

Finding Gold in Old Dreams

# Dream Network Journal



32<sup>ND</sup> ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE  
INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE STUDY OF DREAMS

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# THE DEPTHS OF DREAMS

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# The Morning Blessing: Sleeper Lost In Dreams

You Cannot Miss the Path of the Reawakened Master.

The path of the forgotten master is well-worn  
because it has been walked upon many times.  
It is an inviting and appealing path, one that seems to say,  
“Enter me and you will discover you.”

What could be better?  
But it also says, “Discover you and you will enter me,”  
which is one of the most forgotten,  
overlooked and misquoted spiritual truths of all time.

Masters forget because they must forget in order to continue learning.  
They do not forget because they did not get it right  
or because they need more practice.  
Masters forget in order to re-create themselves  
within new contexts, paradigms and environments.

*James Christensen*

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@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. ☺

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Upcoming Focus  
SPRING 2015

## The Next Step:

Dreams that have Revealed  
'Next Steps' on Your Path

Lifeline: 4 Weeks after you  
receive this issue.

## Cover Artist Deborah Koff Chapin



The image on the cover is a 'Touch Drawing' by Deborah Koff-Chapin. It was created through the touch of fingertips on paper that was placed upon a smooth layer of ink. The pressure forms marks on the underside that are seen upon lifting the page. The drawing is not preplanned, but takes form through subtle attunement as it is being created. This image was selected from 60 in SoulCards 2. Find out more about Deborah's work and the process of Touch Drawing at [www.touchdrawing.com](http://www.touchdrawing.com). Contact her at [center@touchdrawing.com](mailto:center@touchdrawing.com).

Coming Full Circle



And the end of all our exploring  
Will be to arrive where we started  
And know the place for the first time.  
T. S. Elliott

~~~~~

Paco Mitchell, my mentor at the time I began my graduate degree studies eons ago, told me when he read my proposed study plan, "What you have outlined here is a lifelong journey."

While this end to one of the most significant chapters in my life arrives, I am confident the power and energy of the dreams that propelled and have sustained me on this journey with you will shine a light on the path upon which I am now to embark. A light more than sufficient, I might say, to keep me working the rest of my life.

The cover image for this issue also appeared on Vol. 9 #1, the first issue under my stewardship. The symbolism of the egg holds varied

meanings in many cultures: Soul, New Beginnings, and Fertility. For our purpose here, I see the image conveying the protection of the sacred and here, twenty-five years later and with the help of many hands, the egg remains protected. Coming full circle.

Since I last wrote you in this column, there have been serious and painstaking attempts to locate a successor to carry on the vision and mission of DNJ; those efforts to date have been unsuccessful. One woman with whom you may be familiar, Victoria Vlach, whose article, *Gold in Dreams* appears in this issue, was the perfect candidate. Unfortunately for her, the opportunity came at the wrong time.

This is the last issue of *Dream Network Journal* in its current form. These are hard words for me to write. I feel hope in the *new beginnings* symbol of the egg and the many hands. Who knows what the future might hold? In this context, Russ Lockhart recently said: "I now believe it is time for DNJ to 'go dark' for 2015 as a necessary state for rebirth if that is in the future. Letting go of DNJ, letting it die, is likely what is necessary for any future rebirth of DNJ."

I say: So Be It. Amen.

Given the information that was available at the time of its appearance in the world (*Dream Network Bulletin/January 1982*) as compared to the exceptional and plentiful information available today, *Dream Network Journal* has made a significant contribution toward evolving a

dream cherishing culture. For participating in that evolution, I am grateful.

Hey! It's not the end of me and I pray we will remain in contact, dear Ones.

I'll conclude sharing of my favorite dream songs:

*I'm Your Friend Forever  
If You Will Only Follow Me*

~~~~~

**Taking care of business:**

My favorite year and experience stewarding this publication is 1996. The theme/focus for the entire year was *Dreaming Humanity's Path*. Our 'Big Dream' year. I encourage any of you who were not subscribers at the time to order that quartet via our Back Issues page 36. Most of the issues published in the last 25 years remain available in hard copy and we will continue to fulfill orders.

**PRINT ONLY SUBSCRIBERS:**

I haven't sent out renewals to Dream Circle or subscribers for the past year, as we've been uncertain as to DNJ's future. I will fulfill the obligation to those of you whose subscription remains active by providing you with your choice of back issues in hard copy or .pdf files. Please email me with your preference.

Please send your email address to [dreamkey@frontiernet.net](mailto:dreamkey@frontiernet.net) so that I may keep you apprised and updated, especially if there is a rebirth

## LETTERS

### Update on the Little Free Library

Hi Dreamers -

Just want to let you know the Little Free Library organization has deemed my Dream Library as a library of Distinction! You can find it online listed on interest with other fancy libraries. They said I was the only "themed" library!

A special thank you to all who have sent me books for the library :)

Sweet dreams!!

*Star Edwards, Denver, CO*

### Let's Have a Party!

Your new magazine looks great and is interesting as always. Thank you for all your hard work.

Did you happen to see a conversation on facebook a week or so ago about all the Roberts in the field of dreams. Someone said, "wonder if there is a Roberta, so I promptly said "Absolutely! Roberta Ossana!" When you retire, I will really miss working with you and know that no one can replace you and your kindness for your readers and passion for dreams. You are strong to have made the decision to let your baby fly. I know how difficult it is to let go of what I have created.

I wish you the very best as you take leave. You deserve to finally have time to follow your 'other' dreams.

We need to have a big celebration. Would you allow some of us to write 'views of Roberta' or such for your final issue? You and DN deserve to be celebrated!

Now to follow more dreams.

*Justina Lasley,  
Mount Pleasant, South Carolina*

### Kind Words from a Deeply Respected One

Dear Roberta,

I have been so respectful of your steadfast commitment - so rare - I hope the person who is stepping into your place will feel what a sacred potion she is entering. AND nitty-gritty...This is a time of retiring founders and holders - people I have worked with for so many years - I never know if the new person will be interested in what I offer. I don't see retirement in my life plan, but I AM taking a 'sabbatical' from workshop travel next year to find more space for my studio life, and also take Touch Drawing Facilitator support to the next level.

*Deborah Koff-Chapin,  
Whidbey Island, WA*

*Unlimited Gratitude to you, Deborah, for your continued giving/gifting of yourself over all these years. (RO)*

### How About Kindle?

I wondered if offering DNJ on Kindle magazines / journals would help us financially, and pick up many more subscribers. Money would come in every month rather than at yearly renewals, until cancelled, and you would not need to bother with renewal notices. Maybe you've already explored this, but since I haven't read any mention of this, thought I'd suggest it.

Loved the current issue, as always!

*Hugs, Pat Kampmeier,  
San Rafael, CA*



Famous Quotes:  
Thoughts on Dreams from Yesteryear

“Since he weighs nothing / Even the stoutest dreamer / Can fly without wings.”

W.H. Auden, from *Thanksgiving for a Habitat*, 1966.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

“I dreamt I had a child, and even in the dream I saw it was my life and it was an idiot, and I ran away. But it always crept on to my lap again, clutched at my clothes. Until I thought ... if I could kiss it, whatever in it is my own, perhaps I could sleep. I bent to its broken face, and it was horrible ... but I kissed it. I think one must finally take one’s life in one’s arms”

Arthur Miller, *After the Fall*.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

“I’ll dreamt that I’ll dweath mid warblers’ walls when throstles and choughs to my sigh hiehied”

James Joyce, *Finnegan’s Wake*, 1939

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

“Hold your tongue!” said the Queen, turning purple. ‘I won’t!’ said Alice. ‘Off with her head!’ the Queen shouted at the top of her voice. Nobody moved. ‘Who cares for you?’ said Alice (she had grown to her full size by this time). ‘You’re nothing but a pack of cards!’ At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her; she gave a little scream, half of fright and half of anger, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees upon her face. ‘Wake up, Alice dear!’ said her sister. ‘Why, what a long sleep you’ve had!’ So Alice got up and ran off, thinking while she ran, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.”

Lewis Carroll, *Alice’s Adventure in Wonderland*, 1865

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

“A morning later, Nancy described her first dream, the first remembered dream of her life.

*She and Judy Thorne were on a screened porch, catching ladybugs. Judy caught one with one spot on its back and showed it to Nancy. Nancy caught one with two spots and showed it to Judy.*

*Then Judy caught one with three spots and Nancy one with four.*

*Because (the child explained) the dots showed how old the ladybugs were.*

She told this dream to her mother, who had her repeat it to her father at breakfast. Piet was moved, beholding his daughter launched into another dimension of life. Like school. He was touched by her tiny stock of imagery the screened porch (neither they nor the Thornes had one; who?), the ladybugs (with turtles the most toylike of creatures), the mysterious power of numbers, that generates space and time. Piet saw down a long amplifying corridor of her dreams, and wanted to hear her tell them, to grow older with her, to shelter her forever.”

John Updike, *Couples*, 1968.



# What Is a Dream?

©2014 by Marlene King, M.A.

**WHAT IS A DREAM?** Most people can come up with a definition, but if you allow the question to sink in, the answer is not as straightforward as it appears. When considering a topic for the last *Dream Times* column under the wing of Roberta's editorship, a persistent thought kept recurring. After a lifetime of dream study and 35 years in the dream community, a clear, concise definition of a "dream" is elusive.

Wikipedia describes a dream as "a succession of images, ideas, emotions and sensations that occur involuntarily in the mind during certain stages of sleep." However, dreams occur outside of the REM sleep periods, but are less vivid. And people who are blind from birth also dream, but are not visual dreamers; they involve their other senses, which means dreams are not wholly a visual phenomenon.

There is a plethora of research, speculation and study about *why* we dream that includes dreams occurring due to psychological, physiological, spiritual and cultural reasons.

Dreams were the clinical tools of Freud and Jung and all modern psychotherapists, and were healing instruments of Greeks and the ancient world. What are these images that visit us each night in sleep?

A dream is both a noun and a verb, and can be viewed from a number of perspectives. In Debbie Winterbourne's *The Academy of Dreams* ©2007 blog, she states that dreaming is a science that includes aspects of our physiology and that a dream is a series of symbolic images and metaphors that represent something else in our lives. She describes types of dreams such as lucid dreams where the dreamer is aware that s/he is dreaming and notes that Jung's take on dreams is that we enter the pool of the "collective unconscious" that contains a universal message communicated through archetypes. She further states that Tibetan yoga teaches that the

waking world is no more than illusions or a dream.

For many years, I have found her other description of dreaming the most interesting: dreaming is a phenomenon relative to theories of quantum physics - that matter exhibits both wave and particle properties, and observation causes a wave function collapse because of observation, which is "conscious awareness." Perhaps when we have a dream, it exists in wave form until we consciously observe it through lucid dreaming, which may mean the dream is as real as the waking world.

Recently, less popular theories about dreams indicate that they have no particular use or function. In G. William Domhoff's article, "*Dreams Have Psychological Meaning and Cultural Uses, but No Known Adaptive Function*" from dreamresearch.net, he states that "... unless you find your dreams entertaining...feel free to forget or ignore them." Charles W. Bryant, in his article, "*Why Do We Dream?*" presents a theory that "... dreams don't serve any function at all, that they are just a pointless byproduct of the brain firing while we slumber." But in defense of dreams, if they have no function or meaning, then why do we have them? Why do all sentient species dream? Nothing else appears in the natural world without having a role, a place or a function in the whole. Are dreams to our psyche like a 6th toe that serves no purpose and has no reason for existing? About all experts can agree on is that we *do* dream, but the reason why is speculative and not 100% definitive.

Another known factor is that when we pay attention to our dreams, they are more easily remembered. Quantum physics theories posit, "what we pay attention to manifests from the field of possibilities. As soon as we observe the observable, that which we see or name changes and is mutable as we/it shifts into linear time, which changes it once again. Everything in the "field"

**“Our life is two-fold:** Sleep hath  
 it’s own world /A boundary between  
 the things misnamed / Death and  
 existence: Sleep hath its own world  
 / And a Wide realm of wild reality.  
 / And dreams in their development  
 have breath, / And tears, and tortures,  
 and the touch of joy; / They leave a  
 weight upon our waking thoughts, /  
 They take a weight from off our wak-  
 ing toils, / They do divide our being;  
 they become / A portion of ourselves  
 as of time, / And look like heralds of  
 eternity; / They pass like spirits of the  
 past, -- they speak / Like Sybils of the  
 future; they have power / the tyranny  
 of pleasure and of pain; / They make  
 us what we were not as they will, /And  
 shake us with the vision that’s gone by,  
 / The dread of vanish’d shadows Are  
 they so? / Is not the past all shadow?  
 -- What are they? / Creations of the  
 mind? The mind can make / Sub-  
 stance, and people planets of its own  
 / With beings brighter than have been,  
 and give | A breath to forms which can  
 outlive all flesh.”

