

Dreaming Humanity's Path Winter 2012

Dream Network Journal



Dreaming Humanity's Path

Revelations of John Reverend Bob Haden

Remembering the Harmonic Convergence Elizabeth Howard, Ph.D.

30th Annual Conference of the International Association for the Study of Dreams

Dream Castles in the Sand

June 21 - 25, 2013

Virginia Beach Resort & Conference Center

Virginia Beach, VA

The Venue • Virginia Beach Resort Hotel and Conference Center is located on the beach at 2800 Shore Drive in Virginia Beach, Virginia with sweeping views of the Cape Henry Bay. The bay front location provides an ideal venue for beach activities.

The Conference will feature three world-renowned keynote speakers, over 160 presenters from around the globe, an opening reception, the Dream Art Exhibition and reception, a Dream Hike, the annual Dream Telepathy Contest, the ever popular costume Dream Ball and other fun special events appropriate to the beachside location. Come meet and converse with your favorite authors and personalities as well as a multitude of kindred spirits interested in sharing the joy and benefits of understanding dreams and dreamworking.

The Program is multidisciplinary with a little something for everyone, professionals as well as those simply interested in dreams. It is organized in tracks for the best opportunity to participate in the discipline of interest to you and recordings will be available so that you can catch up on any lectures you may have missed. Sessions include: presentations; symposia; panels; workshops; special events; morning dream groups; and poster papers. Tracks include: Research and Theory; Arts and Humanities; Culture and Anthropology; Education; Religion, Spirituality and Philosophy; Clinical Approaches; Dreamwork Practices; Extraordinary, PSI and Lucid Dreaming; Mental Imagery; Dreams & Health; and the Dream Castles conference theme.

Keynote Presenters



Tenzin Wangyal Rinpoche
"Lucid Dreaming from a
Bön Buddhist Viewpoint"



Kevin J. Todeschi
"Edgar Cayce and the Use of
Dreams for Self Guidance"



Mark Blagrove
"From Freud to Neuroscience"

For additional information and to register:

www.asdreams.org/2013



Yet More Signs in the Sky

I'm somewhere where it's dark and gloomy.

There are a lot of people, none of whom are either happy or cheerful, the mood is stifling.

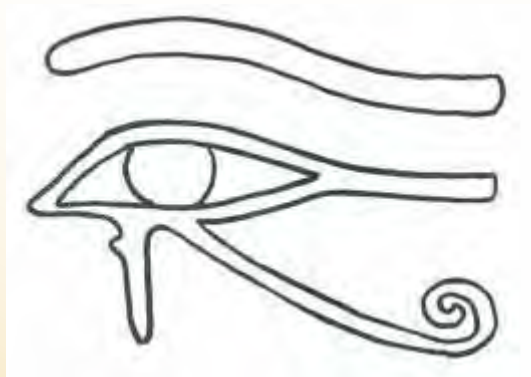
It feels like a black prison, a kind of
Soylent Green-type environment.

I look up and notice the stars. All of a sudden
I notice an exclamation mark in parenthesis (!).

I watch it for a very long time and wonder
whether this is a new constellation.

Slowly the (!) sign changes to an
Egyptian All-Seeing Eye, the Eye of Horus.

I know then that everything
is all right, has meaning, makes sense
and the despondency will soon pass.



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Mission Statement

Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture

Since 1982

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dream Network Journal

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Upcoming Focus
for SPRING 2013

Let us Dream
Together!

Exploring
Mutual Dreaming

Lifeline: 4 Weeks after you
receive this issue.

About Our Cover "Astral Inception"



Artist Orna Ben Shoshan

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

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

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

Editorial

I'm writing this editorial on December 20th, 2012... the evening before the winter Solstice and the end date of the Mayan calendar. We published an article years ago entitled *Is it the end of time or the beginning of Now?* My heart racing with anticipation and optimism at what the Now will bring to this Earth, to us all beyond this date. I believe the visionary dreams shared in this issue provide a glimpse.

My heart is also breaking for all of us who have experienced the deeply compelling challenges and tragedy of the past few years. May this auspicious solstice and Holyday Season bring healing, health and happiness to you, to our world.

* * * *

For those of you who have not been receiving this publication for long, you may wonder *what is Dreaming Humanity's Path?*

Here's the history: In 1993-1994, we generated a 'call' for readers to submit what we called "Big Dreams," what Carl G. Jung suggested are dreams from the collective unconscious, what others call visionary dreams. We asked, "If you have had dreams that you simply can't contain, which you feel are intended to or must be shared with a larger community, ... please submit them here. Responses came in from many quarters; it was overwhelming!

One package received is most memorable: a woman from Texas submitted several handwritten visionary dreams that she had had over a period of years. Each was powerful. After my first reading of her several submissions, I see a personal note from her. In essence, she said... I have never shared these dreams with anyone. I hope I haven't taken too much of your time.

To have the privilege of receiving, reading and seeing the treasures she shared and for her to be apologetic ~ oh, my! Be assured I wrote her a long letter of confirmation and appreciation.

I then gathered a committee here in Moab and we reviewed together; Rosemary Watts Dreyer came all the way from St. Louis, MO. and we spent several evenings reviewing; then I shared with my Advisors. Collectively, we agreed that the submissions seemed to address four distinct areas: 1) Our responsibility to protect and guide the children, 2) Warnings, 3) Guidance and 4) Visions that allow us to see 'Beyond the Veil.'

What to do with this powerful information? We brainstormed ideas all the way from contacting Stephen Spielberg or George Lucas, writing a book and ultimately came to the realization that the vehicle that was most readily and affordably available was DNJ. Decisions were made (to which the dreamers who submitted agreed); we would publish the visions as stand-alones. The dreamer's name or location would not appear and no interpretation would be offered. We would allow psyche to speak for Itself.

Thus the visions submitted became the foundation of all four issues of DNJ in 1995, the year we began Dreaming Humanity's Path. Russell Lockhart wrote an exceptional article in the final issue in that series, Whispers and Murmurs: Reflections on Dreaming Humanity's Path. Demonstrating the prophetic nature of dreams, some of the Visions submitted that long ago were reprinted in our autumn issue and here again

* * * *

I call again for your Big Dreams... knowing information of this nature is being gifted to many and it can and does benefit humanity. Please consider sharing the gifts you are given with this dream community.

* * * *

Notes:

Before you read on, I ask you to join me in expressing gratitude to those of you who are a part of the Dream Circle. It is in great part because of your support that DNJ is able to remain in print. (If you are interested in supporting DNJ in this way, please see page 39 for more information.)

If you happen to resonate with Elizabeth Howard's memory of the Harmonic Convergence, please consider sharing your experience of that event. I intended to share in more depth my own experience of traveling from Washington State to a remote spot just outside of Boise, Idaho to join Brook Medicine Eagle and others in Dancing the Dream Awake. It changed my life... but that's for another time.

The Master gathers the pupils together and says, "We have many urgent tasks before us, and little time. Therefore, we must slow down."

Come on in! ∞



Roberta Ossana

Letters, Questions, Dreams

Yet More Signs in the Sky

Thank you for the wonderful *Dream Network Journal* of Autumn 2012. A beautiful issue... again!

I would like to say the two "*Dreaming Humanity's Path*" visions on page 33 left me utterly speechless, having had a Sign in the Sky dream myself in January 2012. I take the liberty of attaching that dream to this e-mail & of asking you to let me know in what part of the world - USA? Europe? - the two other Sign in the Sky-dreamers live. Kind regards,

Alma Verbunt, Germany

(See page 3 *Ed.*)

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

The World Will Not End On...

Stop acting the fool and letting your mind flutter off into morbid fantasies. The world will not end on the 21st of December. Such dates have been thrown over the heads and tightened around the throats and hearts of generations before.

Although the world did end today:

For the school children of Connecticut who crossed the paths of the gunman's bullets. For those who were engulfed in the molten fanaticism of the terrorist's (or the patriot's) bomb. For those who reached the limit of starvation. For those who fled from the putrid stench of wasting disease into the relief of odorless oblivion. For those who had cancer take the last bite of malignant tissue out of their estranged bodies and devour their exiting breath. For those who overdosed on despair and gave their flesh and soul up to grim humor.

For those who fell into the snake pits of war. For those who swallowed the scorpions of self-destruction.

And for those who shriveled and turned brittle with thirst and have gone today to sleep, without dreams or oasis, in the desert of no mortal mercy.

Do not keep trying to convince yourself that you are some indigo darling of a floating world and bed down tonight recounting the wormholes through which you escaped the tolling of the global bell. Do only as I do and let us try, at least, to face up. And pray together often, asking, "What have I done in these hours of preciousness and pain to contribute to the cure of non-violence, to participate in the gestalt-circle of sanity, and to change, now and forever after, the ground rules of normalcy?"

No calendar prediction will end the real world, not this December, not December next. But the world, as we know it, with those we see and hear tell of, is ending, from day to day, in the mote of neglect. And who among us is not blind?

David Sparenberg, Seattle, WA
15 December 2012

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

School Shooters

I have written a short story that concerns the creation of a school shooter by "inception," meaning the planting of a false—in this case monstrously violent—dream deep within his unconscious as a form of black ops driver or engine. I have a huge piece of writing detailing at great length with the creation of the Virginia Tech shooter.

The problem is this material is NOT pretty. The creation of a school shooter—of a monster via inception or dream incubation—is just about the ugliest and scariest thing in the world. No one will touch it, publish it. Thus, my guilt. I sit right smack dab in one of these New Town classrooms with the truth about the child killer and cannot stop the damn things because no one will look at the face of real evil, at a real nightmare at dream rape, manipulation and what it can do to a person and from whence it is coming.

Jeff Lewis, Minong, WI

Gifting: A Free e-Book from David Sparenberg

Hello! You are invited to claim a free e-book copy of my new book ***LIFE IN THE AGE OF EXTINCTIONS: Episodes of a Sentient Soul***, at the OVI Book Project. This is an important spiritual & cultural text addressing our increasing ecological & humanitarian crisis. Please claim your free e-book copy using the following link: <http://www.ovimagazine.com/cat/56>

There is no cost and no obligation; the book is a free gift, a real gift, and a real giving between us. Have a read and then, if you will, please share this invitation with others—many others.

In solidarity with the Earth, yours

David Sparenberg, Seattle, WA

PS: The OVI editor is Greek and is translating the book into Greek, available in Jan. 2013—if there are any Greek speakers receiving this invitation!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Let Us Dream Together: Mutual Dreams

I have enjoyed your excellent *Dream Network Journal* for many years. Thank you for creating and sustaining it! Dreams are so stimulating and wonderful. I love them. It is such a gift you bring to people, with all the work you are doing for people and the culture.

I have an idea for a dream topic I would like to see explored in DNJ: dreams that are shared or what is often referred to as *mutual dreaming*. There are variations on this theme. I think the second one is my favorite.

1. More than one-person dreams of going to the same place, or doing the same thing at the same time.
2. One person dreams of others in their dream, and one or more of the other people dream of each other at the same time.

An example from my own life involved three people that were somehow connected in a dream network that night. The following happened; I dream...

I make a call to a friend of mine, Glenn, who was a participant in a meditation group we were involved in at one time. When Glenn answers the phone, the line then goes dead. This happens twice. Then, I woke up. That same night... Glenn dreams he is in the meditation group and gets called away for a phone call, but the line is dead when he gets to the phone. On top of this, another member in the meditation group dreams we are in the group and that Glenn gets called away because he has a phone call.

We all actually were in a meditation group together and apparently linked up together in our dreams.

Anyone interested in this phenomenon as a focus for a near future issue of DNJ? I am interested in trying to meet up with others in the dream state, documenting this and then reporting on the results. I don't know if anyone has friends who would want to undertake this and form a group with this intent, or if members of the DNJ *Dream Circle* would link up with one another and form small groups to practice this. It would involve having the intention, practicing regularly, deciding on where to meet up at and so on. I am interested in doing this but I do not have a group of friends who have an interest. If you or anyone you know is interested, please contact publisher@DreamNetwork.net or myself at ssteckling@msn.com.

