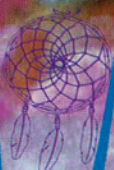


• Prophetic Dreams •

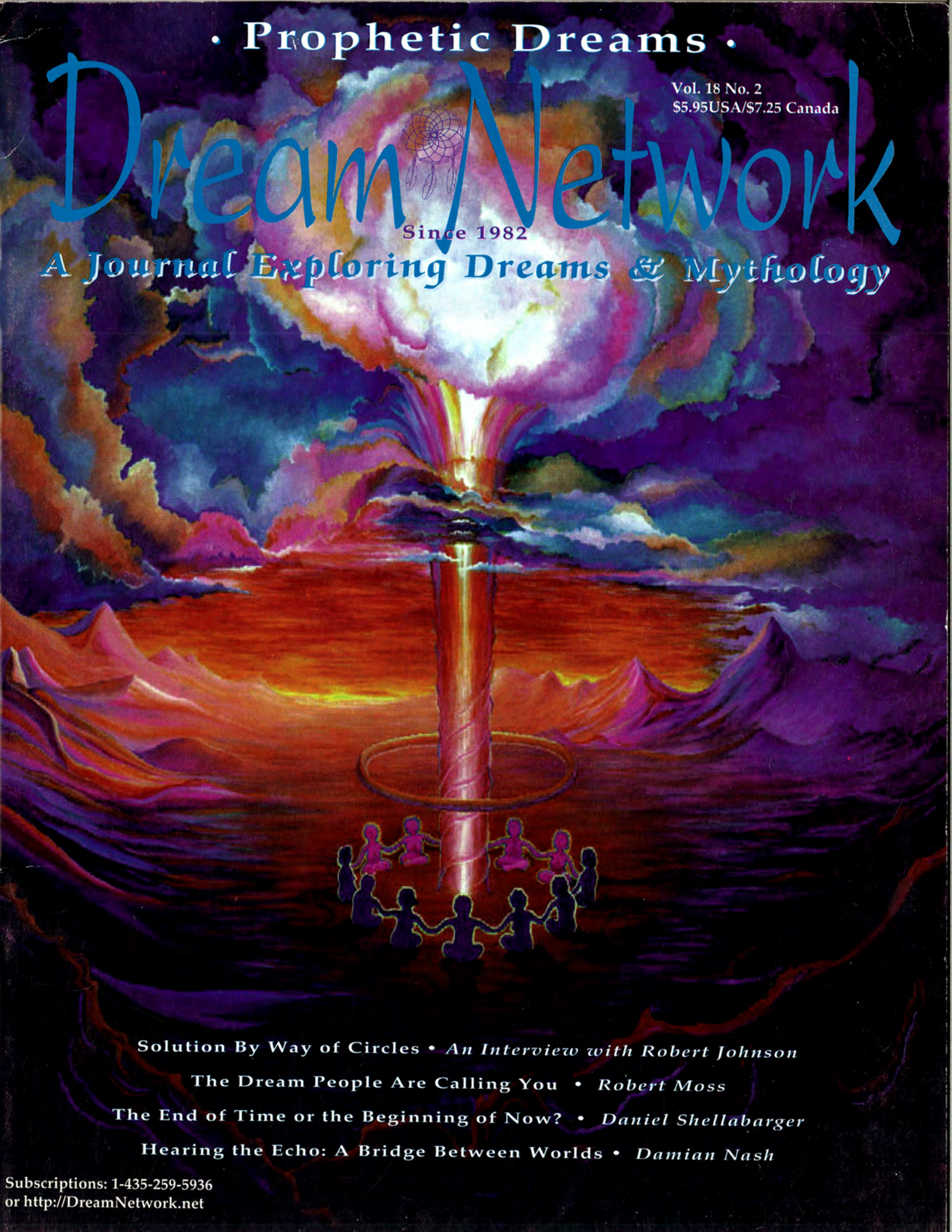
Vol. 18 No. 2  
\$5.95USA/\$7.25 Canada

# Dream Network



Since 1982

A Journal Exploring Dreams & Mythology



*Solution By Way of Circles • An Interview with Robert Johnson*


*The Dream People Are Calling You • Robert Moss*

*The End of Time or the Beginning of Now? • Daniel Shellabarger*




*Hearing the Echo: A Bridge Between Worlds • Damian Nash*

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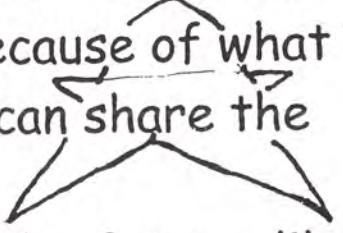





