. It was a world I was born into through the dreams I do not remember that have rhythms that might be flamenco and which I found again in the rhythms of the poetry and the literature of Latin America. A dream where the light is different than it is here because of the stone houses I have never seen and will never see, and the way the light fell on them in the curved and cobbled streets of the imagination. Dreams of dark forests, where the trees call the black shadows to them and whisper in a Spanish language that lives only in poetry at night.

In these dreams that are not dreams so much as patterns in other worlds, the women knew what they had to know although their mothers wore veils and were silent and sequestered behind walls in cities called the Alameda or Alhambra, the Red. In the languages of these worlds, the men told the stories of what the women were not to know despite the red, despite the red and the black, despite the red roses, the white walls, the casement windows, the barred windows, or the windows without bars that dreamed of light that was brilliant and dark.

The men who wrote the stories did not know what the women knew and were passing on to the daughters, the daughters who come to me now at this time in my life in my dream. The daughters who are straight and tall, who are revolutionaries in black skirts, who have red lips and carry red roses and will not kill. The women who will not kill, so killing is forbidden. That is how strong they are.

The women say, “This is what we taught you then in the dreams that came to you when you were young, the dreams that you have forgotten that came to you in your childhood, the dreams that formed you and surface now at this time in your life when you are asking what is to be done, what is to be done, what is to be done?”

Dreams, like this one, of the photo of the man who, at the end of what he is to do, is not to kill. The photo is not of the man who is to be killed. The photo of the man with the white face or the dark face with a beard is a photo of a man, who ultimately, because he is the revolutionary, the one who brings justice like the sunlight or the rain, will not kill. The woman says so and so it is so. That is what the dream says. And it says that all of this, the story, the strength, the strength not to kill, the strength that ends killing is in language, in the rhythm of the words, and this is what we have forgotten. Earth, rhythm, language, light, they were to have come together in a poetry from which the future might have arisen if we had listened and learned to speak that language, its rhythms and images, to speak its absolute poetry.

But then we forgot or yielded to the trance, to the relentless noise from which our cities dull as old metal and gray egg cartons arise in the fluorescent lights of super markets and endless parking lots and deluded malls which have no music to them and so are not the languages that we had been given to heal the world.

And because of this, because it may not be too late, the dream comes, the dream in another language, the dream in which the woman says, adamantly, “The man, my lover, the woman, my daughter, we will not kill. At the end of the dream, at the end of the dreams, we will not kill.”

Mysticism In Religion:

Three Ways to View the Sunset

By Fr. Richard Rohr, OFM

THREE MEN STOOD BY THE OCEAN, LOOKING AT THE S.A.M. SUNSET.

One man saw the immense physical beauty and enjoyed the event in itself. This man was the “sensate” type who, like 80 percent of the world, deals with what he can see, feel, touch, move, and fix. This was enough reality for him, for he had little interest in larger ideas, intuitions, or the grand scheme of things. He saw with his first eye, which was good.

A second man saw the sunset. He enjoyed all the beauty that the first man did. Like all lovers of coherent thought, technology, and science, he also enjoyed his power to make sense of the universe and explain what he discovered. He thought about the cyclical rotations of planets and stars. Through imagination, intuition, and reason, he saw with his second eye, which was even better.

The third man saw the sunset, knowing and enjoying all that the first and the second men did. But in his ability to progress from seeing to explaining to “tasting,” he also remained in awe before *an underlying mystery, coherence, and spaciousness* that connected him with everything else. He used his third eye, which is the full goal of all seeing and all knowing. This was the best.

The Urgent Need for Contemplative Seeing

Third-eye seeing is the way the mystics see. They do not reject the first eye; the senses matter to them, but they know there is more. Nor do they reject the second eye; but they know not to confuse knowledge with depth or mere correct information with the transformation of consciousness

itself.¹ The mystical gaze builds upon the first two eyes—and yet goes further. It happens whenever, by some wondrous “coincidence,” our heart space, our mind space, and our body awareness are all simultaneously open and nonresistant. I like to call it *presence*. It is experienced as a moment of deep inner connection, and it always pulls you, intensely satisfied, into the naked and undefended now, which can involve both profound joy and profound sadness. At that point, you either want to write poetry, pray, or be utterly silent.

In the early medieval period, two Christian philosophers at the monastery of St. Victor in Paris had names for these three ways of seeing, and these names had a great influence on scholars and seekers in the Western tradition. Hugh of St. Victor (1078–1141) and Richard of St. Victor (1123–1173) wrote that humanity was given three different sets of eyes, each building on the previous one. The first eye was the eye of the flesh (*thought or sight*), the second was the eye of reason (*meditation or reflection*), and the third eye was the eye of true understanding (*contemplation*).²

I cannot emphasize strongly enough that the separation and loss of these three necessary eyes is the basis of much of the short-sightedness and religious crises of the Western world. Lacking such wisdom, it is very difficult for churches, governments, and leaders to move beyond ego, the desire for control, and public posturing. Everything divides into oppositions such as liberal vs. conservative, with vested interests pulling against one another. Truth is no longer possible at this level of conversation. Even theology becomes more a quest for power than a search for God and Mystery.

One wonders how far spiritual and political leaders can genuinely lead us without some degree of mystical seeing and action. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that "us-and-them" seeing, and the dualistic thinking that results, is the foundation of almost all discontent and violence in the world.³ It allows heads of religion and state to avoid their own founders, their own national ideals, and their own better instincts. Lacking the contemplative gaze, such leaders will remain mere functionaries and technicians, without any big picture to guide them for the long term. The world and the churches are filled with such people, often using God language as a cover for their own lack of certainty or depth.

The third-eye person has always been the saint, the seer, the poet, the metaphysician, or the authentic mystic who grasped the whole picture. There is more to the mystical gaze, however, than having "ecstatic visions." If people have ignored the first and the second eyes, their hold on the third eye is often temporary, shallow, and incapable of being shared with anybody else. We need true mystics who see with all three sets of eyes, not eccentrics, fanatics, or rebels. The true mystic is always both humble and compassionate, for she knows that she does not know.

What It Means To Be A Mystic

Now do not let the word "mystic" scare you off. It simply means *one who has moved from mere belief systems or belonging systems to actual inner experience*. All spiritual traditions agree that such a movement is possible, desirable, and available to everyone. In fact, Jesus seems to say that this is the whole point! (See, for example, John 10:19–38.)

Some call this movement *conversion*, some call it *enlightenment*, some *transformation*, and some *holiness*. It is Paul's "third heaven," where he "heard things that must not and cannot be put into human language" (2 Corinthians 12:2, 4). Consciously or not, far too much organized religion has a vested interest in keeping you in the first or second heaven, where all can be put into proper language and deemed certain. This keeps you coming back to church, and it keeps us clergy in business.

This is not usually the result of ill will on anybody's part; it's just that you can lead people only as far

as you yourself have gone. Transformed people transform people. From the way they talk so glibly about what is always Mystery, it's clear that many clergy have never enjoyed the third heaven themselves, and they cannot teach what they do not know. Theological training without spiritual experience is deadly.

