

Dream Network Journal



Dreaming with the Other

PsiberDreaming 2014

Sunday, September 28 - Sunday, October 12



Dreams can tell us much about ourselves. But some dreams may take us beyond the familiar boundaries of ourselves. Have you ever had a dream that seems to be from, or for, or as, or with someone else? Another person? Another species, animal or alien? A different culture or distant world? Some other dimension? The “other side”?

If you become a NEW International Association for the Study of Dreams member between August 1 and October 12, 2014 you can attend the PsiberDreaming Conference with no additional charge!

Join IASD in an exploration of Dreaming With the Other in the 2014 PsiberDreaming Conference: two-weeks of online papers, workshops, presentations and discussion from Sunday, September 28 to Sunday, October 12, 2014. Expand Your Boundaries!

For detailed information:
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IASD Global Outreach - Regional Connections
www.asdreams.org/regionals

IASD encourages its members to host regional meetings and co-sponsored events, and IASD will provide logistical and financial support to promote such events.

The benefits of regional meetings and co-sponsored events are twofold. First, they help IASD members in a particular geographical region to meet each other, socialize, network, and share their different approaches to dreams. Second, they help to advance the basic mission of IASD, which is to broaden public awareness and appreciation of dreams.

I Talk With Jesus On A Hillside

I am standing on a hillside with a larger group of people. One person in particular catches my eye. He has a saddened face with a hint of tears forming in His eyes.

As I approach Him I realize that He is Jesus. His clothes are similar to ours so He doesn't really stand out among us.

I walk up beside Him and look down the hill with Him and ask, "So, How is it going?"

He replied with tears flowing, "Look at what you people have done with my Father's creation. It is a mess."

As I stand with Him looking I can see the debris of centuries before me.

I go around to others nearby and tell them what Jesus had said. A few recognize Him but many did not even acknowledge His presence.

A small group of us with brooms, rakes and trash bags start to clean up the mess. It took teamwork as the shifting winds blow the piles around. If four work from each side of an area towards the center, they can defeat the wayward winds. Jesus watches smiling as we work together.

I awaken happy from my dream and look forward to my next challenge.

@2014
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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. ☺

Dream Network Journal

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Upcoming Focus
AUTUMN 2014

HOW HAVE YOUR DREAMS GUIDED
YOU IN EMBRACING CHANGE?
Please be invited to share your
dreams & experience.

Lifeline: 4 Weeks after you
receive this issue.



Artist Orna Ben-Shoshan

Artist Orna Ben-Shoshan conceives the images she paints through channeling. All of her paintings are completed in her mind before she transfers them onto the canvas.

Her metaphysical work infuses deep spiritual experience with subtle humor. Orna Ben-Shoshan has been an autodidact artist for the past 30 years. Her artwork was exhibited in numerous locations in the USA, Europe and Israel. Her major motivation as a visual artist is to share her visions with others to expand their consciousness and inspire new ways of thinking.

To see more of her artwork, please visit:
<http://www.ben-shoshan.com>

Editorial

Still Looking Back

Not long after taking the glorious 'Leap' referred to in my last editorial, and being informed I had been selected to steward *Dream Network Journal*, I found myself very rapidly grounded. I suddenly realized I didn't know a thing about publishing, editing, computers, graphic design or 'running a business.' Taking risks is part of my innate nature; always has been.

But I had a lot to learn ... in a hurry! Additionally, I had just embarked on my M.A. degree program. Life then was simultaneously joyous and in many ways overwhelming and terrifying. What was I going to do to support myself, to help my family? I was at an age many then considered 'unemployable.' Clearly I did not want to re-enter my prior career, and I didn't see DNJ as being a source of income; rather, it was the fulfillment of my desire to learn more and to encourage an appreciation of dreams.

In the early days, I had to prioritize; and on the front burner was the writing of a term paper (with due date coming up soon) and evaluation. Meanwhile, into my mailbox came many letters, queries, questions and start-up donations. I had to let those missives stack up while writing the paper and, when finished with that task, I stood before the mail that had piled high, hands on hips, and said to myself, "Is this what's involved?" Grounded! There was an immediate response: I heard a choir singing "And great is your reward in heaven." Without hesitation, then and since, I began opening the letters: Oh, my, what a blessing! Here was my introduction to YOU. So many well-wishers and words of encouragement. So many good friends I have had—and lost—upon the way!

Thus began this 25-year adventure of sharing the mystery and wonder of dreams with all of you.

In those days, the energy required was at least triple what it is today. I remember going through the arduous task of putting that first issue together (Vol. 9 Number 1). Talk about serious learning curves! I had done an I Ching reading for guidance, and received Hexagram Number 3: *Difficulty in the Beginning*. Perfect! Somehow, after nearly completing that first issue, I

lost it all on the computer and had to start all over again. Then, and for the first few years, every article had to be typeset (no email submissions), every graphic had to be sized to fit, scanned (what is scanning, I wondered?) cut and paste; then, getting quotes from printers and making that decision, learning about preparing bulk mail, getting mailing lists together and printed. Beyond that, in those days, friends gathered with me to actually place the labels on each issue, sort (according to USPS requirements) and haul it all to the post office. I could never do all of that today, and wonder how I ever did it then, truly. Plus, all of this was somehow accomplished in a place I was caretaking, which I nicknamed "The Hobbit Hut." One could enter the front door, take three steps ... and you had a tour of the house. To offset the limited interior space, the *hut* was located on three exquisite acres, overlooking a creek that ran into the Puget Sound. This land had once been a Native American village, I later learned.

The first words that were spoken to me face-to-face by a longtime DN reader, were "Back off politically!" Literally, seriously. I believe I've followed that advice faithfully over the years, though it hasn't always been easy, I'll tell you for sure.

I wanted to give you a brief glimpse into what has been involved in the production of DNJ over the years. It has taken a lot of courage, and was anything but easy. But I wouldn't have had it any other way: I am so grateful to have been serving you in this way.

No matter how impossible or difficult a task might look, if your desire and passion are sufficiently strong to reveal a path, I encourage you to grasp the Golden Ring, to take the leap and follow your dreams!

The future of *Dream Network Journal* remains uncertain at this time. It's difficult for me to contemplate as yet. Any suggestions or interested parties, I welcome your contact/input. Meanwhile, I intend to give serious time and energy to that concern over this next quarter and will certainly be informing you as we move forward. Meanwhile, no renewal forms will be sent out, though any contribution you are willing and able to make toward manifesting our next two issues will be greatly appreciated.

Letters

Looking Forward

I am enclosing my annual contribution for the Dream Circle sponsorship and look forward to receiving another year of *DREAM NETWORK JOURNAL*. I really enjoyed the Shamanic Dreaming issue in the fall and was struck by the powerful image on the cover. The articles I have read in the winter issue have also been thought-provoking with lots of meaningful substance for the dreaming mind. Love the cover image of the Winter issue as well.

I am finding the resources you have been emailing quite helpful in terms of learning what is available to tap into, especially the David Blum site, as well as some of the other Jungian-oriented sites.

I would still like two free gift subscriptions to be sent to the individuals I have noted in the past.

Look forward to more excellent and meaningful issues of DNJ in the future.

Estela Bourque, MSW, Juneau, AK

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

What Will Happen in August 2014?

New global project attempts to foresee the future.

Fayetteville, AR -- April 28, 2014

-- This could be the most controversial initiative of 2014. The National Dream Center's latest project is dubbed, *Project August*, because over the summer, the staff will be predicting what will happen in August 2014. But there's a catch...

The team will only be using other peoples' dreams to make their predictions. "There's nothing like this that's ever been attempted at a collective level," says the NDC's director, Chris McCleary. "We believe the key to the project resides in the number of dreamers." Perhaps this is why they made it free and anonymous to anyone wanting to participate.

"The only real requirement is to make a pre-sleep intention and remember the dream...it's that simple." Chris went on to describe how people can benefit from these two simple steps: "People can learn how to incubate dreams, learn how to remember them, and they may even startle themselves by how accurate their dreams end up being come August."

Chris and his team are adamant that they have a representative mix of all types of dreamers, from people who barely remember dreams to the more advanced lucid dreamers. "We welcome every type of dreamer, from anywhere in the world."

Precognitive dreaming, or the act of dreaming future events, is a well-documented phenomenon, at least at the individual level. Many historical dream accounts exemplify this, ranging from an exact warning ahead of Lynyrd Skynyrd's 1977 plane crash to Abraham Lincoln's assassination and many more (Moss, 2010; Van de Castle, 1994; Wilson, n.d.).

Several recent studies and surveys express the same positive evidence for precognition. Professor Dr. Patrick McNamara (2011) estimated that 50% of the population has had at least one precognitive dream, while Lange, Schredl, and Houran reported between 17.8% to 38% respondents in their large-sample surveys had at least one recent precognitive dream (Wilson, n.d.).

However, this project differs from many past studies. The dreams from Project August will be hermeneutically stirred together before analysis. The team looks for trends, metaphors, and images in order to create a pallet of mathematical probabilities. "It's just as much an art as it is a science," says the director.

The National Dream Center invites anyone and everyone to help in Project August. "All we're asking for is a handful of dreams from each participant...

we'll deal with the rest." Dreams have been utilized for numerous purposes all throughout the ages. Has humanity found yet another use? We'll find out in August.

About the National Dream Center

The National Dream Center is concerned about integrating consciousness, dreams, and the future. They collect and analyze dreams primarily for their predictive characteristics and their publically-searchable database attracts thousands each month. Visit www.NationalDreamCenter.com for more information.

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About My 'Retirement'

First, thank you for the online pdf of DNJ - I read your editorial and look forward to the next installment. What a surprise! Good for you on making this decision at the 25 year mark. Awesome process/accomplishments and I am looking forward to the new evolution of DNJ as you release the reins to the next editor. I mirror Paco's feelings about it being a privilege to write for this extraordinary publication.

As you must know, I wish you every blessing on the next leg of your journey -

This edition looks ethereal and beautiful and I cannot wait to read the rest of the issue...was just so taken with your news!!!

Love and dreams...

Marlene King, Murphy, OR

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I am so sorry to learn you are retiring from the Dream Network Journal. But I am not surprised; I certainly understand your need and desire to do so

after your many years of stewardship. Your leadership will be greatly missed. You have done an outstanding job. Through the years the magazine has grown in size and quality and beauty of presentation. I am grateful for the privilege of being a contributor during the past several years.

I love the cover of this spring issue. As you may already realize, butterflies are a special symbol of transformation for me, and Brenda Ferrimani's presentation is beautifully dreamy.

I look forward to the three last issues you will be guiding. I'm sure they will be very special. I do hope someone will take over and keep the magazine going. As far as I'm concerned, it is by far the most outstanding journal on dream work, providing illuminating articles of interest to all readers/dreamers, not just for scholars dissecting and analyzing elements of dream contents. I also look forward to reading a book giving your "larger story" sometime in the future.

Thanks for every thing you have been, and are, doing for the dreaming community. With continuing best wishes,
Rachel Norment, Greensboro, NC

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I am just now reading about your retirement and feel totally floored. What is going to happen to the magazine? I know change is good and 25 years is a long time but still, it's hard to fathom.

I was now seeing the vesica piscis drawing and the seventh RAY. You speak of the 7th Ray and Ra, the ancient Egyptian god and it's very becoming. There was a lot of color therapy in ancient Egypt (According to Cayce) so, I think it's a very appropriate title.

We'll talk later since it's late and I need some rest but really, won't you change your mind?

*Blessings,
Millie Rosario Guaynabo PR*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~



Air by Jerry Wennstrom

A Living Mandala:

The Mythic Journey of Jerry Wennstrom

An Interview with Jerry Wennstrom by Marlene King, M.A.

"The path lived attentively is a sacred path...art has the potential to deliver us into our own becoming
Art expresses and defines the deep and collective spirit of our time."

~ Jerry Wennstrom

Myth: a traditional story, esp. one concerning the early history of a people or explaining some natural or social phenomenon, and typically involving supernatural beings or events.

Mandala: (Sanskrit: 'circle') is a spiritual and ritual Symbol in Hinduism and Buddhism representing the Universe.

Introduction

JERRY WENNDSTROM'S ART IS INFUSED WITH A POWERFUL PRESENCE that reflects the experiences, visions and convictions of his extraordinary life. In 1979 Jerry destroyed his art, thus destroying his world. Born in New York on January 13, 1950, he trained in art for three years and began to worship at the altar of art: "...a rising star in the New York art world, he destroyed his paintings,



Elements and Jerry Wennstrom in his studio

gave away his possessions and money and began consciously to empty himself of his identity." It was only then that he was able to look across the circle and draw in the miraculous.

In the Introduction to his book, *The Inspired Heart*, Jerry states, "I became nothing and found everything." He reveals to the reader that "Eventually I saw the ways in which the miracle carried my life. I could never have continued this strange and lonely journey if I had not seen that." With his innate wisdom, he describes his truth: "...I eventually came to the place where I knew I had to fully live my faith with courage; I knew in doing this I would establish how much courage I would live with for the rest of my life."