Eric Loves Dreams  
If I Ran the School  
By Eric Hohnke



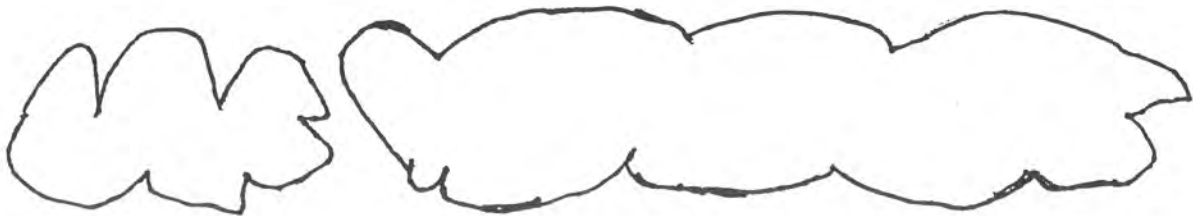
"I have a dream" interest because we do it almost every night. I even have a dream catcher in my room. Also, I'm interested in dreams because of what I dream about. I hope I can share the dream interest.

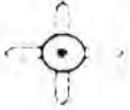
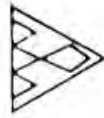


Mostly, dreams tell the future, like if you dream about a wreath of fresh flowers, it means that you'll get an opportunity to do something, and if you try to do that thing, you'll succeed.



If you dream about a unicorn, it means good fortune and happy circumstances will soon be yours. If you want more information, come ask me about dreams.





## *Magical Circles of Light*

*I'm walking outside at night with a friend in a quaint little town.  
It's been a metaphysical kind of evening so far when my friend says to me.*

*"The key to getting successfully through the 'Photon Belt' is  
To Be in the 'Right Place at the Right Time.'"*

*I'm thinking that the way to do this is to follow the Synchronistic signs.*

*Earlier, I'm walking along the same area with a knowledgeable lady.*

*The stars are shining brightly and I see Two Shooting Stars.*

*Excitedly I say, "Oh, that's an auspicious omen for good things to come."*

*As the lady and I are walking along this street, we both see a  
triangular-shaped collection of fast-moving 'White Balls or Circles'  
coming from behind us, passing, then whizzing off beyond us.*

*They're oscillating separately yet are somehow connected  
(reminds me of geese in flight in their 'V' shape formation).*

*I'm just in awe as to what this can be then suddenly I know it has to do  
with the "New DNA" of quantum physics relating to  
"New Patterning" that is taking place in us.*

*The circles have their own energy and take off into the night sky.*

*It's rare to see them with our physical eyes.*

*I'm feeling huge appreciation for the wonders of the Universe right now!*

*Not surprisingly, the feeling of magic permeates this dreamscape  
with images of Findhorn, Devas, Pan and Earth Energies abounding,  
soaring eventually to connect with the spiritual realm.*

*Magic is afoot!*



# Statement of Purpose

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## Dream Network

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Our purpose is to raise individual and cultural appreciation for the value of dreams and to disseminate information that will assist and empower us in taking responsibility for our cultural, emotional and spiritual well-being with the help of dreams & mythology. Our goals are to unite and serve those who respect dreams, to empower dreamers in demystifying dreamwork and to assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our culture, in whatever ways of integrity are shown and given us.

We believe that dreams are agents for change and often reveal important new insights about the life of the dreamer, both personal and cultural. Recalling a dream is a signal that we are ready to understand the information that has been presented. Enacting the dream's hint can bring personal empowerment.

We seek to provide a balance and to give all nations, voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard.

There will be times when a particular area of interest will be given greater emphasis than another because of the limited space in the Journal and that which is surfacing that is of interest to the readership.

The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of opinions and areas of interest to be explored and expressed.

You are invited to indicate areas of interest and questions you would like to see explored in future issues.