We are ready to see and taste the full sunset now and no longer need to prove it or even describe it. We just enjoy it—and much more! ∞



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1. *Richard of St. Victor*, Classics of Western Spirituality (New York: Paulist Press, 1979), De Sacramentis, I,X,ii, and The Mystical Ark (Benjamin Major), III–IV.
2. See David Berreby, *Us and Them: The Science of Identity* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2005).
3. Aldous Huxley, *The Perennial Philosophy* (New York: Harper, 1945), 294–95.

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Bateson's Nightmare:

Part Five

Dealing with Climate Grief

By Paco Mitchell, M. A.

**"The Agricultural Revolution took thousands of years,
the Industrial Revolution took hundreds of years,
the Technological Revolution took tens,
the Spiritual Revolution has come
and we have only an instant to act."**

—Russell Brand, British Actor and Cultural Critic¹

**"While policymakers posture, dither and deny,
the unraveling has already begun."**

—Jane Lubchenco and Thomas E. Lovejoy²

ACCORDING TO CONVENTION, RELIGION AND POLITICS SHOULD NOT BE DISCUSSED IN POLITE COMPANY, and to these two topics we must now add a third—climate change. The idea is that the issues are so inflammatory and divisive that people just get too upset. To be polite (from the French adjective *poli*, "polished"), one must avoid being "rough." But I am concerned that we have been *too polite* when it comes to the climate "debate," dancing with powdered wigs around deadly topics.

In America today there seems to be a virtual gag order on frank discussions of global warming, climate change and the current environmental disaster, especially when it comes to meteorological reports, political broadcasts and debates. TV weather reporters have been muzzled, rarely if ever mentioning the effects of global warming on weather, and political candidates are curiously lacking in public opinions about climate change—as if talking about it were "political poison."

But in my opinion it is fast becoming "psychological poison" *not to bring it up*. Hence, I tackled the problem of "Bateson's Nightmare," reporting on a series of conversations I had in 1967 with cybernetic theorist Gregory Bateson.³ In taking up the challenge of the climate change topic,

I decided to take the risk of being frank in my expression, due to the extremity of our situation. With our entire civilization at risk of collapse, current levels of public and private timidity and paralysis can be considered forms of criminal negligence and slow suicide. Therefore, a sharp challenge to ourselves is in order, as well as a call to critical and ethical self-examination. Nor should anyone feel singled out for special criticism, because the fact is that this is a global challenge, and all seven billion of us stand in the arraignment docket.

Also, perhaps we can finally acknowledge that our darker, base emotions have a place in the discussion, if only because they are actively playing a role in the background *anyway*, whether we realize it or not. Better to acknowledge them—if we can just muster the courage—and not pretend that we are Ascended Masters come all the way from the Pleiades to instruct humanity. It doesn't take much imagination to see that violent fantasies of destruction are hard at work in our entertainments, as well as our political, commercial, financial and military policies. Apathy becomes a cover for underlying violence, and the presumption of innocence covers our guilt and complicity in the ongoing human crimes against nature.

A World on Fire . . .

"Nero fiddled while Rome burned"—or so goes the legend. Historians disagree over whether Nero complacently witnessed the great Roman fire of 64 AD, as rumored, or whether he was out of town at the time—so we don't exactly know what the truth was. But whether he fiddled or not, it has long been our custom to deride poor Nero as the shameful example of a ruler *so caught up in his own narcissism that he failed to take action to stop the conflagration taking place around him.*

Hmmmm. Isn't that what most of our own politicians and oligarchs are doing today?

Rome finally collapsed, but today it appears that our assumptions of moral superiority must be tested against Nero's example when we see entire forests burning, seas heating up and acidifying, ice caps melting, glaciers disappearing, animal species going extinct, etc. All this is taking place amidst the Romanesque spectacle of our governments, courts and corporations, full of despotic little Neros indulging their own forms of narcissistic fiddling—routinely shutting down the government, for example, as a matter of ideological principle. "*Let it burn,*" seems to be the reigning policy of these patriotic patricians, "*we've got ours. And let the rabble pay for our bonuses and haircuts.*" It's all very decadently Roman.

One would think that the oppressed populace—we, the rabble—would be up in arms by now, storming the imperial palaces with torches and pitchforks. Instead, we largely preoccupy ourselves with our own versions of "fiddling," such as posting silly photos of ourselves on Facebook—narcissism gone viral. Or perhaps we are cowed into passivity, intimidated by the legions of centurions armed with tasers and pepper spray, data-mining our emails with NSA super-computers. Or perhaps we are just not sufficiently schooled in the dynamics of complexity itself to wrap our minds around the problems we face, so we suffer from *crisis-overload* and just want to be left alone. I certainly understand that impulse—we're all subject to considerable stress.

There are many reasons, of course, for our collective inability to act in the face of onrushing climate disaster. For one, our whole civilization has gotten so enormously, *systemically complex* that no individual—short of another mythical, Christ-like, self-sacrificing avatar willing to "die for the sins of mankind"—can expect, through his or her own singular efforts, to have much effect on the climate outcome, let alone turn the monstrous Machine around. The *sheer momentum* of the technological society we have wrought seems fatefully bound to run itself down to the

Thus, when I say "I would rather go down fighting the fire than fiddling," I mean I would rather be conscious of the damage our current systems are inflicting upon the planet, and suffer the emotional burden of that knowledge, than to remain unconscious of it. Fighting the fire would, in that sense, require re-defining what constitutes "success" for a species like *homo sapiens*.

bitter end, so deeply rooted are our lifestyles and attitudes, institutions and financial systems, thought-patterns, language-patterns and bedrock assumptions.

Even a Second Coming—cf. Yeats' poem of the same name—would probably take centuries to gain any traction, as it did the last time around, despite the facile and lurid fantasies of Rapturists. That's how long these cultural and spiritual transformations tend to take—*centuries*. But the jaws of fate are closing rapidly, hence my choice of the Russell Brand quote for the epigraph above—we have a historical *second* in which to change our mental, emotional and spiritual habits to the core. That means that we have to start seeing through the fog of contemporary delusions and misdirections—right now. And even if the effort to see *where we are blind and to give names to our blindness* turns out to be a fool's errand, I would rather go down fighting the fire than fiddling.

There is a built-in problem, however, with this "fighting the fire" metaphor I just used, because too often we take it as *a commitment to prevent the existing structures from changing*. But in the context of a disastrously unstable climate, the existing civilizational assumptions and structures are precisely what must change. Thus, when I say "I would rather go down fighting the fire than fiddling," I mean I would rather be conscious of the damage our current systems are inflicting upon the planet, and *suffer the emotional burden of that knowledge*, than to remain unconscious of it. Fighting the fire would, in that sense, require re-defining what constitutes "success" for a species like *homo sapiens*.