Jerry's book is a series of poignant stories told from his point-of-view as a spiritual seeker and artist where he recounts in eloquent prose the full circle journey of leaving and returning to the art world, thus weaving a visceral mandala of his life. Jerry's stories will remain with me for a long time as lessons in being open to life's paradoxes using phrases that conjure ancient wisdom: 'seasoning sanctifies'...'insanity, too, is god'...'the power of the bloodline' 'our dualistic package'" (ix.-x.)

Recently, I was privileged to have an exchange with Jerry to further explore the depths of his stories and how they knit the fabric of his life mandala. In his book Jerry describes a "chance" encounter with Hilda Charlton, a spiritual healer, who he later claims to be a saint because she pulls the first thread that unravels his mythic journey.

MK - The one pivotal meeting with Hilda led to introspection about your identity meshed with your art. Can you describe what it felt like to physically destroy and let go of all you possessed in 1979? [p.2]

JW - The message that I received from Hilda was of the kind I call, "whispers along the way." I was having dreams, intuitions and messages like this coming through that seemed to point the way to a leap into some kind of formless creative possibility. I was certain that if I could give myself to what was just beginning to come to consciousness it would inspire, not just "art," but everything I did. Having developed a comfortable and easy relationship with the creative possibilities of the studio, I was beginning to

feel that it wasn't a large enough container to hold what was stirring within. The information coming through both scared and exhilarated me. It was difficult to decipher what I was feeling because it turned everything I thought I knew about myself on its head. Little by little I began to see and trust what I was receiving. By the time I actually turned into the process of destroying my life's work, I was completely inspired by the possibilities I perceived. I also gave my money and everything I owned away and decided to take life just as it came, without interference. I ate when I had food and I fasted when I did not, it was that simple. Ultimately, destroying the work felt like

an outrageous act of freedom and power. It turned out to be the most important thing I had ever done with my life.

"The Art and Life of Jerry Wennstrom" was a film being made about Jerry during this letting go process. Attending the film's debut was a powerful experience for Jerry. Some of the same principals appeared 22 years later to make the documentary film of him, "In the Hands of Alchemy."

MK - How are these films different - the same? Do the two films create a whole?

JW - The first film, *"The Art and Life of Jerry Wennstrom"* (1979) by Mark Sadan and Deborah Koff-Chapin expresses the raw experience of my personal journey, which ended with the destruction of my art. The film was created in such close proximity to the actual event that it inevitably expressed something of the mood and discomfort of the paradox I confronted. That paradox might best be understood by looking to the origin of the word "Sacrifice," which is, "to make sacred." The deeper underlying mythos of the paradox is universal -- sacrifice, death and renewed life. With the death of my identity as an artist all that remained was a deeply seated sense of liberation and the luminous emptiness that ensued. Neither the filmmakers nor I knew, when we began the film, that it would end the way it did. That's not to say that others (filmmakers included) didn't have their doubts about my decision to destroy my work. I was certain of that decision even though my certainty was based on something purely abstract and intuitive. As formless as it may have been, I knew after destroying my work that



something wonderfully alive and inspired blossomed in me. Once I was able to share the inspiration with the filmmakers the whole trajectory of the film changed. I felt the defining event that both validated and launched the life I had given myself come through the night of the film debut. If I might quote from my book here: "Matter never dies, it just changes form," said Albert Einstein. The matter of the artwork, which I had destroyed, had changed form and become the empowering life force that came through my life that evening. This unplanned evening turned out to be the most powerful night of my life."

"In the Hands of Alchemy" (1999) was made by Phil Lucas and Mark Sadan twenty years later. Also involved in both films were Deborah, who gives on-screen testimony and Nancy Rumbel, who produced some of the music for the film. In this film the filmmakers were able to tell the whole story, focusing more on the celebratory end game. They set the context for the film by incorporating material from the earlier one.

MK - In the film, you refer to the destruction of your art by saying, "Only God is real." Were you trying to find balance through silence, for example?

JW - After making my initial leap into the void, I stopped trying to do anything strategic. All that I thought I knew about reality was reduced to the simple understanding that Only God Was Real. Everything else I thought I was doing was just ego and a lot of fear-based strategy. After coming to that realization, if balance or anything else was to be achieved, it would have to come on its own terms. Balance, however, seemed to be written into the process that followed the destruction of my work, which included



silence. My period of silence had been initiated by a powerful dream I had at that time. In the dream, a small cloud would appear and slowly circle above my head when I was to remain silent. I interpreted this to mean that I should remain silent when I felt compelled to speak out of nervousness or discomfort and speak only when I felt the cloudless inspiration to do so. So this is what I did for about a year, which left me silent a good deal of the time. I did something else that some might find comical. I covered the entire top of an umbrella with cotton balls and hung it by a single cord, upside down over a hole in the high tin ceiling of my loft. It moved like a cloud by the natural air currents, inside and out. Often when visitors came in agitated, nervous or off their center, I would see from the corner of my eye the little cloud moving. When it did I would simply smile, make a pot of tea and sit in silence with them. Oftentimes the room would glow with the beauty of the shared silence. It was an amazingly accurate little barometer.

Jerry maintained social situations and interaction among others throughout his self-imposed journey of the soul. He seemed to have his needs met and

that was proof the Universe was looking out after him. His many friends and acquaintances practiced a quasi-Bohemian lifestyle that was part of the traditional aura of the art community in New York and embraced individuals from all stations in life. In a chapter entitled, "Gilbert, Lewis, and Beyond," Jerry considered these two gay men in their seventies as mentors, yet he ultimately became the teacher. Before letting go of his art, Jerry encouraged his artist friend, Gilbert, to do so as age-related blindness set in.

MK - When you were 29, you counseled Gilbert about letting

The Visit

(Closed and Open). "This is one of the early sculptures that was inspired by the subtle 'whispers along the way' that guide my life."

go of art - was this foreshadowing your own event?

JW - Yes, my attempt to help Gilbert trust that he would find other creative outlets if he could no longer do his art was another of those "whispers along the way."

MK - You had a profound dream about counseling Lewis how to die by putting on a mask with spikes inside - and Lewis died the next day. How did this dream affect you - and did it make you aware of how in tune you were with this man? Did you 'create' Lewis to assist you in giving up art - to actually "see" in a mirror what your soul prompted you to do?

JW - The dream I had about Lewis, where I had to show him how to die, forced me to look at myself and face my fear around those same issues. Gilbert having to let go of art had this effect as well. I felt that the physical limitations of the body and death were collective fears that we could either find freedom in or be tyrannized by. I certainly knew that I would have to find the courage to live that freedom myself rather than expect others to do it. This both scared me and forced me to remain open to possibilities that I could only sense were there. The simple formula that I try to live by is to choose courage over fear. I think that is what the dream involving Lewis was about. I had to face my fear of death first, and I trust it somehow served Lewis. It was certainly interesting that he died the next day.

I believe the dream world is the realm where we hammer out our reality. The territory we claim in the dreamtime becomes the reality we inhabit in the waking world. There was a waking piece to the story about Lewis, as well. At the time he died I was quietly sitting on the banks of the Hudson River staring at a gap between two rock cliffs. I fell into a meditative state and saw something resembling a human spark move across the gap. I suddenly knew Lewis had died. I walked back to my loft and the moment I walked in the door the phone rang. It was Gilbert. Overcome with emotion, he told me Lewis just died.

MK - Did you keep a record of your dreams? You mentioned that you worked with your own and others' dreams...did you use them to guide your life?

JW - I will occasionally write down a dream that I feel is important but I don't record every dream. I love what Yogananda says about dreams. He acknowledges the significance of certain dreams and then goes on to say, "Sometimes, you have no business dreaming when you should be sleeping."

Guidance does come to me through the occasional dream. At this point in my life, however, I feel my waking life has crossed-pollinated enough with my dream life that I also find guidance in the intuitive hits I get when working on my art. Often times I won't even remember a dream until

later in the day when I am lost in the creative process. I will suddenly have an inspiration and realize it is related to a dream that I did not remember until that moment.

After the letting go of all material possessions, Jerry went through a ten-year period of ebb and flow of being hungry. I questioned him about the faith this took to deal with such a basic survival need.

MK - How difficult was it for you to trust the Universe to provide when you were hungry? What were you really hungering for? Did you have anxiety about food? Lack of nourishment would be an interesting topic to explore. Did your health suffer long term after fasting so frequently?

JW - There were no long-term effects from fasting. At times it was enormously difficult to trust the Universe to provide. I never would have been able to continue if I did not have the moments of saving grace that supported my life. It did not, however, always provide what I thought I needed. There were times when what I thought I needed had nothing to do with the gift that actually came through. I may have thought I needed to eat and what I would receive was an insight or inspiration that would bring the moment alive.

Jerry encountered many people to mirror the parts of himself and learned from those experiences. The ongoing integration process affords us healing the injured parts of the self, which in turn make us whole. Jerry saw "God" in others no matter their behavior and identified with animal energy and recognized that all must be connected to be whole. He became something of a 'shaman' in his neighborhood...his senses were interchangeable...and he drew wounded souls to him.(Of course, we all carry wounds to heal; it is just a matter of degree.)

MK - Even when attempting to 'disconnect' from all that was, you couldn't; you remained connected at a cosmic level and traveled a classic but dramatic journey of integration. There is a telling wisdom in this. Were you aware of this at the time?

JW - Yes, I was aware of this in a broader sense. It was just all too epic for me not to be aware. However, the steps and details of the journey were so completely unreasonable, unpredictable and outrageous, that I would sometimes wonder if I had, perhaps, lost my way. It was the consistency and miraculous nature of the reminders that gave me any kind of grounding or reassurance.

In his book Jerry says, "Fear-based comfort can become deadly safe - the agent of a slow, sorrowful death. To position our lives so that nothing happens requires an enormous amount of attention." He expands this idea by speaking of death being



imprinted on our DNA and only Truth is our soul expansion. In the "letting go" he believed that "external forces" drove his world - he wanted a 1:1 relationship with God as his basis for life instead of familial relationships.

MK - You speak of healing bloodlines and inherited shadows - and perceived forgiveness is the root of healing. Is this still true for you?

JW - Yes, it is still true because the results of that healing and understanding are ongoing. Those results also live on in what I have to offer others. Many people come to me lost in the throes of their own version of a family shadow and what I offer them is the ability to understand the hook and how to hold a vision for healing.

MK - You state in your book, "In my dreams, I try to keep him [Don, a childhood friend] from harm. I often dream Don is hurt or in trouble, and I wake up crying because I can't help him. One wonders about the karmic and deeper connections between people. Why do I have such dreams about some people and not others?" Have you determined why now? In recollections, your dreams have been prophetic - even the 'waking dream' of your friend, Shannon, four days before a postcard from her proved prophetic and a link to break with familial shadow.

JW - Perhaps the reason I dreamt so often about Don was because, even though he was older than me, I felt he was more gullible and perhaps less conscious than I. I am viewing this in retrospect however, so who knows. Most people saw Don as a wild, edgy character, which he was. I never lost sight of his innocence and wanted to protect him -- perhaps from himself. There is the propensity in all creatures to protect what is innocent.

The problem is, we often don't see beyond the appearance of things, particularly if what we see goes against our social mores. As far as having any kind of prophetic

vision, most of us do if we are paying attention. We have little control over such occurrences.

MK - How did you learn to trust?

JW - I learned to trust the same way one would learn to swim if one were to jump overboard into the sea. There would be no turning back. It was either trust the buoyancy of the medium or die. I did have an intuitive sense that my trust would be met by forces larger than my own. I never could have continued this radically unusual journey if I had not felt the presence of unseen hands.

MK - When Margaret Mead brought the Danish museum director to see your work, she considered you to be an emerging "religious artist" and he considered you a "Monster Painter," referring to a prevailing group of artists in Chicago. What did this mean to you?

JW - I didn't really identify with being a "religious painter," however, looking into Margaret Mead's knowing eyes, I got what she was saying. I was amazed and a little taken aback that she perceived the inner workings of my creative process. Guided by dreams and visions, I went about my work with a kind of prayerful reverence, but no one knew this. I felt seen and honored by her.

MK Did you ever consider the figures you created to represent the fragmented parts of the self?

JW - One might assume this, particularly with the final 80 painted panels that I produced just before destroying my art. The series entitled, "Angels and Demons," had fragmented images, one dark and one light, painted on each side of the canvas. In retrospect, I see that the paintings expressed two things. The fragmentation may have represented that part of my identity that was beginning to disintegrate and the dark and light images, perhaps, the duality that I was trying to unite. I did not succeed, however, and neither, I believe, does anyone else. That divine union is essentially what Jung explored

in the latter part of his life with his interest in Alchemy. The culminating alchemical experience is the Coniunctio. Coniunctio is the Sacred Marriage within where all opposites are united. This final consummation is accomplished, not through human effort or clever strategies, but by way of Grace or a kind of quantum leap.