## Dream Network

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## **Upcoming Focus**

for Volume 18 No. 2

## **The Healing Power of Dreams**

Please share your dream  
& emotional, physical or  
spiritual healing experience.

Lifeline: 4 Weeks after your  
receipt of this issue.

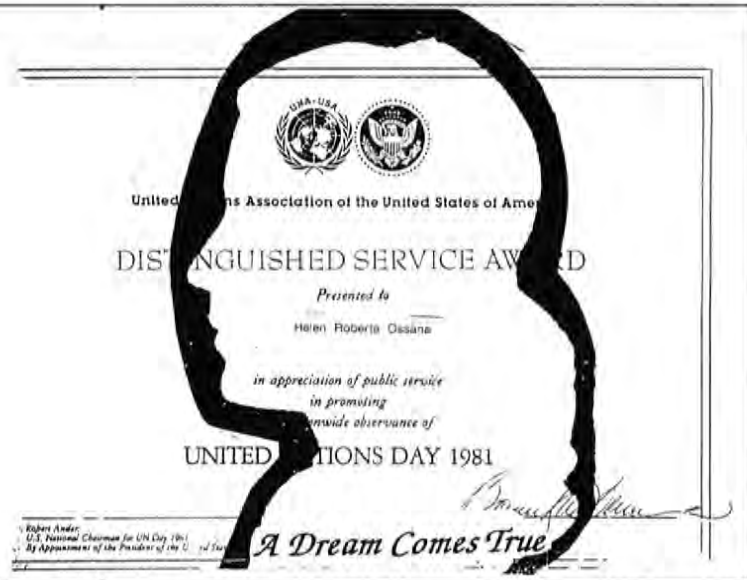
## **NOTE Regarding Submissions:**

Individuals from all cultures and walks of life who desire to share are encouraged to submit dream & myth related manuscripts, poetry and artwork for consideration.... even if it falls outside the scope of the current focus or theme. We also invite your dreamsharing, transformational dream experiences and insights regarding effective dreamwork and dreamplay techniques.

Given the overall synchronicity that shapes the *Dream Network*, your submission is likely to fit perfectly into the focus of an upcoming issue.

Your article may also be appropriate for one of our two regular features, *The Art of Dreamsharing* (which includes a broad range of articles on Dream Education), or *The Mythic Dimension* (which explores the relationship between dreams and mythology).

And, of course, we always love to hear from you in our *Response* column! Whether you were inspired or infuriated by the latest issue, would just like to clear up an area of confusion or correct an oversight, please let us hear from you!



For many of us, the experience of *deja vu*—those mystical moments when we *know* we've been here/done this before—serves as the original step on this 'Path.' Especially when the recognition comes that the first time, it was in a dream.

That 'separate reality,' the exquisite intersection between the dream world and waking reality, provides a glimpse into the way we intuitively know *it really is*, or ought to be, *all the time*.

The genius and capability of our dreaming Self to foresee events yet to occur in waking reality, enlivens and gives form to this issue. Among the full range of valuable contents, we are blessed by an interview with Robert Johnson, contributions gifted by Robert Moss, Daniel Shellabarger (who writes us from Thailand and India) and the soul/art work of Paul Heussenstamm.

For me, this issue is special, in that there are several contributions from Utahans. When I first came home, people were curious: Is she having a midlife crisis? Is this a childrens' publication? Now, we are honored to be among the publications offered by our public library. Thank you all!

There are approximately a dozen major events that stand out in my own dreaming experience which act as a constant background for my day-to-day activities. They compel, propel and inspire me, even though in some instances it's been over twenty years since the dream event occurred. I have written poetry, created beaded jewelry, attempted drawing and sculpting the main symbols from those dreams, and these reminders surround me daily.

The first of these dreams became the community event depicted above and yes, that's a profile (and *relief*) of yours truly. The dream occurred in the summer of 1976, the event in October 1981. I wasn't aware it was the dream becoming manifest until I was in the midst of the event itself and when that moment of recognition arrived, I heard the voice: "**This is important.**"

One of the participants in that event was a wizard who, with a simple piece of 8 1/2" by 11" black construction paper could (with his fingertips/nails), carve out any image requested, whilst carrying on a most entertaining conversation. I kept both the inside and outside and combined them with the certificate I was awarded for coordinating the event.