Sandy Steckling, Kingston, WA

(Please note. This letter stimulates the focus for our Spring 2013 issue: *Mutual Dreaming*. Now is the time to share your experiences of that nature and ask questions of practitioners. Ed.)

~ ~ ~ ~ ~
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Dreaming Politics (V31#3)

I received the autumn issue containing my article, *Plight of the Elephants*. What a beautiful spread – it took my breath away! Thank you so much for reprinting and focusing it in such a way. In these times, we need to pay attention to our dreams that are, increasingly, calling us to change our lives and showing us the ways. Blessings,

Deena Metzger, Topanga Canyon, CA

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

The Dying Process and Dreams

I thought I would let you know that Nicole Gratton & I just published a book in French about dreams & dying people. I have worked full time in a palliative care hospice for the last 7 years & started to collect dreams from the patients & or their families. In 2007 in collaboration with Nicole—who has already written fifteen books about dreams—wrote a book ‘*Les rêves en fin de vie*’ *Dreams at the End of Life*. There will be a translation into English eventually. The book's purpose is to show what dreams of dying persons look like and how those dreams can be helpful in the dying process. Its purpose is also to give tools to those who have the privilege to listen to dreams in that context. It is a gift to have the opportunity to hear that kind of a dream.

Have good and healthy Holidays, God Bless!

Monique Seguin, Canada

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Two New Books on Dreams

After the elections, we both (my husband and I) and many of our friends are really feeling a sense of relief. We do hope that worldwide energies will be lightening soon.

As my earlier email stated, we moved a year ago on October 1. As you sug-

gested, we are aware of our older ages, thus we decided a move to a retirement community would be wise. However, as my father told my husband once when he was 92 and probably the oldest man in the retirement community where he was living at the time, “We can't get used to living here with all those old folks.”

I've written a new book focused on dreams. My title is *Dream Explorations: A Journey in Self-Knowledge and Self-Realization*. It does several things. First, it introduces basic dreamwork concepts while dealing with specific themes in series using hundreds of my own dreams from the past 20-plus years and some of my husband's and our daughter's. I want to encourage folk to study their own dreams as a way to learn about themselves and to facilitate their own individuation. My dreams reveal my own spiritual journey in self-knowledge and self-realization. I do not know yet how it will be published, whether I will approach major publishers or will self-publish. This remains to be decided.

In addition to working on my book, I helped Tallulah Lyons a little with some editing of her latest book *Dreams and Guided Imagery: Gifts for Transforming Illness and Crisis*. It is very well written and includes exercises for working with dreams and guided imagery and illustrates in an interesting manner how group dream work with cancer patients can be done. The book is based on her ten-plus years of working with cancer patients at two cancer wellness centers in Atlanta, GA.

I have also been facilitating a small dream group here at Guilford, where we are living now. I do miss the wonderful group of ladies of the group I facilitated for many years in Charlottesville, VA. I'm very pleased to know that they are continuing to meet on their own since I left.

I appreciate your interest and best wishes,

Rachel Norment, Greensboro, NC

The Revelation of John

by Reverend Bob Haden



"I saw a new Heaven and a new Earth.
And I saw a heavenly city, the New Jerusalem
coming down out of heaven."

Revelation of John

"It is coming down to us.
It is a new earthly vision.
A pure gift "prepared as a bride
beautifully dressed for her husband."

Reverend Bob Haden

The Revelation of John As a Process of Individuation



I, John, your brother and companion in the suffering, and in the kingdom and the patient endurance that are ours in Jesus Christ, was on the isle of Patmos, for the word of God and for testimony of Jesus Christ. I was in the spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, "I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, write on a scroll what you see and send it to the seven churches in Asia."

Revelation 1:9-11

THE REVELATION OF JOHN IS A CLASSIC IN CHRISTIAN LITERATURE. It is much like Dante's *Divine Comedy* but it has long been a puzzle for many Christians. It must be studied, struggled with and approached on a symbolic level; only then does it begin to come to life for us all.

The Book of Revelation, like so much apocalyptic writing, was born out of innocent suffering. Jesus had been crucified. Rome was persecuting the Christians—literally throwing them to the lions, cutting their heads off, or crucifying them. It would be like living in Iraq today, where the Christian church is about to vanish because of the persecutions and beheadings. In both incidences the

Christians were and are being specifically targeted. John, the author of Revelation, was at the crucifixion of Jesus but left Jerusalem and was living in Ephesus with Mary, the mother of Jesus. John, himself, was tortured by immersion in a boiling pot of oil and then banished to the Isle of Patmos in the Aegean Sea. It was on the Isle of Patmos that John had his dream-like vision.

As with all dreams and visions, there are multiple layers of meaning in the Apocalypse of John. Some see John's Revelation as speaking about events at the time, e.g., Nero persecuting the Christians. Others see it as foretelling future wars and catastrophes and the end of the world. Still others see it as describing a process, a process that is relevant to all times and all places and all people. Carl Jung calls it the process of individuation, the process of becoming what we are called to be. So, let us explore *The Book of Revelation* as a process of individuation.

Three Wars

There are three wars going on in the Book of Revelation: the war in heaven, the war on earth, and the war that's going on inside all of us. *The Book of Revelation* speaks of all three. In essence, the wars are between good and evil. We're fighting and struggling all the time with good and evil within ourselves. This world in which we live struggles with good and evil and there's even a struggle between good and evil in the heavenly sphere, in the spiritual realm.

The Beast

The Book of Revelation is about the conflict between two kinds of power: the power of the beast and the power of the lamb. The power of the beast is the power to control and manipulate. We all use that kind of power from time to time--in our home, in our work, in the world.

The power of the lamb is the power of Christ. It is the power to heal and to set free. When we use the power of the lamb, our power sets people free and causes healing to happen.

There are three beasts: the dragon in heaven, the beast from the sea, and the beast from the earth. Together they form a demonic trinity. You'll find with all these dragons and beasts, that they are similar to the divine... but not quite. Evil likes to take on the image of the divine to sneak around and fool people in many ways. *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* illustrates this, and takes one deeper into the individuation process.

Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse

One of my favorite parts of John's vision is the *Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*. There are four horses: one of them is white. one is red, one is black and one of them is pale.



The Four Riders of the Apocalypse

The rider on the white horse has a bow and is wearing a crown. The rider on the red horse has a sword and produces much bloodshed. The rider on the black horse has the scales, the scales of economic systems which have gone awry. And finally, there is the pale horse, the horse that is ridden by and is the power of death.

The white horse is almost a personification of Christ, but not quite. It's the way things always start out. These horses represent the whole system of how evil happens in our world. It starts out looking very, very good, like that white horse. Evil often wears the mask of divinity. Frequently, you and I enter conflicts for various righteous reasons: to oppose oppression or evil; to defeat tyranny or to end war; to help the environment or to save the human race. All kinds of good causes.

We begin these causes on the white horse... but, pretty soon, the red horse comes along. The red horse is the blood horse. Even good and righteous causes and wars, can and do bring about bloodshed and destruction.

Then, there's the black horse whose rider is holding the scales, a symbol of the economy gone awry. When the economy goes awry, famine, starvation, and economic enslavement ensue. This cycle repeats itself again and again throughout history.

Finally, there is the pale horse, whose rider is Death, the final resting place of evil. Death—the ultimate power to control.

In the beginning, evil often seems enticing, attractive, and desirable. No one knowingly wants to get caught in the clutches of the beast of evil. We are *seduced* into mounting that old horse.

The Lamb

The power of the Lamb is not that of manipulation and control, but rather of healing and setting free. In the fifth chapter of *Revelation*, we see the Lamb sitting on a throne surrounded by four living creatures. At the bottom left is a man. At the top left is a lion. At the top right is a calf. At the bottom right is an eagle. The early church designated these as Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John: the four gospels. So, traditionally, the man with six wings symbolizes Matthew; the lion symbolizes Mark; the calf, Luke; and the eagle, John. Surrounding those symbols on both sides are the twenty-four elders. In the middle, the great multitude from every nation and every race on earth praises the Lamb. This picture is a *mandala*, a symbol for wholeness in all cultures.



**The Adoration of the Lamb
and the Hymn of the Chosen**

We also notice that the Lamb is the sacrificial Lamb, as there is blood pouring out of the Lamb. One of the elders is catching the blood in a chalice, symbolic of our taking the Eucharist, the body and the blood of the Lamb. The Lamb is certainly symbolic of Jesus, who died on the Cross.

The symbol of the sacrificial Lamb carries us all the way back to Exodus when the lamb was sacrificed and the blood put over doors in X's, so the last plague would skip over those doors and not kill the oldest son. The Passover also represents the transition of the Israelites from slavery in Egypt to freedom in the Promised Land. This is another symbol of the freedom that the Lamb brings.

Both the Beast and the Lamb in the *Book of Revelation* have horns, signifying power and dominion. The Beast wears a crown on its horns, flouting its dominion. The Lamb's seven eyes never close, keeping a constant watch for injustice and oppression.



St. Michael Fighting the Dragon

The Beast in the *Book of Revelation* represents pseudo-suffering. The Beast does, indeed, bear a wound, but it is the kind of wound meant to be seen, meant to attract the attention of others. On the other hand, the suffering

of the Lamb is genuine and purposeful.

The power that is based on deceit will lose in the confrontation with the truth. We see it happen again and again. It may take years, or decades, but a power based on deceit will eventually crumble.

Inside the scroll is God's plan for salvation. The Lamb is the only one who can open the scroll. That is, Jesus is the key to understanding God's new way. Jesus illustrated this new way at the meal when he, the Master, washed the disciples' feet then asked them to wash one another's feet.

The power of the Lamb is service to others, true leadership, not manipulative power moves.

The Power of the Beast manipulates and controls. The power of the Lamb heals and liberates.

The New Jerusalem

The New Jerusalem is the result of Lamb-Power put into action.

Chapters 21 and 22 of the *Book of Revelation* are a dream vision of the New Jerusalem. It is analogous to Jesus' dream of the Kingdom of God.

Jesus says many things about the Kingdom of God. It is the Kingdom of love, the Good Samaritan kind of love that stops, listens, and heals. Jesus' dream of the Kingdom and John's dream of the New Jerusalem are the same.

In 1963, Martin Luther King gave a speech in Washington, DC, of his dream—his own New Jerusalem.

I say to you today, my friends, that in spite of the difficulties and frustrations of the moment, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream. I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: 'We hold these truths to be self-evident – that all men are created equal.' I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a desert state sweltering with the heat of injustice and oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice. I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.



I have a dream today. I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plains, and the crooked places will be made straight, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.

Martin Luther King's speech speaks of dissatisfaction with things of the past and the present, but then it takes that all important step of giving us a vision for the future. It is that vision that has pulled society towards justice rather than injustice.

The Book of Revelation speaks of the injustices. But, it doesn't stop there. It gives us a vision of the future: "Then I saw a new heaven and a new earth." Interesting, it's not just about a new heaven in the sky, by and by: "I saw a new Heaven and a new earth. And I saw a heavenly city, the New Jerusalem coming down out of heaven."

It is coming down to us. It's a new earthly vision. A pure gift "prepared as a bride beautifully dressed for her husband."

Just as Martin Luther King had a vision for this country, so John received a vision for all Christendom.

The Book of Revelation does tell us something about the first century and the persecutions Christians endured. It also tells us some things about the future in general terms. But, more importantly, it contains eternal truths relevant to our contemporary life. It teaches us to recognize evil as we see it, and to recognize demonic powers in others and in ourselves. It urges us to begin to exercise the power of the Lamb and to have the vision of the kind of world God desires for us.

John's vision helps us to see this journey as a definitive process, a process from beastly power to lamb power to the New Jerusalem. It is the process of individuation, the growth toward that to which God is calling us.

When we work with this vision as we work with a dream, allowing our imagination and inspiration to do its work, intuition flows. A river of "ahas" becomes a powerful, integrity-filled, healing force for our lives.