Lord Byron, from *The Dream*, 1816

**Marlene King, M.A.**  
*Explore your  
 Nightdreams, Daydreams and Visions*



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exists without existing until we observe it.” (Wikipedia)  
 That is, when we quantify and communicate our dreams  
 (either verbally, written, through media or acting out),  
 they are crystallized and have come into existence from  
 the nether world. It is one of those slippery abstract  
 concepts that haunt us and yet we can feel a grain of  
 visceral truth behind it. Thus, the act of describing a  
 dream causes it to enter three-dimensional space and  
 time - and become real.

In Paul Levy’s article, *Quantum Physics: The Physics of  
 Dreaming from Awaken in the Dream Newsletter* ©2014,  
 he states: “The discovery of the quantum observership-  
 based nature of reality represents the first rupture in the  
 armor of the classical chrysalis that has long enclosed  
 the human mind and fettered the human spirit tightly  
 holding it in a state of slumber dreaming of a determin-  
 istic, clockwork cosmos.” He supports many of his main  
 points with physicist, John Archibald Wheeler’s, theories:

- Nothing exists until it’s observed.
- The Quantum Field exists in relation to and not  
 separate from the whole universe including,  
 consciousness itself.
- There is no objective reality independent of an  
 observer.
- We live in a participatory universe. The observer  
 affects what is observed by the mere act  
 of observing.

Shakespeare sprinkled his plays with dream references  
 and left us with phrases we often quote today — “To  
 sleep, perchance to dream...” (*Hamlet*), “We are the stuff  
 as dreams are made on...” (*The Tempest*). The question,  
 what is a dream, is so much larger than that which is  
 presented here; this is a mere appetizer designed to wet  
 the appetite to explore a feast of possibilities. Clearly  
 in the end, a dream is anything you want it to be - in  
 any reality you feel drawn to; the purpose of dreams is  
 perhaps to shape our existence, as opposed to the other  
 way around - or not. The enigma of *what is a dream*  
 may remain just that. ∞



# Gold from Old Dreams

by Victoria A. Vlach



**I** HAVE BEEN RECORDING MY DREAMS SINCE I WAS 11. They have provided insight and advice, presented options and possibilities, and helped me cope with difficult life events. In my dreams, I've had conversations and encounters with humans and non-humans, plants and animals, aliens, and many other beings, both with and without form. I've gone on journeys across time and space, visited levels of reality deeper and wider than words or images could convey, and had direct access to physical/emotional healing and to the Conscious Love that creates and permeates the world. I've had 'regular' dreams, odd dreams, uneventful dreams, frightening dreams, Big Dreams, recurring dreams, dreams that taught me how to work with dreams, lucid dreams, interlaced simultaneous dreams, nested dreams (dreams-within-dreams), dreams that happened 'to the side of' other dreams, dreams of parallel worlds and alternate realities, and dreams that referenced people and events and even other dreams that happened not in this waking life, but within the life of the dream. For 40 years and longer, my dreams have been teacher, friend and companion. I know I can trust them even when I don't remember them and even when I've been gone from them for a long time. There is so much gold among my dreams, so many gems! My dreams have been a treasure! May I share a few?

## Building a Bridge

### between Dreams and Waking Life

From among a stack of dream journals going back many years, I pulled one from near the middle. That journal opened with the words "What happens when you look at your life (events, people, places, situations, etc.), as if it were a dream? What do you notice? How does the dream world show up in your waking life? Choose a waking life event, situation, etc., and look at it as if it were a dream – what do you see? What happens?"

This is a technique I've used since the late '70's/early '80's. As I wrote in a DNJ article back in 2001: *The waking world and the world of dreams are not so far apart – travel from one to the other along the pathways of the heart.* In the 1980's, this was, for me, a practice in Consciousness and Awareness -- I was cultivating lucidity in waking life as well as in dreams by looking at waking life events 'as if' they were dreams and looking for hints and signs of the dreamworld in waking life. The world emerged and unfolded around me, and at one point I opened a physical door and found myself looking into a room from my dreams. I was clearly on the threshold of a choice with far-reaching implications.

The choice I made has stayed with me all these years and is reflected in the shape my life has taken.

## Visits from the other side

(1 - Dad) My father was in a serious accident when I was 18 and remained in a coma until he died some weeks later. I had a series of dreams that began with one in which *I see him die*, so when the RA of my college dorm came to my room, I knew what she was going to say.

I had been very close to my father and the dreams of him continued on and off for about a year before the 'goodbye' dreams came and we parted ways. I still dream of him now and then and these dreams have prompted me to look at certain parts of my relationships and myself more closely.

(2 - Nephew) Several years ago, my 22-yr-old nephew died suddenly. I was also very close to him and my heart was broken. My family knows of my interest in dreams, so when my nieces had dreams of their brother, they called me. It was a gift to be able to help them with these dreams.

For myself, I dreamt *I am going somewhere on a bus. Someone in the back of the bus begins playing a guitar and talks to a friend between songs. I recognize my nephew's voice as the one playing the guitar and singing. He is very good. A comment is made (by my nephew or his friend) about feeling sad, and my nephew plays a song related to that comment. But it wasn't a sad song; it is a love song with a kind of 'up' tempo. The melody is similar to the other songs, but the words really caught me. They aren't words about being sad, they are words about love/loving someone. A song to someone they love. I can't believe how beautiful this is! It brings tears to my eyes. When the song ends, I turn to applaud and the entire bus begins to cheer and applaud. I get up from my seat and go to my nephew—I have to hug him! He is surprised—and very happy—to see me. He didn't know I am on this bus. I hug him, crying ... tell him how beautiful that song is. I am so amazed. So touched. I tell him how much I love him and miss him.*

I wake up, tears in my eyes, knowing that my nephew is still doing what he loves and has friends who share a love of music, too.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### Agreements and Forgetting That We Are Playing Roles

Dream: The first scene in the dream was clearly a 'sketch'—like a variety show sketch: *Two people are bargaining/coming to an agreement about something in particular; both people know they are playing roles in a sketch.*

In the next scene, *the agreement is being played out with*

*back-and-forths and twists-and-turns—more like 'real life' this time, but not entirely. The two people begin to forget that they are actors and begin to realize/believe that they are the characters they are playing.*

By the 3<sup>rd</sup> scene, *they have completely forgotten themselves and fully believe that they **are** the roles they have been playing.*

When I wake up, I have the sense that something difficult and risky has been successfully accomplished and that someone or something was now safe.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

## The Bifurcation of Probabilities

Dream: *There is a storm and strange clouds that spout fountains of water upwards, turning black, turning inside out. This is not a good sign. I have returned from somewhere and people have disappeared. It happened when the clouds turn inside out and is somehow connected to whether or not each person was in a place of light or dark. (if inside, were the lights on in the room, or was the room dark? From the perspective of each person, if they are in a room of light, the people in the dark disappear. If they are in a dark room, only the people in the light disappear. However, most people only know that some people have disappeared and others have not – they do not make the connection between light/dark and who has disappeared.*

*I realize I am seeing a bifurcation of probabilities—the world has 'split—everyone is still here, but which reality they inhabit/perceive is determined by whether they are in the light or in the dark. Light/dark is both literal and metaphorical, but there is no judgment about whether one is better or worse than the other. I speak to many people, but no one else sees the odd clouds that spray water upwards and turn black and turn inside out.*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

## Healing Dreams

### 1 - Healing Physical Pain

In 2008, in waking life, I had been having some ongoing difficulties with my sacrum and was in pain. During a weeklong Zero Balancing workshop, in a dream *I receive a ZB session in which a wave of energy moves through me and completely heals my physical pain.*

I woke in the early pre-dawn hours completely pain free. Had I gotten out of bed and gone for a walk, it would have 'stayed healed' but I went back to sleep and—when I woke up again for the workshop—some of the pain had returned.

I mentioned the dream during class. When it was time to pair up and trade sessions, I was 'the odd one out,' so my trade was with the instructor. After receiving a ZB session from the instructor, I felt connected to my body and to the earth in a way I hadn't known since childhood. My pain was gone — much like the experience in my dream.

## 2 - Healing Trauma

Many years ago, following a sexual assault, I had a series of dreams in which *my car has been stolen and/or vandalized*. These were deeply upsetting dreams full of distress. *Police are helping, as are others*. In one of the last dreams of that series, *a policewoman named Hannah provides the greatest comfort, saying that while my car might never be found, or would never be the same, I will still be O.K. There is something about her that eases my pain and distress ...* and I woke from that dream with a feeling that I was, in fact, going to be O.K.

In working with this dream, I learned Hannah means 'grace' or 'God's given gift to the world.' My middle name is derived from Hannah and this also gave me comfort.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### Decision-making

In 2009, I was in a job that I knew I needed to leave but had stayed in for a number of reasons, including financial concerns. I had a dream that presented a 'last straw' situation.

*In the dream I experience a shift and opening within my body and the rising of a great energy/active force that said to the 'last straw' person "Thank you. I am free now."*

When I woke up, all the fears I'd had about quitting were gone. And even though I was a bit anxious about leaving as the final date approached, I knew without a doubt that this was the right thing to do.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### Teaching Dreams

Many dreams taught me how to work with dreams. Here are three that continue to stay with and instruct me:

#### (1) Two Brothers with Different Ways are Reconciled

*There is a conference of some kind, and the auditorium/theatre is full. I am giving a presentation—something about dreams.*

*I ask two people (psychotherapists) to help demonstrate different ways of working with dreams.*

*The 'dream' we focus on is about 'a cat.'*

*I introduce the first person. Frasier Crane. He dissects the cat and objectively describes and explains each part of the cat and what it does and how it works. There is a high-level of technical minutia, which is useful and helpful in many ways to a number of people. We now know quite a lot about the cat. The cat itself is dead.*

*Frasier's brother, Niles, comes out now, dressed 'like' a cat—not in a cat costume, but instead dressed in a way that evokes the idea/image of 'cat.' He moves like a cat, makes sounds like a cat, and interacts with others like a cat. Niles embodies 'cat'-ness. The cat, assuming there is one, is alive.*

*Frasier makes fun of Niles and looks down on this approach—he doesn't see it as a 'real' way to learn about what a cat is because it is subjective and prone to variability. Niles is hurt by his brother's words and tells Frasier that he has to stop belittling him and treating him so dismissively. Frasier is surprised by this response and did not realize he was hurting the brother he so loved. They talk about the long-standing differences between them. The brothers then reconcile and embrace.*

*My presentation concludes with the brothers embracing.*

**Lesson:** It is not enough to dissect a dream, to understand it from the outside-in, objectively labeling and analyzing the various pieces; dreams must also be embodied. We need to 'take on' the qualities of a dream, explore it from the inside-out, subjectively ... 'become' the dream, let it inhabit us and move through us. The divide that has existed can be—must be—reconciled. In this way, dreams remain living, breathing entities that we can continue to visit and explore in personal, individual ways, even as we understand the various pieces and how they work together.

#### (2) Tuning In to the Signal

*I see a wall of TV screens, nearly floor to ceiling. There is what appears to be complete static on the bottom rows, but I know there's something there.*

*Moving up the rows, images begin to emerge, like when a TV is not quite tuned in to the signal, or when the signal is weak. The images and sound are ghost-like at first but become clearer and clearer as more detail emerges in each successive row. Some screens have images or sound from more than one show/program; at times one show comes in more clearly than the other, sometimes they are equally clear/static-y. The top rows have full color and sound and the details continue to become crisper and more 'real' looking.*

This dream occurred before HDTV was on the scene.

“It is not enough to dissect a dream, to understand it from the outside-in, objectively labeling and analyzing the various pieces; dreams must also be embodied.

We need to ‘take on the qualities of a dream, explore it from the inside-out, subjectively ... become’ the dream ... ”

**Lesson:** The wall of TV’s represent the levels of dreams and dreaming—the message is there, but we have to ‘tune in’ to it. As we tune in, we’re able to see different ‘channels’ and information. There appears to be static because, at ever-deeper levels, the information is not translatable in our terms or, in other words, they aren’t yet clothed in images we can understand, so we only see static.

As we rise up toward waking consciousness, dreams begin to take on forms and images we can see, so images and sound become ‘clearer.’ At this point the static is untranslated or untranslatable dream information, or our own ‘stuff’ that gets in the way of being able to ‘tune in’ clearly. By the time we have a ‘clear picture’, the dream is presenting information in a way we can understand. There can still be some distortion of the TV image based on the angle at which the TV is viewed, but it is possible to be at a level that can see all the screens at once, and equally well.