Some birthdays to mention: Dream Network will soon be celebrating its 18th!; with this issue, it is the 10th year since I began this relationship with you; just recently, I celebrated my 60th year in this body/ on this Earth and according to Native American culture, I'm an elder. In fulfilling this responsibility, I ask your support.

As we approach the millennium, I wish to reaffirm my commitment: I aspire and desire to achieve united nations within myself and among my family, personal relationships and community. I desire to make a contribution toward uniting the nations on this Earth and believe that dreams—one way in which the Creator speaks to us—are helping to guide the way through the dark tunnel of chaos we are now experiencing.... and through, to the opening of our spiritual eye(s) toward *seeing*, daily, this heaven on Earth. I reaffirm my strong commitment to my own dreams and to evolving a dream cherishing culture.

In the interim, while traversing the 'tunnel,' let's join together and "Participate with joy in the sorrow of the world."

Joseph Campbell

# Responses

Question: Dreams & Letters

♥ I From - - YOU! ♥

## Questions, Please Reply

I have been experiencing prophetic dreaming and have been given the opportunity to share this experience and ask for help through this publication. There is much more to this story than I can explain in a letter but I would like to briefly tell about it.

In July and August of 1991, I began doing dreamwork. This was a period when I experienced many powerful dreams. I still work from the dream journal I filled then, today. I dreamed a very deeply emotional dream of a strange, unfamiliar man who 'rescued' me and was of great importance on August 19, 1991. He affected me so in the dream, I shed joyful tears involuntarily upon awakening.

On July 25, 1998, seven years later, I met a stranger who changed my life. At first, I was puzzled and yes, impressed with him. We talked often over the first few weeks and I felt myself becoming completely changed. "Who is this man?" I asked myself.

On August 19, 1998, I suddenly realized who he looked like! He was so familiar. I found him in the pages of my journal as the man whose face spoke everything to my spirit. He is the very image of the man I dreamed of those seven years ago. I was moved again to joyful tears.

Nothing in my life has been the same since. He has become my closest, dearest friend, yet he remains a mystery in so many ways.

Since that event, I have found a shocking number of my dreams manifesting in my waking life. I am

equally excited and amazed. Something very special and important is happening in my life that I know is significant.

I have felt so alone not being able to share these wonderful, mysterious experiences... in needing to find understanding. Then I "found" Dream Network and I believe I am moving into a new stream of events. I am so grateful for this!

I am led to open my heart and mind and to allow sharing to take place.

**My questions are:** Is there anyone who has had similar dream experiences? Has anyone dreamed of Soul mates or reincarnation? Has anyone else ever employed the use of mystical or metaphysical teachings and methods that work in helping us to understand our dreams? I would love to begin communication with anyone who is willing to share with me.

*Cynthia T. Sloan, 158 Louie St.,  
Buchanan, VA 24066*

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\* ❖ \* ❖ \*

## In Response to Dreams' Relationship to Mythology

Stanley Krippner is a "dreamwork hero" of mine! I look forward to musing over the article, "Dreams as a Mirror of Change" (how true!).

A few years ago, I was honored to have participated in a week-long, wonderful series of dream workshops with Stanley during an ATP Conference at Asilomar, CA. The one-and-a-half hour meetings began at 6:30 a.m. (always a stretch for me to "function" so early, since I'm a "night-owl!"), which as it turned out, were actually most "timely" since most of us ten or so participants had crawled right out of bed to attend and dragged our fresh dreams right along with us! I think I stayed in the "dreaming state" throughout each

morning session.

Fortunately, I scribbled down and have saved my notes from those sessions, so it did not all evaporate upon "awakening." We even continued on with our group's dreamworking during the breakfast-hour in the main dining hall - amidst the noise of the other conference attendees. We sat as in an altered-state conspiracy over coffee, pancakes, bacon and what all, before attending the formal sessions of the conference! It was a memorable workshop and Stanley IS a "master" of the intuitive arts and formal skills of dreamworking!

In addition, Jeremy Taylor's assumptions and enlightened approaches to dreamworking with groups influenced considerably my primary foundations and inspirations for establishing our No. Shore Dream Circle's format and process (i.e. "Where People Fly and Water Runs Up Hill," his articles and seminar work, etc.). So I can hardly wait to read the Interview!