Thanks be to God for our dreams—those letters from the Lamb Who gives of Himself for us. ∞

"The dream is the small hidden door in the innermost and most secret recesses of the soul, opening into that cosmic night which was psyche long before there was any ego-consciousness, and which will remain psyche no matter how far our ego-consciousness extends.

C. G. Jung

~ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ~

Our dreams teach us what our own life-experiment is all about, what it means to live at this particular time in history, and about our ultimate origin and destination.

John Sanford

The Mountain

I am having an argument with someone I know.

I don't recall what the argument is about but at one point,

I walk away in frustration in a rush to get somewhere.

I begin walking down a road. I am walking quickly,

as though I'm in a rush to get somewhere. The odd thing about this road is that on each side of the road stand people I have known throughout my life.

Some are people from groups I have belonged to at one time or another: the Boy Scouts, the Young Socialists, Jesus Freaks, etc. Others are friends I have known since a very young age. It has a kind of This is Your Life feel.

Their murmuring distracts me as I rush along the road.

In order not to be distracted, I cover my ears and keep repeating,

"I want Jesus! I want sweet Jesus!"

My words begin to take on the quality of a mantra. I continue to repeat, "I want Jesus," with mounting intensity. All of a sudden I come to the foot of a mountain. There is stillness in the air.

(Though I am not conscious of dreaming, at this point the dream becomes very lucid, very powerful.)

It is a large mountain and my eyes scan its height. Suddenly,

I hear the most wonderful music coming from the mountaintop.

I realize that I am hearing angels singing and begin a desperate scramble up the mountain to discover the source of the singing.

I reach the top of the mountain and just as I peer over into the valley below, my eyes are met with a glorious burst of color from the valley.

There are a mass of beings awaiting me. They are all smiling and waving at me and welcoming me home. I know them, but they are not from my waking life.

It also has a feel of a birthday party. The feeling I have at that moment is the feeling one might have if one had been searching desperately for their eyeglasses and then looking in the mirror and seeing that they had been wearing their glasses all along.

I can SEE!



Remembering the Harmonic Convergence

©2012–2013 By Elizabeth Howard, M.A.

I CELEBRATED THE HARMONIC CONVERGENCE, 8/17/1987, with a group of people in Earleton, Florida. Having been here and there and far away over the ensuing years, here, now, at the time of the 25th Anniversary of the Harmonic Convergence, I find myself home again, living only a few miles from the place of that event.

Jose' Arguelles, historian and visionary, was the initiator of the event and termed it the "Harmonic Convergence." He said that in 1987, at the time of the convergence, we earthlings would have reached a peak of personal and organizational greed and disrespect for the earth. We would then be called upon to undergo a long period of purification; the first five years being intense, then continuing until December of the year 2012. At that time the great Mayan prophecies and calendar reached an end point as would those of a number of other religious and cultural systems. We would then have the potential to reach a higher spiritual plane... or perhaps the world would end.

With the end of the Mayan calendar approaching in Decem-

ber of this year, and the Harmonic Convergence 25 years behind us, I thought I would look back in my journals and compare my dreams around the time of these two related and momentous events.

I didn't know a lot about the Harmonic Convergence. I only knew that I would be safe with my friends in Earleton and that we would be meditating for peace. I understood that people all over the world would be meditating with us and that the mass of these intentions would create a peaceful world in times to come. Around 1987 I was in the midst of a great time of living what I had learned. I had my M.A. in gestalt therapy and was starting to conduct dream workshops, I was learning about crystals and herbs, rock and stones and in general was ready for a great spiritual event.

In August of 1987 I was housesitting for a friend in Hawthorne FL. Her return was imminent and I had to find another place to live. I was becoming very worried and anxious about where I could go, with my dog and my cat and little money.

Kundalini: The Science of Love

I am aware of many snakes pouring
into my crown (of my head),
and aware of many snakes
entering my feet. The 'crown' snakes
are traveling down and the 'feet'
snakes are traveling up.

Together, they all meet in my heart.

At the moment they join,
I am fully bathed in white light.
I fully understand Divine Love.
I understand I am that.
I understand that All are that.
I understand, too, the science
of Love and that this place in
Consciousness of Being Love in form
is not something we are growing or
evolving into... we all already here.



The phone rang, and it was my friend, Mark Richman (sometimes called Mushroom Mark) inviting me to come and join him and other friends on property at Lake Santa Fe in Earlelton. He explained that there would be a Harmonic Convergence event held on the property and that there would be ceremonies of purification and peace. He said I would be welcome there.

I went to Earlelton in my little yellow Volkswagen, accompanied by my cat Mary and my dog Scarlett. In my journal I have a list of what I would take, very few items, very simple. I stayed there nine months and what is interesting to me now and made me smile, is that are absolutely no journal notes between August 14 and August 25 of dreams or anything else.

Not only was I enjoying myself, I was fully involved in trust with my companions, living simply and well and in trust of the Earth. These were some of the goals of the Harmonic Convergence. We had a sweat lodge where we could run out directly into the lake, we had a fire for the 12 days of purification, and we had a huge peace celebration as we completed the ceremonies with Native American chants and prayers for peace in the universe.

To make this story complete, I must say we had plenty of marijuana, magic mushrooms, LSD and even peyote at our disposal. As to who did what, I cannot say, but we seemed to remain relatively even-tempered and kind to one another. I believe we were expecting beings from other planets and although I did not see these beings themselves, I saw beyond the veil of what we call reality and was not surprised but rather awed that I myself glimpsed their little machines, tiny tractors and earth diggers beneath the bushes near my cabin.

There is really no comparison between the Harmonic Convergence 25 years ago and now, the end of the Mayan Calendar, which is about to happen. In my last recorded dream before the convergence, I dreamed of *a daffodil, yellow and beautiful and blooming*. In my most recent recorded dream, a few days ago—rather than some uplifting and encouraging message of praise for my friends and myself—I dreamt of *shit on my shoe*. Guess I better watch my step as I balance, a flower child grown older, who still steps in shit sometimes.

Here is a beautiful chant that we sang in our closing ceremony for the Harmonic Convergence, 25 years ago. Soon I will be 75 years old and I sing these words very often, in memory of my dear friends in the enchanted days of that very special and important event.

We all come from the Mother,
And to her we shall return,
Like a river flowing to the ocean... Repeat, repeat...

PEACE TO ALL BEINGS HERE-NOW. ∞



Cultivating Dream Futures to Energize Our Highest Potentials

by DL Zeta

I F WE WISH TO ENERGIZE AND LIVE OUR HIGHEST AND BEST POTENTIALS, it is necessary to perceive and visit our future before we take action in our present moment.

When we visit our future in consciousness, we are in a sense able to observe the field of our future potentials and choose the one that allows us to best carry out our spiritual purpose in this lifetime. As we carry out our spiritual mission, all the things we have asked for begin to manifest, including love, abundance, radiant health, creative achievements and much more.

Our Future Self-Downloads Images of Dream Futures in our Sleeping States

The part of us that is able to step free of time and space limitations, travels into the field of our future potentials and advises us on which timeline best serves our purpose in this lifetime. It doesn't matter how we refer to this aspect of our consciousness. We can call it our spirit guide, our guiding angel or our future self. All of these names are real and true.

Most often our future self or spirit guide is able to communicate with us in our dream states in order to share with us the information it has gleaned from our future potentials. These 'dream futures,' are downloaded to us in images that filter up into our conscious mind for us to view as we are making decisions in our waking states.

Charting a Course to Timelines Where our Highest Potentials Exist

Once we become aware of the dream future most aligned with our spiritual mission, we can begin to energize and cultivate this timeline in our present moment. Over time, we will become adept at charting a course from our pres-

ent timeline to the timeline where our highest potential exists.

Allowing the Universe to Guide us to our Best Future

We can ask our future self to help us work on solutions to issues that are currently before us. In asking for potential solutions, it is best not to be too specific about the solution we are seeking. It's important that we leave room for the universe to activate timelines where our highest potential futures exist. These may be beyond anything we are able to imagine with our conscious mind. Plus, we may not be able to consciously see the chain of events a specific request sets into motion. If, for example, we ask for a future potential to be activated where we receive a large sum of money, we may find ourselves receiving the money as the result of circumstances we would not have chosen. When we ask for specific things to happen, we don't know the timeline where that reality exists, or what would need to happen between now and that future potential for it to manifest.

Exercising our Powers of Discernment

As we ask for and receive information about dream futures, it is wise to use our powers of discernment. The information we receive from our future self will always be designed to guide us to our highest and best future, which opens the way for abundance, self-realization, radiant health and fulfilling relationships to be part of the future that is actualized.

The information that is downloaded to us during our dream states is free from any interference from our conscious mind so it can be considered a pure form of information. Discernment must be exercised with information

Dreaming Humanity's Path

Many Planets Are Helping Earth

*We are going onto an Air Force Academy.
We begin to see a display of every type
of weaponry currently being used.*

*The odd thing is that we can see every
minute detail about each weapon, as if it
is being explained to us as we pass by.*

*There is no physical way for this to
happen, but as we drive by, we see it all.*

*It starts with the smallest weapon, each gun
and knife available, then it proceeds
to bombs, tanks, airplanes, computer
scanning and "locking-on" devices.*

*The display is so technical that I cannot
understand all the details or each image
that I see. It ends with all the current
space ships, weapons and scanning
devices that they have created.*

We are in awe as we drive by.

*I feel some fear as to what all this
weaponry portends for the earth's future.
Just then we round the corner leading to the
high school. In between the mountains—so
close I feel I can reach out and touch it—is the
planet Jupiter, huge and up close and the
Greek personification of the planet Venus.*

*Each planet radiates incredible energy and
overwhelming love. They speak in harmony,
explaining that the entity energy
of the Earth has sent out a distress signal
to other planets telling of the woes the
humans have wrought. They have come to
lend their energy and support to help heal
the planet Earth. It's as if they are
the guardian Angels of our planet and
are here now to lend their perspective
and healing powers to help us.
It is an awesome feeling!*

about future potentials we receive from other sources, however.

It is possible at times that we consciously tune into energetic frequencies that may download 'thought viruses,' that tend to parasitize our consciousness and feed off our life force energy. Parasitic frequencies are free-floating thought viruses that exist much like computer viruses.

Parasitic 'Thought Viruses' Feed off Fear of Undesired Outcomes

As we gain awareness of our field of potentials, we may experience fear around certain timelines where we witness futures with dangerous or negative outcomes. This is a misunderstanding because this information is never made available to us to frighten us but to assist us in making decisions. If we experience fear around a dream future we witness, this exposes our energy field to attacks by parasitical energies that feed off fear.

A thought virus accesses ones' energy field through weak spots created by fear patterns and can cause undesirable futures to manifest. At the moment we experience fear around a future potential, thought viruses attach themselves to us and keep emphasizing the negative potential future in our thought processes in order to generate more fear.

Eventually this can result in the negative future manifesting in our present moment.

Freeing Ones Self from Thought Viruses through Courage and Willpower

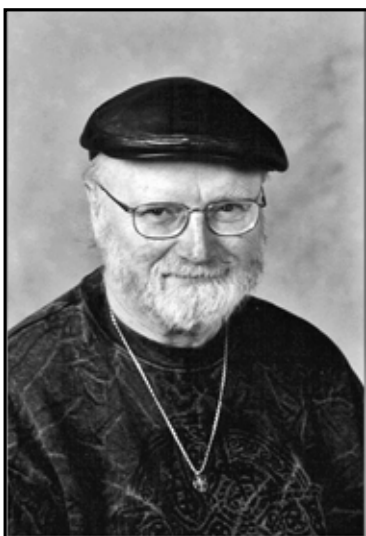
A sign that one may be tuning into parasitic frequencies is when undesired realities begin manifesting. These may include addictions and other dependencies, physical illness, poor decision-making, destructive behaviors and feelings of victimhood.

Freeing ones self from the clutches of a thought virus is as simple as summoning the courage to face the fear that is feeding it and exercising the willpower needed to shift ones focus to empowering and uplifting potential futures.