Here are a few examples of how we might begin to re-order our ways of imagining ourselves in the world:

(1) Let's start by placing less emphasis on Darwinian *competition for resources* and more value on the cybernetic, ecological value of Batesonian *cooperation*—within, between and among species and ecological niches. Our cooperation should be with our fellow creatures as much as with our fellow humans. After all, frogs, butterflies and bumble bees have as much right to the necessary conditions for life as we do. We have to *stop hogging the planet*, then, and start *sharing*. One implication is that billionaires like the Koch brothers—as one example—should not be seen as heroes for their wealth, but regarded with skepticism for how they accumulated it. What have those billions of industrial dollars already cost the environment, if the brothers are willing to spend so many more millions to thwart any regulatory restrictions that might hamper their rampage?

Our current system is a sickness, insofar as it sees nothing wrong with cutting *every tree* simply because we regard trees as *nothing but piles of cash*, or catching every last blue-fin tuna because they too represent, to our stunted materialistic imagination, *nothing but more piles of cash*, in different form. The same can be said for our contemporary view of every conceivable planetary "resource," from gas and oil to elephant tusks to whale meat for use as pet food in England.

(2) As I indicated, this shift toward cooperation would amount to giving up our selfish domination of the earth and everything on it as a "resource to be exploited," acknowledging instead the reality of the earth as a habitat to be regarded as "holy." For this to happen, we need to re-examine our established religious doctrines and re-define our experience of the numinous.

(3) We would also have to think of ourselves as one species out of millions, sharing the planetary environment while recovering that ancient responsibility—to praise the cosmos that gave birth to us.

(4) Somehow, we would have to devise ways of placing *ethical limits on the uses to which we apply our intelligence*, in effect choosing wisdom over endless, careless extensions of technological power—showing some restraint on what we will ourselves to do. To say, "Because we *can* do something, therefore we *will*," is not good policy, if we take the benefit of the whole into account. (Genetic engineering is rife with ghoulish examples, such as growing a human ear on the body of a mouse.⁴)

(5) The notion of "sustainability" has to be re-defined as no longer referring to the endless perpetuation of our super-consuming lifestyles. Accordingly, our definitions

of "what is good" would have to allow for *being satisfied with less*. Our appetites and desires—and their manipulation by corporations and the media—should be subjected to closer scrutiny. We would have to say "No, thanks" to endless consumption as an economic ideal, realizing that many of the products we produce, market and consume add up to little more than junk, and in their way constitute an "abomination against nature."

These simple notions all involve ratcheting down our opinion of ourselves, several notches on the evolutionary scale, until we reach a point of real sustainability. We cannot afford to be so grand, in our numbers, congratulating ourselves on how exceptional we are—which looks more and more like a psychological disorder. From a planetary perspective, we are making too many colossal, species-wide mistakes and bad choices to warrant such pride.

I am not saying anything new or unique here, either in my criticisms or in my invitations to a different attitude. Many writers are devoting themselves to eloquent versions of the basic root idea—let's call it *the need for humility, to scale down and simplify*—which I take as an expression of natural wisdom. The planet embodies its wisdom in us, and has made it available from the beginning. But in recent centuries we thought we could do without it. As it turns out, we can't. Still, the wisdom rises up from the depths of nature herself, and from the collective unconscious—available to anyone, really—pressing toward consciousness in countless individuals, through their dreams, fantasies and visions—and pressing as well for expression through their responses to dreams, their artful responses of praise to the universe, their ethical actions, and through the wisdom of their bodies.

This is not rocket science, folks. It has been around for a long time.

* * *

My topic is emotionally disturbing, I know. There is even a name for this disturbance: *climate grief*.

I believe that *everyone knows what is happening to the planetary environment*, whether the knowledge is conscious or unconscious. When repressed and left unconscious, or suppressed and forced back into the unconscious, the disturbing emotions generate *symptoms* such as apathy, passivity, despair, exaggerated frivolity, misplaced anger, anxious narcissism, bipolar disorders such as inflated "happiness" masking sadness and depression, and so forth—not to mention many somatic diseases. People who suffer from these unconscious symptoms are effectively removed from the ranks of ethical citizens needed to respond to the emergency of the times. And so we have large numbers of people who are easily manipulated by the

controlling powers—people who are numbed-out, virtual zombies shambling around, while the real decisions about the disposition and consumption of this world and its riches are made by the greedy power-players who make their deals in the shadows and back-rooms, out of public view.

But any significant increase in human consciousness will be painful. There is no way around this. No “something wonderful,” no “harmonic convergence” will spare us the pain of consciously coming to terms with environmental reality, and our role in its degradation.

That is why “climate grief” is a topic you can Google. Most climate grief articles borrow from Elizabeth Kübler-Ross’ 1969 work *On Death and Dying*, in which she outlines the “Five Stages of Grief.” We’ve all heard them: Denial, Anger, Bargaining, Depression and Acceptance. The articles using this schema are valuable, and I agree with practically everything they say. The gist is that *we must come to terms with the grief that is upon us. We must deal with our disturbing emotions.* If we do not deal with this grief, we will continue to be dysfunctional, symptomatic, less than adult, cowardly instead of courageous, avoiding the most difficult evolutionary task our species has ever faced.

I do have one original thing to say about climate grief, based on an experience I had years ago while undergoing my own temporary period of grief. I was dealing with several issues, for which there was no immediate solution. The question was not, What is making me feel so aggrieved? The question was, How shall I deal with this crushing emotion?

The “depressive grief” I felt was like a large, indigestible *ball of lead* in my abdomen. I recognized this as an image of alchemical lead—symbol of depression and evidence of the handiwork of Saturn, lead being the Saturnine material to be transmuted into Solar gold through alchemical labors, and subjecting oneself to the fire. I also knew that the issues I was concerned with were simply part of life, and that it was their accumulation into this *undigested mass* that was the problem. In retrospect, what I was undergoing is comparable to climate grief, a big lump of “lead” in the belly of humanity—hard to swallow, harder still to digest.

While pondering this conundrum, I went outside, sat down and happened to look at my left ankle, where I saw the sun shining on a freckle. I began to experience a strange sensation. The leaden ball began to break up into smaller and smaller fragments, and they began to move. When they reached the size of small particles, like *molecules*, I realized they had begun *circulating throughout my body*. I then understood that this was their natural condition—that “molecules of grief” perpetually circulate throughout the body, simply existing as part of nature. Then a most amazing thing happened. I realized that, *for every mol-*

ecule of grief, there was a corresponding molecule of joy. This too was the natural condition. For every particle of grief there is a corresponding particle of joy, paired like tiny stars orbiting one another. My alchemical “depression” disappeared; that is, it was *absorbed* to the point where it could simply *circulate* in the most natural way, and my consciousness was free to deal with whatever needed to be dealt with. The phenomenon was completely imaginal, but it was also real.

That strange experience is a metaphor for how we can begin to digest this terrible, depressive, leaden lump of coming to terms with the daunting emotions of climate grief and the unpleasant possibilities it presages.