It is a full, excellent and characteristically creative issue. Congratulations!

*Frances Ring, Waialula, HI*

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*Our 'Response' column is the place to ask your questions, state your perspectives, share your inspirations and dreams or even start a controversy!*

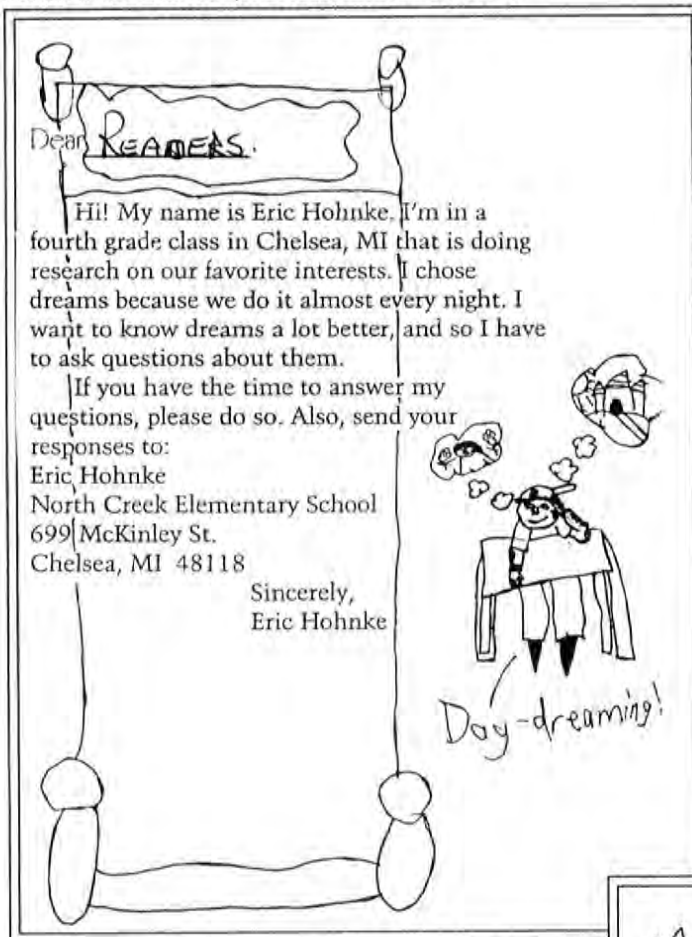
*We DESIRE to meet your needs and Urge You to Give Suggestions, Critique, Share Dreams, Related Experience and Ideas for Future Issues!*

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\* ❖ \* ❖ \*

**Please send one or all of the above to: LETTERS % DNJ  
PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532**





## Quality Smorgasbord

I don't think I've yet thanked you for sending me a copy of Vol. 17 No. 2 - so thanks again! Yes, another quality smorgasbord of original reflections - and their reflecting dreams (which is mirroring which?). You're doing much needed and appreciated work and ironically filling a hole that's been, by and large, abandoned by the 'Jungians' even though it was wallowed in by Jung. The cover artwork is superb, too.

I note also a fascinating dream and letter in this issue regarding the Lady of the Lake (from Judith Picone, p.7). I'd be interested in asking her if I could use her dream material, too. She might also be interested to know that the Diana paper can be found in a much longer version (<http://www.jungindex.net/circle/>) on Jung Circle website (in the Read Papers