In the chapter, "Third Story - Signs of Life," Jerry's 'awakening' is about to begin where Jerry realizes "... living a spiritual life made physical life impossible." He had a place he visited by the Hudson River that he called "the death spot" where animals went to die; and so did Jerry metaphorically. The ritual of deciding to eat and find food (a symbolic turning point toward wholeness) signals a new relationship to art and dreams. Feinstein/Krippner write in their book, "Personal Mythology, The Psychology of the Evolving Self," that the "...conflict between the old myth and the counter-myth [turning point] will naturally progress toward the creation of a new myth that integrates the most trustworthy premises of each." [p.210]

MK - Would you recommend your approach to self-discovery? Or is your path and its experiences unique to your personal evolution?

JW - We are all on a path that is unique to our personal evolution. As Lao Tsu says, "The journey of a thousand miles begins where your feet are." Our feet are standing in different places so the steps, details, challenges and developments are individually unique to each of us. I will however say, after one has completed one's own journey, it becomes clear that there is a universal mythos inherent in all transformational processes. That basic mythos is death and renewal and that metaphoric death is indistinguishable from literal death to the ego that must surrender and die. Seeing this universal element allows for great compassion and service to others going through a similar experience. Most of those who visit me here on Whidbey Island, do so because the essence of my journey resonates with their own and they find hope in my story.

MK - Do you consider the strangers who showed up or who were brought to you angels/teachers/reflections of yourself, as the strangers we encounter in dreams are?

JW - As one learns to listen more deeply, dream-life and creative, waking reality begin to converse seamlessly and everything has the potential to become a reflection of self/teacher/angel. That is not to say that everything actually does. We also need to develop proper discernment. There is a wonderful Hindu tale about a swan that, when given a mixture of milk and water, is able to drink only milk.

MK - Why did you want to experience living without

money? Extreme penance? How did you manage the bare necessities of utilities/rent? All paid for by others? It seems to me that you used your abilities to heal and validate the people in your life as a natural means of exchange. [p. 128]

JW - I wanted the same things other people wanted, but I wanted beauty and magic more. I sensed there was a greater harmony that would carry my life than I could arrange for myself. I wanted to live that harmony more than anything else. I was able to live in half of my large loft space for another year or so because the large run-down industrial space had a wall separating it into two halves. A friend approached me about using the studio so I told him to take it. He asked about the rent and I said it was due and I had no money to pay it (because I had given all of my money away). He asked how much the rent was and I told him \$75 a month, including utilities. He was happy to pay such low rent. I never asked anyone for anything, nor did I make deals or exchanges. I trusted what came -- period! I was simply following each moment's call, unconditionally. That was my life.

MK - When you look at images of your destroyed art now, does it look like someone else made them?

JW - No, however the "me" that painted them was a very different "me." I was extremely driven. Art was my false god then and mattered far too much. Now I do it because it doesn't matter. I love what I do but I am detached from the process now. I can still paint the way I did and do, on occasion, when I want to incorporate some painted section into the mix of a sculptural piece.

MK - Your friend Deborah appears as an angel/guide throughout your life. Is she still a part of the journey?

JW - Yes, she lives on Whidbey Island. Deborah arranged for me to visit the island the first time. When I came to see her she arranged for me to be one of the artists in residence at the Chinook Learning Center's summer festival.

Jerry literally finds his new tribe on Whidbey at the Chinook Learning Center that was established in 1972. It was modeled from Iona, an island off Scotland in 563 that established a community blending Celtic and Christian practices. About the time of his arrival, the community began to unravel and transform (in the early 1990s) and is now known as Whidbey Institute. "Now my move to Whidbey Island makes sense to me in relation to the 'death process' I surrendered to in 1979." [p.134] "This is the work we all must do before we can be of service to the world We simply have to trust the process." [p. 135]

MK - I notice how beautiful your prose becomes when

writing the section of your book entitled, "Wild West." What do you attribute this to?

JW - I was approached by a publisher and asked to write my book/story. I had not written much of anything before that and I didn't know how to type or use a computer. I learned the basics and wrote the book in four months. The writing probably changes later in the book because I may have gotten a little better at it —that, and I was happy to be back in the "real world."

Eventually, Jerry meets his wife, Marilyn Strong, after arriving on Whidbey. Up until this time, he practiced a monastic lifestyle and had not married before. She was going through tremendous grief due to a divorce, he was sensitive to her fragility and helped her navigate through her process. Marilyn had a dream which he helped her interpret: "...she felt her identity and personal power were being stripped away...we worked together interpreting it. I have done quite a bit of interpretation of my own dreams and others'. Dream imagery is similar enough to the symbolic imagery of art that it is not much of a stretch for me to interpret the writing on the interior walls of the dreamtime." [p. 142] "I found one dream that Marilyn told me so moving that I decided to paint it for her [p.156 - "Marilyn's Dream"- 1990] In the telling, I got such an immediate clear image of the gift of her deeper identity that when it came down to doing the painting, it happened quite easily. After showing it to Marilyn, she hid it stating, 'I feel like you captured my soul and I couldn't have it out in public like that!'" [p.143]

When Jerry marries Marilyn at age 44 after ten years celibate, he realizes the "...powerful communion between the natural, polarized energies of masculine and feminine." [p. 153] This is literal integration!"

MK - How have your shamanic gifts evolved/changed? Do you continue to have dreams and work with others' dreams in the healing process?

JW - I don't think of myself as having shamanic gifts. I feel if there is any development that has emerged over the years it is one of greater fluidity with what I originally learned by surrendering and remaining present with What Was. My initial clumsy learning process has finally become a dance. By listening and acting on what I perceived in each given moment, I eventually learned the steps of the dance. Now I feel I am at the celebratory end of things. The music is playing and all that I have learned has become the dance of my life. All that I have sacrificed and placed on the altar has been sanctified and given back to me. That, too, is part of the dance. What has been given and what continues to be given is the

"It was during the winter of 1930-31.
In the dream ...

*I see myself go down the Ganges,
where a boat I know very well is waiting for me
to take me to the other side.*

But once in the boat, I no longer recognize it.

*Tied up along its side is another boat,
which I didn't notice at first, and of which
I could make out neither the shape nor the
dimensions. Almost without realizing it,
I move from my boat to this other mysteri-
ous boat. Suddenly, I understand... everything
became extraordinarily clear and simple.*

*Everything: life, death, the meaning of exist-
ence. Even stronger than this
revelation was my surprise: how had no one on
earth yet understood this thing,
so extraordinarily simple? Death, that was the
extraordinarily simple and obvious thing.*

*While getting into the boat, I say to myself:
'It's unbelievable that no one has yet seen it
when it's so obvious.' And all of a sudden I have
the feeling that a message had been
transmitted to me, that I should certainly
remember in what the obviousness and
simplicity of this beyondness of death
consisted, so as to be able
to communicate it to men.*

I awoken with this idea in mind: not to forget
what I had seen.

A second later, I had forgotten."

Mircea Eliade, *No Souvenirs*, 20 July 1961

environment that allows the dance to continue.

My dreams have always been important and that continues as well. Marilyn and I discuss and work with our dreams on a regular basis and we have facilitated many dream groups over the years. I like to work more spontaneously with the dreams of individuals who come here to spend time with me. We have a large gallery full of my artwork, a dormitory and private retreat arrangements so many people come to visit and stay with us. Just last week a young artist who had read my book and wanted to visit came from Pennsylvania and stayed the week. He had what seemed like epic dreams each night he was here so we spent a good deal of our time together working with his dreams.

MK - What types of messages do you deliver today in your workshops and seminars?

JW - I mostly speak about the things that will help the people understand the difficulties they are going through which mostly has to do with the importance and potential of the metaphoric death process. I believe the thing that we once called enlightenment was reserved only for the mystics and now it is the requirement of the day. We are in a challenging period of time that is infused with amazing possibilities for anyone able to do the inner work required. It is a great gift and blessing to be thrown into this work and it seems it is the most conscious people who are the first to go. I believe these same people will be the ones helping others through the process now and in the future. I believe the earth and our survival depends on it.

MK - What is your relationship like with the art you produce today?

JW - The words that best describe my relationship with my art at this point in my life are Wandering and Watching. Possibilities for creation idle in my consciousness, almost at the level of a dream. There is the diffuse awareness that I reverently tend. I remain open to the possibility that some object or idea might present itself in some unusual or inspiring way at any moment. I am no longer driven as an artist like I was as a young artist painting in the studio. Now I trust that I will get creation's call when the timing is right. I wander through life watching for that possibility. Once called, objects that existed as only hovering-potential shimmer and find their way into a new creation. There is a dimension to creation of this nature that is more than just physical.

MK -Do you do any art based on dreams?

JW - Separate from the dreams I have that relate to particular art pieces, all of the art I do now is rooted in a dream/vision. My wife ran a woman's spiritual growth program for eight years. During that period, we

orchestrated an annual all night ritual for about 15 women in our large ritual space. The space currently contains all of my art; however, at the time the space was empty and had plain white walls. During one of the early rituals, at about 3:00 a.m., I was behind a screen with several drummers who spelled each other to keep a constant heart beat going throughout the night. While resting on the sidelines, I fell asleep and had a brief dream/vision of the room that was surrounded by powerful, ancient spirits dressed in ritual costumes. I opened my eyes to see, through the sheer curtain, the silhouettes of the women out in the candle-lit room. Some were dancing and others were resting against the walls. At that moment, the women, the room and the dream-image merged and became a single image of ancient people gathered around a fire. That image stayed with me, and 20 years later that is what our large ritual space/gallery looks like. The room is filled with my three dimensional Beings and murals depicting ritual events.

Sometime, somewhere, Jerry Wennstrom was listening to the gods who whispered in his inner ear and he trusted their guidance. He created a personal mythos and living mandala from the threads of his life by sorting through a web of spiritual underpinnings. Caught up in the path, he knew he wanted to be different and found a way to change; he learned to trust every instinct, dream, and emotion and see it for what it was and the Universe validated by giving what he needed via signs and people along the way. ∞



End Notes:

To see more of Jerry Wennstrom's art and find out more about his book, *The Inspired Heart*, and the documentary film made about his life and work you can visit his web site at www.handsofalchemy.com. If you would like to personally visit the gallery at his home on Whidbey Island, WA, you can email him for an appointment at soluna@whidbey.com.

Honoring Our Dreams

by Brooke Medicine Eagle

LET US BEGIN by focusing on the dreams of our waking lives – dreams we can live into reality. A potent image comes to mind of my brother Sparrow Hawk playing in Zion National Park, dancing across logs over streams, capturing the beauty with his camera that he would paint in oils in his studio. This was a vital part of his work—creating beautiful nature art—yet it looked like a vacation!



Sparrow comes in (spirit voice) to say, "I want to remind you that it was my body's wisdom that drew me back again and again to Zion. My body found an almost indescribable joy there. And I allowed that to draw me back again and again. *I was following my body's highest dream*, rather than ignoring it, when I journeyed there repeatedly. Yes, it was always a vacation; and it was what inspired and choreographed the gifts I subsequently gave while I was alive."

"One of the greatest gifts you gave all of us," I respond, "is that you followed your love, your bliss, your dream. You modeled for us that a person can become very happy and fulfilled, as well as wealthy and famous, even though one is willing to give those very things up to follow their dream. Your wife Aria has told me that your contemporaries were 'blown away' when you chose *not* to use your amazing talent to become a very well paid graphic artist in LA. They thought you were crazy to follow your dream into the mountains! Yet, by following your joy, you became truly wealthy, which is about being well, joyful, and radiantly healthy, as well as making a record-breaking living."

"Yes," Sparrow says, with more than his usual twinkle. "And notice that this is a very different approach to following your dreams than the usual one of working hard, making money, and then planning to spend time pursuing your dream when you can afford it. We must realize that the rare and precious gem we came to give is found in what brings us greatest joy."

Our conversation reminded me of a favorite part of Mary Oliver's inspiring poem,

Wild Geese

*You do not have to be good.
You do not have to walk on your knees for a hundred
miles through the desert, repenting,
You only have to let the soft animal of your body
love what it loves.*

(DREAM WORK - New York: Grove/Atlantic)



What a wonderful expression of this awareness and an encouragement to follow the dream of our body! I realized that Sparrow had also avoided succumbing to another kind of pressure that often keeps us from our dreams: our family's ideas of what we should do with our lives. Sparrow's father and grandfather, whom he admired enormously, were both ministers. In a letter to his grandfather, he answered their questions about his following a different path than theirs. He pointed out that his own personal way of honoring and expressing Creator's life in all things was through his paintings rather than the pulpit. So please remember that your special gift is unique and its expression must be in the form that brings you happiness. As my late friend Robert Ghost Wolf summed it up, "Learn to listen to your own heart. If you learn that, you will come to know the wisdom of the ages." Remember not to kill your dreams with rational or fearful thinking. That is killing of a most dangerous kind, whether you do it to yourself or others. (*Last Cry*- Spokane, WA: Mystic House, 1994, p. 35)

Our "night" dreams are also important. Often we wake up with scattered dreams that fade quickly. These are likely our psyche working with images and feelings from our daily life, and are well worth recording and reviewing. Often when I journal my dreams, I find images, patterns and lessons in the longer view that I hadn't recognized in isolated, individual dreams. Keeping a dream journal or small tape recorder beside your bed is a wonderful way to become more aware of this bridge between your inner and outer worlds. One useful technique for remembering dreams is this: drink a large glass of water just before bedtime, suggesting to yourself that when you need to get up in the night to go to the bathroom, you will remember your dreams and be able to record them. A variation is to leave out the water, and simply make the suggestion to remember upon waking not to move until you have rerun what you remember of your dreams. Then sit up and record them on paper or cassette.