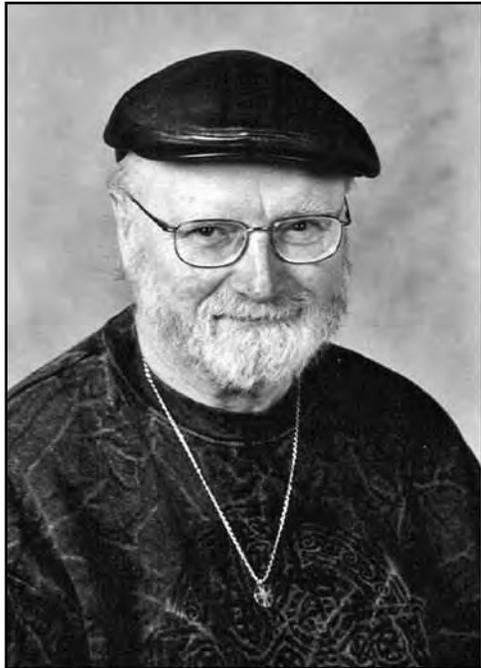
There is an alchemical philosopher in each of us that knows all this. It is time we drop down into our imaginal selves, make contact with that inner philosopher and share the resultant wisdom with others, in whatever way best suits us. Without natural wisdom to guide us through the coming vicissitudes of climate change, how else can we come to terms with the truth? ∞



Endnotes

- 1 Russell Brand editorial, *The New Statesman*:
Russell Brand on revolution: “We no longer have the luxury of tradition”
- 2 Jane Lubchenco, Marine Biologist and former NOAA administrator.
Thomas E. Lovejoy, Prof. of Science and Public Policy at George Mason University. [Opinion: The climate change era is already upon us — The Daily Climate](#)
- 3 For readers just now joining this discussion, it was in those long-ago talks with Bateson that he revealed to me his concern for the future of humanity, and perhaps even for the biosphere itself. He referred to “runaway feedback loops in nature,” as being far more destructive than nuclear war. For a more complete discussion of this concept, see my “Bateson’s Nightmare, Part One: Cybernetics, Global Warming, and Dreams,” *DNJ*, V31.3, Autumn 2012.
- 4 <http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/health/1949073.stm>

DREAMS IN THE NEWS



The Fictive Purpose of Dreams

Part Two: A Dream's Gravity

by Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph.D.

gravity, n., weight, influence, authority (obs)
—The Oxford English Dictionary

IN THE DIM LIGHT OF AN UNCERTAIN SETTING, I leaned down and picked up a crumpled piece of paper from the floor. It was as if someone had dropped it or discarded it. I uncrumpled it and smoothed it out. On it was written an equation: "Gustav Meyrink" divided by "Art Brut" equals "The Key." Below the equation was a reversed capital letter R, as one might see in mirror writing.

Unless I tell you, you will not know whether this textual fragment is a dream, or a story, or even something else—perhaps a poem, an essay, an advertisement. This uncertainty has a certain gravity, a weight, an authority, an influence, as the dictionary tells us (obsolete as those meanings may be). Whatever this "piece of narrative," it has a *fictive* pull. By this I mean it wants to become a story; or, when faced with it, something in us wants to make a story of it. I'll come back to this distinction between the text's desire and our desire for the text a bit further on. For now, recognize that you are *audience* to this text. "Audience" derives from a Latin word (*audire*) meaning "to hear," and from an Indo-European root (*au-*) meaning "to perceive." Our English words "aesthetic" and "obey" derive from this nest as well. "Aesthetic" refers to beauty and "obey" refers to carrying out commands. Rephrasing these etymological

hints suggests that audience is "perceiving and carrying out the commands of beauty." In this sense, beauty instructs and if we believe the dictionary, what it instructs us in, what we should be prepared for is harmony of form or color, excellence of artistry, truthfulness, and originality.

I'll tell you now that the textual fragment is a dream. I think you will know what I mean when I say that the *fictive* pull of a dream is weaker than the pull of *meaning*. To the extent that people pay attention to dreams at all, attention focuses most on seeking a dream's meaning, or insisting



Dream Note

that a dream has no meaning. To "analyze" a dream means taking it apart in various ways to reveal its otherwise hidden meaning. Meaning analysis always begins with some type of "signification" analysis. In the same way that a red light means "to stop," such equations are sought after for the different elements of the dream. In this way, the dream's imagery is turned into a series of statements of signification and these together form a mini-theory of the dream's meaning. The resulting meaning statement is conceptual and is lacking the *imagery* of the dream.

This is a far cry from the fictive pull of the dream, unrelated to the aesthetic of the dream, and disconnected from beauty's command to relate to the harmony, the artistry,

the truthfulness, and the originality of the dream. When was the last time you related to a dream in these ways?

Of course, you are audience not just to another's dream text as above, but even more intensely to your own dreams. Beauty? Artistry? Harmony? Truthfulness? Originality? How does one proceed? What does one do? It remains significant that Freud rejected Havelock Ellis' assertion that free association was really the artist's method and that Jung rejected his anima's assertion that what he was doing was art. Teddy Roosevelt rejected the Armory show by declaring, "It's not art." The president couldn't find any meaning in what he saw in this iconic display of the birth of modern art.

I do not side with these rejections.

A woman tells me a dream. "Just an image," she says, "that's all there was." The image was of *her old ice skates, white leather, all scuffed up, sitting on an attic shelf, buried in dust.* "What's that all about?" she asks. "Haven't thought of those old skates in years." "Well, let's be audience," I say. "Let's really look at the image." "Nothing. Nothing's happening. No, wait. They're moving—not a lot, but definitely moving, moving forward like they might come off the shelf. That's pretty weird, skates moving by themselves." Let's watch some more. She closed her eyes again. Took her time. She was clearly audience to something she was seeing. "It's red," she said. "Another boot, a red one, was behind my skates. But I never had red skates. And there was no blade, just the boot. No laces either."

Now, I am also audience to this dream and I am audience to what happens in my experience as I also continue to intensify the "looking." Before going into that, let's consider something based on what happened in this scenario so far. There is "sequence" as follows:

Dream image as presented mirrors "reality."
The skates are in her dream just as they are in her attic.



The dreamer's "gaze" upon the image is followed by a "change" in the image; it begins to move, becomes animated.



The dreamer's continued gaze is followed by the appearance of something that does not exist in her attic, has not existed in her life; a red boot without the blade, without laces.



?

I have left the fourth box blank because I want to focus on the underlying *fictive* dimension that is emerging in the dreamer's "gazing" upon the dream image. I think anyone who gazes upon a dream image will experience something of this sequence: the original dream image will *change* in some way (the skates move), and then "something else" comes into the imaginative picture (the bladeless red boot without laces) that was not in the original image in any way. I think it is fair to say that if one were focused entirely on trying to find the meaning of the dream that this bladeless red boot without laces would not appear. So, where does this red boot come from? The dreamer did not have any "ideas" in her head about a red boot. Even if she was struggling to follow my instructions to gaze, she was still trying to grasp the meaning of the dream and now frustrated that there was a whole new element in what had been a simple picture. "What the hell's that about?" she asked.

"It's about art," I said. "Your dream wants to become a story."