### (3) Translation

*The wall of a cave is covered in different kinds of writing from different times and culture—two or three lines of each type of writing. (The writing on the wall?) The bottom-most scripts are very ancient, completely unfamiliar. Higher up is writing that looks like cuneiform, hieroglyphs and other familiar yet ancient writing. The writing is increasingly recognizable/familiar; there is a section of something that could be Greek Latin and I am able to make out certain words, a few phrases. I realize that each kind of writing is a translation of the writing below it and I see a section that I can read most of. Even so, these aren’t specific languages, but more the ‘essence’ or ‘model’ of each type of language, representing a particular way of looking at and experiencing the world. I can tell, as I am able to read more and more of the text, that there are words and ideas and concepts that cannot be translated correctly (or at all) from one language to another.*

*These become distorted or are lost along the way. (Lost in Translation?) It is as if, as the writing becomes more familiar, it becomes more focused in certain directions, more specific and concrete, less able to hold/convey the fullness of earlier writing. And yet, the essence of the information remains; like a hologram, the whole is contained in the parts. Even if the parts themselves cannot be expressed in full, it is all connected and the deepest information is always available (via etymology, for example), though not necessarily in a conscious manner.*

**Lesson:** The deepest levels of dreams come to us in a deep language and form, and the information goes through layers of translation that enable dreams to speak to us in a language we can understand, and enable us to communicate with our dreams.

\* \* \*

**Dream journals and dreamwork techniques serve as a Rosetta Stone** to help us connect with the deeper levels of dream language. Some information cannot be translated into language because the concepts/ideas don’t ‘fit’, however, that information is conveyed through other means (color, movement, sound, emotion, etc.), so we receive as much as possible of the original message in our dreams, with the potential to discover more and subtler material as our knowledge of and skill with speaking the language of dreams increases. ∞



# IRISH

By Elizabeth Howard, M.A.

**I'M A FLORIDA NATIVE**, and although my heart is here, I lived in California for several years to be close to my daughter and granddaughter.

While I was in California, I began to write articles about dreams and dreaming. *Dream Network Journal* published several of those articles.

On seeing Lorraine Grassano's name on the cover of the Autumn 2014 issue of DNJ, I began to revisit an article I wrote then, "Oh Deer! A Dream of Cooperative Healing," for which Chris Grassano's art was included as an illustration.

I exchanged several emails with Lorraine and when I returned to Florida in 2004 she and Chris gifted me with permission to include the illustration in a book I was writing at that time.

The drawing depicts sheltering hands protecting a little deer: it is beautiful and I have always loved it and felt a connection with Lorraine and with her sister, Chris.

When I saw Lorraine has "kissed the bear," (DNJ V33#3/Autumn 2014) I began to revisit the story about the healing of the deer in California. I remember that deer and that place, the combination of healing skills and help from my friends in the healing of the deer.

I continue to be involved with animals and they visit

in many dreams that I recall.

I've been home in Florida 10 years now, have worked more and dreamed (or remembered my dreams) less and it seems there have been more endings than beginnings, to the point of being somewhat frightening.

In a dream I entitled "Irish" a lovely Irish setter plays a strong part.

*I am at a funeral service. The deceased is a law enforcement officer, perhaps killed in the line of duty. The coffin is closed. I am one of the family and we sit close together in the front row.*

*As we sit there, grieving and waiting, a beautiful Irish Setter enters from the rear.*

*In his mouth he carries a beautiful piece of cloth material.*

*With no difficulty he covers the coffin with the cloth.*

The Irish setter can be no other in my

mind than Vincent O'Connell, my great friend and a teacher of gestalt therapy.

Vincent died seven years ago, not too long after I returned to Florida. It would be very like him to bring beauty to grieving.

When I see myself as the Irish setter, I see myself spreading a cloth over a table, setting out a meal for hungry animals and people. My work for seven years now has been with a non-profit group to provide pet food to the animals of homeless and low-income people. I have worked very hard at this and I am very tired. There are times when I thought the work was "killing me."

As I write, I am stunned to see the meaning of this dream for me. The "law enforcement officer" is dead, she is buried with honors and a beautiful cloth covers her coffin. She did her duty, whatever it is—or was—and now she can rest and rise again to take

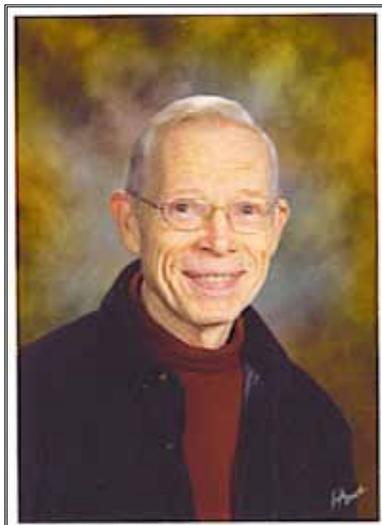
a bow and make ready for mysterious and frightening new beginnings, whatever they may be. That's me. That's my life.

Thank you Lorraine and Chris, thank you Roberta for allowing me to find myself with *Dream Network Journal*. I will let you know what happens next. ∞

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

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# The Old Dreams

## Memories & Reflections

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**I**T WAS TIME TO DIG THOSE OLD DREAM JOURNALS OUT of the basement. Yes, they were all there stored in plastic storage containers, thirty-three years worth. The early journals were 9½ by 6 inch spiral notebooks. That spiral format had many advantages. Those notebooks could be opened and laid flat and were easy to write in even when lying in bed. And, the day's events could be recorded on the left side with the resulting dreams of the next morning beginning on the right. They also came in all different colored covers adding a bit of fascination to them. Years later, larger format spirals replaced the small ones only to be replaced still later by three ring binders.

With all of those journals, the question was where to start. An approach that included spot reviews of dreams from ten, twenty, and thirty years ago was appealing. Opening one of the containers, however, revealed the very first notebooks. My plan went out the window. Those early notebooks were just too fascinating to be ignored. My dream work had begun just before my daughter was born. There were the documented worries about Elizabeth who had developed toxemia toward the end of her pregnancy. There was the record of an early dream incubation to let me know what I could do to help her. The dream came through in a simple piece of music, "It's Sleepy Time down South." The message was clear. I just need to help her get as much sleep as possible.

The faithfully kept records of days' events were there too: the exhaustion from getting the nursery ready,

even a comment my mother had made that she had climbed up on a chair to hang curtains the day before I was born. There were notes about all the help we had gotten from friends and neighbors. Then of course notes about the joy I experienced when Shannon was born and how amazing it was, just to hold such a precious and beautiful little person.

In true synchronistic fashion, the early journals revealed other things of interest to my current waking life: the name of an old friend that had been eluding me; and toy train dreams that fit in with a problem I've been having trying to fix a toy locomotive.

Having given up on the idea of an organized dream search, I followed an impulse to look up the circumstances surrounding the writing of my first article for the *Dream Network Journal* in 1987. There it was, a note that my article had been published, with a star drawn next to the note showing how pleased I was.

But while looking for references to the DNJ article, I came across a dream of my daughter's when she was five years old, in her last year of preschool. The dream had been a favorite for years. I remembered it being about a scary monster wearing yellow boots. Because of the dream, I spoke to Shannon's teacher about little Ritchie, who I recalled wearing yellow boots to school and was known to bite other children. In a quickly arranged conference, the teacher reassured me that Shannon was safe and that she almost never interacted with Ritchie.

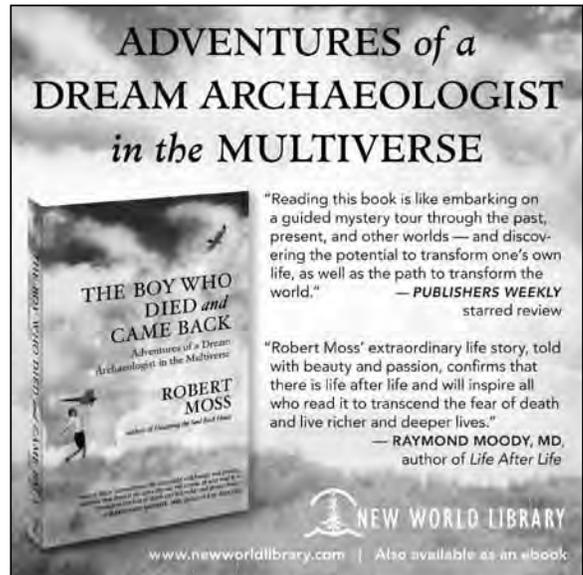
As written, however, Shannon's dream was much different than I remembered.

*I was going that way and I saw a man with big green boots. You know? Like Ritchie's boots. He was going in big high puddles. I wanted to kiss my mom. He let me kiss you dad because mom wasn't home. Then he took me home. I'm glad that dream didn't come true. I don't like dreams that come true.*

The dream was multi-layered. The meanings, which related to school, big men, high puddles, home, and Shannon's relationships with her mom and me, are still not entirely clear. On one level, the man represented Ritchie. I had taken action on that assumption. A brief entry the next day indicated that I was with Shannon when she drew pictures of the big man from her dream who wore green boots. Taking control of the big man in her drawings had been effective. He did not return to her dreams. I don't recall if I had dealt with the dream issue of Shannon's mom being unavailable or if I encouraged Shannon to share the dream with her mom; but if it had happened today, I would. Her mom and I would have discussed Shannon's need for reassurance, concerning her mom's availability. The outcome might have at least resulted in Shannon getting some additional cuddling and an extra kiss or two.

As a young mother herself, I wondered what Shannon would recall of the incident all these years later. Because she lives nearly a day's drive from me, I scanned and attached the dream journal page to an email and gave Shannon a follow-up call. Shannon said that the dream seemed unusual to her in a couple of ways. In the dream, her mom was not home, but she recalled her mother as always being at home. The dream did not trigger thoughts about her mom being unavailable. Reading the dream, however, did trigger memories of her being a very frightened child. To me, Shannon hadn't seemed to be a particularly frightened child. During our conversation, I learned about some of her childhood concerns of which I had been unaware.

Eventually our conversation moved back to the present and the topic of availability. Shannon wanted to make sure that I would continue to be accessible to her and the grandchildren. We realized that we hadn't been visiting as much as we would like. As a result, we scheduled visits that we're both very much looking forward to.



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After putting down the phone, I felt much better about having carted those dream journals around for so long. They not only helped correct and enlarge on old memories, they also confirmed the enduring importance of old dreams. Because dreams are so relevant to the present and come with perfect timing, it may be tempting to discard dreams after they have been read and interpreted, the way we used to discard day old newspapers. Luckily for me, I had kept those old dreams as well as some of my daughter's. Randomly finding and revisiting one of my favorite dreams of hers was more valuable than finding a gemstone. That old dream had helped strengthen our relationship when she was only five and helped re-strengthen it again over a quarter of a century later. And the icing on the cake was that it provided the catalyst for strengthening relationships with my granddaughter Annabelle, who just happens to be approaching age five, and her three-year-old brother Alex.