Energizing our Highest Potentials Heals and Empowers across Time

When we understand the future potentials we view are not a given but an important tool for creating reality, we are empowered to choose and manifest from among the highest and best potentials in our garden of dream futures.

As we energize and manifest our highest potentials, we are able to heal and empower ourselves across what we think of as time: past, present and future. ∞



Dreams as Angels

Part Four

by Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph.D.

IN MY LAST COLUMN, I DESCRIBED A DREAM THAT REFERRED TO A COFFEE SPILL I HAD PHOTOGRAPHED AND PUT ASIDE. In the dream, a voice made a dramatic assertion: "Only from the moon can you see the coming guest." The dream also contained an image of an owl, a tree and a full moon. The dream owl was formed from pistachio shells. I was impelled to manifest this image, which I did using pistachio shells and encaustic techniques.¹ I suggested that this owl would become part of the substance that I fed the "dream as angel," as an example of what Corbin had asserted: that "we feed the angel with our substance."

I want to inquire more deeply into this sense of "substance" and to examine what constitutes the acts of feeding our substance to dreams.

Looking at the roots of the word substance (*sub-* and *-stance*), we get the sense of "what stands beneath," and the development of this image leads to what stands at the "deepest" place, often referred to as "essence." It is hard to appreciate now that the deepest heresy in Christian history concerned substance, that is, the question of whether Jesus Christ was the *same* substance as God, or a *similar* but different substance created by God.² The solution to this, promulgated at the Nicaean Council in 325 and remaining so to the present time, was the *absolutist* notion of consubstantiation (that the Father, Son and Holy Ghost are all of the *same* substance) while the heresy,

promulgated by Arius, was a "relativistic" view, that the substance of God was primary and the substance of the Son and Holy Ghost was secondary, similar, but different. The Arian notion was considered heretical because *any* difference in the substance of the Trinity would allow for the possibility of evil (or some other principle) to enter the Godhead. This could not be allowed, and still cannot be permitted within the dogma of most Christian traditions.

A little reflection reveals that this absolute/relative dimension pervades all human activities, not just Christian tradition. In psychoanalysis, for example, Freud's absolutism contrasts with the heresy of Jung's relativism. We have the absolutism of many traditions, discounted by the heretical relativity of modernism and the hyper-relativity of postmodernism. There is no need to present further examples here because the main point is clear: when we focus on "our substance," that which we are calling upon to feed the "dream as angel," we are going to run squarely into this same issue *within* ourselves, and most specifically in terms of the typical absolutism of the ego in relation to the heretical relativity of the deeper psyche.

I think it fair to say that in most dream work, whether in the professional consulting room, in myriad dream groups, in most any setting where dreams are given any attention at all, the primary emphasis is on the care and feeding



of the ego. We want to know what the dream means. We want to know now. We are willing to pay to find out, whether from books, from lectures, or personal engagement with those who profess to lead us to meaning. We are easily frustrated at the opacity of dreams, their riddle quality, their confusion, their ephemerality, their seeming irrelevance to our conscious concerns. They don't yield to ego's purposes and intentions easily. Certainly the vast majority of human beings pay scant attention to dreams, let alone accord them any value. Dreams don't register much in what we call our daily world, in our cultural contents and conflicts, or in our commercial enterprises that take up the bulk of human time, energy and resources.

Suppose that the purpose of dreams is not *for* the ego at all. Instead, imagine that the purpose of dreams is to recruit the ego's attention, time, value, and action in relation to the "otherness" of the dream. Then, we would ask: What is the dream's desire? Remember what Jung wrote to Herbert Read: "...what is the great Dream? It consists of the many small dreams and the many acts of humility and submission to their hints." You can see here that Jung is not speaking of how the dream is to serve the ego; rather, how the ego is to serve the dream with *acts* of humility and submitting to the hints dreams bring forth.

I may prefer to operate from solar consciousness. But the dream voice stated without reservation that the coming guest could only be seen from the moon, so that I must submit to a lunar perspective in my future work on the coming guest. The lunar perspective has much more in common with imagination (and lunacy) than with explanation and interpretation (rationality) which are the hallmarks of solar consciousness. As I began to imagine upon what the dream voice said, interior voices sprang up spontaneously: "Moon rider, may I join you?" You see here the images taking the lead, not my usual ego-consciousness. Then I acted further on the images from the dream by manifesting them in an encaustic/pistachio-shelled image that could then be circulated to others and playing at least a potential part in community.

One could say, the dream knows something I do not. That the coming guest can only be seen from the moon is not a thought I would ever have had. This "dream knowing" is very powerful and compelling. It is common to think that our dream world belongs only to our individual selves and serves only our individual consciousness. I no longer believe this is correct. I suggest we may be more connected to one another in the dream world than we have ever imagined before.³ As Philip K. Dick concluded, "What has got to be gotten over is the false idea that an hallucination is a private matter."

Try this as an experiment in your dream group or with a group of friends or with your colleagues at work or school

or wherever. Sit in a circle. Close your eyes. Recall a dream image from some recent dream, or even from childhood. Just an image, not the whole narrative. Just speak out the image, such as, "There is an owl made of pistachio nuts with a tree and a full moon." Then someone will speak another image. And round and round the circle these images are given voice. What happens may astonish you. You will begin to "sense" the presence of something palpable, but not definable, something quite real, but unnamable. Do not be surprised if what you begin to experience seems indistinguishable from dreams, for in fact, you are *in* the field from where you dream. Your imagination will begin to flow—it may be in the form of what seems poetic speech, it may be images, it may be the beginning lines of a story forming—for you are in the presence of storymind. There is no need to "discuss" the images, no need for interpretation, no need for understanding. You will feel the Eros of action forming; you will want to "do" something, for this is the ground of substance to be fed back to the "presence" that was incarnated by nothing more than giving voice to dream images.

By doing this by yourself, or with others, you will be creating the welcoming field for the coming guest and bring forth the possibilities of futures that may not be had any other way.

When I look at the definitions of "substance" in the dictionary, I'm taken by the entry: *gist, heart*. I like it that these two words are there together. I like it that "gist" has its origin in "to take action." Heart in this sense, strikes me as quite similar to what Kim Rosen⁴ writes about in *Saved by A Poem*, to take in a poem "by heart," not so much as school memorizing, but as *engaging* the poem so deeply it becomes an *indweller* in one's bones. Something of this sensibility is what is meant by feeding the angel, feeding the dream.

If only the world would pay attention! ∞†



Endnotes

- 1 Both images may be seen at <http://tinyurl.com/ctsa635>
- 2 I am indebted to my colleague Paco Mitchell for reminding me of the relevance of the Nicaean Council and its manner of dealing with the Arian heresy relating to the nature of "substance."
- 3 This is at least part of what I mean by the *rhizomic* layer, which analogically is like the way trees communicate underground, or like electrons communicate with one another across "empty" space, differing senses of how we are connected in the rhizomic layer through dreams.
- 4 See my interview with Kim Rosen in *Dream Network Journal*, Vol. 30, 2011.

Bateson's Nightmare: Cybernetics, Global Warming and Dreams

Part Two

by Paco Mitchell

[Part I of this essay recounted a conversation I had with Gregory Bateson in 1967, in which he revealed to me an ecological phenomenon he considered to be potentially far more catastrophic than nuclear war. He called that phenomenon "runaway feedback loops in nature."]

MY CONVERSATION WITH CYBERNETIC THEORIST GREGORY BATESON, ON THE TOPIC OF GLOBAL WARMING, occurred almost fifty years ago; but in the decades since then it has taken on the power of a prophetic dream, foreshadowing ominous trends well in advance. Today those very trends have come to life and are dancing before my eyes like skeletons in a Mexican puppet show. There is a slim bit of good news in this, and a lot of bad.

Part of the good news is that Bateson's *cybernetic language*—terms like "feedback loops," "homeostasis" and "inputs"—and the *visionary perspective* such terms can enable, has spread beyond the cubicles of engineers and systems analysts and has entered popular discourse. Well, if not popular discourse, then at least the occasional article in the alternative press. This is good because *words*, ethically used, carry valuable *ideas*, and ideas help us see things we couldn't see before. The right language, then, enables us to take what we are seeing and put it into *context*, and context enables *self-criticism*. Self-criticism, finally, is necessary for any re-birth of personality or culture. With the proper context we can look down on ourselves as if from a higher vantage point, evaluating our attitudes, actions, and so forth. I think of this as *the angel's point of view*. Bateson might call it *meta-knowledge* or *meta-awareness*.

Because we are so immersed in the systems we and our predecessors have created, immersed as well in the assumptions that gave rise to those systems and that they give rise to in turn, we tend not to see the destructive consequences in systemic terms—down to and including our

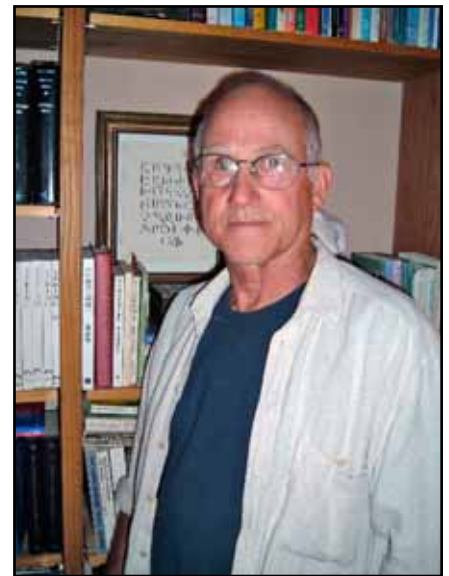
debasement of language and, therefore, of thought itself. Generally speaking, we lack Bateson's *meta-knowledge*. Like Dr. Frankenstein, we have become the victims of our own creations, or at least their servants. We created this mess, but we are reluctant—perhaps even unable—to dismantle it.

According to Bateson, for centuries we in the West have been making a *radical epistemological error*—a big mistake that has resulted in the civilization-threatening crisis in which we find ourselves mired today. He calls it a radical epistemological error because it is a set of bedrock assumptions that distort our sense of reality to a pathological degree.

In one critical example he cites the erroneous Darwinian assumption regarding the basic "unit of evolutionary survival"—a hierarchy moving from organism to family line to sub-species to species, etc. In his comments on this, Bateson added a subtle twist, demonstrating that any system of sufficient complexity displays all the characteristics of "mind" or mentality. He writes:

If, now, we correct the Darwinian unit of survival to include the environment and the interaction between organism and environment, a very strange and surprising identity emerges: the unit of evolutionary survival turns out to be identical with the unit of mind.¹

In other words, we cannot identify ourselves as basic units of evolutionary survival unless we



"Who gathers knowledge, gathers pain."

—Ecclesiastes 1:18

Continued on page 24

The Gates Are Opening

There is a hilltop and a slope below it. A high chain-link fence divides the two places. One group of people live on the hilltop and another group on the slope below.

The hilltop people live in at-one-ment with cosmic law; the others do not.

A man of the 'higher' group—not the leader but one who had attained greatness—calls out to the 'greatest' of the 'lower' group and engages him in conversation to stimulate his thinking.

As they talk, they go to a place in the fence where one of the sections of fence is open slightly, as a gate.

The 'higher' man suggests that they open this section wide; the 'lower' man agrees but said it should be just for a little while because he and his people have to go on with daily affairs.

As they are opening the gate, the 'higher' man goes to the next section and opens it also.

At this, the 'lower' people begin to murmur disapprovingly, for the fence had always been there and it was wrong to change things.

The people on the hilltop began to encourage them, pointing out that now they could see the sky and mountains without the fence obscuring their view.