I quoted Robert Olen Butler: "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, from the white hot center of you."¹

"I'm not a writer. I don't write stories. I can't write stories. And what has that got to do with the meaning of my dream anyway?" She was in push back mode. So I pushed her more. "You have not gazed enough," I said, and set her back to the task. On the verge of anger, her body stiffening up, she nonetheless complied. As I watched her gazing on her inner drama—yes, *drama*—I saw that she had gone further. Her breathing began to break up, tears began to fall. No reaching for Kleenex. Her rigid posture collapsed as she sunk into herself.

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I did not ask what happened. Stories are meant to be told spontaneously and not pulled from one by forceps-like effort. I waited. “The white skates fell to the floor and without hesitation began skating in circles, then in figure eights, then axels, double axels, then axels that were impossible. I was mesmerized. Then I looked up at the red boot, still on the shelf. It was crying. Its tears were falling over the edge. I watched one teardrop as it fell from the shelf to the floor in slow motion. When it hit the floor, the white skates stopped in a mid-air jump and dropped to the floor, unmoving.”

This is the content of the fourth box, where the imaginal response to the dream has now moved into an entirely fictive realm. This is the realm of the storymind. This is what came from the white hot center of her. The crying red boot without blade, without laces, had a healing effect on her by her own admission.

Stories heal in ways that concepts cannot. When the storymind becomes engaged it brings the potential for healing in its wake. The story mind is ever present even when we are wide awake but its subtle promptings can easily be brushed aside in favor of the ego’s yearning for meaning. One’s encounter with the deepest, most healing experiences, does not come from seeking after meaning, but opening oneself to the deeper reaches of psyche’s storymind.

When we sleep, when we dream, our body becomes paralyzed. Similarly, our mind lets go of the search for meaning, and instead becomes audience in the theater of dreams where storymind is no longer encumbered by the demands for sense, understanding, and meaning.

Storymind *desires* to tell stories in words and images. When we write out a dream text, ostensibly so we will not forget it, this desire becomes embodied there, distilled

there waiting for release. As in the example above, all that is required is the warmth of one’s gaze.

I was gazing on her image too. What happened in my experience? When I imagined the old skates on the shelf, what happened next was a quality of movement. It was like that “mirage” one experiences on a hot highway, where the road shimmers in an impossible way. What happened next in my experience was that the skates melted and became a puddle of liquid leather that spilled over the shelf and onto the floor. I fought to stay with the image as ideas and intuitions were now roused up in a flurry. I will just say this much here and tackle this aspect of the relation between imaginal experiences in part three.

I’m aware that I’ve left the original dream text hanging in the air. Every dream occurs within some context of one’s life. Sometimes it’s clear the dream is in some way related to the context, other times the dream seems entirely *sui generis*. One does not always know what aspect of the context is important or relevant. But staying with the *fictive* purpose of dreams, I want to say that context does not in any way “explain” a dream, or even a basis for the dream’s occurrence. More accurately, one might say that context is *backstory* to the dream.

In the day before the dream, I was reading something Jorge Luis Borges was saying about Virgil’s *Inferno*. As I was reading this, I received a phone call from the library, letting me know that Dan Brown’s *Inferno* was now in and I could pick it up. I was also in the midst of re-reading Gustav Meyrink’s *The Golem*. I was writing an essay called, *Her One Painting*. This was a paper on my mother’s one painting that she had signed with a reversed signature. I had written that the image was not unlike those that are called “outsider art,” or to use Dubuffet’s term, “art brut,” referring to art created outside the official boundaries of the “art world.”

You can see at once the *originality* of the dream by taking these backstory elements and framing them in an incredible equation: Gustav Meyrink divided by Art Brut equals The Key. As if the equation were not mystery enough, the equation was signed by “R” in reversed form. Who is this R?

The dream is impossible to wrap one’s mind around in terms of “what does it mean.” So, instead, I took my own medicine and began working with the dream’s fictive purpose. That story, I’ll tell in part three, which I will entitle, “Dream Brut.” ∞

Endnote:

1 Robert Olen Butler. *From Where You Dream: The Process of Writing Fiction*. New York: Grove Press, 2005



“Headless Kate”

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TALK ABOUT A DREAM GRABBING MY ATTENTION! I had just finished writing this column for this Winter issue, but last night’s dream trumped it. Considering this issue’s theme of dreams about important people, I’m compelled to relate this unusual dream about a celebrity - and explore its possible meanings.

I often dream of royalty and am somewhat of an Anglophile, but not an avid follower of the current royal family of Britain; rather, I find the genesis of the historic bloodlines more interesting than modern-day monarchs. But given my dream, I may change my mind:

I am in my childhood home in my parents’ bedroom; I notice it’s remodeled and there is a sliding glass door and balcony where a window used to be. The rest of the house looks the same except for the furniture.

I am waiting for a man to pick me up - he’s in his late 20s, early 30s and is tall, and has a full head of dark hair - very kind and gentlemanly and it seems like I have known him a while.

Then I become the observer and it is not me, but Kate Middleton, who is waiting for this man - she has the same relationship with him as I do. However, when I see her, I cannot believe my eyes - I am fixated on her, as I’ve never seen anything like it. She has had an accident and has NO HEAD! She is able to talk through her throat area and has a “cap” or sealed over spot on top of her neck - I’m horrified, mystified, repulsed yet fascinated that she can function without a head. I wonder how she eats, sees, gets dressed, navigates through her world.

The man arrives and is a little startled to see her condition, but takes it in stride. After a few minutes, she starts to sing and then they dance. I’m mesmerized watching them and cannot fathom how it’s possible she can sing through her throat and how he is so kind to her - as if her condition doesn’t matter.

I awaken with intense uncomfortable feelings that have lingered and after “sitting” with this dream, several things come to mind as to why I had this dream now.

If I’m to believe it has only to do with me, then the animus, represented by the dark male figure—who is usually the dreamer’s shadow—is benign and caring. And the Kate figure—a headless woman who can function fully? Perhaps the message is it’s okay to lose one’s head and let the heart or intuition rule ... to be carefree enough to ‘dance’ when it doesn’t seem possible. Taking that concept further, perhaps the intellect that resides in the brain needs to be turned off in order for the rest of the person to function. It’s interesting that left-brain (masculine) activity is offline while in late REM sleep - and the right brain (feminine) is in charge.

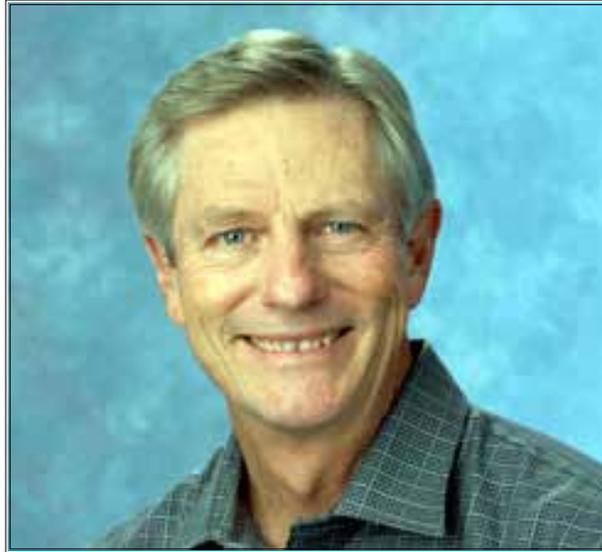
I considered a connection to the headless horseman in Sleepy Hollow lore, and researched the legend to discover it is has been a motif prevalent in European folklore since the Middle Ages. And it is worth noting that many a queen lost her head over a real or contrived offense to the Crown. So the pervasive symbolism of a headless princess is deeply rooted.