After looking at all those old dreams, they with a doubt have relevance for the present and don't seem to be quite so old after all. ∞

# Beyond the Lava River

## Part 1 – Before

***Something very big has happened.  
The world is collapsing.  
BIG change.***

*People are herded, pushed to an edge – a chasm so wide that the far side cannot be seen. Below, what looks like a river of lava. There is no way around or over the edge. People fall in as the crowd presses against them.*

*I am near the edge of the lava river. I have been here a long while, perplexed – what do I do now?*

*Climbing a dead or dormant tree, I see hundreds of thousands of people from horizon to horizon. Running. Fear. Panic. Something over the horizon and out of view, something very big, has collapsed, imploded. An enormous column of smoke and dust rises far above the horizon, roiling upward. The shock/pressure wave of the implosion expands faster than people can run. It sweeps clear a widening circle -- nothing remains. Everything behind the shock wave is gone. More and more people arrive at the edge, and still more – all sorts of people -- but the edge of the lava river is as far as anyone can go. The frightened crowd does not know about the edge and the chasm and the lava river. They keep pressing forward and those at the edge try to hold on, grasping at anything to not fall in. But all will end up at the edge, and all will be pushed/swept over the edge as the pressure/shock wave continues to expand to the edge, and beyond.*

*I am aware that there is something to do, but I honestly don't know what it is. My next action, the next step, is completely unknown, a blank. I am simply 'stopped.' I see all this fear in people, but I do not feel afraid – only perplexed. The crowd has not yet spread to where I am, but soon will.*

*I notice, scattered among the crowd, areas that are less dense, more open. These are people, too, and they seem to have a bubble of space around them. They are different -- they are not afraid. They move at a steady pace and the crowd flows around them like water flowing around an object in its path.*

*Then I notice that some people jump in on purpose! They seem almost happy, excited, eager. One of these people, a man, passes nearer to my location. He is not resisting. He clearly knows something about what has happened or is happening – something 'behind the scenes.' He is going with the flow of the crowd, not fighting or struggling or panicking. When he gets to the edge, I see momentary surprise on his face ('ah! So this is what it looks like!'). Then he hugs himself around the knees and he lets himself fall in. This catches my attention! Before, I didn't see falling in as an option -- falling in was done by people who were afraid, who were struggling to hold on, who were trying to not fall in. It hadn't occurred to me that I could fall in on purpose! When I see the man fall in on purpose, I see there is another way. He is not afraid. I am not afraid. 'I can do that!' I realize with sudden clarity. All confusion/perplexity vanishes. I had been holding back, in part, because I anticipated pain. His openness, excitement, looking forward to something, is stronger than the anticipated pain and bigger than any uncertainty I've had. In that moment, I understand that whatever pain there may be, will be very, very brief. Intense, but brief.*

*It is clear that, whatever he knows, the lava river is no barrier. I follow;  
let myself fall in like a dive into the lava river, palms overhead in a 'prayer' position.*

*There is a blank space, as if the dream ends, but it continues ---*

## Part 2 – Through

*I become aware that I'm alive and have been on the other side (the 'underside' of the lava river) with the others for an unknown period of time. We have come out on the other side, surprised, initially, at finding ourselves alive. We know we died in the lava river.*

*There are fewer people -- not everyone comes out on the other side. The land is green, growing, gently rolling hills, trees, open space all around. No buildings or roads, although we have supplies/resources left over from the time 'before'.*

*There is no money. Money did not make it through the lava river. Anyone who held onto money in a grasping way, fearful of letting it go, did not come out into this world, either.*

*Those of us now here found each other somehow and we find a way to survive. We get along fine without money. As things need to be done, we separate into groups for particular tasks. The groups are fluid, becoming larger/smaller as needed. They are not 'set' as to who is in them, though people gravitate toward what they like and what they are interested in. No one is 'in charge'. Some people are 'organizers' (for lack of a better term), because they enjoy organizing. They help with keeping up with what we have and what we need, but they are not 'in charge', either.*

*There's a mutual understanding that what we are doing is necessary. We are also at a point where we need to determine 'next steps'. We are asking bigger questions now that we have made a life in this new place. It is still somewhat comfortable -- the supplies left over from the time 'before' have been a cushion as we transition from what was to what is/will be. We are preparing for the time when we will need to be entirely self-sufficient, using only the resources of the earth. Everything man-made will eventually be gone, used up -- then the real work begins.*

*As a group, we are asking 'what are our next steps? How do we proceed from here?'*

*Different groups explore different options. I am part of a group that has been gathering what remained from the time 'before'. I am aware that I have something unique to contribute, but I do not yet know what that is.*

*I've been part of a circle/small group or have had a dream where the question of money comes up. We've reached a point ('again') where money (or something like money) would be useful. 'Again' as in, as a group grows, it reaches this point. So 'again' is about the growth/size of the group, rather than 'we had it once before'. Up to now, we have had no interest in money, but some of us are considering setting up a scholarship for those with an interest in joining us (but it's more than that).*

*I'm talking to an organizer about this, sharing a dream about a scholarship used in my last job (in the other world).*

*I say something that plays on the meaning of the word 'interest' [i.e.: 'interest rate'/'interested in'].*

*Another scene unfolds simultaneous with, and 'to the side' of, this conversation. There are a few partial/charred coins on the ground. We find such charred coins sometimes, but never paper money. Seeing these charred coins, we wonder: 'Is it possible to go back (to the other side) and bring some (paper) money back?' and 'Maybe we need someone from the 'other side' who understands how money works if we are going to set up a scholarship?' Coming to this side [of the lava river; this new world], has to do with attitude/intention. We went over the edge and into the lava river with joy, curiosity, willingness, openness. We all made it here because we did not hold onto/grasp money. Maybe we need that way of thinking for this idea? I am part of the group exploring the idea of going back to the other world.*

*The lava river, on this side, looks like a shimmering energy boundary. It dips down near the ground at a point near us.*

*This portion of the boundary is like a bruise—mottled yellow, green, blue, purple.*

*It is clear that the boundary is intended to keep the worlds separate. We explore options.*

*We can generate a kind of energy bubble around ourselves. One person could cross there and back as an observer in their own bubble. Some of the smaller group goes back 'through' the lava river/barrier to the other world, near the end. Yes, it's possible to bring some (paper money) back. It's also possible to bring back a person with that money grasping-ness frame of mind. It takes three of us to hold a bubble large enough to bring someone back from the time 'before', as we pass through the barrier a second time.*

*But I am unsettled by this. Bringing this grasping person -- bringing that frame of mind, that energy -- alters the balance of this world as a disease alters the balance of the body. As soon as the bubble opens on this side, I feel the shift: the whole environment goes on alert. It is immediately clear that the guy we brought over cannot stay. He must go back; otherwise the money-grasping disease will infect this world. We go back through the barrier, returning him to the time 'before,' near the end.*

## Part 3 – Vision

*We are coming together as a whole to decide on next steps.*

*The exploring money/scholarships and traveling through the barrier scene was happening even as others continued to arrive and even as I was speaking with the organizer.*

*During a moment when I am waiting to speak with the organizer once more, I feel an intense, full-body vibration and have a compelling insight: I 'see' that ...*

*\* There may be other groups like us*

*\* There are others who may be entering this world (still/even now) as we did*

*\* What we do/what we can do, has to do with coming together (as a unit, as a whole), to gather as much learning, knowledge, experience, etc., as possible.*

*Then, when we are 'full', we separate, go out into the world to see who else is there, what other groups have survived, what other people are around.*

*\* We share our experience, knowledge, etc.; we spread out into the world -- and by doing so, we somehow act as the tie or the connection for the others who have come to this side.*

*I am deeply excited as this insight rushes from me.*

*My hands gesture and dance as I describe the insight/vision, coming together in a gathering/containing motion, fingertips touching as though holding a sphere/ball, and then, with a slight push against the fingertips,*

*I open my hands like a star burst as I say 'we separate', opening my arms and extending them in many directions with an expanding motion.*

*I am shaking when I finish. It is so clear to me - this is what we can do!*

*I know that I am in the 'first' group from the collapse/change.*

*We've been here the 'longest'. We've had time to learn what the others will need to know.*

*I know that the whole group has to decide the next steps and there may be other ideas, but for me, at least, this is what I see.*

## Part 4 – Purpose

*I am trembling with excitement, awe, and compassion.*

*We have a purpose. I am part of something.*

*Until now, I could not articulate what I did in, or for, the group but,  
in this moment,*

*I know how I fit. This insight is what I bring.*

*This is why I am here. It makes a difference. Now I know the reason.*

*Whatever is ultimately decided by the group,  
the image is planted—the vision is a ‘seed’—  
and speaking it out loud has planted the seed.*

*The scholarship idea is completely forgotten.*

*The idea of coming together and spreading out  
– learning/gathering, separating/expanding – is bigger than that.*

*I am overjoyed by this vision/insight – this is what I have to contribute.*

*Whatever the group decides collectively, this is my unique gift –  
this idea, this insight!*

*The time ‘before’ is done. This world is New.*

*This world is Now.*

*I wake up, excited, shaking, ALIVE!*

This long dream from late 2007 seems to still be playing  
out on the world stage and in my personal waking life. ∞



# Two Tribes

*There are two tribes. They used to be one tribe but there was a conflict or disagreement — some hurt or injury or anger — that resulted in a division such that they were no longer one tribe, but two.  
Even the land is divided — half of it is dry — parched and cracked -- and barren of trees.  
The other half is also dry, but there are some trees for shade.*

*I see a close-up of what's happening.*

*The cattle and people in the land with no shade have nowhere to hide, nowhere to go when the sun is high. The sun beats down on them — everyone and all the cattle lay on the ground as if they have collapsed from the heat. At first this is a general image. As I move in closer, I see the specifics of these people and these cattle. Looking at their dark, red, sunburned bodies, I hear myself say 'they are being baked alive'.*

*There is a place on the earth — a line — a clear demarcation identifying the boundary between the two tribes. They put it there when the tribe split in two. At first it was more like a line of chalk upon the ground, but over time the earth itself has changed and now the ground is clearly different on each side of this dividing line.*

*The ground on the side with no trees is parched, deeply cracked, hard. The topmost surface is so desiccated that it curls up along the edge of the cracks, as if the earth is shriveling.*

*The earth on the side with some trees is not quite so dry — the ground is brown and looks more like earth. There are scattered blades of grass. Even so, it is far from lush.*

*I go to the side with the trees. In the same heat of the day, the people and cattle take refuge under the trees. It's not much, but it helps.*

*I notice, around the trees, a raised section of earth — like when landscapers put mulch around a tree. The outer rim of each raised section is somewhat higher than the rest of the mound, a 'lip' around the edge. I notice at one point that the depressions or indentations within the raised edge are filling with water, as if from a hose.*

*I walk around, looking at these raised areas. I am near some cattle.*

*I am surprised — I hadn't expected to find water!*

*I realize that all/many of the trees are filling with water within the indented mulch mounds.*

*At one point, I reach down to one of these mounds and open the edge/lip — the water flows out. But then part of me understands the purpose of the mounds — it's supposed to collect the water so it has a chance to be absorbed by the trees. I repair the hole I made, pulling the soft dirt back up into place. It's not as neat as the original, but it holds.*

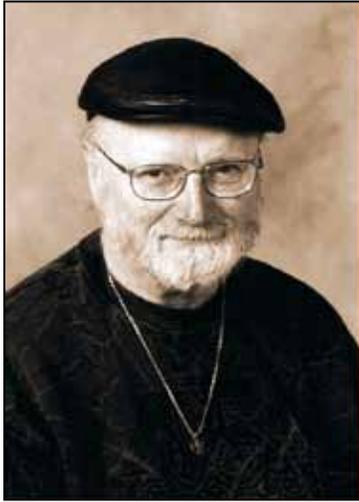
*The other tribe has heard that there's water. They are crossing over into this area — it is as if this 'green-side' tribe has called them to come over.*

*I see the people and cattle of the other tribe — they are so exhausted they can barely walk.*

*Their heads hang — too weary, too burned, too parched to fight. They did not come to fight — this is not a raid. They came because whatever the original fight was about (and why they left), no longer matters. What matters is that they are dying and will all die but for their brothers and sisters of this tribe who have called them here. Too weak to fight, they can only accept what is being offered: shade and water.*

*I see that this other tribe, while they don't have much, miss their brothers and sisters and seek to be one tribe again. I have the impression that the tribe in the land with the trees have long been calling to their brothers and sisters. There are other impressions and associations about being divided and coming together and healing and time. ∞*

*Dec. 13, 2009*



## The Fictive Purpose of Dreams ~Part VI

# The Pilgrim of Eternity and the Coming Guest

By Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph. D.



**E**VEN AS A TEENAGER GROWING UP IN DUBLIN, Æ experienced a steady stream of vivid images that bore no relation whatever to his "real" world. At 17, he attended the Metropolitan School of Art, and rather than follow the "real world" curriculum, he would draw and paint his images. It was during this period that he met W. B. Yeats, and together they would give birth to the Irish Renaissance. The images that broke in on Æ's consciousness, which he called "waking dreams," I call the "presentational psyche," to emphasize that these experiences are *presented* to our consciousness fully formed, fully articulate, full of mystery. Such images, like dreams, are not manufactured by consciousness, but are, as Jung would later say, "just so." The presentational psyche has multiple sources by no means limited to visual images. They may be auditory; they may be bodily sensations; they may be experienced in myriad forms. What distinguishes these experiences is the strong sense of something "other," something not produced by conscious will. Earlier, in relation to such visitations, Keats concluded, "there is an ancestral wisdom in man and we can if we wish drink that old wine of heaven."

Note that Keats says, "if we wish." Yet, more often than not, presentational experiences of any sort are ignored, devalued, dismissed, or feared as an indication of instability or worse. Where is the encouragement to tend such experiences? As the tethering of young and old alike to the allure of the Internet and its ubiquitous social media increases exponentially, the engagement with the presentational psyche approaches a vanishing

point. Wordsworth's admonition that "the world is too much with us"<sup>2</sup> is ever truer. We are drowning in a sea of frenzied distractions making the "call of the center" recede ever further. Although written in response to the horrors of World War I, Yeats' "Second Coming" is even more applicable to today's world on the brink: *Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold...The best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity.* As he says, the stabbing truth of this means: *the ceremony of innocence is drowned....*<sup>3</sup> To get the full sense of what Yeats is referring to one must remember that the word "innocence" derives from the Latin *innosens*, literally, "not dead." It is this "not dead" quality that is essential to Æ's painting his images and listening to the inner voices, Jung's "letting go," and plummeting into those encounters with inner figures he illustrated in his *Red Book*, to any artist's openness to what Robert Henri called, "signposts on the way to what may be." Yeats says that such innocence is drowning if not already drowned, and if Henri is right to connect this with the future, then, as Leonard Cohen warns, "Get ready for the future: it is murder." Whether it is the environment, or one another; whether the spirit of freedom, or freedom from the oppressive grip of others, or money, or governments, all is being murdered.