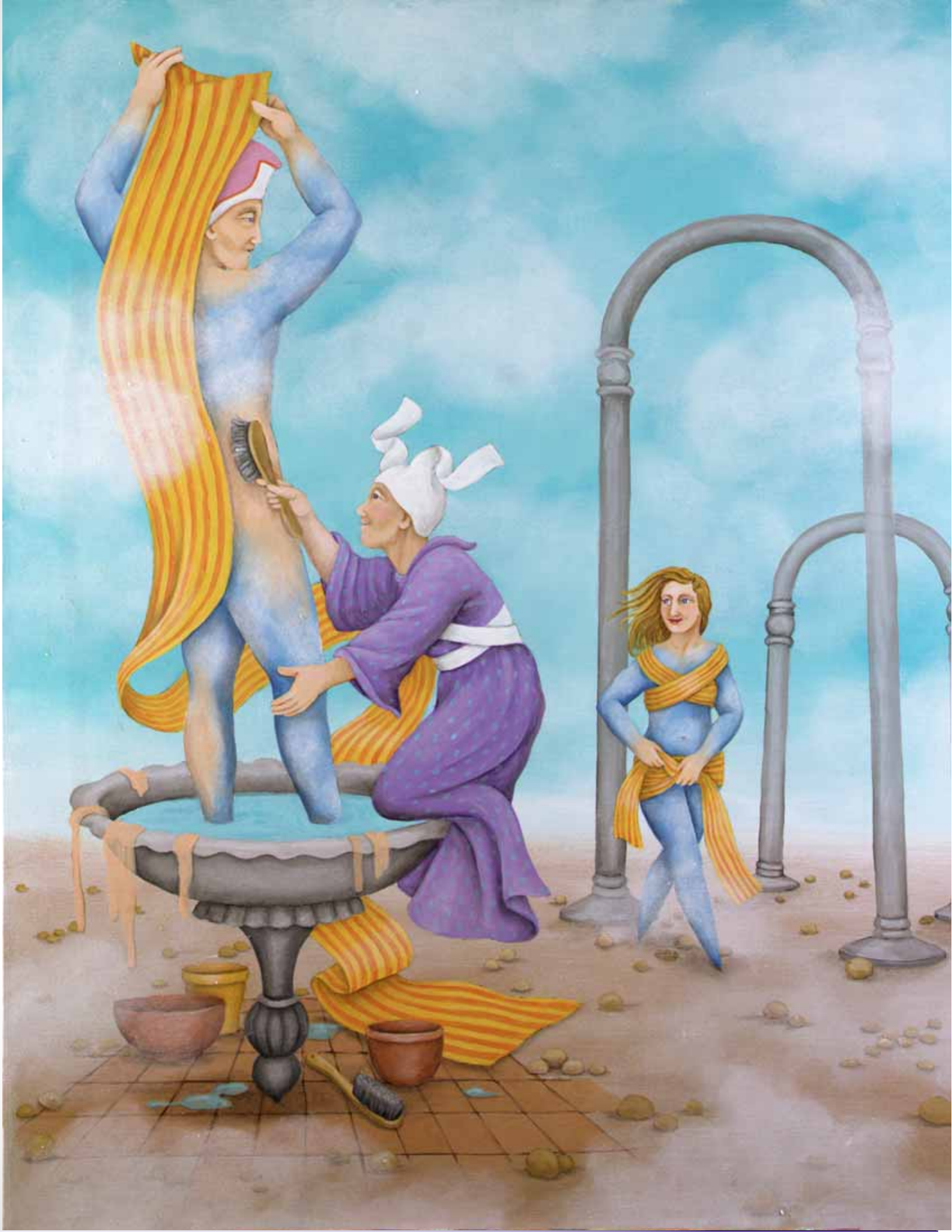
They were encouraged and began to see other beauties that had been obscured.

A large white bird flew into the sky.

With mounting joy, they see more and more... as more and more gates are opened. The joy reaches levels of ecstasy as the two groups of people join and became one.

Together, they begin to ascend the hill and beyond.

They carry a huge flag of White, waving it above them.



Bateson's Nightmare (Cont'd from pg. 21)

include the environment in our understanding of ourselves, or unless we recognize the properties of mind as belonging to the ecological system of which we are a part. Here is a longer formulation of his argument:

Let us now consider what happens when you make the epistemological error of choosing the wrong unit: you end up with the species versus the other species around it or versus the environment in which it operates. Man against nature. You end up, in fact, with Kaneohe Bay polluted, Lake Erie a slimy green mess, and "Let's build bigger atom bombs to kill off the next-door neighbors." There is an ecology of bad ideas, just as there is an ecology of weeds, and it is characteristic of the system that basic error propagates itself. It branches out like a rooted parasite through the tissues of life, and everything gets into a rather peculiar mess. When you narrow down your epistemology and act on the premise "What interests me is me, or my organization, or my species," you chop off consideration of other loops of the loop structure. You decide that you want to get rid of the by-products of human life and that Lake Erie will be a good place to put them. You forget that the eco-mental system called Lake Erie is a part of your wider eco-mental system—and that if Lake Erie is driven insane, its insanity is incorporated in the larger system of your thought and experience."²

A polluted Lake Erie as a form of insanity! Humans driving Lake Erie insane with their waste, and being driven insane in return! Feedback loops, indeed!

What we do to Lake Erie we also do to the planet and thus to ourselves. Bateson's principle holds true around the globe. The Brazilians are driving the Amazon basin crazy, burning the rain forests to raise soybeans and beef, to feed our overpopulated cities, requiring more cutting of rain forests for more beef, bringing drought to the Amazon and altering global weather patterns in the process. Can the eco-mental system of the planet withstand a second Sahara?

We are in love with the erroneous idea that we are *separate from nature* and can exert *willful control over natural systems* indefinitely and with impunity. The Book of Genesis gave us "dominion," and we intend to use it, by God! Two thousand years of this attitude have resulted in what Bateson calls *scientific hubris*, and we suffer from it to a pathological degree. With something close to what psychiatrists call "magical thinking," we believe that we,

unlike every other creature on Earth, are magically exempt from the cybernetic truths of biological systems. Under the burden of this false notion, we take actions, exert power, make decisions and build systems that, in the end, are damaging to the environment and therefore to us. When *linear* actions are carried to extremes within a *circular* system of feedback loops, the very linearity of those actions threatens to destroy the homeostatic integrity of the whole system. In biological terms, this points toward the dead-end of *systemic environmental collapse*.

Even a rudimentary grasp of the ways we are subject to and consist of cybernetic principles—the feedback loops within our bodies, our societies and the environment—places us in a position to see present reality in a wiser context, seeing what is actually happening rather than what we wish to see. Conceptual terms like homeostasis and feedback loops—combined with a moderate dose of differentiated feeling and intuition—can help us discern the potential implications of such current phenomena as: the rate of melting of the ice caps and great ice sheets; the rapid melting of permafrost and the subsequent release of methane "burps"; the measurable reductions in the earth's reflectivity, or albedo; the implications of methane fires on the surface of the North Sea; massive droughts, crop failures and forest die-offs; vast insect infestations; displacement of human populations; disturbed or destroyed animal habitats and migration patterns; dying coral reefs; rocketing numbers of species extinctions; alterations of chemical balances in the oceans and the atmosphere; the increasing violence of storm surges (e.g., Hurricane Sandy); and so forth. All this, and more, is plainly visible to anyone who cares to see. The science of it is not "in doubt." Rather, there is an overwhelming scientific consensus. Furthermore, the number and magnitude of the above phenomena, and their rates of change, are accelerating. We are fools to underestimate the seriousness of our situation.

The key to understanding the source of our dilemma lies in understanding ourselves, which touches on something Jung said many times: that the source of all coming evil is man himself. We are our own greatest problem.

Consider the current state of politics in America. Can there possibly be any real response to this environmental crisis without a political mobilization at all levels? Such a task requires an unprecedented degree of consensus and cooperation. But the radical epistemological error we are making affects our political process as much as it does everything else. Politically speaking, we are blocked, hog-tied, over a barrel, stymied, buffaloed, bamboozled, hornswoggled. As never before in my lifetime, money equals political power, which is for sale in ways that would have been branded as corrupt and illegal only forty years ago. Today, corruption has been declared *legal*, by the simple expedient of *purchasing the law*. One merely re-writes the legal code

to suit one's corrupt practices, then—presto!—no more crime. The fox now legally rules the henhouse.

And so the combined interests of concentrated wealth and power blatantly and cynically manipulate the political process, charting the actual course of events under the banner of noble-sounding but untruthful rhetoric. There may be short-term benefits for those who profit from this, but it is not in *anyone's* interest, long-term. Bateson said that we don't solve problems by making decisions based on the *same assumptions that created the problems in the first place*. Given this truth, a radical re-tooling of our entire way of thinking will be necessary—including how we think of ourselves, and how we govern and conduct ourselves vis-à-vis the total environment. If we do not subject ourselves to this kind of radical re-orientation, individually and collectively, it is hard to imagine that we will stop the damaging inputs to our planetary system in time to preserve climate homeostasis.

* * *

There is a well-known exchange between Jung and Max Zeller, a Jungian analyst from Los Angeles. The conversation concerned a dream Zeller had, in which he looks out over a landscape and sees that, in every direction, many people, including himself, are working on gigantic pillars rising from the foundations of an enormous temple. The process is in its beginning stages, but the foundation is in place. Jung's comment was, "That is the temple we all build on." People all over the world are working on the temple, "the new religion," he said, whose dimensions and final shape no one can really see yet. On the basis of his vast experience with dreams, Jung estimated it would take "about six hundred years" for the work to be completed and for the temple to become visible.

I've often thought about that dream and about Jung's comment, and his time-estimate seems reasonable. I can well imagine that it *will* take centuries to root out most of our erroneous assumptions, to thrash out new formulations and to build structures and systems appropriate to the new vision. And if they are to be truly "appropriate to the new vision," such formulations will necessarily incorporate at least the essence of Bateson's cybernetic insights.

Given our record so far, we cannot expect the process to be free of violence, even though violence may be one of the things we'll have to give up. Much of our violent behavior grows out of our epistemological illusion of separateness, with its fear of otherness. Whether we are even capable of reaching an adequate consensus without descending into yet another bloody World War, is a question worthy of consideration. The mere possibility of another World War puts an even greater burden upon *individuals* to come to terms with themselves and others, and to see the global problem clearly.

In any event, there is little doubt that a thorough spiritual renewal of some sort is needed, one that cuts through our attachment to hubris, and re-establishes our original humility in the face of the Greater System of which we have always been only a part. If we are to bring our moral stature up to the level of our technological achievements, in order not to destroy ourselves with them, we will have to find ways to slow down in order to catch up with ourselves.

Zeller's vision of the immense temple is a beautiful image, and will be a wonderful thing *if* enough humans survive the coming centuries and succeed in reinventing the human "at a species level," as Thomas Berry puts it. But we shouldn't kid ourselves: This will not be a painless process. It is a shame that so many other species, even now, are being taken down as a result of our obtuseness.

* * *

Bateson's commitment to science did not prevent him from invoking dreams and the unconscious, art and poetry, intuition and emotion, the irrational generally—as a homeostatic counter-balance to our hypertrophied consciousness. He knew that conscious purposiveness alone yields *too narrow* a viewpoint to harmonize with the larger cybernetic system of which we form a part.

It might seem strange to bring up *dreams* in an essay about cybernetics and global warming. But dreams are just as important to the healthy regulation of our organic functioning—homeostasis!—as are the levels of sugar and insulin in our blood. Sleep deprivation experiments have shown that if we go too long without dreaming, we start to go crazy. Dreams are *cybernetically necessary* to our mental and physical well-being, a truth that also applies at societal levels and in our relations to the environment. At the highest level, dreams belong to the systemic quality of Mind, which Bateson took as analogous to God.

Thus, I would ask: How many of our unstable, self-destructive attitudes—toward ourselves, one another and the planet—result from our refusal to engage the balancing intelligence of the unconscious psyche, and dreams in particular? Dreams, after all, form the basis of our consciousness. And is our protracted war against nature not really a war against ourselves? How much better off would the world be, if more humans gave up the battle and greeted their own dreams, and those of others, with cordiality? I believe this simple act alone would go a long way toward increasing the homeostatic balance of the human presence on earth. ∞



¹ Bateson, Gregory, *Steps To An Ecology of Mind*, p. 491.

² Ibid, p. 491.