You can also "program" your dreams. Just as you are falling asleep, remind yourself of the issue or problem you would like help with, and ask for a dream to guide you. It is possible to do this during the day, as well, when you lie down for a brief nap. Give yourself 20 minutes to drop into dreamtime and come back with a solution.

Another aspect of the dreaming world is imagery. The images of our dreams, fantasies, and inner journeys are potent metaphors that arise from a deep well within us of which we are usually not conscious. Stephen Gallegos, in his book [Animals of the Four Windows](#), expresses it very beautifully, "Deep imagery is the primary mode of knowing totalities. It is the primary domain of the shaman, who recognizes imagery as foundational, preceding and transcending knowing through thinking and sensing. Knowing

"Words are animals, alive with a will of their own"

C.G. Jung Quote

"I believe that a word is a thing. It is non-visible and audible only for the time it's said. It hangs in the air ... but underneath it is a thing. I believe it goes into the upholstery, and then to the shrubs and then into my hair, my clothes and finally into my body. I believe that words are things and I live on them."

"I'm just saying, mind you, that's an idea ... that words are things."

Maya Angelou

"Some dreams you wake from astonished there is that much imagination in you. Even the terrifying is preferable to the mundane. How, though, to translate those occasional forays into the rich imagination of the subconscious into words and pictures. How to make the invisible visible. How to turn the light on without losing your grip on darkness."

Myrna Treston

through sensing is a knowing of the outer, concerned with adaptation and survival. Knowing through imagery is a knowing of the inner, and its concern is growth, healing, and wholeness. What thinking can do is to support and nurture imagery, learn from it, and be willing to enter into relationship with it." (Santa Fe: Moon Bear Publishing, 1992, 20, 63)

Dreams and imagery are very natural bridges between our daily world and that of our deepest wisdom. The more you consciously walk across these bridges, the more ease you will find in bringing that wisdom into usable form for your own upliftment and that of All Your Relations. And, the more comfortable you will be in those transcendent realms which this ascended state encompasses!

We are now making real the dream of Heaven on Earth!

Live with heart. ∞

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Brooke's book, *The Last Ghost Dance*, shares more of the story of Sparrow Hawk and this awakening golden dream on Earth, and is available through Amazon and her website: [www.MedicineEagle.com](http://www.MedicineEagle.com)

# A Question for Mr. Corn Man

by Paco Mitchell

[This was written spontaneously, in response to Russell Lockhart's dream-based poem about "Mr. Pillar Man," printed in the last issue of DNJ. The figure of "Mr. Corn Man" comes from a dream I had about thirty years ago. In my dream he was called "The Corn Spirit."]

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In the remote garden where the Corn Man worked amidst green leaves, I walked quietly along the soft path until I stood a few feet away from where he toiled. He was sweating freely, his hairy body matted and streaked with rivulets. He was so intent on his work—stripping, binding, grafting—that I think he did not notice me at first. I stepped on a dry leaf to make a sound, having already learned that he did not enjoy being surprised by the sudden rudeness, the threat, of a human voice.

"Who goes there?" he snarled.

"It is I," I said, "only I."

"Oh, you again. What do you want now?"

Several weeks had passed since I had discovered Mr. Corn Man and his hidden garden while out walking, and by now I was accustomed to his fierce, aggressive manner, and what seemed like his feral disdain for me. But this time I was not intimidated.

"I have come to ask you a question," I said.

"You have, have you? Well, I'm busy." His hands continued their swift magic. "You and your questions," he said as if to himself, and he muttered something unintelligible.

"Yes, and I think you know the answer."

At this he smirked, but he didn't seem to mind my impertinence.

"Well, then, out with it! I told you I'm busy! These plants don't grow by themselves, you know."

"Yes, I'll be brief. I just want to ask—ah—whether you happen to know Mr. Pillar Man. You know, the one who is tall and straight?"

Mr. Corn Man stopped momentarily and looked up from the dirt where he crouched. Then he cocked his head and looked at me sideways, like a bird, and snapped, "Who told you about Mr. Pillar Man?" He had regained the old brusqueness, and the uncanny air of menace that dripped from his naked body in waves.

"Does it matter who? It was just a friend, someone I know," I said, making bold. "He says that Mr. Pillar Man gets around, that he even paid a visit recently, and they talked. This isn't the only garden around, you know." Now I was almost taunting him, surprised at my own rudeness.

"Around? And just where is 'around' supposed to be, where Mr. Pillar Man just shows up?" he said mockingly, not rising to my bait. He continued working, as if racing the sun.

"Oh, you know," I said, having decided to go for broke. "Around. As in . . . dreams." I chewed my lip, waiting for his reply.

"Humph!" the Corn Man snorted. "Who dreams of Mr. Pillar Man any more? Few can see him these days. Oh, they may claim to dream of someone who resembles Mr. Pillar Man, but I'd wager they're only seeing their own reflections in a tin can."

But then Corn Man got a distant look in his eyes. "Was a time," he began . . .



"Yes?" I prompted.

He hesitated, then resumed, as if he'd made a decision.

"Was a time he and I, between us"—and he said this next part slowly and with emphasis—"ruled the world." He spit to the side and grafted a green stem onto a woody stalk.

"What do you mean, 'ruled the world'?" I wanted to keep him talking.

"The world! This! Here! Open your eyes! Look around! The Garden! Where else?" Mr. Corn Man was clearly annoyed. "Mr. Pillar Man and I. Together. He, with his feet in the ground and head in the air, straight as an arrow, and tall. And me, all three feet of me, crooked and twisted like these vines I'm growing. He swept the four corners and held the center while I—I—"

At this point he faltered, at a loss for words.

"Do you mean—" I began.

"Shut up, fool!" he yelled. "Let me think. Let me remember"—he paused, then said, almost affectionately, longingly—"how it was."

I held my tongue and waited. A breeze stirred the leaves around him and he seemed to swell—his entire body—as if pulsing with tumescence. I would swear he gained several inches in height, though he was still crouched and the sun was bright. Then he stood, and I saw it was so. He had grown six inches, maybe twelve. I stepped back, unsure of what was happening. Then he spoke again, this time as if from a distance.

"I was . . . everything. I was life itself. Together, Mr. Pillar Man and I marked the boundaries of the possible. Nothing came into being, except through us. We were"—his voice grew hoarse—"recognized then."



Now the only sound was the slight chafing of the leaves as he worked. I scarcely moved or breathed, hoping he would speak again. But he did not.

Finally I said, "Did you . . . always look like this?"

"No, of course not. Neither did Mr. Pillar Man. He was a stone, needless to say, but snap your fingers and he could disappear in a gust of wind. Yes, together we were invincible. I was the fruit, he was the pollen. He was everywhere. We both were."

"Is he very old?" I asked.

At first he began to laugh almost convulsively at my stupidity, but when he calmed down he said, "Ha! Old? Is he old? You mean these so-called years of yours?" Then, shifting to what sounded like a low animal growl he said, "You don't measure us, bub. We measure you!"

At that he took up a runner and said, "Look at this." And with his shears he snipped six inches off the growing tip of the vine, the delicate leaves and tendrils tinted yellow and green. "This is you," he said. Next he shoved the stem and leaves into his mouth, chewing and swallowing until they were gone. Then he gazed directly at me, grinning broadly. In the bright sunlight, the irises of his eyes seemed yellow, and a small, leftover fleck of green leaf shone on one of his gleaming teeth. I couldn't say, even now, what was in the look he gave me in that moment. Was it evil? Was it beatific? It was both, really. I shuddered and turned away.

As I walked from the garden he called after me, once again with mockery in his voice, saying, "Don't you have any more questions about Mr. Pillar Man's visit?"



# SELF KNOWLEDGE THROUGH DREAMWORK

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**T**HE STUDY OF DREAMS CAN BE A VALUABLE WAY TO LEARN ABOUT ONESELF. Dreams come from deep within the unconscious and give us many levels of information. Some dreams literally delineate and analyze everyday occurrences, but many use symbols and metaphors to give us insights about ourselves, our relationships with others and our culture.

In dreams, we can be both the observer and the one observed and play multiple roles. Sometimes we are aware of this in the dream. However, in most dreams, the conscious ego simply observes and interacts with other people—either unidentified people or those we know in waking life. Many dreamworkers hold that all people, all creatures, and even inanimate objects in a dream represent some aspect of the dreamer. Therefore, by noting their characteristics we learn something about ourselves.

Can you recall a morning when you awoke from a disturbing or frightening dream? I imagine you were glad you were awake and it was just a dream. Can you imagine how you also might be thankful for having such a dream? You probably think I'm crazy for even suggesting this possibility. However, our dreammaker—an "inner knowing" within us that connects us with the Divine Source—gives us such dreams to tell us something it is important for us to know. Some people have told me they were afraid to study their dreams, afraid of what they might discover. But we need not be afraid. Even nightmares are coming to help us by making us aware of certain situations and suggesting ways to make improvements. Some dreams remind us of hidden talents. Jeremy Taylor, who has worked with dreams for over 40 years, assures us that we will remember the contents of disturbing dreams only when we are ready to deal with whatever the issue might be. We just need to figure out what the message is.

Nightmares often use images designed to shock the ego out of its complacency. In 1999 I had such a dream, one I found puzzling and disturbing:

## I Observe Cannibalism

*I'm out in the frozen landscape with others. I watch from several feet away as a scene unfolds. There is a woman lying flat. Another approaches, leans over and begins slicing off a section of the person's forehead, which seems somewhat larger than normal. As this is being done the forehead has the appearance of a large slab of meat. I wonder what in the world is happening. Then I realize what is happening as I watch the person begin to eat from the slice. Cannibalism! There has been no bleeding when the slicing occurred. I had thought the prone person was alive, but maybe not. That person must have been dead, perhaps frozen, and those remaining are trying to survive. I'm out there with them, although I seem to be just observing from a distance. Does this mean I, too, am in danger and will need to do likewise to survive?*

John D. Goldhammer, in his book *Radical Dreaming: Use Your Dreams to Change Your Life*, recounts a similar dream of cannibalism. The dreamer tells of eating meat, which he noticed was the dead body of a man. Goldhammer explains that "[t]he dreamer lives on the money his deceased father left. [H]e is unhappy because he wants to prove ... that he is a useful member of society and is able to make his own living. In the dream, he literally lives off his dead father. He has become a cannibal."

Goldhammer explains further that “when we turn our backs on our true potential, we are *choosing* to sacrifice our authentic lives, to allow self-destructive, societal influences to cannibalize the soul, devour our creative ideas, rip our authenticity to shreds.”

In my dream, I—my ego, my conscious self—was observing other women eating a woman’s flesh. These other women might represent certain aspects within me and also within women in general. My ego was observing women in our culture who have suppressed their creative expression and individuality as a means of survival. This might suggest the patriarchal atmosphere in which we exist. I then wondered if I, too, would have to do this to survive. As aspects of myself, the other women were doing this. The dream was bringing awareness into my consciousness. It invites me to ask myself how I was denying expression of my authentic creative self and why. Have I done so thinking it is my only means of survival? How can I change my beliefs and my actions to improve the situation? These questions can lead the way into the various stages of my journey towards wholeness, as they can for many people—both male and female.

\* \* \*

Understanding one’s dreams is often difficult. Because they speak to us through metaphors and symbols, they can seem very mysterious. So how might I learn what they are trying to tell me? There are several ways. One way is to *incubate a dream*, asking as I prepare to go to sleep for one in which I will be given the message again. However, the likelihood of receiving the desired response immediately is unpredictable.

Second, in a meditative state of consciousness, I can go back into the dream and engage the dream image in conversation. I can ask it what it has come to teach me. Jung developed a process for this that he called *Active Imagination*. Detailed information on how to go about doing this can be found in Eugene Pascal’s *Jung to Live By* and Robert Johnson’s *Inner Work*.

Another process, devised by Robert Hoss and discussed in his book *Dream Language*, is a role-play technique he calls *image activation dreamwork*. While imagining that I am the dream image, I can answer questions such as, what is my purpose as the dream image, what do I like and dislike about being the object, what do I fear most about being the object, and what do I desire the most? It is amazing how much this can reveal about what is going on in my unconscious that I will find helpful.

A fourth method of dreamwork by oneself is to *draw or paint the dream*. Stick figures and diagrams are fine. The visual associations that come to you while you draw and paint your dream may unlock startling “ahas!” that would be difficult to access with verbal or bodily explorations.