In my research for associations to this figure, I found an excerpt from an article from *The Sunshine Coast Daily* (Maroochydore, Australia, July, 2011) with the headline, “Queen Horrified by Headless Kate”:

“The Queen reportedly has described a new exhibition featuring the wedding dress worn by the former Kate Middleton when she married Prince William in April. The Alexander McQueen dress is being exhibited on a headless mannequin in the ballroom at Buckingham Palace, with the tiara and veil that the new Duchess of Cambridge wore suspended above it.”

While the royals add to the endless associations, I bring it back to myself and wonder about my age in the dream, the setting of my parents’ bedroom in a childhood home and how I would I have related to Kate THEN vs. now. It was a time when I married, it was a time when my heart DID rule my head and I danced with abandon without the many layers of considerations accumulated throughout the life experience. And, perhaps a gentler animus and benign shadow prevailed then and the dream serves as a reminder to get in touch with that era and lose my head and enjoy despite all circumstances.

And I confess, like many little girls, I imagined myself a fairytale princess with a Prince Charming in my future.∞



The Three Pillars of Dreamwork -

A Game Changer for Dreaming, Dreamers and Dreamworkers Worldwide?

By David Dibble

Introduction: Every once in a while, something happens in life that changes everything. I had a spiritual experience in 1980 that changed me from a successful, alcohol fueled, fast lane entrepreneur to an avid seeker on a spiritual path. In 1997, another, even more powerful experience at the top of the Pyramid of the Sun in Teotihuacan, again sent me off on a new life path. Later that day, understanding what had happened for me on the Pyramid of the Sun, my teacher of eight years, don Miguel Ruiz of Four Agreements fame, pulled me aside and told me he was no longer my teacher, that it was my time to teach. And teach I did—consulting in the workplace using a combination of ConsciousSystems, the Four Agreements at Work and my New Agreements in the Workplace. The work was meaningful and life was good.

IN EARLY 2009, I HAD A POWERFUL DREAM that sat me straight up in bed telling me it was time to take Dreamwork (more about Dreamwork below) into the world in a significant and meaningful way. This was not good news. I was well aware of how much work was required to prepare the massive bodies of knowledge we call Dreamwork for introduction to the world. Although for 20 years we had quite effectively been using Dreamwork in our consulting and coaching practices as well as with our family and friends, taking it to the world was a giant step up. Still, we try to align with the divine guidance we receive from our dreams. I began preparing Dreamwork to take to the world.

Almost five years have passed since beginning the Dreamwork "project." The "official" launch of Dreamwork into the world was October 17 with the creation/production of Dreamwork Day and the follow-on Dreamwork Coach Certification Program October 18-20. What follows is a description of this amazing work—The Three Pillars of Dreamwork—and how it can be incorporated synergistically with nearly any type of dream work for both dreamers and dream workers.

History of Dreamwork

Central to Dreamwork is an amazing and brilliant man, Álvaro Lopez-Watermann. Álvaro has a Ph.D. in Psychology but it is his tenacity as a researcher that sets him apart from many seekers of knowledge.

While traveling in 1975, Álvaro met Bill L., an engineer who had been researching personal dreams extensively for more than twenty-six years. Bill had been trying to predict the future through dreams. Trying to decode thousands of his own dreams, Bill had reached an impasse. He felt he was missing something and asked Álvaro if he would take a look at the dream data he had compiled, which was extensive. In school, Álvaro had been an excellent researcher. Bill believed Álvaro might see what he could not.

Over the course of a year, Álvaro poured through Bill's dream data and recorded his own dreams, producing hundreds of pages of additional data. He noticed patterns and soon discovered that he could access what he called his Inner Wisdom through the sleeping dream state. Inner

Wisdom has many names such as God, Spirit, the One, Higher Consciousness or whatever you choose to call the part of each one of us that is all-knowing and connected to all that is.

He was able to make this connection during the sleeping dream state through a process he called Dream Assignments. A Dream Assignment was a simple letter written in a specific way that asked a question of Inner Wisdom. Álvaro asked questions about how to interpret dreams to extract the answers to his questions. The information that emerged from Inner Wisdom was so profound that it turned much of what he thought he knew about the nature of the sleeping dream state, dreams and the human psyche upside down.

For the next twelve years, Álvaro continued his in-depth research into the nature of dreams, doing thousands of Dream Assignments, recording volumes of dreams, and compiling thousands of additional pages of data. It was at this time that we had the good fortune to meet Álvaro and begin a lifelong love of Dreamwork.

How Dreamwork became Our Path

Our experience with Dreamwork began in 1987, when our family moved to Santa Fe, New Mexico. I had heard that Santa Fe was a place that either embraced you or spit you out. Luckily, we were one of the families that Santa Fe chose to embrace. Little did we know that our destiny and our work were to be forever changed by the move to Santa Fe and a "chance" meeting with dream researcher, Álvaro Lopez-Watermann.

Linda, my beautiful wife, first met Álvaro and his spouse, Gabriella, at the school our children attended. When Linda heard what Álvaro had discovered in his then more than a decade of research into the nature of dreams, she knew that Álvaro and I should meet. Arrangements were made for Álvaro and me to get together, share our work, and learn about each other.

When I saw the data that Álvaro had painstakingly recorded on the nature of dreams, I was stunned. The depth and potential ramifications of the work were beyond anything I had experienced up to that time. Álvaro had discovered a way to access Inner Wisdom through the sleeping dream state. More importantly, he had been shown by Inner Wisdom how to ask questions and receive "perfect" answers or guidance in a dream. This held true for even the most profound or deeply meaningful questions.

In addition, Inner Wisdom revealed to him how to extract the answers from dreams through a process of dream interpretation that was both revolutionary and remarkable. This methodology created a new and great possibility for a synergetic expansion of what had been known and practiced by the world's top dream workers, especially in the realm of aligning with and harnessing the "perfect" guidance there for each of us in every dream.

Learning Dreamwork

It has always been part of my passionate personality to

dive into things that interest me, especially if engaging in those interests will further my spiritual evolution in some way. I jumped into learning Dreamwork. Over the next six years, I immersed myself, spending as much time with Álvaro as possible. I read every note, every page, and listened to every tape. The work was extraordinary. Little by little, as I mastered Dreamwork, I began using it as a primary tool in assisting students and clients to grow and change. I soon found that Dreamwork had practical applications in most areas of life.