The Destruction of Delphi

By Jeff Lewis

I DO NOT REMEMBER PRECISELY WHEN I HAD THIS DREAM, but before our first visit to Greece and Delphi. My guess would be in the 1990s some time. It was a dream of extraordinary power so it is surprising that I did not more carefully note when I had it. I do recall that I sent it largely without interpretation to *Dream Network Journal* as a "Big Dream," a prophetic dream, because there was a call for such dreams in the Journal. I also sent it more recently to Ann Sayre Wiseman, a fairly regular contributor to that magazine, as a "piss and poop dream," an example of a pissing dream of extraordinary power.

This exchange with Wiseman was after I had been to Greece, to Delphi twice. But even then I still could not adequately explain why this dream seems to have such extraordinary power. *Perhaps it doesn't*, I thought, *perhaps what happens in the dream is pure coincidence, a synchronicity designed to make me think I have something to do with what happens?*

Despite having this dream before our first visit to Greece and Delphi, I had—on several occasions—read about it, had always been curious about it, had seen pictures of it, diagrams of the layout of the place in books, particularly one on "Sacred Places." So, I had a good sense of what it looked like and how it was organized when I had the dream.

In the dream *Delphi is not a ruin, but active, in operation and the time is now, the modern day. This does not surprise me. I have, actually walked all the way from Viet Nam to Delphi.* (It is not really physically possible to walk from Viet Nam to Delphi—at least not coming from the West to the East, which is how I have done it. Not possible to walk across two great oceans; nevertheless, I have walked the whole way. I would be inclined, now, to say this "walk" is not literal, rather one I have been making through time, since, perhaps, the days of Viet Nam, until the present, the time of the dream.) *Maybe a bit like the odyssey of Odysseus.*

I dreamt....

When I arrive, I make my way through the town of Delphi, which perches on the mountainside around the ridge into the cirque or bowl where the sacred temple of Apollo is located. When I arrive I am sad, depressed as hell, feel awful or worse... but determined to accomplish... something. What?... is not clear. However, it took much strength and determination to make the walk I have just made so it would seem I have something important to accomplish. I go, immediately, to the Treasury of Athens at the bottom corner of the "Sacred Way," the first zig on the zigzag way up to the Temple of Apollo.

The Treasury is quite a bit larger than the rather cute little structure of the actual Treasury. I can enter it and it has a number of large rooms. I need to take a leak, so I go to a urinal in the Treasury, which would in reality, I assume, be filled with treasures, booty, loot. The men's room is a large one with a number of urinals along the inside wall, at least four.

As I pee with considerable relief in the urinal, I look back up the hill toward the Temple of Apollo, on up the zag across the hill past the Oracle's Rock, where the goats were possessed. The temple is there, but not a ruin. Rather a huge building very much like the Capitol of the state of Wisconsin in Madison where I went to school, where I was drafted... or the even larger one in Washington, D.C.

Then... the entire temple-capitol building blows up, explodes! Shards of it shoot past me at near supersonic speed. A fellow stands there as the temple comes down around him; the priest of the place, perhaps someone I will know in the future. ??

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

"This choice was never an easy one for me. However, it is one I can see now I made in favor of the *correct war*, the correct service—to deliver this refusal from the "treasury" to be offered no longer."

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

As the temple explodes around him, he glowers down at me as if, yes, somehow or other, I am responsible for the toppling of the temple.

When finished there is nothing left: no temple, no oracle from the deity, no nothing... just the same guy standing there unharmed and glowering amidst the rubble.

There are two keys to the understanding of this dream (the second I did not see until May 26, 2012):

First, is in my association to this urinal, or men's room, which I had made before: the urinal reminds me of the one in Milwaukee at the Draft Board Center where I went to have my physical after the draft lottery was instituted. This was back in January of 1968.

The second key is I am peeing in the Athenian Treasury where that city-state made its offerings to insure favorable oracles. More than fifty thousand young men and women killed, a million or so wounded, probably twenty or more times as many Vietnamese, to insure a favorable outcome from the oracle for American foreign policy in Southeast Asia. The young men and women drafted to fight in the Vietnam War were the treasure offered up by the American City State to insure a favorable outcome.

We lost. We lost the Vietnam War.

I think what I am "pissing" here with such great relief is the collective knowledge of what that offering was, that I was meant to be a part of it, but refused. This choice was never an easy one for me. However, it is one I can see now I made in favor of the *correct war*, the correct service—to deliver this refusal from the "treasury" to be offered no longer. The correct war is the one to end the offering of the treasure of children in such a war in the first place. It would seem to me that my—our—collective pissing on this kind of offering of treasure, even if it is far in the future, "after" the war, is maybe the main reason we lost that war. Not so much because it was illegal or essentially unwinnable or not worth winning because the "domino theory" was a crock to begin with, but because it was based upon the offering of children, of our greatest treasure, like Agamemnon offered his daughter for favorable winds so his fleet might engage Troy in an essentially

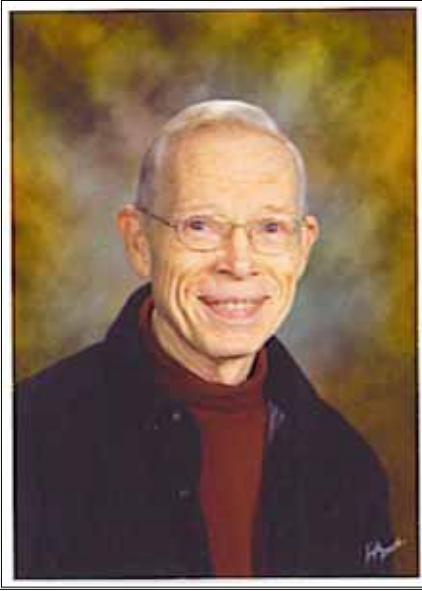


meaningless war. Agamemnon was destroyed for making this sacrifice.

I see it later, because I am capable of seeing it later, though it happened back in time. But I also think this means that we can act in the future to influence the past.

Delphi is a place that transcends space and time. It is, in fact, a timeless center from which one can act both backward and forward in time. "Delphi" is a property of dreaming, therefore part of the human psyche of power. It is sufficient cause to explain not only the destruction of a modern Delphi built upon the offering of precious human treasure, but also to cause all prophecies based upon the offering of such human treasure to fail.

It is toward that end I will continue pissing on any new "treasure" being offered for favorable oracles at whatever new Delphi we create to worship. I will continue pissing on the notion that we are helpless, caught in the web of powers, structures, including "gods" and their "prophecies" that are allegedly much greater than we are. When we make such sacrifices of our power we are offering our own adulthoods and power upon the altar of an all too comfortable childishness. ∞



Our Extended Families

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EVERY TIME SOMEONE SUGGESTS THAT I PRAY FOR A PERSON IN NEED, my grandfather would come to mind. Now that was a puzzle. He died years ago and I could see no reason why he would need my prayers. Most recently, my wonderful and much loved Gramps came to mind at the end of a weekly spiritual study group meeting where we send positive energy to those in need. Determined to get some understanding of why I again thought of my Gramps, I asked the group's leader for his ideas. Before he could reply, a fellow group member laughed and said in her very thick Irish brogue, "Why wouldn't you think of him, he's here with you every week." She didn't wait for questions, but just went on to describe his appearance when I last saw him, adding that he doesn't need my prayers, he just enjoys being with me.

Not long afterward, I was thinking about those who are considered as being on "the other side". That day, in true synchronous fashion, I got to talk with a delightful thirteen-year old boy about dreams of his family. Steve said that even before his grandmother died, his mother dreamt that his grandmother talked to her about his welfare. In response to my questioning, Steve mentioned that he dreams of his grandmother "a lot", going on to share a recurring dream in which family members gather around the pool behind his grandmother's house. In the dreams, his grandmother is there and he is always talking with her. Steve went on to say, "I found out that my dad gets the same dream I do, but he's never talking with my grandmother. He's talking to my uncle who died, who is also in the dream".

In speaking about his grandmother, Steve described a close relationship that included joking. He recalled a Halloween trick his grandmother had once played on him after she had died, saying that he had a sense that she was still around. One afternoon, he was playing in his house with a friend and talking about his grandmother. Knowing that Steve's grandmother had died, Steve's friend didn't believe she was "still around". As a last resort, in order to convince his friend that his grandmother *was* still around, he called out, "Grandma, if you're around, turn off the lights". The two boys instantly heard the light switch move as the lights went out. The boys quickly went downstairs to find out if other lights were out also. It wasn't clear who was more surprised, Steve or his friend, when they found the downstairs television and lights still on.

After finishing his story, Steve gave me a silent, direct look and said in a loud clear voice, "Spirits are around. There's plenty of proof that they're real!"

On the same day, another thirteen year old described seeing her brother killed by a drunk driver when she was six. When asked if she had dreams about him, one story after another came tumbling out of her mouth. "He comes around and hides my money. He takes it and puts it in his little Pokémon jar – we still have his things. He can't pick up change, it's so heavy".

She explained that he still "comes around to say hi." Perhaps because it was a few days before Halloween, Katie recalled that her brother would always take her trick or treating. She mentioned that one Halloween after he had

died, one of her dolls started floating in the air in her bedroom. On another occasion, she said he played a joke on her by unwrapping the Kit Kats she had gotten. She thought that he had done that, knowing that Kit Kats were her favorite candy. After hearing more of her experiences with her brother, I asked her to tell her brother how impressed I was with him. She seemed to dismiss any need to relay the message. "He's probably here now, he's my little angel – he protects me".

Synchronous events often occur in sequences. A few days later, Hurricane Sandy devastated the power lines in my area, which resulted in the need to leave my home for days. While gathering emergency clothing and necessities, I had the urge to grab Robert Moss' book *Dreamgates* that had been patiently waiting on my bookshelf for several years. With no Internet, little phone service, and plenty of time, I turned to the book, which provided insights regarding the recent dreams I had collected. The book was a refreshing reminder that we don't really die; we just continue living in another dimension.

Both Steve and Katie are being challenged to understand different dimensions of life. Their stories were beautifully illustrated by dream and dream-like meetings with deceased family members. They witnessed lights going out and candies being unwrapped with no visual clues regarding a physical cause, although they knew that the events were caused by loving family members who were considered dead.

The term "multidimensional" is sometimes used when considering multifaceted, healthy, well-adjusted individuals. When we think of the experiences described by Steve and Katie, however, the term "multidimensional" takes on a new and expanded meaning. Their stories show us that we are simultaneously living in multiple dimensions. Moss writes of "frequency bands beyond the spectrum of ordinary consciousness".

The teenagers' stories were heart warming. They are able to continue relationships with family members who have passed on. Through their continued relationships, they are being given the opportunity to recognize how very much they are loved. They are enjoying a gift that would benefit all of us in today's technologically speeded up society - the gift of knowing that our much loved family members who have passed on are still with us. ∞

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I welcome hearing from you. Please share your stories of those who have reconnected with you after they have passed on. You can contact me at my email address, arthurstrock@comcast.net. Also, feel free to visit my website, livebyyourdreams.com.



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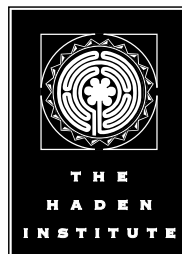
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Tarot in Dream Groups

©2012–2013 by Irene Clurman

A TAROT DECK CAN BE A TRANSFORMATIVE PARTICIPANT IN A DREAM GROUP. I discovered this a few years ago at a dream theater workshop I was co-facilitating and realized it again this year at my monthly dream discussion group.

A woman in the dream theater workshop held a child's stuffed toy aloft to represent a *mortally wounded bird* from her dream. Other participants, imagining the dream as their own, suggested that the bird and what it represented might need to die. The dreamer barely acknowledged their comments. Instead she gazed up at the stuffed bird and declared she would heal it by sheer force of will.

Frustrated by the impasse, a woman in the group took a Tarot deck out of her purse and randomly drew a card, which turned out to be Death/Rebirth. The Grim Reaper's message was obvious: "Release the old and make room for new consciousness." The dreamer quietly brought the stuffed bird down from its perch and set it aside. She could ignore her peers but not the pithy wisdom of the Tarot.