Recall Bernay's reference to the hidden strings of power of the few controlling the vast populace. As we look upon the world stage, is there any doubting this now? What we need to realize is that human *collectives* of any nature are subject to this same dynamic. Humans have a "social" brain,<sup>4</sup> hard wired to form herds. No matter the

“What is the great Dream?  
It consists in the many  
small dreams and  
the many acts of humility  
and submission to their hints.  
It is the future and the picture  
of the new world, which we do  
not understand yet.  
We cannot know better than  
the unconscious  
and its intimations.  
There is a fair chance  
of finding what we seek in vain  
in our conscious world.  
Where else could it be?”

Carl G. Jung

overt intentionality of the group, no matter how small or large, group dynamics invariably form hierarchical power structures.<sup>5</sup> These structures operate to value what Keats called “Men of Power,” while rejecting those immersed in the prodigious demands of negative capability.

The internal voice instructed the young Æ to call his painting, “The Birth of Aeon.” The futurity emphasized in this command would later be formulated by the more mature Æ as the *Pilgrim of Eternity*,<sup>6</sup> the spirit of a coming age. Lest we think of this as some magnificent conscious desire, eagerly awaited, confident that we know what the future *should* be, it is well to remember that the word “pilgrim” has its roots in the Latin *perigee*,

meaning “foreign, alien, and other.” Thus the eternal pilgrim is not likely to come into our consciousness or our world as we expect. We can no more predict its nature than we can predict our next dream.

Æ’s *Candle of Vision*, the finest expression of his mystical revelations, was well known to Jung, and according to Gerhard Adler, had a profound effect on him.<sup>7</sup> Oddly, Jung never refers to Æ in his letters or in his published writings, or in the privacy of the *Red Book*. How profoundly Jung was affected may be gleaned from what I consider to be Jung’s most important letter and perhaps the most important message of his work. In this letter, written to Sir Herbert Read, the great art and cultural critic, in September, 1960, Jung thanks Sir Herbert for his essay written in honor of Jung’s 85th birthday, and thanks him for rescuing him from “...a dark and sluggish swamp in which I felt buried.” Jung was here taking note that few could see his work as “a genuine concern for my fellow beings.” Even at this late date, not long before he died, Jung was still complaining about “receiving no encouragement,” and was feeling “ignored and misunderstood.” Then Jung writes one of his most compelling and searching paragraphs:

The great problem of our time is that we don’t understand what is happening to the world. We are confronted with the darkness of our soul, the unconscious. It sends up its dark and unrecognizable urges. It hollows out and hacks up the shapes of our culture and its historical dominants. We have no dominants any more, they are in the future. Our values are shifting, everything loses its certainty; even *sanctissima causalitas* has descended from the throne of axioma and has become a mere field of probability. Who is the awe-inspiring guest who knocks at our door portentously?<sup>8</sup>

Who indeed? Jung answers in the same letter with what to me is the core of Jung’s message to us, as it was then, as it is now, fifty-five years later.

We have simply got to listen to what the psyche spontaneously says to us. What the dream, which is not manufactured by us, says is *just so*. Say it again as well as you can: *Quod Natura relinquit imperfectum, Ars perficit*. [What Nature left imperfect, the Art perfect.] It is the great dream that has always spoken through the artist as mouthpiece. All his love and passion (his “values”) flow towards the coming guest to proclaim his arrival.

Again, in the same letter he comes to his final point:

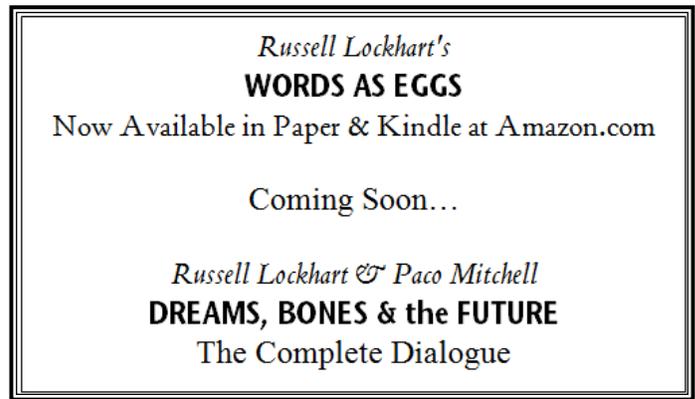
What is the great Dream? It consists in the many small dreams and the many acts of humility and submission to their hints. It is the future and the picture of the new world, which we do not understand yet. We cannot know better than the unconscious and its intimations. *There* is a fair chance of finding what we seek in vain in our conscious world. Where else could it be?

Æ and Jung cannot be speaking more clearly to the urgencies and pathologies of our time. Both are saying that turning toward the innermost sanctum, the source of the dream—this is where we need to be looking, listening, learning.

Why then are we failing? It is, I believe, because most remain umbilically attached to those hidden strings of power, like puppets dancing always to others' tunes. Fear keeps us attached either to the crowds content with the status quo, or to the crowds pushing for change. Always crowds. Always the social brain in control. Æ's augury, Jung's odyssey, Dick's exegesis, and others, point elsewhere and to "something else." These are not *group* efforts. They are exemplars of the individual taking up the task of relating to what is presented to them, not from outside, but from inside. I see little recognition of this and certainly not much yet realizing of what Harold Rosenberg described so clearly forty years ago:

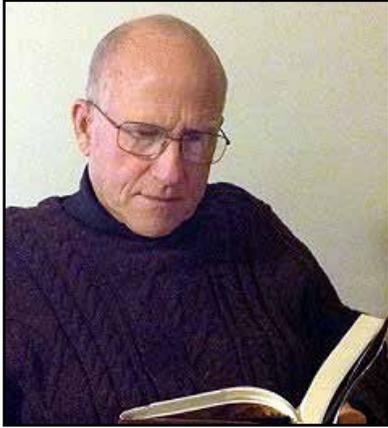
Art consists of one-person creeds, one-psyche cultures. Its directions toward a society in which experiences of each will be the ground of a unique, inimitable form—in short, a society in which everyone will be an artist. Art in our time can have no other social aim—an Aim dreamed of by modern poets, from Lautremont to Whitman, Joyce, and the Surrealists, and which is embodied the essence of the Continuing revolt against domination by tradition.<sup>9</sup>

The tie that now binds us so tightly to the puppetry that keeps us from realizing this dream of the Aquarian Age is, of course, *money*. The vast populace is enslaved to this modern god just as are those controlling the strings. How do we cut the strings and not only survive but engender what Rosenberg sees as a possible future? There are hints of what is required scattered through the pages of this work on the fictive purpose of dreams. I will take up this question in detail and at length in the next series, which will complete the trilogy comprised of *Dreams as Angels*, *The Fictive Purpose of Dreams*, and *The Commodification of Everything*. ∞



### (Endnotes)

- 1 Æ is the pseudonym of George William Russell. He took this name from an accidental error by his printer who did not understand the word AEON, which Russell had decided to use as his pseudonym in honor of his early experience of a voice instructing him to call his painting "The Birth of Aeon." The printer sent the draft back with the marking AE??. Russell liked this and adopted the initials from then on.
- 2 As cited by Saul Bellow, "A World Too Much With Us," *Critical Inquiry*, 1, 1975, p. 1-9
- 3 Yeats's much celebrated poem was published in his 1921 book, *Michael Robartes and the Dancer*. There is much in Yeats's notes that concerns what I now refer to as the fictive purpose of dreams. The poem itself, quoted here, is from W. B. Yeats: *The Poems—A New Edition*. Richard J. Finneran (Ed.). New York: Macmillan Publishing Company, 1985.
- 4 Recent research in neurophysiology emphasizes the social dimension of the human brain as it has evolved. A good review may be found in *The Neuroscience of Psychotherapy: Healing the Social Brain (2nd edition)*. Louis Cozolino. New York: W. W. Norton & Co, 2010.
- 5 The seminal work on this theme remains Elias Canetti's *Crowds and Power*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1984.
- 6 Æ's *The Candle of Vision* was first published in 1920, and in the view of Leslie Shepard, "is one of the most important records of the mystic life ever written." Quoted from her "Introduction" in *The Candle of Vision*. Wheaton: The Theosophical Publishing House, 1974.
- 7 See Gerhard Adler's note 6, p. 590, in C. G. Jung, *Letters*. Vol. 2. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1975.
- 8 C. G. Jung. *Letters*. Vol. 2. Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1975. Letter to Sir Herbert Read, September 2, 1960, pp. 586-592.
- 9 Harold Rosenberg. "Metaphysical Feelings in Modern Art." *Critical Inquiry*. Vol. 2, 1975, p. 232.



# Bateson's Nightmare

Part VI

## The Climate Double Bind

By Paco Mitchell,, M.A.

*The ability to communicate about communication, to comment upon the meaningful actions of oneself and others, is essential for successful social intercourse. In any normal relationship there is a constant interchange of meta-communicative messages such as "What do you mean?" or "Why did you do that?" or "Are you kidding me?" and so on. To discriminate accurately what people are really expressing, we must be able to comment, directly or indirectly, on that expression. This meta-communicative level the schizophrenic seems unable to use successfully.*

—Gregory Bateson

*Every time a politician stands before a microphone and utters this useless, pathetic cliché that America is the greatest country ever to exist, he's basically wiping away the possibility that we can really think critically about our problems and our prospects.*

—Thomas Frank

*Lake Erie: The wisdom to recognize and halt follows the know-how to pollute past rescue.*

—John Barth

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**A**S NEVER BEFORE, we are being forced to take account of what it means to be the carriers of human consciousness—on the planet and in the cosmos—forced, as well, to admit that we are carriers of a countervailing *unconsciousness*. The human presence now dominates every corner of the planet. "Blowback" in the form of the *unexpected consequences* of our influence upon the environment has become an ominous problem on every side. Under these circumstances, would it not be a good idea to exercise a little more curiosity about ourselves and our psychology, and add our speculations to the climate crisis "debate"?

Jung once wrote:

Every good quality has its bad side, and nothing good can come into the world without producing its corresponding evil. This painful fact renders illusory the feeling of elation that so often goes

along with consciousness of the present—the feeling that we are the culmination of the whole history of mankind, the fulfillment and end-product of endless generations. At best it should be a proud admission of our poverty: We are also the disappointment of the hopes and expectations of the ages. . . . The modern man is conscious of this. He has seen how beneficent are science, technology and organization, but also how catastrophic they can be.<sup>1</sup>

In this essay I would like to consider another theory-building idea of Gregory Bateson, to whose work I have already devoted a series of five essays. Those previous efforts focused on his cybernetic theories, in particular his idea of "runaway feedback loops in nature." And because cybernetics deals with self-regulating systems such as the body, heating and cooling systems, guidance systems, ecology, etc., *homeostasis* is of central importance.

Thus, Bateson's entire theoretical perspective allows for the homeostatic necessity of dreams, the imagination, humor, art, poetry, and so forth—creative, value-rich endeavors that serve as counterbalances to our conscious, ego-driven activities. In like fashion, Jung also emphasized that dreams *compensate* for our conscious imbalances, just like any Batesonian cybernetic system.

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Bateson was well aware of the dangers implicit in the human tendency toward hubris. At least since the Book of Genesis, we have convinced ourselves that we can exert "dominion" over the living earth—a dominion that has now come to include the earth's climate. We comport ourselves like factory managers, whipping the earth and its creatures to perform like machines. But this "dominion" fantasy, related to the "steward" fantasy, at a certain point becomes a grand illusion; and we have not proven ourselves to be wise managers or stewards so far. Therefore I am very skeptical about our fantasies of controlling the climate. I keep waiting for our Icarian wax to melt and our wings to fail.

Rather than more hubristic expansion, then, I think we need to be *scaling down*. But there is some question in my mind just how capable humans are of voluntarily scaling down their numbers and their works, or whether the scaling down process will be involuntary. And, whichever way it goes, how many more unintended consequences will we have to bear?

But despite the terrible risks involved, it's not as if we can't already see, at least in broad strokes, what it would take to forestall the major cataclysms that loom so ominously: *Stop burning such vast quantities of fossil fuels—and do it really soon*. It's that simple.