The Three Pillars of Dreamwork

Dreamwork can be broken into three powerful segments:

1. Sleeping Dreamwork - Connecting with Inner Wisdom, Dream Assignments, and Dream Interpretation
2. CharacterTypes (CTypes) of the Mind - The DNA of the mind and "Right" Action
3. ConsciousSystems - Creating and accelerating sustainable change at work and at home

Pillar 1 - Sleeping Dreamwork:

Encoded in each of us is a direct connection to Inner Wisdom where we are given divine guidance to resolve whatever may be our biggest real time concerns in life. These messages repeat throughout the day as intuitive "hits" or can be heard in deep meditation. They can also be received through Dreamwork Dream Interpretation, a methodology given to us by Inner Wisdom.

Foundational to Dreamwork is the Dream Assignment. A Dream Assignment is a simple letter written to Inner Wisdom in a specific way that includes the dreamer's question about a concern or issue in life. These questions can be about anything in life and often ask for guidance in areas such as health, relationships, finances, work and etc. The answer to the question comes in a dream. Once the dreamer has a dream, she can opt for one of three ways to receive the answer to her question: Deep meditation, an Intuitive "Hits" Exercise, or Dreamwork Dream Interpretation. There are other types of dream interpretation or processes that may be equally effective in receiving the message.

Pillar 2 - Character Types (CTypes) of the Mind:

CTypes of the Mind describe how each of the four parts of the mind communicates with each other. The four parts of the mind are:

1. Masculine Mind (thinking)
2. Feminine Mind (emotions/memory)
3. Authoritarian Mind (rules/beliefs/domestication)
4. Spiritual Mind (connection to nature/the body/light)

“In an ideal world,
before taking action
to resolve problems,
dreamers will check
in with Inner Wisdom
and align
in some way with
divine guidance.”

At birth, each of the four parts of the mind is encoded with a specific way of communicating that is determined by CType. CTypes are created by the date, time, and place of birth and correspond to the signs of the western Zodiac. The natural tendency is to think that CTypes are Astrology. They are not. While Astrology deals with the energies of the outer cosmos, CTypes deal with our inner world, creating not only the language of the mind, but also influence the language of dreams.

In using CTypes in Dreamwork, we deal most often with the Masculine Mind and how CTypes describe our thinking mind or thinking. Each mode of CType thinking has strengths and weaknesses. Inevitably, when dreamers do too much of their natural CType thinking, it becomes a liability and creates problems in their lives. Luckily, we also have encoded into the “DNA” of the mind a solution to being stuck in our comfortable ways of thinking and that is a move toward our balancing or opposite CTypes. For example, as a Scorpio CType (inward discrimination), when I do too much Scorpio thinking, my life tends to fall apart. To resolve the issues in my life, I have to move toward my balancing or opposite CType, Taurus (bi-directional will). In the process of making this move, I will align with the guidance of Inner Wisdom, resolve my biggest issues in life, and expand my consciousness in some way. In healing this imbalance in my Masculine Mind, the other three parts of my mind will also be healed in some way.

Pillar 3-ConsciousSystems –

Aligning with the guidance of Inner Wisdom for sustainable change

Everything in the universe is made of systems and subsystems from the biggest features such as clusters of galaxies to the smallest such as subatomic “structures.” All systems in nature function perfectly and synergistically. Not so with the systems created by the human mind.

We humans unconsciously create systems at work or home that often do not produce the results that are good for us. This is a big problem because at least 90% of the results we experience, both good and not so good, are a function of the systems in which we work and live, not our individual efforts. To create sustainable change, we must change our systems. Can you begin to see why sustainable change is so difficult when we don’t take a systems-based approach?

With ConsciousSystems, we find that approximately 20% of the variables control 80% of the outputs (results). Whether you are trying to fix your business or heal an important relationship, you should only be working on your “Critical 20.” The Critical 20 must include two equally important components: Change in systems and professional/personal growth in people. We must have both for sustainability. However, if one is willing to do the ConsciousSystems work, results are off the charts for both speed and improvement metrics.

The Three Pillars --

Stand Alone or Work Together

In an ideal world, before taking action to resolve problems, dreamers will check in with Inner Wisdom and align in some way with divine guidance. Then, in planning their actions, they will somehow include a move from their natural CTypes to their opposite or balancing CTypes. Finally, changes at work or at home will be made in a ConsciousSystems-based way. However, we know we don’t live in an ideal world.

Each of the Three Pillars stands quite well on its own. I have been doing

ConsciousSystems work in the workplace for 20 years with little mention of Dreamwork or CTypes. Linda has been coaching Dreamwork, CTypes and the Four Agreements for 20 years with little mention of ConsciousSystems. Each Pillar is powerful on its own and will create much value for those who resonate with a particular Pillar.

Reaching Critical Mass Raising Consciousness Globally

I was also told in my life-changing dream in 2009 that Dreamwork will become a catalyst for raising human consciousness globally. This is a big deal because, as Einstein reminded us, we will *never* be able to solve the many problems that face our world and humanity using the same consciousness that created those problems. We need to dream a new dream—*together*. I believe it can work something like this:

The Power of Intent

We all dream. Dreams and dreaming transcend culture, language, and the domestication of we humans. We humans have been encoded with the ability to dream together. Just like large group meditation, dreaming together can change the physical reality. When enough of us are *setting our intents* each night to connect with fellow dreamers and dream a new dream for ourselves individually, community, and all life on the planet, we will reach a critical mass. With this reaching of critical mass, all of human consciousness will unexpectedly shift to a higher level that will carry with it the solutions to problems created by lower level human consciousness. The only thing necessary to become a dreamer of this new reality is the conscious setting of one’s intent before going to sleep. No need for dream interpretation or even remembering our dreams. The rise in human consciousness happens automatically out of our intent and the power of dreaming together. It is already encoded in each of us.

Let’s Dream Together! ∞

Meeting the Kennedy Brothers on Orion

By Robert Jude Forese

THE OTHER DAY, I was glancing over my dream diary from 1994, when I came upon an entry I found quite fascinating.

I am standing beside a large campfire. At first, I am transfixed by the crackling sound of the fire. I then look up to the sky and see a shooting star. I remember feeling exhilarated by glimpsing its long tail. A friend of mine whose nickname is Hollywood tells me, "Don't forget today is Christmas."

Suddenly, everyone about me is frozen still like putting on the 'pause' control on a VCR. I look about me and say, "Let's do this over." As they are still, I am able to look at some of the people in the crowd and try to recognize them. When I cannot do so, everyone resumes moving about. As I look up at the sky, everyone else does the same. At this point, hundreds of shooting stars are erratically dispersing, as the huge crowd of people surrounding me harmoniously begins to applaud. I exclaim that the shooting stars are really angels. An unusual combination of feelings, both soothing and monumental consumes me.

I awakened feeling puzzled by the immediate proclivity to think of the constellation Orion and some mysterious unknown purifying event about to occur. I felt as if the universe was about to transform and I was being allowed to witness.

In another dream-account from my 1994 journal entries... "I met my first cousin on my mother's side. I knew nothing of her, since my mother died when I was three days old and my father did not keep in touch with her family after she died.