This year I introduced my monthly dream discussion group to a book I recently co-authored with artist Connie Lehman. Titled *Tarot Life Cards: Using Your Birthday to Chart Your Course*, the book comes with Connie's deck of Major Arcana cards, the 22 Tarot trumps. Numerology based on a birthdate identifies one of these cards as a Life Card, the Tarot version of an astrology sign. Everyone also has a Year Card for each year following the birth year.

After the group discussed each dream, I invited the dreamer to pick a card. No one was obliged to do this, but most dreamers were eager to see what card would come up. Once again, the Tarot proved to be a powerful dream worker.

Jane offered this dream:

I go for medical treatment. There are a large number of people in the room. I feel I'm not seen and not heard. It's my turn finally. I'm on an exam table. A young man (employed at the medical facility) stands far away. I insist he must come closer. He grabs a plastic storage container and sits on it. It's too low. I still can't see him. He says the surgery will be non-invasive and "some people compare it to when they had their wisdom teeth removed." I ask whether it will be through the vagina or an incision. But all I hear is the word "cancer." I feel railroaded and mistreated. I'm considering walking out when I wake up.

After we discussed the dream's possible references to her health, Jane noted that her cousin was facing cancer surgery the following week. As the eldest of her siblings, Jane was providing updates about the life-and-death situation. She wondered how much of her own spiritual perspective to include in these missives, in part because she had been frustrated in her attempt to communicate at a recent family reunion. It was as if her "wisdom teeth" had been removed, symbolically, and she couldn't assume the elder's role she envisioned.

The young medical professional in the dream reminded Jane of a nephew she had seen at the reunion and the plastic storage containers reminded her of bins where she stored family papers she wanted to share with him and other relatives.

When Jane pulled the Tarot's Hierophant/Pope card to

reflect the dream, her first reaction was discomfort. She had left the Catholic faith of her youth and had no positive associations with a Pope. But Hierophant/Pope also is her Year Card for the current year. Like it or not, that archetype was asking for attention.



I pointed out that the *Tarot Life Cards* deck combines the term “Hierophant” with “Pope” to evoke a broader form of moral authority. (A Hierophant was a priest in ancient Greece who acted as an intermediary between humans and the divine.) I also suggested that Jane consider Connie’s unconventional approach to the image.

In traditional Tarot decks, a Pope presides on a throne while two small, reverent figures crouch at his feet. Connie’s Hierophant/Pope, on the other hand, stands in a surreal floating boat made of the curved bodies of two women. He holds a scepter of sorts and a speech bubble broadcasts his words, but he depends on the women’s feminine energy to keep him afloat. The waves he rides evoke emotion, the unconscious and the divine feminine.

Picking the Pope card reinforced Jane’s sense of her potential role in her family. The *Tarot Life Card* deck’s innovative image showed her she could avoid being heavy handed in this role by balancing masculine and feminine energies.

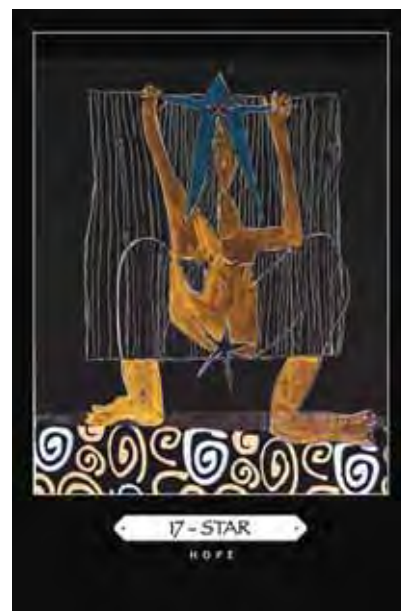
Another dreamer, Marilyn, connected her dream to a Tarot card even before sharing the dream with the group:

I’m at the shore near where I grew up and there’s a crisis. A boat is stuck in the sand. I ask why this happened and people say, “Because you’re supposed to be steering.” Someone says, “You remind me of Marilyn. Do you know her?” and I say, “I AM Marilyn.”... I start the engine and go out on the water. As I’m steering the boat, I see a guy on a jet ski. He’s above me and then at my side and then soaring in

the air. He’s from the cast of the musical “Hair,” and as he goes in and out of the water, he sings, “This is the dawning of the Age of Aquarius!”

Marilyn told us that “Hair” was first produced in 1968, the year she graduated from college and got married. Both for her and for society as a whole, it was a year of dramatic changes and new possibilities—as well as a Chariot year on Marilyn’s own Tarot life chart. She brought the dream to the group just before going on a family trip to China, where her daughter would pick up an adopted son. The Chariot card features a determined charioteer preparing for a journey into the unknown and Marilyn felt that the upcoming adventure, with all its unknowns, paralleled the profound shifts of her 1968 Chariot year. When she pulled a card at random to reflect the dream, “Star” came up. A symbol of hope and optimism; the card echoed the feeling of the “Aquarius” song in the dream. When she found out that Aquarius is the astrology sign associated with the Star card, Marilyn exclaimed that both her husband and new grandson are Aquarians; she herself is a Cancer, the sign associated with the Chariot card.

In traditional versions of the Star, a demure nude woman in a Grecian drape pours jugs of water on the earth and into a stream. However, Connie’s card shows a woman giving birth to a five-pointed star with another large star on her head.



Marilyn beamed, and the group cheered, when I read aloud the book’s description of the card: “Star squats boldly in the dark, unafraid. She knows that her newborn will light up the night.” ∞

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Irene Clurman co-facilitates Dream Portrayal workshops with Michael Tappan and also leads dream discussion groups.



Twice Baked Dream

©2012-2013 by Marlene King, M.A.

RECENTLY, A WOMAN CALLED ME with a request for a dream interpretation. She gave me the dream from memory during the telephone call. I took notes, asked questions for clarification (hers and mine), and set it aside to 'digest.' Before I had begun working on it, she called back and said that she had read the dream in her journal and there were elements she'd forgotten or left out.

What interested me was what she remembered and omitted when she told me the dream, in contrast to the dream as she had actually recorded it. It occurred to me that working with dreams from both verbal and written accounts (twice 'baking' the dream) would be an excellent method to add depth to dream material. Her dream will therefore be addressed in this light, with consideration given to how we may filter our dreams in group or individual settings, unconsciously self-editing based on to whom we tell our dreams.

The dream account from memory:

I'm on a trip in U.S. and see an Old World-like building - back east somewhere. There's a large metal statue—a woman—on top of the building, like the Statue of Liberty. I walk around the building and the statue comes to life and flies in circles spreading her arms and flowing robe. She lands on the ground and I'm in awe and question what I see. The statue is larger than life-size and the building is cream color/brown trim. Seems like a municipal building for meetings or storage and is well maintained. It is a clear day with no one else around. I want to meditate deeper, but am frustrated, unable to structure time with extra stuff to do.

~C.L.R., Grants Pass, OR

When she called back, she said, "I left out the part about the earthquake which had toppled the statue and it did not touch the earth. The building had metal latches and was in Technicolor; I was in an unknown town, and knew the building was made out of stucco/wood."

Robert Langs describes in *The Dream Workbook*, "Dreams ... are remarkable communications that embody both direct and disguised encoded meanings." He describes two ways of approaching such dreams - through images and the conscious issues they reflect and disguised messages with a multiplicity of meanings; that "the power of our emotional lives is available in the encoded content—unconscious experience of the dream." (p.31)

The concrete elements of this dream are the building, unknown location, and statue. The first description of the dream suggests an "Old World" (past era) image. As with dreams of houses, buildings can represent the dreamer... meaning the outer self 'presented to the world, which, in this case, is antediluvian and serves as a container for storage and temporary functions. The addition of the latches (suggesting no one can get in - or out), "Technicolor" and stucco/wood (earthy elements), embellish the dreamer's self-perception: one of temporary fleeting roles and harboring unused things/parts of self she's stored inside. Being on a trip may be a dream pun, i.e., "life is a trip!"

Walking around the building suggests a grounded dreamer, but if the statue of the woman—which is metal (inflexible) and likened to the Statue of Liberty (represents freedom)—is a projection of herself, it may symbolize her Higher Self (on top of building). However, it takes an earthquake (something monumental) to shake things up in consciousness to set it free to fly in circles overhead. Her amazement may link her with the statue's freeing of the Higher Self and the frustrations of having too much to do to make that happen. However, the part she wrote down differed from her memory of the behavior of the statue - it did not 'touch the earth' as it did in relating the dream. The desire for freedom AND being grounded to the earth may demonstrate conflict felt by this dreamer's psyche.

It would be a beneficial exercise for any recounting of dreams to tell them from memory to different people and see what version emerges, then compare them to the written journal account. By 'twice baking' the dream, new facets and insights are sure to emerge. ∞

Intergalactic Voice Mail

I am walking up a mountain road passing people who appear a little strange to me. They are not at all like individuals I'm used to seeing on the street but they seem friendly enough.... walking with purpose toward some destination.

We nod hello as we pass one another on the path.

I continue up the mountain, aware I am on my way to meet with an important teacher, considered to be a master in his field. I am quite excited to have the opportunity to study with this esteemed man and have dressed for the occasion in my finest clothes. When I reach the building at the top of the mountain, I go inside where there is a simple push-button phone.

Despite its mundane appearance, I know this is an intergalactic telephone that can reach anywhere in the cosmos.

I nervously dial the teacher's number, then—
much to my dismay—get voice mail!

The recorded voice sounds wise and familiar,
but like a harried professor who has too much to do.

"Hello! I understand you have been asking for my help.

I know who you are and do want to work with you.

But I have been receiving thousands and thousands of requests for help. I will have to put you on my waiting list.

Don't worry, I will get back to you."



READING THE RED BOOK

An Interpretive Guide to CG Jung's
Liber Novus by Sanford L. Drob

Spring Journal Books, 317 pp, \$32.95

When *The Red Book* of Carl Gustav Jung was published, it caused an immense stir, offering readers a plethora of new mysteries and depth psychology insights. I cannot predict that this interpretation will set so large a wave of interest in motion, but it may. **READING THE RED BOOK** certainly deserves attention. It is a work of wealth in itself. And you may find it of interest that the author confesses not to be a Jungian and yet he uses Jung's often idiosyncratic spiritual quest—for soul, Self and the God-yet-to-come—to confront and challenge the materialist psychology dominating our materialistic society's science of mind and soul.

From the onset, Sanford Drob is clear about what he has done and how he has done it. Beginning at the Introduction, it is worth listening into the author as he explains his intention. Drob's first paragraph is this: "Jung held that dreams are challenges to the assumptions and complacency of the ego, compensation for one-sided conscious attitudes, or messages from the unconscious that prompt us to question the value and direction of our current mode of thinking, feeling and living. By this definition, Jung's *The Red Book*...is

akin to a dream... Like many dreams the *dream* that is *The Red Book* is at once magnificent and grotesque."

A page later, the author sets before us the major points of his investigation: "Although I have endeavored to be balanced and as comprehensive as possible... I have become convinced that while *The Red Book* narrative centers around Jung's soul-finding journey, its greatest value may be its ideas on such themes as God, humanity, madness, chaos, death, science, reason, knowledge, logic, and evil."

Shortly thereafter, Drob introduces us to a confession, his method, and his intention. He continues: "I am not a Jungian. While I believe that my treatment of *The Red Book* is a sympathetic one, I do not hesitate to raise questions about Jung's approach to various issues and his suggestion that spiritual wisdom and enlightenment must involve an inner, solitary journey. In many instances, without providing anything resembling an answer, I raise questions that the reader will want to consider for him or herself."