The "solution" is simple, but the truth is that we scarcely know how in the world to go about it—how to dis-integrate, in any remotely positive or creative way, the systems we have so painstakingly built up over the centuries. I ask myself whether, in the absence of a renewed spiritual, psychological and scientific understanding of our situation, we humans will be capable of a sufficient degree of *sacrifice* to ratchet ourselves toward some more modest position. That will require many different forms of creative and sacrificial renunciation. It will also require a thorough re-dedication to a new sense of our purpose in life and our relationship to the earth.

*Something*, however, prevents us from taking the necessary steps, and it would be important for us to discern what that obstructing "something" is, however many forms it may take. Our tendency, of course, is to try to grasp our situation through what is "external" to

us, so we sit atop a mountain of data, postponing the fateful decisions. Our weakness lies in our failure to grasp the interior aspects of the situation. We know so little about our own psychological subjectivities—our dreams, emotions, unconscious motivations, historical attitudes, philosophies, epistemological assumptions, subtleties of language, fantasy structures, etc.—that we falter when it comes to a bold interpretation of the trouble we're in. This magnifies our fear, and makes it more difficult for us to find the courage to do what is needed. In our collectivity—as a species—we act as if we're paralyzed, cut off from our inner, animal sense of truth and what we know to be real. Our responses increasingly resemble those of a schizophrenic patient in an insane asylum.

Which brings me to my main point. Simply put, the global situation we are in has taken on the qualities of what psychiatry refers to as a "double bind." The colloquial expression for this peculiar pattern is: *Damned if you do, damned if you don't*.

Before I elaborate on how the climate crisis adds up to an enormous double bind, I want to comment on how I became aware of the double bind in the first place.

In early 1966, I was doing graduate work at Stanford, where I happened to meet a mentor who had known Gregory Bateson when he was working at the VA Hospital in Palo Alto during the 1950s. At the time, Bateson was leading a group of researchers in a study of schizophrenic communication patterns. My mentor first told me about Bateson, his research and his double bind theory of schizophrenia; then, later on, she wrote a letter of introduction to Bateson on my behalf.

By the time I finally met Bateson in 1967, I had already read his monograph *Toward a Theory of Schizophrenia* (1956)<sup>1</sup>, which I thought was brilliant. In it, he set forth in detail his hypothesis about how certain disturbed communication patterns—especially the "double bind"—can lead to pathological behaviors and interactions characteristic of schizophrenia. Half a century later, I still find Bateson's ideas deeply insightful and widely applicable, and the double bind turns out to be a surprisingly common, perhaps even inevitable, disturbance in communications among humans.

At the individual level, a key feature of the double bind involves *conflicting injunctions on different levels*, usually made by one person upon another. Because the injunctions occur on different levels, are in conflict, and have penalties attached to a mistaken interpretation, the consequences of misinterpretation can be painful.

If a mother, for example, has ambivalent feelings toward her son, but cannot admit to these conflicting feelings, she may say something affirmative or affectionate to him, in

order to demonstrate what a good, affectionate mother she is. If the son responds positively, and accepts her statement at face value, he may put his arm around her. But as a result of her conflicted feelings she may recoil at his touch. Now she has sent him two messages, both in conflict—she says she loves him, but acts as if she doesn't, because she recoils at his approach. It is painfully obvious to him that she doesn't want him to touch her. If he then removes his arm or steps back, his (correct) interpretation of her gesture threatens her pose of being an affectionate mother. She may counteract this move by drawing attention to his hesitation, saying something like, "Aren't you happy to see your mother?"

At this point, the son is in a double bind. He cannot express his feelings toward his mother either way, positive or negative, without being subjected to some form of emotional punishment, blackmail or sabotage. Nor can he comment on the trap she has set for him. The variations on the double bind dynamics are endless and, we might say, devilishly subtle.

Another story Bateson told me takes the implications of double binds to an even deeper, animal level, hinting at an instinctual foundation for the disorders that can arise from these disturbed communication patterns.

He described having read about a lab experiment with a very large pig, a sow named "Bertha." Her cage was outfitted with a foot-treadle that, when activated, either dispensed food-pellets or delivered an electric shock on the metal floor of the cage. A graphic stimulus "target" was placed in front of the treadle with a geometric image printed on it. Periodically the printed images were changed, and, alternately, simple, opposing shapes were displayed at irregular intervals. When one shape appeared, Bertha's activated foot-treadle released food pellets. When the opposite shape was displayed, she received an electric shock.

Gradually, however, the alternating shapes on display were deformed, each new shape tending more and more to resemble its opposite. Finally, the stimulus shape could no longer be distinguished as being one or the other—"reward or punishment"—so Bertha did not know whether she was going to receive food or a shock upon pressing the treadle. She had cleverly been placed in a double bind. The result? She stood immobilized for several minutes, shaking, after which she went into a wild frenzy, thrashing about until she had destroyed the cage. The double bind had driven Bertha "crazy."

I am no fan of torturous animal experiments, but I must admit that this story says something about how deep the damage inflicted by double binds can go—down into the depths of the animal body and soul, to the roots of the psyche. Double binds, in other words, can damage us in fundamental ways.

I would rather see Bertha's experiment conducted upon humans, who at least would have a chance of making a rational discernment about the conflicting contextual signals they are being exposed to. But that is precisely the problem Bateson's schizophrenic patients were unable to solve: differentiating between those conflicting injunctions at different levels of meaning. Here again is his statement from the opening epigraph:

To discriminate accurately what people are really expressing, we must be able to comment, directly or indirectly, on that expression. This meta-communicative level the schizophrenic seems unable to use successfully.

In his monograph, Bateson also points out that psychotherapeutic settings and hospitals can create double bind situations that plague the patients they are supposed to be helping. Protocols are always assumed to be for the benefit of the patient, but in fact they are often more for the benefit of the staff. In commenting on this common problem, Bateson relates this somewhat humorous story:

We would assume that whenever the system is organized for hospital purposes and it is announced to the patient that the actions are for his benefit, then the schizophrenogenic situation is being perpetuated. This kind of deception will provoke the patient to respond to it as a double bind situation, and his response will be "schizophrenic" in the sense that it will be indirect and the patient will be unable to comment on the fact that he feels that he is being deceived. One vignette, fortunately amusing, illustrates such a response. On a ward with a dedicated and "benevolent" physician in charge there was a sign on the physician's door which said "Doctor's Office. Please Knock." The doctor was driven to distraction and finally capitulation by the obedient patient who carefully knocked every time he passed the door.

The patient, of course, was unable to place in its appropriate context the injunction to knock on the door: "Please Knock." He did not know that his simply walking past the door excused him from the obligation to knock, so he took the command literally, responding in an inappropriate, "schizophrenic" manner.

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In a sense, humanity has come to resemble that patient. We are walking past a door where a sign is posted, saying, "Civilization in Danger of Collapse. Please Stop Burning Fossil Fuels." And like the schizophrenic patient we too are confounded, virtually paralyzed, and feel subject to severe penalties if we make the wrong choice, as the obedient

patient no doubt felt. So we try to deny reality by engaging in a kind of schizophrenic word-magic. We say we will stop burning these prodigious quantities of fossil fuels, but we have virtually crossed our fingers behind our backs. We don't really intend to stop burning gas, coal and oil, because we know that doing so will bring about the collapse of our civilization, the very thing we fear. Either way, we will be punished.

This is what it comes down to: We simply must stop burning so much fossil fuel, must dismantle our vast, world-consuming, industrial-capitalistic system, and we must do it fast. *If we do what we know we must do*, then, we will precipitate the collapse of the civilizational structures that support us. This prospect becomes more likely as the global population continues to increase exponentially. The destruction is likely to be shocking, and we will be damned—in the secular sense.

However, *if we do not do what we know we must do* (see preceding paragraph), and do not cease or drastically reduce our pollution of the atmosphere, then the environmental foundation on which our civilization has been erected will probably give way, and with it, the entire civilizational structure will collapse anyway. Once again, we will be damned, and the destruction will be beyond belief.

That's where we're headed. That's the double bind we're in: We're damned if we do and damned if we don't. Our delusional fantasy structures will not protect us, any more than the schizophrenic's retreat from reality protects him. Nor can we pretend that it's not as serious as it appears to be, which is simply another pathological denial of reality. The oft-repeated rationalization that climate change doesn't matter because "I won't be here, I'll be dead," resembles the schizophrenic's claim that "this isn't really happening to me because I'm not really here." These and many other avoidance strategies share the basic features of schizophrenic behaviors—an inability to trust one's own experience of reality, to discern the subtleties of complex messages, or to comment on one's situation.

If my hypothesis about the double bind nature of our climate position is valid, then many readers will find this essay discouraging. Some may say that there's nothing to do but give up in despair. I disagree. There has never been more to be "done"; but the "doing" must take us out of our make-believe worlds—the "free market," "unlimited growth," "endless progress," etc. But I am open to being proven wrong.

In my opinion we need to adopt a more sacrificial, renunciatory stance—more likely to occur among individuals than within groups. There is a Latin saying that captures this truth: *Senatus bestia, senatori boni viri*. The senate is a beast, but the senators are good men. This

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We simply must stop burning so  
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industrial-capitalistic system,  
and we must do it fast.”

we face; but *collective action* is imperative to alter the situation at sufficient magnitudes. To this dilemma I would simply say, become as aware as you can, as fast as you can. And don't be afraid to make your meta-statement, to *comment* on how you see the situation.

Jung once said:

To the constantly reiterated question "What can I do?" I know no other answer except "Become what you have always been," namely, the wholeness which we have lost in the midst of our civilized, conscious existence, a wholeness which we always were without knowing it.<sup>21</sup>

The more desperate the collective situation becomes, the greater the responsibility each individual bears—to resist and avoid the undermining, deceitful, corrupt and manipulative aspects and practices of pathological communications within our consumerist economy and society. Hold to your own deepest truth, resist lies and deceptions, mobilize your ethical self, and whenever you suspect you are being manipulated: *Pay attention!* More depends on your response than you may realize. ∞

<sup>1</sup> A free PDF copy of Bateson's paper is available online at: <http://www.psychodyssey.net/wp-content/uploads/2012/05/TOWARD-A-THEORY-OF-SCHIZOPHRENIA-2.pdf>

<sup>2</sup> "The Spiritual Problem of Modern Man," C. G. Jung, CW, Vols. 10 and 18.



# WHAT MATTERS?

What matters? The car The job The house The shoes and bag The HD TV The latest smart phone  
The pc, the GPS And everything to absurdity that is attached to them

None of it matters But wait Wait a minute, a mere sixty ticks on the clock I will tell you what matters  
Life itself The preciousness of life The often overlooked wonder of existence For everyone, everywhere  
And Earth The big aliveness, the carnival dynamic of this home place, this living space: Earth

Everything here that grows The trees The flowers The water - rain, seas, rivers, lakes The stones  
The birds and bees and the clouds in the sky

Beauty, yes beauty Beauty matters Learning too And music Painting, dancing, singing Hugging children  
And love Love matters Human love Love of and love within humanity  
And love, as the grounded say, love for all relations

The simplest, bravest presence that did not come from our aggressive, invasive hands  
The simplest, natural miracles, the touchstones of sanity and ecosophy, universally shared foundations  
these that were never and never will be cooked in the metal buckets and plastic bubbles of our brains  
But this... the here and the now, the just prosperity of appreciation And being here and becoming now  
Having eyes and having ears and bodies charged with sex and having hands

But you, lost shallowly in vapid sentimentality, you think that the stuff, the temporal landfills  
of competitive throw-aways, you chase shopping for these holidays - that the things matter  
You stressful and in the processes of dying buy into the dead dogma that what you own,  
these possessive-possession and your guilt, things are what you are  
And what you call your own, that mere having, extravagant consumption, defines and matters

Well, it is good of course to have food and drink and friendship. A roof and a bed Some place to keep  
warm and somebody to hold, trust, and who recognizes your name. It is good... Some privacy Some  
breathing space

But what matters profoundly - at the recurring inception, in the germinal core, inside the wealthy fertility of liv-  
ing seed - is waking up. Looking magically at dreamscape and the horizon. Going up the solid mountain  
with measured and amorous vigor Going down to the flowing sea freely Walking in surf-light Playing in  
the seafoam sand

And sunset matters And the moon and the stars Wind and deep silence And dreaming Being part of the dream  
The dream that God is dreaming That the Earth and the sun and the cosmos are dreaming us into becoming  
As into prayer A yet to be narrated amazement, an archangel, of cosmic prayer

Grateful in honoring each morning too and knowing, with sensitive, sensual knowledge,  
the returned enchantment of sunrise, power  
The poem of a new dawn The poetry of continuing creation

Stopping peacefully too Being alert as well Holding still Ever palmed in this mystical spell Barefoot  
Courageous With wild wind caressing hair With solar light kissing faces Old faces Young ones Wet or dry  
Of rose bud tenderness or parched sandstone and sand Time weighed, winged, spiraling, and ponderous

So what matters? What honestly, transparently, truthfully matters? Wait Wait but one minute more  
Wait and I will tell you the story once again

Being a person A full generous flower A fresh round fruit A tenacious rainbow  
The personhood of experience, of ripe existence, discovering self in the circus cornucopia  
of anguish and agony and longing, ecstasy and otherness The "ah" and the awe in a moment

And a person wants to say something beautiful and with dignity, before departing  
And to do something in the world spontaneous and joyous and heroic, breaking from the underground of  
darness, liberating by the purity of a soul

To be cathartic tears To be euphoric laughter To stand in a healing circle To dance in a sacred hoop  
To be a revelation, in this bundle of here and now, in the middle of life's revelation  
To be a yes in the great scheme of affirmation - this... This is what matters. ∞



# Project August 2014:

## An August to Remember

By Chris McCleary,

MBA in Finance / MA in Transpersonal Studies

**T**HROUGHOUT THE SUMMER OF 2014, a group of dreamers from all over the globe participated in a revolutionary dream initiative called *Project August*. Hosted by the National Dream Center (NDC), this 3.5-month collective project was designed to see how well a group of dreamers could intentionally see the future.