We can draw these images from our dreams randomly on a rectangular sheet of paper or we can put them within a circular boundary, creating our own personal *mandalas*. In Sanskrit, *mandala* means “circle.” The circle becomes a safe space in which our drawings can reflect and reveal the inner energies depicted in our dreams. By paying attention to the thoughts and emotions that arise while creating a mandala, we can become aware of important feelings and issues that need attention. This whole process can become a means of self-discovery, personal growth, and spiritual enrichment.

As we consider all the characters, actions, attitudes, perceptions, and feelings narrated in a dream story, we can ask ourselves how these are similar to or different from what is going on in our waking life and what we can learn from any similarity or difference. To help us recall pertinent information when exploring the dream in detail, as we write a dream into our journals or onto our computer, we should also include what I call “Day Notes”—brief notes about activities, thoughts, and feelings of the day we consider significant. We need to date them and give each one a title that reveals content. This will help facilitate later explorations and reviews.

We will gain the greatest benefit from dream explorations if we undertake the explorations shortly after the dreams occur. However, we do not always have time to do this. To be realistic, it is practically impossible to study every dream you have. Such an undertaking could occupy all your time.

\* \* \*

Therefore, we can benefit from periodic reviews of our dream journals during which we look for series of dreams that deal with the same themes and images or similar circumstances. When we find some, we can see whether they reveal any “movement,” change, perhaps transformation.

\* \* \*

I am convinced of the importance of listening to and honoring the Divine messages our dreams bring us. *We honor a dream* when we undertake any form of working with the dream, such as recording it, drawing it, meditating on insights gained, and following suggestions offered through its symbols and metaphors, with appreciation and the intention to bring the dream’s healing energies into waking life. Dreams can help us understand ourselves, help us to grow in mind, body and spirit. True fulfillment comes when we can feel we are doing something for which we are best qualified and prepared, something we feel we are being called to do with our lives. It takes some of us longer than others to know what our special calling is. Our revelatory dreams are sometimes startling, often amazing. If we will pay attention to them, they will help us on our journeys toward healing and wholeness and the realization of our potential. ∞

## BOOK REVIEW

### Dream Explorations by Rache Norment

Reviewed by Tallulah Lyons, M. Ed.

**RACHEL NORMENT WAS ONE OF THE FIRST FACILITATORS** for the IASD Cancer Project, now called the IASD Health Care Project. Rachel's first book, published in 2006, has been an inspiration and model for many survivors. *Guided by Dreams: Breast Cancer, Dreams, and Transformation* is an amazing account of how she was guided and supported by her dreams as she went through diagnosis and treatment. All along the path to recovery, dreams were constant companions that brought Rachel insight, a sense of meaning and direction into healing, and a sense of purpose for the future.

After the publication of *Guided by Dreams*, Rachel periodically told me about her desire to organize and share a collection of additional personal dreams dating from as early as the 1970's. I encouraged her, not realizing the enormity of her treasure trove of recorded dreams. I never imagined the time it would take to review her daunting stacks of dream journals or how much work and insight it would require to sort and arrange the selections.

Rachel has proved to be a first class, innovative curator. Reading her new book, *Dream Explorations: A Journey in Self-Knowledge and Self-Realization*, is like exploring an intriguing exhibit of fine art. From thousands of dreams, Rachel has carefully selected 245 and has arranged them according to themes and recurring imagery into an astonishing collection. The topics range from bathrooms and animals to healing encounters and experiences of spiritual

seeking. With each topic and series of dreams, the readers can feel the impact of mysterious creative power and, through the author's thoughtful reflections on the multiple possibilities of meanings of each dream, can discover how to assimilate and integrate the energies and insights of their own dreams. Each dream series is a demonstration of how the psyche invites the dreamer to open up into larger life by responding to creative energies of the patterns of recurring dream imagery and themes.

*Dream Explorations* emphasizes the multi-dimensional nature of dream exploration. Dreams are pathways to health and wholeness, and every dream can bring multiple simultaneous insights and energies for growth and the healing of mind, body, and spirit. Each dream series demonstrates patterns of thought, emotion, and behavior that might be keeping the dreamer closed up, limited, and stuck. Each series also points toward patterns that might enable the dreamer to move into deeper self-knowledge and fuller self-realization. This book enables the reader to experience and appreciate the transformative and healing nature of dream work.

Rachel is truly a dedicated explorer who gives great honor to her dreams and to the healing power of dream work. *Dream Explorations* can serve not only as an inspiration to others, but also can serve as a guidebook for anyone who might choose to embark upon their own dream explorations, their own journey into self-knowledge and self-realization. ∞

#### *Dream Explorations: A Journey in Self-Knowledge and Self-Realization*

Rachel G. Norment, M.A.

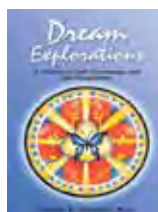
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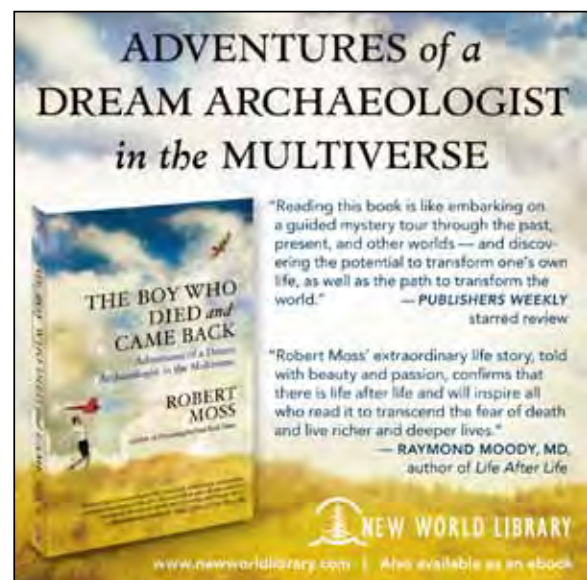
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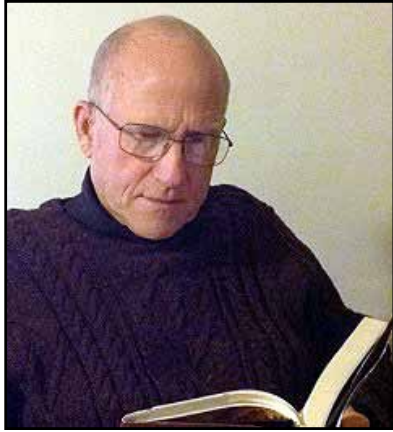
Author

of

*Guided by Dreams:  
Breast Cancer,  
Dreams, and  
Transformation*







## NOAH'S ARK AND THE NEW COVENANT:

Part Two

A Film Called *Noah*

by Paco Mitchell, M.A.

*"We are living in what the Greeks called the kairos—the right moment—for a 'metamorphosis of the gods,' of the fundamental principles and symbols. This peculiarity of our time, which is certainly not of our conscious choosing, is the expression of the unconscious man within us who is changing."*

—C. G. Jung

*"I'm concerned that tens of millions of Christians who see the [Noah] film will start spending more time enjoying and protecting God's creation than they do in church. This kind of thing can do a lot of damage."*

—Elizabeth Holcomb, President, Organization for Christian Intolerance

*"... in some ways we need to slap ourselves silly."*

—Environmental Professor Dale Jamieson

**T**HE ORIGINAL IDEA FOR MY ARTICLE, "NOAH'S ARK AND THE NEW COVENANT," came to me in the form of a sudden intuition, landing on my doorstep like a gift from a stranger, as lovingly folded as an origami crane. In response, I wrote what I thought would be a one-off, stand-alone essay. No sooner had I completed the writing, however, and submitted the piece to DNJ, than I began to see all manner of unexpected references to Noah, which found their culmination in the publicity blitz preceding the release of Darren Aronofsky's blockbuster film, *Noah*.

After an initial bout of resistance, I capitulated and went to see the film, not because I'm enthralled with big-budget Hollywood extravaganzas, or because I love the whiz-bang excess of computer-generated images—I don't—but because a *second intuition* told me that, whether I wanted to or not, I'd better go see the film and write a sequel to my essay. Another origami crane on my doorstep.

My capitulation, then, was not to Hollywood, but to an *intuition* about the movie, and about the need—the demand, really—to write a second installment of "Noah's Ark and the New Covenant."

I should caution the reader that the intuition did not say, "Noah will be a terrific film, and you're going to love it." On

the contrary, I knew intuitively that, with the New Covenant on my mind, I would be disappointed. But I also knew that the movie might serve as a whetstone upon which I could sharpen the blade of the New Covenant idea—or at least rough out a few more of its implications.

I'm glad I saw the film, but I *was* disappointed on many counts. In Hollywood, \$125,000,000 buys a lot of talent, and a lot was on display—especially the performances of Russell Crowe and Jennifer Connolly. My interest was not so much the talent, however, but more the cultural phenomenon of which the film is a symptom: an upsurge of interest in the story about a world-destroying cataclysm called "the Flood." Perhaps the film would reveal a shift in attitudes toward the climate crisis, in recognition of ACD—anthropogenic climate disruption. What follows is *not a movie review*, but a flood of ruminations, uprooted by the storm of *Noah* and our time.

\* \* \*

First, I have always been puzzled by the curious premise of the original Noah story, the idea that "God"—i.e., the Hebrew God and Creator, as portrayed in the Book of Genesis—was so disgusted with his Creation that He decided, in an apparent fit of rage, to destroy the world—save for

“The film creates a strange tension in the mind, toggling back and forth between a mythic narrative that began some four thousand years ago, and something that’s happening today before our eyes and under our feet.”

the exemplary Noah and his family. This is a bizarre image, like a bad dream. It seems to indicate that, in the archaic Hebrew imagination at least, there is something paradoxical at the heart of the Divine Being that, having created us, is nevertheless willing to destroy us. It is almost as if we’re supposed to worship the image of a psychotic mass murderer. This same OT quality of a vengeful deity, full of super-destructive, unreflected emotional rage, though later tempered by the teachings of Jesus, may still have carried over into the Christian imagination of the New Testament: “Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.”<sup>1</sup>

A Hindu might smile at my description of the vengeful deity as a “psychotic mass murderer,” since Hindu gods and goddesses of death are blithely taken for granted—cf. Kali with her belt of skulls, dancing on corpses. But I am a “Westerner,” affected by the teachings of Christianity and its espousal of a presumptive “God of Love.” In view of this religious history, it produces a shudder if we contemplate—to cite but one example—America’s recent “Shock and Awe” assault on Baghdad, a testament to our undiminished capacity for Bible-scale brutality and vengeance. We might ask whether we have really surpassed Old Testament morality and lived up to the New. Just a thought.

But back to Genesis. Just what was the Creator—the Divine Father—thinking, that He sought to destroy His children by this ruthless Flood? As I ask the question, the image of Goya’s “black” painting of Saturn devouring his son springs to mind. No sooner is a creative, green-growing potential released into the world than some malevolent force snatches it away. *But to wipe out the entire world takes a force of divine magnitude.* I am not the only one troubled by this biblical image of God. Jung’s most passionate book, *Answer to Job*, was written, at white-heat, as a critique of just this psychopathic element in the

God-image at the root of our religious tradition. Near the end of his life Jung said that, of all the books he’d written, *Answer to Job* was the only one in which he would not change a single word.

At any rate, the Flood is neither the exclusive prerogative of the Hebrew God, nor of the Bible. There are many Flood narratives, some pre-dating the Noah tale by centuries, and the disasters are inflicted upon the world by the deities of different cultures—Sumerian, Mesopotamian, Greek, African, Indian, Chinese, Korean, Malaysian, Australian, Polynesian, Hopi, Incan, and so on. To the literal-minded believer, this world-wide distribution of Flood stories confirms Scripture. To me, the prevalence of this motif, over time and across cultures, confirms the presence of an archetypal propensity in the human psyche to imagine ourselves as subject to divine punishment, among other things. It is as if we have a deep-seated awareness of living on borrowed time because, sooner or later, *we will pay for the crime of hubris.* This ancient notion, that hubris was a crime against the gods and subject to punishment, was a bitter truth the Greeks well understood.

For centuries now, a terrible torsion has rent our minds and bodies, imaginations and souls. Despite the protests of evangelical and fundamentalist Christians to the contrary, it was we humans who cast God out of Eden, usurped the divine role and bent Paradise to our conscious—and not-so-conscious—purposes. This usurpation of divinity through the application of scientific knowledge to the pursuit of power over nature, is resulting in the environmental havoc we see today.

The damage we have wrought, not just on the atmosphere but on the lithosphere, the cryosphere, the oceanosphere—the entire biosphere—raises the question as to whether we really ought to be “playing God.” When one of the “fathers of the Bomb,” Robert Oppenheimer, witnessed the successful detonation of the first experimental atomic device (ironically called “Trinity”), he famously recalled this passage from the Bhagavad-Gita: “Now I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds.” Stewart Brand, founder of the *Whole Earth Catalog* and the *Co-Evolution Quarterly*, observed: “We are as gods and HAVE to get good at it.” I wonder if we shouldn’t be backing off a bit from the God role. Of course, that would require some quick-witted re-theologizing—like re-considering what it ever meant to say “God” in the first place (let alone today); asking just why it is that there seem to be as many gods as there are cultures; and re-calibrating the *Zen koan* from Genesis that says, “And God created man in his own image.”