Then I received a call from her inviting me over for dinner to meet some of my "long lost family." It was all a very enlightening experience. Among the many things I found out was that my cousin's estranged husband played saxophone. This may seem inconsequential, but let me elucidate:

I arrive at this mansion as a guest of John and Robert Kennedy. We're at a shore with tall cliffs like those at Montauk or Block Island. I'm in a waiting room, relaxing before dinner. John and Bobby Kennedy pass by me and say "Hello." As I am waiting, I notice a medallion almost broken with the name Levy on the back and Doves on the front. The medallion is near the edge of a carpet where everyone has laid his or her coats down. I mention to my wife that the "Kennedys always come here on weekends for a family reunion." I also find another medallion with a dove on it.

The next thing I know, we are present in the mansion for an orchestral performance. I tell my wife, "It starts at 5:30." I am angry with myself for forgetting my saxophone."

Though still somewhat befuddled, I know these dreams are a glimpse into tomorrow now become the past, experienced in the present and fulfilled in the now. I know our dreams are stuffed with life when we pay attention to the contents of their revelations. ∞

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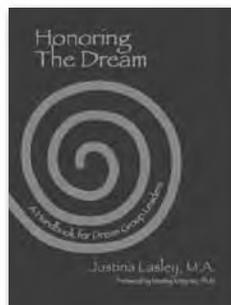


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DVD REVIEW

Appointment With the Wise Old Dog

Review by Jutta von Buchholtz

OFTEN, WHEN I AM TROUBLED BECAUSE I HAVE LOST MY INNER THREAD, I take this DVD from the shelf and play it. I can always count on it to reconnect me to my deeper inner resources and I feel better again.

"Appointment with the Wise Old Dog" is a documentary about the inner world of David Blum, author and internationally renowned composer/conductor of classical music. Diagnosed with cancer at the age of 52, he discovered that drawing images from his dreams helped him cope with his illness in a profoundly unexpected way.

The movie opens with an introduction by world famous cellist Yo Yo Ma, who is moved by his friend's reliance on his dreams. Although David Blum had never had a painting lesson, painting his dreams helped him cope with cancer.

This film documents the miraculous power of the human spirit and demonstrates movingly how in times of serious crisis, when we question our mortality, we can depend on deep inner resources we all have—to listen to and trust them can bring us comfort and even transcendence. Shortly before his death, David decided to share his experience in the hope that others would also be able to connect to their inner gifts.

David Blum, who thought of himself as a pragmatic skeptic, not a mystic, had been attending to his dreams for years. He found that when he made a picture of a dream, he was being led further into the dream, as if the dream had a life of its own and wanted to be continued. "Dreams," he recalled, "explain me more than I can explain them—they are larger than life. They present images that arise from deep within." He found that at times of dire crisis, like the recurrence of his cancer, his dreams could point to a supportive power far beyond ordinary experience, which helped make it possible for him to cope.

In the course of his inner journey and while he underwent numerous medical procedures, two figures became deeply important in his dreams: Mairi his anima and soul guide and Alfonto, a toy dachshund. Alfonto, a childhood animal, descended from the shelf where he had spent many years and started to make appearances in his dreams.

As in fairy tales, animals appear in dreams in order to help the protagonist out of a dangerous moment. David felt similarly guided by Alfonto who embodied for him the deeper wisdom and assurance of a wise old man. David understood, for example, that entering the MRI machine, he did this less so as a medical patient but more as a friend of the wise old dog.

David had started to journal his dreams as a young adult. Early on, a soulful woman, Mairi, started to appear in his dreams. She was to accompany him throughout his life and his final illness.

After the recurrence of cancer, David's relationship to

this inner figure changed. Eventually he understood that it was his fate to be guided by her and by the power of consolation she could bring him. She was to him the embodiment of the power of the feminine presence, what Johann Wolfgang von Goethe referred to as "the eternal feminine," what Carl Jung called the anima, what Dante experienced with Beatrice.

As medical radiation would infiltrate his body, Mairi's radiation would infiltrate his mind, which, unlike the former, would remain.

In the course of his illness, the dreams seemed to be ignoring the outer situation and were setting their own agenda. David was simultaneously undertaking two journeys: one medical and the other spiritual. He learned to trust that whether called or not, God would be present and that his dreams were bringing him his own myth with its peculiar cast of characters. His dream figures were not abstract ideas but talked to him, setting him tasks, holding the forces of dark and light in balance, complementing the outer action with an inner one.

While the medical picture became ever more grim, there were many dreams of mother and child that seemed to point to rebirth.

In the week of his and his wife Sarah's tearful and frank acceptance of death, David had three dreams about birth and then a series of dreams about the renewal of life. He understood that he and Sarah had to accept the cycle of nature's renewal in the larger context of life and death: he had to let go of life while she had to hold on to it.

The most painful realization for David during the last phase of his illness was that he would have to leave his wife Sarah and enter into a marriage with his anima, Mairi. He wondered how his love for Mairi who would soon take him into her arms, could also be his love for Sarah. Alfonto helped with the answer: "Mairi is greater than David. Her love penetrates him and becomes his love for Sarah—thus David and Sarah will always be together." David grasped the meaning of the sacred marriage: as Mairi permeated him with her spirit, his presence allowed her to enter into the world.

There were also dark and frightening dreams of ominous descent—the terror of the vast autonomous power of death. Then Alfonto, the dachshund, a creature familiar with the world below ground, became once again his wise guide.

The music of Mozart and Beethoven, which he so loved, plays an integral part in David's journey of self-exploration and transformation and threads like a Leitmotif through the entire film. ∞

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To order the DVD, send a check for \$29.95 to:
Sarah Blum, P.O. Box 104, Medina, WA 98039-0104

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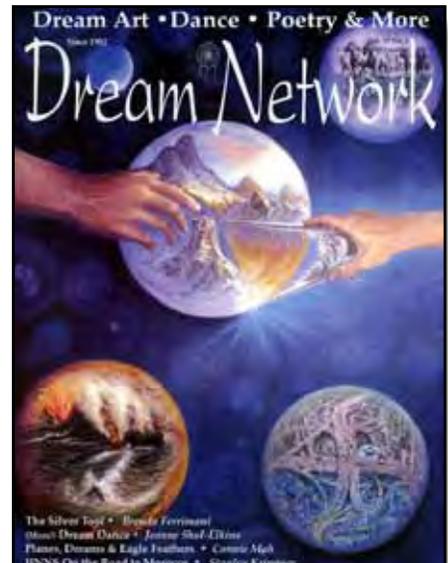
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~ IMAGE AND ARCHETYPE ~ PRESENTS:

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My collection of paintings represent a lifetime encounter with the pictorial language offered to me by the unconscious. In a sense, I have been a kind of scribe these past thirty-five years whose medium has been pastel oil crayons. Some of the imagery has come from dreams, some from waking visions. The first of these forty-four paintings, "The Pastoral Symphony," refers back to a 1953 dream I had in Paris when I was seventeen years old. This dream proved to be foundational to my life and all that has followed flows from that central experience.

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