Each participant accomplished a specific incubation protocol prior to going to sleep. Basically, the dreamers would positively affirm that they would dream about a big headline in August 2014. When they woke up, the dreamers would then go to the [NDC's dream database](#) to input whatever they dreamed that night, even if the dream had seemingly nothing to do with potential world headlines.

Although most of the dreamers were from the United States, we did have several from Canada, Europe, India, the Middle East, and other locations. Ages of the individuals ranged from 22 to the mid-70's. Other personal data, such as race, ethnicity, socio-economic status, etc., was not collected.

Precognitive ability was not a requirement to participate. In fact, the NDC cordially welcomed individuals with poor precognitive ability because they wanted to test whether the incubation process could inspire future-oriented dreams. The team also was testing out a brand new field of research called *dream linguistics*, which harnesses the growing body of evidence that future events are actually contained in our everyday speech.

What makes this particular project stand out from all the other dreaming projects (including precognitive dream testing) is that the dreams themselves were never tested against future reality. Instead, the NDC actually tested whether a team of humans could analyze the incubated dreams and make accurate predictions about August 2014 using the dream content in combination with the dream linguistics. Thus, knowing how bizarre and incoherent dreams can be, the team had to wade through all the symbols, metaphors, emotions, etc. and figure out what was future-oriented content versus what was day residue and even irrelevant gibberish.

### *A Summer to Remember*

Predictive headlines were published about every two weeks throughout the summer, and the last batch was completed and published just before August began. All six reports were 100% free but were issued only to Project August participants before August 1st. They are now freely [available to the public at this link](#). In the end, the team generated 114 headlines, and over 100 of them "came true."

Certainly, the predictive headlines themselves involved varying types of news genres, and even varying levels of importance. There were some that entailed impossible odds of coming true. For example, the first report in July

spelled out a prediction that a Spanish official would step down "amid an extramarital affair." Just a couple of days later, the Spanish King, Juan Carlos, announced that he would step down and abdicate the throne to his son. Although the king cited health issues as the reason for stepping down, a plethora of articles (both before and after the abdication) revealed Carlos' extravagant outings with several popular, albeit extramarital, women.

There were numerous examples of these types of unlikely predictions that actually manifested with striking detail, and several of them came not from an actual dream image or interpretation, but rather straight from dream linguistics. For example, "Looking house white man small going" from the linguistics was easily translated into the published prediction that "President's cabinet member resigns from office." Within a week, the White House Press Secretary, Jay Carney, surprised the world by announcing that his position was putting a strain on his family life and decided to leave.

Another growing theme that began in the earliest dreams (back in April 2014), produced this strange linguistics phrase: "Earth food hard ice." Within a few weeks, another linguistics phrase cautioned that "Arrived vague becoming beginning enjoy ice liked," and there was an inordinate amount of people dreaming about cold weather that just did not belong in a typical August month in the United States (these dreamers were from the US). Therefore, the predicted headline was "Unexpected cold front freezes major August crop harvest," which actually came true within a month in the 2014 Summer Polar Vortex. That historic 'cold front' wiped out almost all of the northern US states' grape harvest for the year.

Some dreams pointed to large headlines that few people would care about, such as "Rare species of birds moving towards extinction," but that dream came true with an eye-watering headline right on August 1<sup>st</sup>: "87 new bird species considered threatened with extinction."

Other dreamers received glimpses of large-scale catastrophes that came true. The dreamer who witnessed a dream version of 'Virus going Viral' was shuddering when world news broadcasted the Ebola virus breaking out in Africa. Another dreamer correctly saw the precise number of people who would be saved from a sinkhole exactly on the predicted date.

There are, quite literally, too many dreams and predictions to discuss in a final summary. The actual headlines are all documented here, complete with scores and linked news feeds to substantiate those scores. This collection of predictive headlines represents most, if not all, of the biggest stories in and around August 2014. The headlines correctly predicted US Treasuries that would see a period

of difficulty in the world markets. Also, the dreamers picked up an unprecedented drought that eventually affected all the southwest US states, even to the point of discussing evacuation of those regions.

From a wall of fire taking out neighborhoods to an infiltration of illegal immigrants and dozens of other big stories, the dream incubation process was surprisingly accurate about showing the dreamers the biggest headlines to come. Dream material picked up on:

- F-22's being scrambled to intercept Russian planes
- The exact number of Ebola casualties in August
- China overtaking the US in size of economy
- Big financial issues for Argentina
- Bus crashes and train derailments
- A big ship being hit by a missile
- and so much more.

## A Summary of Results

You can find much more exhaustive detail about our statistical results by going to this link; however, let's at least summarize the major points here. By actively interpreting and analyzing both the dreams and dream linguistics, we were able to take away a plethora of lessons learned from this amazing project.

First, the sooner the prediction comes true, the more accurate it tends to be, which means it will be prone to a higher DreamSeer score (the DreamSeer scoring is an objective standardized scale that allows people to grade the accuracy of their precognition). The highest accuracies were found to be within one week of the dream occurring. There are several implications for this revelation that are covered in Section 1 of the Final Report.

Next, the researchers found that the most accurate predictions come from clear and congruent dream overlaps. In other words, instead of just guessing at what will come true, we found that one can simply look for clear overlaps in dream material. In fact, the highest success rates and highest accuracies were both found in the dream content that overlapped. Furthermore, if the redundant dream content also overlapped with linguistics, then that proved even more accurate still. This triangulation method has proven to be the most reliable one for divining dream-based predictions. An in-depth discussion of this can be found in Section 2 of the Final Report.

Finally, our stats demonstrate that when a person incubates a dream for a specific target date, this moves the "typical" precognition window **towards** the intended time period, but it **does not guarantee** that the dream



was for that date window. In this particular data section, we demonstrate a bell curve result, where the peak of the bell (which represents the highest proportion of manifested headlines) is inside the target month, but there are also a smattering of other manifested headlines that will most likely fall outside of August to both sides. In other words, most of those predictions, if they are to come true, will do so inside the target month, but not all of them. This is a very important topic and is discussed in much more detail here: [Section 3 of the Final Report](#).

### Parting Words

*Project August* was a phenomenal initiative that revealed quite a bit about our reality. Dreamers can, in fact, dream about the future if they choose to do so. It might take specialized training and practice, but the NDC has demonstrated that it is definitely in the realm of possibility.

One of the biggest factors for successful dream incubation is the dreamer's embedded belief system. If a person believes they can dream the future, it doesn't guarantee positive results right away. However, if a person *doesn't* believe they can dream the future, their chances are drastically diminished. Please note that the impact of the person's belief system was simply a byproduct observation of the bigger process in *Project August* and was a result of hermeneutic and qualitative discovery during the project. In other words, it wasn't something that we scientifically studied.

The NDC is constantly researching new ways to explore future-oriented dreaming. The latest initiative was *Project Año*, where collective dreamers were given just a few weeks to incubate dreams about the year 2015. Stop by the website and see what's happening in the world of precognition. Get the latest news, predictions, projects, forum discussions, and much more. More importantly, be sure to stop in to document your next precognitive dream....*before* it comes true so that you can start your own Precognition Trophy Case! ∞

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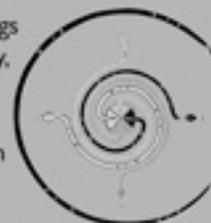
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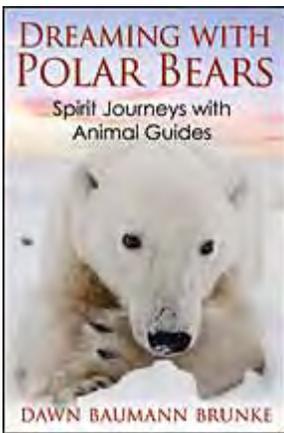
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## Dreaming with Polar Bears

Excerpt from **Spirit Journeys with Animal Guides**

By **Dawn Baumann Brunke**  
978-1-59143-183-1

After the childhood dreams of flying with the white bear were forgotten, stored away in the closet of my psyche, I no longer dreamed of bears. Then, on the eve of my fortieth birthday, I asked for a dream that would show me the direction of this new decade in my life. That night, an answer from the dreamworld:

*I leave my house and turn left to walk down the street. It is late at night and everyone is asleep, all the houses dark and quiet. I feel a little thrill at being out alone. The moon shines bright, and I can easily see where I am going. Passing the last house on the corner, I stand at the end of the street, at the far edge of the neighborhood. Sensing a presence, I turn left. A black bear stands upright at the edge of the forest, watching me. We remain still, frozen in the moment, looking at each other. I am alarmed, yet fascinated too. If he approaches, will I run? If I stand my ground, will he leave? What does he want?*

I felt disappointment on waking. None of my questions were answered. Not knowing what would happen with the bear was like leaving a good mystery just as the secret is about to be revealed. Beyond the disappointment, however, I felt something unsettling.

I had asked for a dream but wasn't truly happy with what came. Let's be honest. I wanted a big, fancy, red-ribboned, ego-aggrandizing present of a dream for my birthday. Instead, I got a black bear who stared at me. It is a good reminder: if you're going to ask questions of your dreams, be sure you are willing to accept the answers.

So, what do we do with a dream that makes us uncomfortable? If we expect to develop a relationship with our dreaming world, the answer is clear: we engage it, pursue it, keep digging. Although I knew this intellectually, I felt uneasy. On the surface, the dream seemed small and uneventful. I could summarize it in one sentence: *I walk down the street in the middle of the night, see a bear at the edge of the forest, and we stare at each other.* My impatience with the dream--and ongoing desire to diminish it--suggested it probably held much more than I wanted to know.

### What Does it Mean?

If you're unsure what a dream may be telling you, consider drawing it. This is an easy way to gain a different perspective. Following this advice, I sketched our driveway and street and the path I followed to the end of the block. At that time there was a

forest at the end of the neighborhood. I marked the bear's presence at the edge of the forest with an X and put another X where my dream-self stood, at the edge of the houses. Then I laughed. It was all so clear: our meeting occurred at the border of our respective neighborhoods. The bear came out of the forest, the dreamer came out of her house, and there they met in the liminal no-bear-nor-woman's land in between. The dream revealed a meeting of two worlds!

The only direction mentioned in the dream is left. A turn to the left makes me think about the right and left sides of the body, which are controlled by the opposite sides of the brain. To be left-brained is to be rational, logical, analytical; for most people this corresponds to the right side of the body. To be right-brained is to use intuition, instinct, and holistic views; this corresponds to the left side of the body. A left turn of the body may indicate a turn to one's instincts, to intuition, to the unconscious, or perhaps to the creative associations of the dream world. When the dreamer turns to her left, she faces the bear. And there he stands: Animal teacher? Guardian of the forest? Dark-furred representative of the wild nature of the psyche?

As a symbolic animal guide, Bear's teaching is vast. It can include introspection, discernment, healing, transformation, solitude, wisdom, visionary dreams, the ability to mediate between living and dead, and awakening the unconscious. How do we know which aspect of Bear is appearing to us? How do we find

the particular brand of medicine our dream animal is offering?

In this dream, the bear is alert and observant, watching the dreamer as she approaches. (A subtle reminder, perhaps, that the Unconscious is already many steps ahead of us.) The connection between bear and human is old and deep. In some cultures bears were so revered they were considered gods. Bears stand upright to gain a better view of the surrounding terrain and what lies ahead. In the dream, the bear's posture may indicate a look to the future, especially as it reflects the dreamer's invoked question: "What lies ahead for me?"