\* \* \*

Back to *Noah*. The movie makes more sense to me as an *environmental film*, a lens through which to imagine a planetary-scale disaster, than it does as a re-hash of the

Bible story for the purpose of drumming up renewed interest in four-thousand-year-old beliefs. True, archetypes die hard. In fact, they may never really die. But they do evolve and, as Jung hints, only the names are changed (to protect the innocent and unconscious?). In any event, it's time for us to renew the core meaning of the Flood, the Ark, the old Covenant—all of which points, according to my intuition, toward the New Covenant: *the idea that mankind must now make a promise to God not to destroy the world again, assuming that we manage to survive this deluge of our own making.*

Aronofsky's film is aimed at a wider audience than I am, of course, so he can afford to take the big chance of mixing volatile elements—one part climate science, several parts Bible. The film creates a strange tension in the mind, toggling back and forth between a mythic narrative that began some four thousand years ago, and something that's happening today before our eyes and under our feet. I was disappointed that, ultimately, the film came back to ground on the shores of the Bible, closing with just another "Old Testament/Hollywood ending." For all the environmental warnings at the beginning of the movie, we ended up, not with a glimpse of the New Covenant (what did I expect?), but with a reiteration of the same old Genesis injunction to go forth and multiply. I had to bite my tongue not to shout out in the theater: "Yes, but not so many this time."

There is one screen-shot in the movie that, I must admit, struck me hard. It has stayed with me like a stowaway image smuggled aboard the film, portraying the ancient, mythic, world-wide Flood by means of an exact, photographic picture that only modern science and technology could produce. Imagine the photograph of the "whole earth," the one brought back from space by the returning astronauts—the first photographic image we ever had of the entire planet in one frame, a herald of the possibility of *global awareness*. Now recall the satellite photos of Hurricanes Katrina and Sandy—huge spinning vortices covering hundreds of square miles. Finally, superimpose these hurricane images upon the whole earth, but cover the entire globe with satellite views of *many* Katrinas and Sandys—all Cat-5 storms, all happening simultaneously—and there you have Aronofsky's image. It's a stunning shot, and it's supposed to show us how the mythical "Flood" might have happened. But, all along, we know it is an image conjured with computers. Its brilliance lies in this single subtlety: By compressing time, it allows us to see in a single, *simultaneous*, fictional shot, what is already happening to us in reality, but happening *sequentially*. It would be like compiling a still-shot from a time-lapse view of the melting ice caps, sheets and glaciers, the rising sea levels, the burning forests, the flooded cities, etc., like the dystopian 1982 film *Koyaanisqatsi*, "Life Out of Balance."

"The movie makes more sense to me as an environmental film, a lens through which to imagine a planetary-scale disaster, than it does as a re-hash of the Bible story for the purpose of drumming up renewed interest in four-thousand-year-old beliefs."

Aronofsky's single image of the whole earth covered by hurricanes may in itself be worth the price of admission. Most people will be drawn to the movie for other reasons, of course—the prospect of watching Crowe and Connolly in character as Noah and his wife Naameh, in love and conflict; the special-effects dazzle; the action-hero drama; the defeat of the bad guys; or simply the offering up of a venerable Bible story for contemporary edification.

But I think there is a more powerful undercurrent pulling audiences to the theaters. It is the mostly-unconscious knowledge that we all share on some deep animal level: We really do know that a big storm is coming, regardless of whether we "believe" or "don't believe" in climate science. In my opinion we are all suffering from a multi-layered, environmental PTSD, and today's disturbed weather patterns are affecting us all, at least subliminally, sometimes even breaking through into our dreams and waking visions. If only we were better attuned to those deep levels, we might find ourselves reacting more emphatically, like the creatures in Indonesia, in 2004, that reportedly fled toward higher ground well before the humans—still playing on the beach—even knew a *tsunami* was coming their way. It's a question of allowing the "animal knowing" within us to make contact with a deepening conscious awareness, and vice-versa. Reconnected with instinct, we might stand a chance of responding in psychologically appropriate ways to the overwhelming complexity of it all.

\* \* \*

I know that the flow of my thoughts, to this point, may resemble the hectic buffeting suffered by the occupants of the Ark during the special-effects Flood scenes in *Noah*.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

“We really do know that a big storm  
is coming, regardless of whether  
we “believe” or “don’t believe”  
in climate science.  
In my opinion we are all suffering  
from a multi-layered,  
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patterns are affecting us all,  
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even breaking through into our  
dreams and waking visions.”

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

But I plead “not guilty”—on the basis of the *kairos*. My text is awash with what we are all wading through like so many flood victims. Upheaval is what happens when culture and society suffer Jung’s “metamorphosis of the gods.” Our contemporary disjointedness and confusion are profound: Which voices shall we listen to? Where is there solid ground? What can we believe? Once again, Jung put his finger on a crucial point:

If we speak of belief, it is that we have lost knowledge. Belief and non-belief in God are only substitutes. In his naivety, the primitive does not believe, he knows, because he gives, with reason, as much value to inner experience as to outer experience. He does not have theology and did not let his spirit be obscured by stupidly astute concepts. He orients his life—through necessity—following exterior facts as well as interior ones which, contrary to us, he does not feel and live as separated. He lives in a whole world, and we live, us, in half a world and only believe, or not, in the other half.<sup>2</sup>

Any recovery of “the other half” will require a journey into the unconscious depths into which our original nature as *homo religiosus* has fallen. *This is why dreams are so important*: They can connect us, even if only fragmentarily, to the divine world we have lost, to the pre-historic, pre-biblical experience of *communion with a sacred cosmos*. The depths from which such dreams rise can be thought of as *the mythopoetic levels of the psyche*, where true myths and religions are born. I cannot imagine a New Covenant rising from anywhere else.

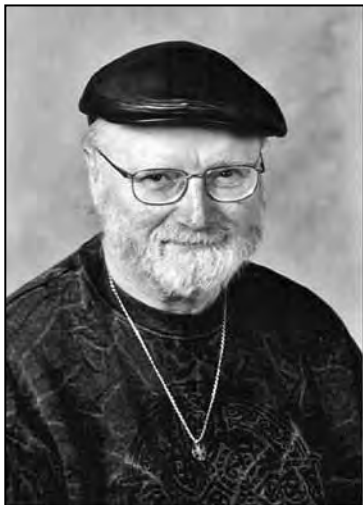
To bring the New Covenant into being will require degrees of humility and submission that are rare in an age where we fear interiority, an age of hubristic self-importance and narcissistic pride—the celebrity culture. But the task, though humbling, is a cultural duty of the highest—or deepest—order.

I did not expect Darren Aronofsky’s film to amount to a *mythopoesis* adequate to the age, if only because there was too much money at stake. Hence, the film-story was too much a product of conscious invention to qualify; but as a cultural phenomenon, I did find *Noah* thought-provoking. Meanwhile, the mythopoetic task lies heavy upon us, a sacrifice we must all endure, one way or another, now that we have taken on the divine role of world-creators and world-destroyers. ∞

(Endnotes)

1 Romans 12:19, King James Version: “Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but give place unto wrath: For it is written, ‘Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.’”

2 C. G. Jung Correspondence, 1950-1954, French edition, p. 51 [no other reference found].



## The Fictive Purpose of Dreams Part Four

# Encounters with the Inquisitor

By Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph. D.

*Inquisition* (n.) an institution designed to suppress heresy  
—*The American Heritage Dictionary*

In the dream I described at the end of my last column,<sup>1</sup> an ominous figure interrupted my lecture on “the fictive purpose of dreams” by shouting,

**“INDOLENCE!”**

With this accusation still ringing in my ears, I entered fictive space, ritually facing the empty page, listening deeper and deeper. *Waiting*. The auditory reverberations of the word “indolence” prompted me to leave the page, leave writing, and to speak. I took up my little recorder. What follows is a transcription<sup>2</sup> of what transpired.

“Indolence! Yes, indolence, I say. Sloth, too, if truth be known.”

**(The interloper was in full rant.)**

“What you are doing, what you are suggesting is dangerous, not only because you discard the monumental achievements of your betters who have come before you, but you downplay the effort, the hard work of extracting meaning from a dream. It is blood, sweat, and tears, not the shallowness of the play you propose. What you are suggesting is ludicrous. Fiction? Fantasy? It’s nothing but nonsense. That’s the path you would lead your audience down. You should be ashamed. You should apologize,

step away from the podium, and let someone serious take your place.”

**(The audience was stunned to silence, all eyes on me, awaiting my reply.)**

“Have you ever noticed, dear audience, that whenever you attempt something new, begin to create, or take up wrestling the thicket of a dream—*anything* that has a quality of something *new*—you are visited by someone similar to the character who has spoken here? The Inquisition is not just an historical institution of a church. It is an institution of the psyche. Its purpose is to disable and disarm and defeat anything that challenges the hegemony of the *old*, the *established*, and the so-called *true*. The Inquisitor always beguiles by speaking a *semblance* of truth, enough to throw one off track. But looked at closely, these judgmental pronouncements are off the mark, misleading, and misdirecting. Their purpose is to *stop* any *new* development, to circle things back to known habitual realms. The Inquisitor always articulates the old, repeats endlessly the claims of the old as it preserves the past and blocks the new. In this, the Inquisitor is always the *voice* of the

"should," and it speaks an intolerant hybrid voice compounded of logic and affect that is hard to deal with. Whether the Inquisitor is male or female makes no difference. The aim is always the same."

**(The Inquisitor interrupted.)**

"You will not accomplish anything by laying more of your fuzzy thinking on the pile you've already laid down. Do you want to humiliate yourself completely?"

*(With this he stepped to the door, opened it wide, and with a shoveling gesture showed me the way out.)*

**(I was not leaving.)**

"The irony is that the Inquisitor has so much energy, is so commanding, so certain. Sometimes, I envy this intensity, this surety, this brazen power. Ultimately, I know that one must *befriend* the Inquisitor and find that *third* thing which will lead the way to change. Here, I find it in the word *ludicrous*. We all know what it means because the dictionary tells us: "laughable or hilarious because of obvious absurdity or incongruity." When this is thrown at you as criticism, there is no escape, one simply melts, abandons one's impulse and gives up, a heretic exposed. There is not much laughable or hilarious about the pain of this. In the rubble created by such attacks, how can one find the "third" thing? First, one must never forget there is a transformational potential in these "trials of the heretic." Second, it lies always in something that is *indirect*. Confronting the Inquisitor directly never works but adds only to its power. The indirect third thing in this situation lies in the root of his word *ludicrous*. The root is the Latin *ludus*, meaning "to play." So his accusation of "ludicrous" becomes the thing necessary to begin a process of connecting with this Inquisitor in a new way: *to play*. Note: this is the very thing he railed against. Because of this one now knows the soft spot in the otherwise seemingly impenetrable armor of the Inquisitor."

**(The door is closed. The Inquisitor is nowhere to be seen.)**

"So why has he left? You may note that I

never addressed him directly. This must be learned. Early on one is easily caught in the trap of reacting to the inflammatory accusations thrown in one's face by the Inquisitor, or collapsing in the face of withering attacks. Instead, I *narrated* what was happening, approaching not only the dream but working with the dream in a *fictive* way. In this, the Inquisitor becomes a *character* in the drama, and the realization of this, the narrating of this, provides the necessary *distance* by which and through which the sense of the "third" can be discerned."

This narrative is excerpted from a longer piece, but is sufficient to illustrate several important points. When one enters fictive space what occurs there can be as surprising as a dream. Except for the stentorian sounds of the inquisitor's voicing "indolence," I was without intention as to what would happen. Speaking these lines *out loud* was spontaneous and without planning or thought in the sense of trying to figure out what to say. I was saying what was presenting itself to me. In addition to surprising elements, embodiment in fictive space is characterized by the loss of any sense of "ego time." One begins to feel "odd" body experiences as if a fluid of electrical current is coursing through the body setting off sparks, shivers, and quirky feelings. These are some of the symptoms of being *in* fictive space and being present to what the *imagination* engenders there. Coming out of fictive space is a shock. One can feel exhausted—or exhilarated.