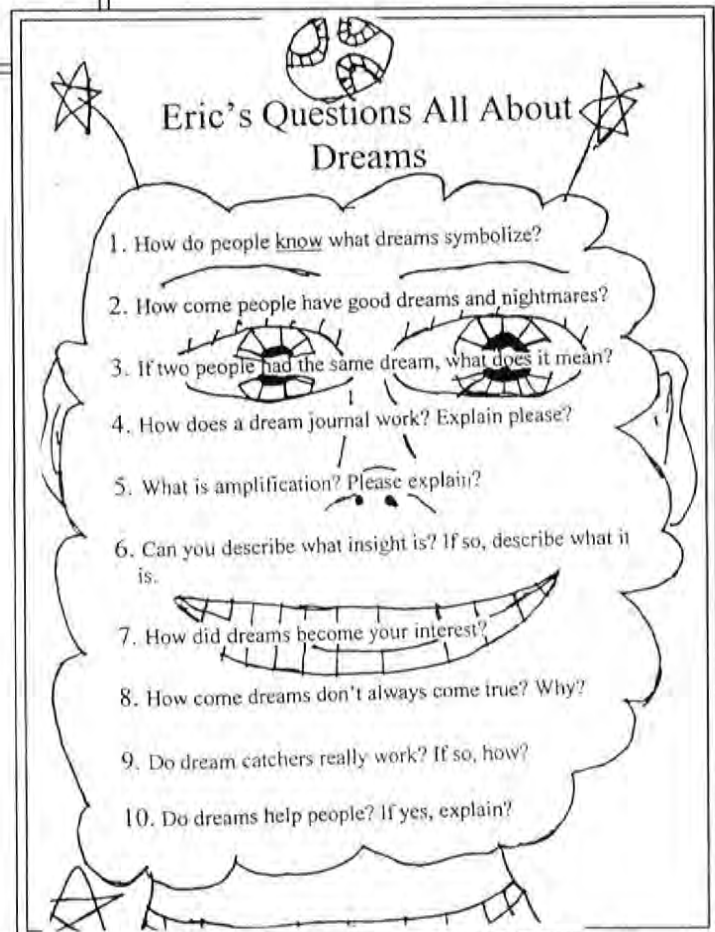
## Expressing Gratitude

Just writing to thank you for sending the Charles de Beer books, described in a recent *Dream Network* article. I'm grateful that you had it published!

I'm new to *Dream Network* and also this dream recording and studying. And so, I really appreciate your display ads about dream related books and other products and services. I also value the Book Review section.

In the last issue of *Dream Network*, Vol. 17 No. 3, I especially liked the interview with Jeremy Taylor done by Ramsay Raymond. I would like to hear more about dream groups. Overall, a terrific issue! Lots of creative art work and articles. Matter of fact, I read each issue over several times within a 40-day period. Again, thank you.

Fred Hastert, Escondido, CA





section).

I'm wondering what the deadline is for the next issue, since I'd like to share some prophetic Big Dream material on the Goddess (from private therapy work) that I think will work well as a paper for the Mythic Connection section. I'm also interested in writing something up on dreams and shamanic initiation and vocation. (Always something in the pipeline.)

Maureen Roberts, Australia

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\* ❖ \* ❖ \*

### Compelling Questions from two Fifth Graders

We are two fifth graders in the Horizons program for the gifted and talented. We were able to select a topic to research and we chose "Dreams."

We've chosen to study about dreams because we find it fascinating that when we are asleep we are going through a whole world in our minds.

So far, we've read many periodical articles (including some in Dream Network), explored the Internet and used other reference books to find the names or organizations and associations. We are writing to you because you are a primary resource. We are hoping you can help us with our studies by answering a few questions.

1. Are there any resources, such as books or articles, that you would suggest?
2. Can you help us understand why we dream?
3. We've made a dream diary that is really interesting. Can you suggest how we can interpret what our dreams mean?
4. R.E.M. is interesting, but we don't think we really understand what it is. Can you help?

5. Can you send us any information on nightmares and night terrors?

6. When we dream, we are usually looking in on ourselves. Do you know what this might mean?

7. We usually dream in black and white. Would you please send us information on the importance of color in dreams and what they mean?

Thank you very much for your time and effort as we appreciate this very much. Your information will really help us a lot.

Rebecca Goldstein  
& Liz McCallion  
% Horizons  
239 Watch Hill Road  
Cortland Manor, NY 10567

Dear Readers,

*We receive many letters from students of all ages/grades who have chosen 'Dreams' as their topic of study or research. This is very revealing and exciting, albeit at times a bit overwhelming. Eric (pg. 7), Rebecca & Liz's questions constitute an outline for a Master's degree program! If you will take just one of their questions and respond, it will help them and further our evolution toward a dream cherishing culture. (Editor)*

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\* ❖ \* ❖ \*

### Asklepions in Albuquerque, New Mexico

Even though it has been quite a while since my article: "Dreaming to a Healthier I" was published in Dream Network and we have had no personal communications since then, still I relish each and every issue of the Journal as a real stepping stone in the dream world itself.