Although these are very basic overviews, even this initial dip into the pool of symbolism can shift the gist of a one-sentence dream from: *I walk down the street, see a bear at the edge of the forest, and we stare at each other,* to: *At the entrance to my Unconscious, Bear the Guardian stands and watches me. Or: Standing at the edge of what is known, I face the unknown forest of the psyche and glimpse the ancient power of Bear.*

Sometimes just a peek below the surface of a dream can change everything. It's good to meet a black bear at the entrance to your future, I decided. And yet something about the dream still niggled at me. When I closed my eyes, I could see the bear standing upright, looking my way. I was waiting to see what Bear would do, but deeper contemplation offered another idea: perhaps Bear was watching to see what I would do. And this caused me to consider: What does Bear want with me? ∞



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**Author bio:**  
Dawn Baumann Brunke is a writer and editor who specializes in the areas of healing, dreaming, animal teachings, and deepening our connection with all life. The author of *Shapeshifting with Our Animal Companions* and *Animal Voices, Animal Guides*, she lives with her husband, daughter, and animal friends in Alaska.

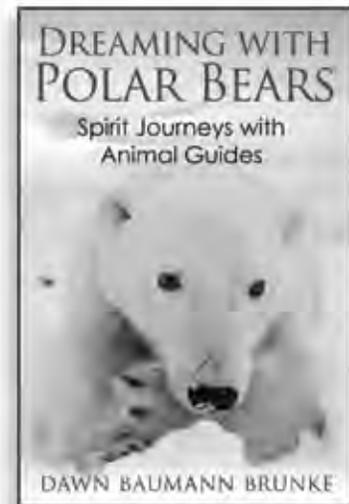
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One night in a lucid dream Dawn Baumann Brunke found that not only was she dreaming of a living polar bear but that the polar bear was also dreaming of her. Through ongoing shared dream encounters she became adept at connecting with the bear both while asleep and awake. This book presents techniques for entering shared dreamscapes and forming relationships with other species.

*"...beautiful, powerful, and enchanting and invites us to grow our experience of the dreaming universe. We learn that as we become conscious dreamers we are never confined to one form or one world..."*

- ROBERT MOSS, author of *Conscious Dreaming*



## Revelation: *A Dream*

*I awoken from a dream that can only be described as one of revelation, Biblical revelation. I felt a sense of oneness with the dimension of time and I was being taught and being given a vision of the second coming of God.*

*My teacher is reminding me of the birth and life of Jesus Christ and how His own people, the jews, denied who He was. They were expecting a great King and Leader to destroy their enemies and give them power but what they received was a great teacher of God's Love and Grace. I was shown how Christians today are expecting the second coming of God to be the physical return of Jesus Christ to gather up His people and let the rest of the world be damned. I was then given a review of the last century and the evolution of man toward a more global community. The history lesson included both world wars, Korea, Vietnam, Bosnia, a glimpse of all the wars and struggles of the many nations of the world. I was given a review of the reunification of humanity (the reversing of the tower of Babel) through scenes of positive change such as; the tearing down of the Berlin Wall, the removal of the Iron Curtain, the opening of the Bamboo Curtain, the breakup of the Soviet Union, the reunification of Germany, the new peace in Ireland, the Ecumenical movement, the exploration of space and myriads of other glimpses of the world wide peace process. I was taught that the second coming was not a return to this world of the human entity of Jesus Christ rather the evolution of the Children of God into a world-wide body filled with love for one another.*

*The second coming is to be the tearing down of the walls (barriers) put up between people by organized religion that makes claims that they are right and everyone else is wrong. "Come to MY church because we know God better than the others do." God is coming again like Christ did as He threw the money changers out of the temple and turned religion of 2000 years ago on its head. Only this time His coming is through all of humanity, Father/Mother God will return through the hearts and minds of all of us as we evolve spiritually. The divisions between religions will fall. Christians, Jews, Moslems, Buddhists, Hindus, Mystics, Native Americans, any and all people of any belief or non-belief will come to understand that there is but one Mother/Father God and that God belongs to no one group, sect, cult, religion or whatever kind of division or walls humans try to put up among themselves. God is the love and grace within all of God's creation that holds the whole of creation together. Without God there would be nothing. Our new beginning (the second coming) is in process now and will evolve faster and faster as modern technology makes communications faster and faster. Languages will no longer be barriers as computers are able to instantly translate for each of us. The electronic impulses within the computer circuitry is like microscopic tongues of flame of the Holy Spirit touching each and every one of us as the internet connects the Global Village from pole to pole, east to west, planet to planet and universe to universe.*

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Written By Justina Lasley, MA

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CONNECTING YOU TO YOUR REALITY

Justina Lasley, MA is the Founder and Director of the Institute for Dream Studies in Charleston, South Carolina. She is also the author of "Honoring the Dream - A Handbook for Dream Group Leaders" and "In My Dreams... A Creative Dream Journal".

In her newest book, "WAKE UP! Use Your Nighttime Dreams to Make Your Daytime Dreams Come True", Justina's passion and love of dreams is evident as she teaches readers about the importance of remembering, journaling, and working with their night time dreams to live more fulfilling and joyful lives. Beginning with her inspiring personal story of change and transformation, Justina shares how awakening to the power of her dreams has impacted her life in countless positive ways and how it can do the same for you.

For the first time, Justina introduces her personal transformation process called DreamSynergy™ (DS), which uses theories of Transpersonal Psychology, acknowledging the relationship of mind, body, and spirit. DreamSynergy is designed to empower us to transform our lives into the ones we have always dreamed of, using our nighttime dreams as resources to awaken our most authentic, creative and spiritual selves.

Justina's presentation of dream material is gentle, encouraging and highly inspiring. From cover to cover, WAKE UP! presents an abundance of dream information and dream tools, including how to remember and record your dreams, how to work with symbols and metaphors, dreamwork exercises and how to use your own dreams on a daily basis for growth and development. She educates readers on understanding the language of dreams, including the meaning of dream settings, colors, numbers, animals, dream themes, emotions, archetypes and so much more. The book sites multiple examples that reflect on the challenges we all often face in everyday life such, as relationships, careers, finances, health and personal development.

In addition to her book, Justina is also creating an online course via interactive video training for the DreamSynergy process. The release date has not yet been announced; however further information can be found on Justina's website, [www.DreamSynergy.com](http://www.DreamSynergy.com).

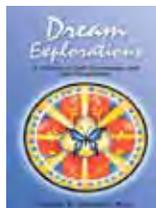
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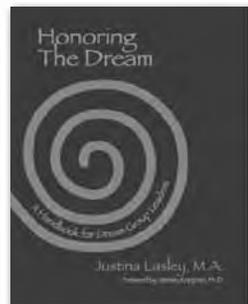
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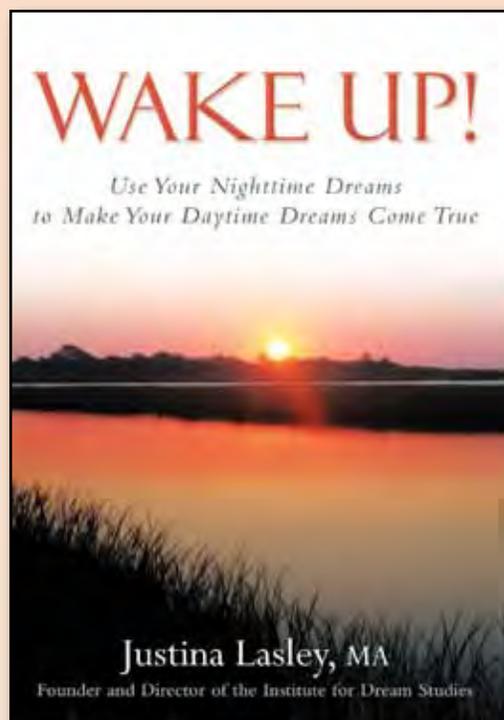
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# Wake Up!

*Use Your Nighttime Dreams to Make Your Daytime Dreams Come True*

Justina Lasley, MA



## About the Book

Wake Up! will inspire you to awaken to your authentic Self and greatest potential, by introducing you to the incredible wealth of wisdom available nightly in your dreams.

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Harness the wisdom of your own dreams to help you find the authentic person you were born to be!

## About the Author

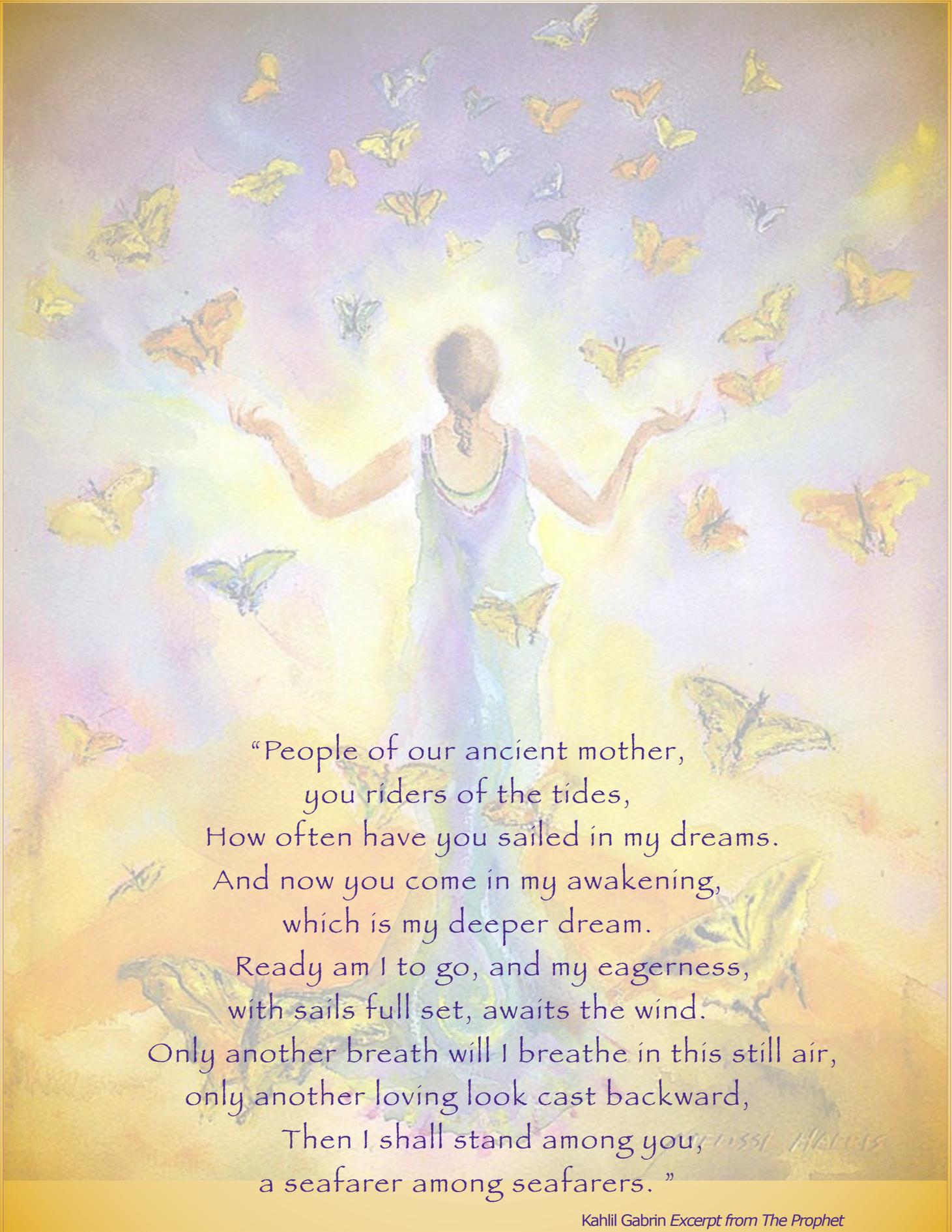
Justina Lasley, MA, is founder and director of the Institute for Dream Studies, and developer of DreamSynergy™, an innovative and comprehensive process that uses dreams for personal transformation. She is also the author of *Honoring the Dream* and *In My Dream*. Justina lives and dreams in the Lowcountry of South Carolina. For more information visit [www.DreamSynergy.com](http://www.DreamSynergy.com)



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“People of our ancient mother,  
you riders of the tides,  
How often have you sailed in my dreams.  
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which is my deeper dream.

Ready am I to go, and my eagerness,  
with sails full set, awaits the wind.  
Only another breath will I breathe in this still air,  
only another loving look cast backward,  
Then I shall stand among you,  
a seafarer among seafarers.”

Kahlil Gibran Excerpt from *The Prophet*