Getting *into* fictive space is not easy. The "entrance" can be blocked by figures such as the Inquisitor and other "no sayers." A more subtle blocking is the "lure" of trying to find meaning.<sup>3</sup> As the Inquisitor says above, extracting the meaning of a dream is hard work: blood, sweat and tears. And so full of intention. How true! But part of my point is that this "extraction" of meaning is not the main point after all because all too often we forever work the same ground, the same old story, while the fictive is laden with potential, futurity, and the new. When you open fully to this, it is more accurate to say that *meaning will find you*. Every dream is a story yearning to be told. Yet, if we



use the dream only for ego's purposes no matter how justified this may seem, the story will be left untold. As Maya Angelou has said, "There is no agony like bearing an untold story inside of you." We all think "the story" is our ego's story, which may also be untold. For this we search until we find someone to listen, sometimes a partner, sometimes a therapist, sometimes a stranger. Still, this is *not* the story that most needs telling. Jung gives a hint as to just what this might be when he observes that ". . . there is in the psyche a process that seeks its own goal independently of external factors. . ."<sup>4</sup> The fictive purpose of dreams aims toward revealing this process. How we can more fully be in concert with this aim will be the subject of Part Five, which I am calling, "*Revisiting the Penetralium of Mysteries*."<sup>5</sup> ∞

~ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ~

(Endnotes)

- 1 Russell A. Lockhart, "Dreams in the News: The Fictive Purpose of Dreams Part 3 – Dream Brut," *Dream Network Journal*, Vol. 33, No. 1 , Spring 2014, p. 31-33.
- 2 Edited for readability without substantial change in content.
- 3 I am not devaluing the search for meaning. I am suggesting the *fictive* as a complementary activity that yields value unlikely to be gained from the usual approaches to meaning.
- 4 C. G. Jung. *Psychology and Alchemy*. CW: Vol. 12, p.5, para. 4. (New York: Pantheon Books, 1953).
- 5 The reader may be wondering if there are differences between "fictive space" and Jung's "active imagination" or Bion's "reverie" (or similar notions of others, such as AE). This question will be taken up in Part Six.

Book Review

H. R. Giger and the Zeitgeist of the Twentieth Century

By Stanislav Grof

Published by Nachtschalten Verlag Ag, 2014.

ISBN-10: 3037883006, \$69.00

Hardcover, 241 pages, including many prints

This is a remarkable volume, integrating psychology, myth, dreams, and art into one masterful book. Unfortunately, H. R. Giger died May 12, 2014, but he left this world with an array of pictures that portray us as ever closer to what we are becoming – human machines.

In the foreword by Claudia Müller-Ebeling, an art historian, she sets the context for the book to be interpreted correctly. Stanislav Grof, in the introduction, tells the reader about H. R. Giger's visions – sex, violence, technology, and drugs. Our culture has essentially rejected religion and the meaning that goes with it; we are now living in a wasteland. We have incorporated technology to replace our old belief system as well as to extend our own worn-out human parts. We are rapidly approaching a human – machine in our endless desire to live. We do not acknowledge this is the direction we are going, because we have suppressed it, we do not see it. This is C. G. Jung's shadow area, and Giger repeatedly brings it into the forefront. How did he do this?

Giger delved into his unconscious through dreams and fantasies to discover this stark, ugly world. C. G. Jung acknowledged this through his patients' dreams, as well and in many of his alchemical writings. Alchemy symbolizes various levels of the unconscious that could be made to rise to consciousness for these rare individuals by recalling their dreams and their imaginations.

As Giger explored, he found that many of his paintings resembled aspects of the birth process in the deeper levels of the unconscious. This is where Stanislav Grof comes into the picture with his studies using LSD and holotropic breathing. He also discovered and then studied deeper areas of the unconscious, which he termed the basic perinatal matrices (BPMs for short). There are four of them:

- BPM I:** Primal union with Mother. In this stage, everything is perfect. Life is completely taken care of.
- BMP II:** Cosmic Engulfment. With the beginning of the birth process, the infant feels as if it is sucked into a giant whirlpool. The infant feels as if he has entered hell. There is no way out of this situation.
- BMP III:** Death-Rebirth Structure. This occurs when the cervix has opened and the head descends into the pelvis, and the infant is now handled by the person delivering the infant.
- BMP IV:** Death- Rebirth Experience. This is the declining phase, where the infant has been born.

There is not enough space to expound on these four experiences in detail, but they all are presented in this book for the interested reader. All these are areas that H. R. Giger painted, bringing his dreams from the unconscious into the future when a child who is born into a human-machine world which lacks meaning, feeling, self-understanding, and love. ∞

## Book Review

### AMONG CHILDREN

Adapted from the book

**The Boy Who Died and Came Back** ©2014

by Robert Moss.

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Novato, CA. [www.newworldlibrary.com](http://www.newworldlibrary.com)

My youngest daughter was born on the coldest day of the year in the winter before we moved from the farm. When Marcia was five months pregnant, she came looking for me at 3:00 am — a time when I am usually awake — and found me reading by the fire in the family room. “If it’s a girl,” she said, “shall we call her Sophie?”

“Tell me.” I knew she was speaking from a dream.

“In my dream,” Marcia told me, “I saw a little golden-colored girl, maybe two years old. She said, ‘My name is Sophie. Get it right.’”

In that instant, I saw the golden child exactly as Marcia had dreamed her. We now knew the gender of our baby, and her name. Naturally, we honored the dream.

Children, especially when very young, are the masters of dreaming and imagination. At four, Sophie was talking to me about the difference between “wake dreams” and sleep dreams. In a sleep dream, “you don’t know you’re dreaming.” You can have a “wake dream” anytime. In a sleep dream the previous night, Sophie was “feeding crocodiles with vegetables.” In a wake dream of that day, she crossed a rainbow bridge into a magical realm.

When I felt ready to teach others some of the things I had been learning about dreaming and imagination, some of my first classes were for children. I was invited to offer some dream classes for children in the fourth to sixth grades in a “talented and gifted” program in a local school district. I took a selection of rattles and drums to make sure things were exciting. The main excitement, for me, was what happened in the initial discussion. I asked each of three classes of twenty kids how many remembered their dreams. Nearly every hand went up. How many thought dreams were important? Every hand. How many had dreamed something before it happened? More than three-quarters. Then the sad part. How many shared dreams with anyone in their family? Only one kid in each class, in each case a girl who shared dreams with her mother.

Sharing dreams with children, my own and others, gave me clarity on some essential things. The first thing to know about helping children with their dreams is that adults need to *listen up*. This means making a space, a space where you’re not interrupted, where you’re not distracted by the phone or other obligations. And in listening, remember that the child is the expert on the dream,

not you. Children know more about dreaming than most adults because they’re closer to the source of dreaming.

If children are scared by scary dreams or night terrors, we need to help them shift that energy right away. Take the child outside and get her to spit on the ground, or help her make an image of what scared her and tear it up. When children are scared in the night, they need support and the assurance they have an ally. The first ally they’re going to hope to find is a parent or older family member. We want to be that ally when they need one. We can also help them appoint another ally to help them face scary things in the night. Young children want something tangible; a stuffed toy representing a fierce but friendly animal can be a terrific ally. When possible, we want to help the frightened child confront a scary dream situation on its own ground, as Sophie chased the monsters and went back inside a dream to recruit a jaguar helper. Because young children are highly psychic, we want to be poised to help clarify and act upon dream messages that may relate to future health or security. I gave up walking a certain path in a local park after dark after Sophie dreamed that I was attacked there.

The next thing we want to do with children regarding dreams is to give them a creative way to celebrate their dreams and to play with them. Help them draw from the dream or develop the story, or turn it into theater. Children are naturals for dream theater. They absolutely love playacting the role of adults who appear in their dreams and all the actions of monsters.

When children start sharing dreams, we can encourage them to start keeping what will become a dream journal, their special place to keep their private adventure stories. We need to help them write when they are very young; but their writing skills will grow, and this will help those skills grow fast. A journal of this kind is going to be a treasure box in that child’s life and in the life of the whole family.

Young children, especially my own daughters, have been my most important mentors in ordinary life on what dreams require from a family or community. The insights I learned by sharing with them apply to dreamwork with adults as well. We need to listen to each other’s dreams, to help each other deal with the scary stuff — when possible, by reentering a dream to confront a challenge on its own ground — and to take action to bring the creative and healing energy of dreams through into the body. ∞

# # #

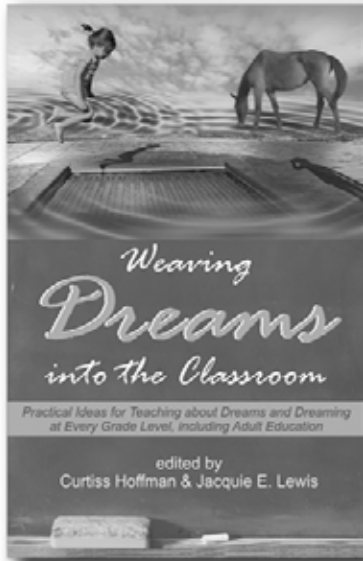
Robert Moss is the author of numerous books about dreaming, shamanism, and imagination. He is the creator of Active Dreaming, an original synthesis of dreamwork and shamanism. Visit him online at [www.mossdreams.com](http://www.mossdreams.com).



# Weaving Dreams into the Classroom

Just published 184pp  
 \$25.95 paperback \$24 e-book  
 BrownWalker Press Universal-Publishers.com  
 Available at your favorite online bookseller  
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Practical Ideas for Teaching about Dreams and Dreaming  
 at Every Grade Level, Including Adult Education  
 Edited by Curtiss Hoffman & Jacquie E. Lewis



Hoffman and Lewis, the editors of this remarkable book, have created a unique anthology that is required reading for instructors who plan to launch their students into a world of images, narratives, neural networks, and personal insights that can be found in no other realm of human existence except in the study of dreams.  
 Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.  
 Co-author *Extraordinary Dreams*

This book is a unique and valuable source of first-hand information and teaching suggestions from educators experienced in advancing dream work. This information has been assembled from various geographical locales, and is based upon material from elementary school settings to the university level, as well as adult education programs. Each chapter reads clearly and provides wonderful examples of potential challenges and solutions. This text also shows how rewarding and satisfying feedback can be from appreciative dream studies students.

Robert L. Van de Castle, Ph.D.  
 Former President of the IASD & Author of *Our Dreaming Mind*

**Dr. Curtiss Hoffman** is professor of Anthropology at Bridgewater State University, and serves on the Board of Directors of the International Association for the Study of Dreams. He has taught an upper level course, Culture and Consciousness, for many years; this course incorporates dreamwork into the classroom.

**Jacquie Lewis, Ph.D.** is an educator, researcher and author on dreams and offers dream lectures and workshops focusing on personal insight, transformation, and spiritual growth. She teaches Dream Analysis at California Southern University and is the Co-Director of the Dream Studies Program at Saybrook University.

You really cannot find me, dear fi  
 With your intel  
 With various sl  
 Quotations from  
 Or truths of oth  
 You cannot eve  
 Listen to your  
 Find the uni  
 Let the loving  
 your body, ps  
 Be one with

Dear woman,  
 Anyone who places limitations  
 And tells you "you cannot do that",  
 Infects you with harmful pessimism.  
 That keeps you away  
 From spectacular fulfillment.  
 You deserve to live in a place that  
 Helps you elevate your low self-esteem.  
 Your new motto:  
 "I can do anything that  
 my personality really wants!"  
 Enthusiastically -  
 the Inner Goddess

Miracle is a sudden realization  
 That spirit controls all creation.  
 Therefore, there isn't any bad case  
 at you cannot change for the better.  
 Miracle occurs during awakening.  
 And a new day is joyfully born.  
 All you have to do now,  
 Is look outside happily,  
 And discover the wonderful th  
 God gave you as presents.  
 Miracle is what you allow the  
 To give you with love.  
 Sealed with a Kiss - Inna

You read the newspaper  
 You see the daily news  
 And they convince you  
 That your planet earth  
 is a horrible place to live in  
 Maybe, you secretly want  
 To emigrate to another reality  
 But you cannot remember  
 How to do it easily...  
 All you have to do is  
 notice the beauty around you  
 And the ugly world will change magic  
 Thank you dear partner -  
 The universe

An old quotation says:  
 What you resist - persists.  
 Therefore, any object on earth  
 That you pay attention to and fight  
 diligently, continues to grow  
 every day And gain more strength.  
 Do me a favor,  
 Do not give me any more power!  
 Try to focus your thoughts  
 On something that feels good,  
 Then you can help me retire  
 To the land of peace and bliss.  
 - Your warrior God

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# Yoga and Dreams

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(Yogacharya Swami Ajnananda Saraswati)

**S**OUTH OF THE BORDER, BUT ONLY JUST ... lies a territory definitely worth exploring...the state of Dream.

Before we dream, we enter that physiologically definable condition called the 'hypnogogic state' by the neuroscientists, but referred to by us lay people as the 'borderline'. This is an immensely valuable state of being, ripe with potential for life understanding and management. Usually we just zip through it swiftly, with progressively diminishing consciousness and proceed, burdened by what may well prove to be unnecessary luggage (physical, mental, emotional and psychic), with our battered passport and a tourist visa valid for a few minutes or hours, into the next phase...dreaming.

I want to talk about dreaming from the Yogi's perspective, but before we journey there, I'd like to dwell on this borderline state for a while because what takes place here, and how we use this time, can dramatically affect the experience of dreaming and goes hand-in-hand with the Yogi's perspective.

During the borderline state, the body is best able to efficiently discharge accumulated muscular and postural tensions, but as we rarely stay spontaneously there for more than a few minutes, mostly we don't give ourselves the chance to complete the process.