And so it is my great joy to be able to communicate this good news to you and Dream Network Journal that as of August 1, 1998 we have officially opened our Asklepion in

Albuquerque, New Mexico. The land and the house were donated to The Asclepiad Order by a Benefactor who must remain anonymous for the time being. It is a ranch on the outskirts of the city of Albuquerque. It is being renovated and furnished at this time. But when it is ready we will have a formal dedication ceremony. And there is the possibility that Howton Skye may be there as well, despite his advanced age, he may travel all the way from the Isle of Skye, just off the coast of Scotland, and personally deliver the purple and gold cape that he is making for me.

And I would also like to take this opportunity to offer our services to all those who may need some type of dream counseling or therapy. We will gladly receive e-mail dreams and questions and other such dream related concerns from anyone who reads *Dream Network Journal*.

Our Email address is: [asclepiads@email.msn.com](mailto:asclepiads@email.msn.com). We intend to have our own website set up soon and we will advise as to when that will be open.

Much has happened since we last talked. Our New Hieromnemon, Margaret Boshier, made a round-the-world trip on behalf of the AHOA and is even now setting up her offices in Tasmania, Australia. And the former holder of that same Office has just set down in London, where he, Paul Rubens, will commence an ongoing search for new members and avenues for the expansion of the Order in England.

We are and shall forever be much indebted to the Journal for all that you have done for us.

Thank you again. I am Most Sincerely,

Dr. David F. DeLoera, AHOA

---

\* ❖ \* ❖ \*

**More ➔**

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\* ❖ \* ❖ \*

## Dreaming the Millennium

by Tony Hoffman

I thought I'd pass along this dream while we're still on this side of the year 2000. I had it nearly 25 years ago but it remains one of the most bizarre and puzzling dreams of my lifetime.

### The Octopus

(Dreamt the morning of March 20, 1976)

*It is January 1, 2000, in the early evening and my hometown (Westport, CT) is covered with snow. I am downtown near the movie theater with my father, watching a procession of strange-looking snow-covered limousines passing through town in honor of Queen Elizabeth. My father is slightly insane and he commandeered one of these cars. We drive it out of town until we reach a huge industrial plant. We sneak into the plant and a gate closes behind us, then we are in a big room. On the floor and on platforms or terraces, are several octopi. A man asks me if I know the significance of the octopus. "Could it be that we are descended from them?" I ask. "No," he replies, "they will inherit the world from us when we are gone."*

A quarter of a century has passed since I had that dream. My father died in '82 and they finally closed down that movie theater this winter, a victim of the multiplexes that have sprung up on the edge of town. So in a literal sense, it's an impossible dream. But I still wonder what it was trying to tell me... why it was set on such a milestone date, sure to get my attention. And above all, I puzzle over the "kicker" at the end. What is the significance of the octopus? Was it merely the night-residue of a mind brought up on too much science fiction? Or some sort of bizarre insight concerning the transience of human existence and the future destiny of intelligent life on this planet?

*Tony Hoffman, Ridgewood, NY*

## Spiders, Deja' Vu and God

At the first dream workshop I taught, I was trying to explain how our emotions attached to any symbol determines what it means. I trust spiders. I believe them to be symbols of wisdom. I have had dreams of talking to giant spiders which I believe were gods. There is a myth that any and all animals in dreams are gods, especially in North American Indian cultures. Now I have entirely different connotations or associations with spiders than someone who, say, had an uncle die of a spider bite and is deathly afraid of them. I spoke of how differently each of us would react to a spider should it come out and hang out in the corner of a room. None of this changes the nature of a spider or basically what it is. But if it were a dream, we would be each dreaming about something entirely different.

At the next workshop about half way through the class, behind me, a huge spider came out from behind a sliding door drape at the very top and sat for the duration of the class. Everyone smiled and nudged each other but didn't tell me until the class was over. Of course we were all amused. Even the woman who was notoriously afraid of spiders remembered what I said and remained calm, much to her husband's surprise. It was an illumination.

Now listen very carefully. When that spider came out from behind the drape, I became the future probable self that reached back and created a past that insured its arrival. It is a moment when future, present and past meet. Spacious present unfolding in the twilight of an eye. It goes beyond *deja' vu*. I think God smiled in our corner of the universe that day and if we could get close enough to see, so did the spider. "Imagine" what is possible.