Drob concludes his informative Introduction with the following lines: "The immense size and weight of the facile edition, along with the haunting beauty and mystery of its illustrations leads one to approach Jung's *Red Book* with a certain caution—it is hardly the sort of work that one curls up with in bed... and yet it is a work that, above all else, must be read; read, and then studied and reflected upon... In the present work, I propose to *read The Red Book*, and, in the course of this reading, wrestle with the questions it asks, *on the hope of experiencing something new, seeing life from a new perspective and perhaps being personally transformed in the process.*"

Sanford Drob is thorough in his investigative exploration of *The Red Book's* Psyche Odyssey of CG Jung:



an interior journey, an intellectual, emotional, spiritual going down into the depths—even Jung's descent into personal hell, madness, chaos—to seek the alchemic matrix that brews the dynamics of individuation, the nexus of soul and self, and to search out the Unknown God who addresses emergent identity through the individuation process. One major result of this Odyssey is what Dr. Drob comes to refer to as "*dream theology*," rendered out of *The Red Book* journey as dream... a dream of human psychology, which came to provide fertile ground for Jung's psychology of dreams and dreaming.

Drob is also thorough in his routing back over Jung's dreamlike rite of passage. Unfortunately, I cannot be so as a reviewer and must yield to the limitations of my spatial condition. Let me but cite several passages from the cornucopia of **READING THE RED BOOK**.

P.3: "Jung's goal in *The Red Book* was to encourage others to discover their own soul and assume responsibility for their own lives."

P.5: "Jung's discussion of the spirit of the depths raises the question of whether there is...a form of *gnosis* that is not conditioned by time and place... It is the quest for such a trans-temporal, trans-cultural... understanding that fueled Jung's early interest in mythology and conditioned his inquiries into the arche-

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types of the collective unconscious."

P.6: "For Jung, the supreme meaning, which gives rise to the image of the God-yet-to-come, is the melding together of meaning and absurdity, sense and nonsense."

P.22: "Jung asserts that meaninglessness and chaos is the 'other half of the world,' and no one can be complete or have a full understanding of the world without embracing its chaotic and meaningless elements."

P.23: "The descent into chaos is perilous, but it also yields great reward." (**Jung**) 'If we open up to chaos, magic also arises.' "

P.29: "In Rudolph Otto's terms, Jung seeks a numinous experience, an experience of the *mysterium*, that fearful yet fascinating and awe-inspiring rapture that lifts one from the despair of the everyday and allows one to experience self and the world as bathed in the darkness of terror and/or the light of wonder, awe, and spiritual affirmation."

P.260: "'The Red Book has many characteristics that are typically associated with dreams: it is filled with strange, haunting and at times frightening images; its narrative is surreal and, most importantly, it arrives into our awareness in a manner

that is completely discontinuous and disruptive of our business...as usual"

In summary: the individuation process, with connectives between soul, Self and an emergent God- image and in its dream-actuals and dreamlike episodes, disrupts established patterns of identity for the coming into being of mature identities, through dialectic developments and revelatory dialogues. The dream of *The Red Book* parents the work of depth psychology; out of the depths emerge contours of a dream theology. ∞

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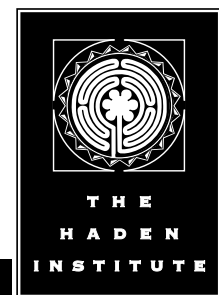
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The Gap in Consciousness

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I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE YOU ON A LITTLE IMAGINATIVE JOURNEY. I am not quite sure if it is completely imaginative or if it contains some truth. It is the story of how we humans divided our spectrum of consciousness into conscious and unconscious.

To relive this, imagine that you fancy a little adventure, to take a walk on the very wild side. You decide to sleep outside for some nights. But you won't do it in your garden, no; you do it in unspoiled nature, maybe at the edge of the woods or in a woodland clearing. I would recommend you choose a region that is unknown to you and far from your home, maybe even abroad. Of course, you leave your cell phone at home. If you were a Boy or Girl Scout in your youth, you already have a basis for your little imagination. But this time, it is not allowed to sleep in a tent, never mind a group tent. No, it should be completely outside, without protection and alone. A sleeping bag is allowed, but nothing underneath it. Your nest should not be too comfortable.

Now you sit in the evening before your little fire and the twilight is fading. You lay down. A fresh wind springs up and strikes through the leaves and blades of dry grass. The fire may glow and crack for some more time but it will finally go out. Unfortunately, it turns out that your flashlight doesn't work. Finally you lay in your sleeping bag, which gives you sufficient warmth, but is not comfortable. You hear all kinds of sounds. Something creaks—there is a rustling noise—a bird is calling. Didn't you hear some soft and slow footsteps? I hope that snails don't come and slime over your body or you turn in the night on one – ugh! An uncanny feeling is creeping up; your fantasy begins to work. What if a badger or even worse a wolf or a bear is approaching your nest? It would be very difficult to

defend yourself. In short you crack up a bit; your senses are extremely sharp and your thoughts race through your mind. How should you sleep in this state?

This continues for some hours and there is no end in sight. But finally you drop off without recognizing it. Maybe you wake up several times from your light sleep or from confused dreams. Maybe you sit up or even walk up and down for a while. But it is pointless because you need sleep and finally you continue to doze. But then you wake up again because you heard a loud crack. It shocks you deeply because it is so near. Your hair bristles... before you stands a fully grown demon, upright and looking quite clumsy and bulky. Because you know something about fairy tales and sagas you realize that this must be a troll, a species known for its maliciousness. He is grunting and approaching you heavily. Like greased lightning you are out of your bag! The troll is happy because he seizes your sleeping bag and examines it curiously. Maybe he wonders what it is good for. But satisfied with his trophy, he pushes off silently growling and you stand there trembling. After a while your tension subsides and you wake up slowly, or you turn your attention to your outer senses because you were already wide-awake before, and you realize that it is already broad daylight. The birds are chirping and your sleeping bag is still here.

This must have been an out of body experience, a lucid or a true dream because this was not like a dream at all as you know them from your ordinary nights. It was very realistic, all senses were included and you were wide-awake. What you experienced was real and true but you were in the world of dreams, which might be quite similar or even the same as the waking world, but usually there are some slight differences. In our case it was obvious

– the troll! This kind of experience happens if the body is tired, but the mind is wide-awake. The combination of sleep and wakefulness allows you to enter another world. In our example, the instincts and the interruption of your daily sleeping habits caused this state and our imaginative experience is suitable for developing certain trains of thought.

Activate again your fantasy and imagine how things went for our far ancestors in the early Stone Age. The fire was not tamed yet. You can easily comprehend that our ancestors didn't know fixed sleeping periods like nowadays. They had to be vigilant all the time. Surely they had longer or shorter naps during the night, but also during the day. Probably some of the tribe had to be on watch. It might never happen that the whole tribe was asleep at the same time. And the sleep was often not very deep. Experiences like the one I just described were probably the order of those days and nights. Our ancestors didn't know a sharp distinction between day and night, between sleeping, dreaming and waking. Often they moved on the border between waking and sleeping and had waking dreams accordingly. They did not merely live consciously in the physical world, but also in the mental world of dreams. They did not only get in fights with mammoths and saber-toothed tigers, but also with demons, trolls and dragons. Possibly they maintained friendly and helpful relations with creatures of the dream world. Probably they succeeded in living more in that world when there was a shortage of food because it is well known that a full belly leads to a heavier and deeper sleep.

But how could they tell their relatives what they experienced in their dreams? This problem might have been a trigger for developing language, which probably was more like some kind of mimic gestures, a dance or play acting with the accompaniment of various guttural sounds which, over time, crystallized into fixed combinations and finally into words and terms. Painting was probably also developed due to this problem of articulation. But all those arts, including language and writing, might have been developed when the continuum of consciousness was more and more distinguished into the conscious and the unconscious. In dreams, the arts of communication were and are still not necessary because knowledge in that state is instantaneous and spontaneous. Only in the waking state, where consciousness is attracted and bound by the outer senses, access to inner information was more and more limited. This early stage of the continuum of consciousness might have lasted thousands of years but I cannot judge it as being primitive. It was simply different. Although those humans had fully developed and strong physical bodies, they still lived in the dreamy otherworld. Mentally they were somehow not fully incarnated. Their interest was

not only in coping with the waking world but also with the dream world. They didn't focus as exclusively on the physical world and its manipulation as we do nowadays. Out of that state fairytales, sagas and especially the big myths were born. Those were not meant to be entertainment and amusement, but a descriptive map for mental orientation.

But, in the course of time, a shift of consciousness occurred. Probably, the discovery of physical death with its burial ceremonies and the taming of fire were key factors in this development. The first could only be discovered when the focus was sufficiently targeted on physical reality and led to more activity in protecting personal and tribal life. The latter leads to a safer night, where most of the tribe could sleep more soundly because wild animals could be kept at a distance and the sleeping body was warmer. This surely was safer and more comfortable, but the price was the loss of a quality of consciousness, which is extremely lacking in our western culture.

In the course of this development, a certain specialization was taking place: one of the tribe was a good hunter, the other a skillful toolmaker or tailor; a third could still shift easily between the two worlds and the profession of the shaman was born. He still had access to the instant and spontaneous knowledge of the dream world and he was consulted when the tribe needed to decide the direction they should travel to find enough nourishment. He knew about hidden mental and natural powers and was able to heal. The others also had those capabilities to some extent but they lost them more and more by focusing on the manipulation of the physical world. The unconscious was born and divided from consciousness. Daily activities were increasingly separated from dreamy experiences. Dreamtime, as the Australian aborigines call it, ended and disappeared in slumber.

The development of script and numbers, which were essential for the installation of empires, the setup of trade and the introduction of duties and taxes deepened that trend considerably by establishing religions and dogmatism, which were based on scriptures. The shamans evolved into priests who increasingly related to a canon of scriptures and less to their inner vision and they were more and more obliged to a ruler or to a religious hierarchy. The power of dreaming still remained to some extent, as it was known by Egyptian and Greek priests, but was slowly forgotten. During the same time, the numinous and spiritual powers in human consciousness disappeared and were projected on a transcendent god in the beyond, as is known in Christianity.

Now, we slowly approach modern western culture where priests rely exclusively on scriptures, institutional traditions and chief priests, who fix what is right and wrong. But this

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"The gap between
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with that topic,
because they seem
meaningless and pointless.
The exclusive focus
on the highly structured life
during the day
exhausts them in such a way
that modern people only want
to sleep and to recover
for the next day."

development debased religion and the power of priests because they lost the occult abilities to bridge the inner and outer worlds. This gave rise to the natural sciences which needed script as a prerequisite and which exclusively focused on the manipulation of matter to improve our lives, making them more comfortable. But sleep deepened and the gap between the waking and dreaming worlds became quite distinct. The development of philosophy and science brought forth the mental construct of objective reality, which is independent of subjective awareness, and the linear logical analysis, which is quite different from the associative processes in dreaming consciousness. These theories and mental approaches are firmly based on the described gap in consciousness.

The gap between conscious and unconscious is so deep that most people today are not able to remember dreams or to occupy themselves with that topic, because they seem meaningless and pointless. The exclusive focus on the highly structured life during the day exhausts them in such a way that modern people only want to sleep and to recover for the next day. It is not possible for them to organize their sleep time in anything but one period at night. Even naps after lunch have disappeared in the last decades. But with this mode of sleeping it is quite difficult to find the balance between waking and sleeping necessary for entering consciously the world of dreams. In short, today's consciousness is highly focused and concentrated and gave rise to enormous developments in the manipulation of matter. But the price was the loss of a larger spectrum of consciousness. Mentally and spiritually we evolved in some way to become disabled bunglers, amputated by at least one half of consciousness or more.

Now we have come to an end of our imaginative and speculative journey. It is up to you to find truth in it. And to bridge the gap between the conscious and unconscious, it does not help to stare at MRI screens and EEG graphs but to journal one's own dreams and to discuss them at the morning table, because this gap is immaterial and within the subject, not outside it. The second step in this western kind of dream yoga is to train lucidity. ∞



Christoph Gassmann is a psychologist and dream worker in Switzerland. He keeps a long-term dream journal with over 4000 dreams and is the author of the book "Träume erinnern" [Remembering Dreams] and of many articles about dreams in German. cgassmann@sunrise.ch

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