Sometimes, just as we're drifting off into sleep, we're jolted-- as if we've floated off the bed and suddenly drop back; or it can just be a limb or muscle group jerking spontaneously. This is discharge of muscular tension. Often we maintain this tension as a sort of primitive protective mechanism and, when the mind/body (below consciousness) recognizes that the tension is being relinquished, it interprets this as vulnerability and instantly tries to re-establish it.

In Sanskrit, the word for sleep, where consciousness is absent, is *Nidra*. There is another term: *Yoga Nidra*. This is a systematic and progressive technique of withdrawing sense awareness and providing the body with comprehensive rest, (which is effectively sleep) while remaining alert and conscious.

The technique was refined and perfected by Paramahansa Satyananda Saraswati (Bihar, India) and is based on a very old Tantric method called *Nyasa*. The Buddhist meditation method of *Vipassana* has its roots also in this *Nyasa*, where consciousness is rotated throughout the body.

This *Yoga Nidra* or Conscious Relaxation is a valuable preparation for dreaming effectively. It extends for the duration of the borderline state and hones the awareness as a prelude to lucid dreaming.

Very simply explained, you move your awareness sequentially through the sensory connections to the outside world and then journey, with sensitivity and awareness, through the body. This process establishes the borderline state and prolongs it, providing an extended opportunity to get rid of unwanted baggage and prepare for what comes next. (Full instructions "*Mastery of Stress*" page 179 . Publisher: Llewellyn 1998.)

To a dream explorer, the most valuable aspect of perfecting a technique, such as extending the borderline state, is that it sharpens the awareness. Usually, we let go of the thread of awareness as we are drifting into sense withdrawal (Sanskrit: *Pratyahara*).

However, in using the *Yoga Nidra* or Conscious Relaxation method (which can also be an enormously potent meditation practice in its own right), we break the habit of letting go of the thread and get accustomed to being present, alert and aware, even though there is no connection to the outside world.

In Yoga we seek balance in all aspects of life. Dreaming, with its inherent power to inspire and vitalize us and bring meaning and clarity to otherwise obscure or confusing processes, should also be integrated into the practice.

There are many different types of dreams. All of them are necessary but some are more important than others. These days, in a time of sensory over-stimulus (the unresolved inconsistencies, tensions and distractions of the day; the cumulative result of the sensory input... particularly TV), many people spend a disproportionate part of their dreaming time in *gigo* (garbage in, garbage out) mode, which can present as a particularly bizarre and randomly chaotic dream experience. It is, for the most part, simply our in-

### An Emerald Green Snake

*I meet a friend who has a basket in his arms.  
I open the basket and jump back slightly startled  
as a 4 foot long snake uncoils from inside the  
basket. The snake is green (a bright emerald  
green to be exact). It crawls up my arm and  
wraps itself around me then slithers to the floor.*

*I am alone facing the snake as it coils  
its tail and lifts itself upright, its head comes  
to about the middle of my chest.*

*It tilts its head back and opens its mouth wide.  
I lean forward and put my head into its mouth  
and it swallows me whole. I now envision myself  
viewing the snake from a distance of about 10  
feet. The snake is lying comfortably coiled on the  
ground with a large bulge (the swallowed me) in  
its middle. I am aware that I am inside the snake  
and feel very comfortable there.*

I feel very much at peace upon awakening but confused about my dreams meaning.

built stress management faculty doing its job and although some aspects may be dramatic and/or confusing, there's not much point in trying to unravel that tangled skein.

You can, however, vastly improve the efficiency of this stress management dream phase by a simple technique. It is called "Unwinding". Just before entering the dream state, while you are practicing the conscious relaxation technique, you go back through the day mentally in reverse. This is done three times, dispassionately, not dwelling on any particular events. (Full instructions "Mastery of Stress" page 112 . Publisher: Llewellyn 1998.)

In Dream, the consciousness is able to transcend time and space. It can do this in the waking state as well, but without specific training, this is rare. There are dreams of initiation, prescience, healing and integration; these valuable journeys and experiences can be explored and used to bring harmony to all dimensions of life.

The yogic practice of Steady Gazing (Sanskrit: *Trataka*) can also be used to prime and tune the awareness for the dream journey. I've personally experienced and witnessed in my students, profound insight, release and resolution of suppressed trauma, clarity and inspiration as a direct result of this method.

The easiest and safest way, although there are many more powerful techniques, is to sit and gaze in a relaxed manner at the tip of a candle flame until your eyes get tired. Close them and observe the images on the screen of your eyelids. When the after-images fade, open the eyes and repeat the exercise three times. Sight is a primary sensory input and a major dream sense, also. This technique relaxes the visual cortex, promotes secretion of melatonin and balances the activity of the brain's hemispheres. (Full instructions "Mastery of Stress" page 137. Publisher: Llewellyn 1998.)

Although there are many archetypal dream images, experiences and modes, my understanding is that each of us has his or her own personal symbolic language in dreams—which is important for us to explore and comprehend because the really intense dreams, if not well understood, can cause confusion and tension in waking life.

A method was taught to me that can go a long way towards unraveling this language. It consists of keeping two diaries—one for dreams and one for waking activities-- for 30, 60, or 90 days (try 90...there's no rush)

Don't look at what you have written until you get to the end of the period you've decided on, and then read them both together and observe the correspondences between the two states. Threads and themes emerge and you begin to understand your personal symbology.

I hope you enjoy the journey and that this has been of some help. ∞



# Water, Water Everywhere

By Bobbie Pimm

**I****N LOOKING AT MY DREAMS**, I often see reflections of my negative actions, thoughts, and feelings. By examining them closely and being completely honest with myself, I've come to discover who I am, why I am who I am, and more importantly, who I am meant to be. This is an ongoing and continuing process; I am forever changing for the better, which is also reflected in my dreams.

This became evident a few months ago when I had a dream that I titled, "Another Tidal Wave," which reminded me of a previously recurring dream titled, "Water, Water Everywhere." A comparison of the two was very revealing.

## Water, Water Everywhere

*I am at the beach, alone. I savor the peace and quiet as the warm surf rolls under my feet tugging gently at my ankles. Suddenly, the water is up to my knees and I find it difficult to walk. I head for shore and I am scared. The shore gets further and further away and the water gets higher and higher. I see a building in the distance and I know that I must reach it or I will drown. My heart pounds in my chest, as the water continues to get higher and higher.*

*I find myself at the door of the building. I look behind me; the water is about to overtake me. I open the door and make it inside. I know that I am safe. I look around; the building is empty. I go to a small window and see the water is above the window line. The building is submerged in water, yet I feel safe.*

The above was a recurring dream I had for over 20 years, starting when I was about 12 years old. It was always the same for many years. At some point, I began to notice a few (one at first, then two or three) other people in the building. When I was about thirty-two years old or so, the window seemed to get larger and larger -- until the walls were literally made of glass, at which point the dreams

stopped. I have not had this dream for over fifteen years now.

To understand the interpretation, you should know that there were several incidents in my adolescence that I repressed -- in other words, locked away deep in my unconscious.

**The Interpretation:** The Ocean signifies that the dream is referring to my unconscious. The water is overtaking me and I am afraid that unless I go inside the building, I will drown. If the water symbolizes my emotions, then the fear of drowning indicates that I was afraid that my emotions would overwhelm me. Therefore, I needed to find shelter from these emotions and went inside the building --inside of myself.

At first, I was alone in the building. At some point, I became aware of other people. These other "people" were actually me. For each repressed incident that occurred in my life, another part of "me" went "inside" where it was safe.

The window allowed me a glimpse of the emotions (the "water") that I was afraid of. In the beginning, the window was very small, and seeing the water going over the top of it, reinforced my belief that going inside the shelter was the right thing to do--it saved me. The window got larger and larger as I matured and learned how to deal with these emotions that I repressed for so long. In the end, the walls were completely transparent. I no longer needed to hide in the building, as I was no longer afraid of drowning in my emotions. So, the dreams stopped.

## Another Tidal Wave

*I am on a balcony overlooking a beach. I know that I am not alone. To my left is my "guide" and to my right, I sense two or three women, though I do not see them. Out on the beach I see several people walking. I look out to the ocean and see a huge tidal wave approaching the shore. I start yelling at the people on the beach to run for safety. Then*

*I see a baby on the edge of the surf, alone. I point to the baby and yell at the people to, "Save the baby, save the baby!" Everyone runs off and leaves the baby on the shore alone with the tidal wave getting closer.*

*The scene shifts slightly. Now I am on the balcony with these same women and my guide, only we are completely underwater, though I am not afraid. I see a scorpion drift by. One of the "women" warns me to be careful as it might sting, but I am drawn to the scorpion and reach out my hand to touch it. It stings me on my palm. I look at my palm, but it doesn't hurt. I know that I will be OK. The scene shifts again. We have moved inside and I hear a Special News Bulletin on the TV. The announcer is saying, "Tidal wave hits beach, baby dies." I wake up.*

**The Interpretation:** The similarities to my earlier, recurring *Water, Water Everywhere* dream are apparent; however there are significant differences. While the beach, ocean and the impending wave are similar and symbolize the same things, my viewpoint, or perspective, is different. In the original dream, I am on the beach and the danger is imminent. In the new dream, I am able to view the impending tidal wave from a higher, safer perspective--a clear sign to me of personal growth. In the original dream, I must seek shelter, or hide. Here, I feel no need to run or hide. Also, in the original dream, I am inside the building with the water all around, while in the more recent one, I remain outside on a balcony, outside of myself (the building); and even when the water overtakes me, I am unafraid and I know I am not alone. The scorpion stings me but I am not hurt.

It so happens that my partner in life and dreams, Bob Van de Castle, is a Scorpio. I know he will not hurt me – and no matter what emotional upheaval occurs, he will be there and I know I will be OK.

The announcement that the baby dies might seem, at first, to be negative or dangerous, but (if the baby signifies an immature part of me, then the baby dy-  
ing means that this part of me has matured, or I am no longer in need of it. The baby has died and in its place is a mature woman ready to accept and deal with whatever comes -- and I am not alone.

It was only in comparing the recent dream to the older dream that I was able to completely understand and appreciate how far I have come over the years. I am grateful for my dreams and the messages they provide. I know I am on the right path. ∞

### The Tide is Turning

My dreambody swims many bodies of water  
All kinds perceivable:  
Streams, creeks, ponds, lakes, rivers.  
It seems unbelievable.

There is a conscious knowing in my being as I play:  
"Oh, yes, I know water's ways:  
Its' twisting and turning, its' swellings and yearnings;  
In stillness, reflection; in action, projection;  
Its anger, its falls; the voices, its walls;  
The whirlpools... unpredictability;  
Its substance: spirituality...  
I do know water's ways and how to interact,  
fearlessly."

In this moment of knowing,  
I'm inside a blue ocean wave  
New Wave... cresting, curling  
Have the honor of standing on its floor as it's merging  
A circular enormous proud moving hall,  
of turquoise, lavender, blue, creamy pearl  
I revel in seeing this warm womb bright sight

(At one point I stand with my 'back to the wall'  
--huge gushes of water may sweep me away--  
One wrong move . . . and that's all!  
It's a good thing, a good thing I know how to play.)

Before it collapses, I plunge into its heart  
to surface behind it and watch it depart,  
as waves do on the sand...  
when WHAT is this wonder my eyes now behold?  
This wave's bending, turning right back . . .  
this is bold!

It isn't caressing and teasing the land,  
(are you glancing?)  
But doing wave upon wave of water-swirl dancing.  
Perplexed, I awaken, a song's in my Being  
A mantra.... a rhythm.... not ending.... repeating

The Tide is Turning The Tide is Turning  
The Tide is Turning The Tide is Turning

# Dream Networkers/Regional Contact Persons

We are honored to be able to assist in making quality dream-related information and resources available to you via the willingness of these knowledgeable individuals. All are committed to the value of dreams; each has her/his own area of interest or expertise and can help point the way to the most appropriate resources to meet your needs. Many are available to answer questions from any caller, regardless of location. Please respect each individual's requests insofar as time availability.

If no specific time is indicated, assume that you can call at anytime; you may get an answering machine.

When leaving a message on a toll call, expect a collect call in return. If you would like to serve in this way, please contact us: by Phone: 435-259-5936 via Email: Publisher@DreamNetwork.net or our website: <http://DreamNetwork.net>.

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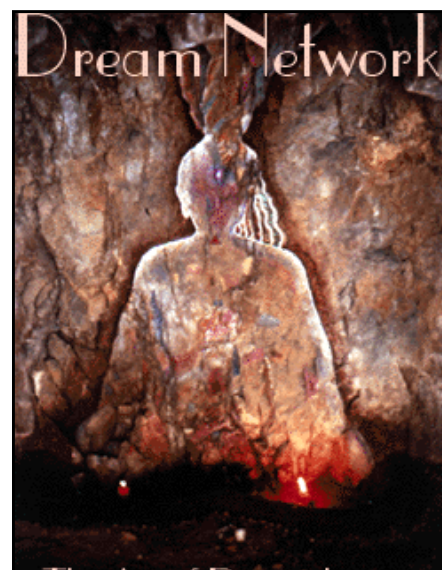
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