*Linda Grail, IL.*

## Response to Online Dreams

(Vol. 18 No. 1 pg. 41)

### The Dream: Being Pursued

*Someone is coming after me and I can not yell or scream at all.*

'Pursued' may be a type of paralysis dream or rejection dream. The dreamer might suggest to him/herself and imagine doing this: Turn around and ask the attacker Why is he/she/it pursuing the dreamer. Then almost always, the 'pursuer' will stop and tell you why! Look carefully at what is chasing you and you'll have a clue as to what you are avoiding in waking life. This is very therapeutic! I've done it myself in a dream in which I was being chased by a man with a gun. I don't know if I asked him directly, but a part of my consciousness seeped through and wondered: "Why is this happening?" Then, the answer instantly came to me as the man disappeared: He was merely trying to get me to run, to hurry, get a job and get back into life! I was thankful for the message and stopped worrying if it would be wrong for me to put my son into daycare. Now we both life happy, balanced lives.

### The Dream:

#### Mazeway & the Snake

A recurring dream (at 8 or 9 years old)

The 'Mazeway & the Snake' could be a message that the dreamer has been ignoring for a long time. S/he feels that there is no way out of whatever problem s/he is having. The snake could be a symbol of the dreamer's own life force - the kundalini, which is very powerful and can be frightening. But since the dreamer was a child when this dream began occurring, I would look into the possibility that it represents someone in the dreamer's life. The snake can symbolize male aggression, so I'd ask the dreamer if there was anyone on his/her life that is very authoritarian or even abusive. Confront the snake and it won't be as frightening; what's more, the snake may tell you what it wants.

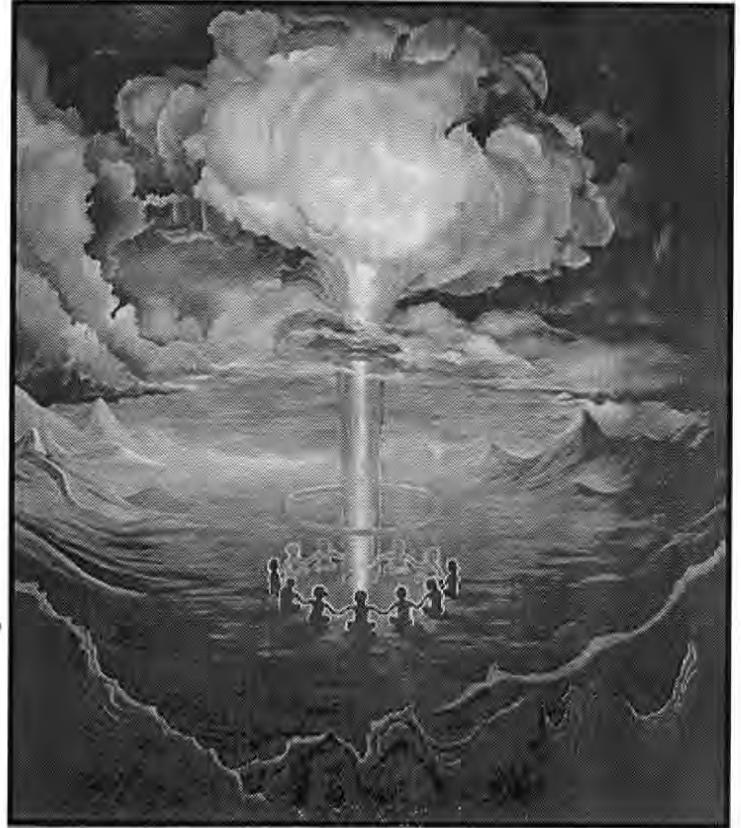
*Amy Neville, Statesboro, GA*



# *Solution*

## *By Way*

### *of Circles*



## **A Triologue with Robert Johnson**

Paul Heussenstamm and Roberta Ossana

DNJ: Could you share some of your perspectives on the wisdom of dreams?

Robert Johnson: Years ago, when I was in India, I told an Indian friend a dream and he was so pleased.... he jumped up and down. And I said, "Wait a minute, it's just a dream. It didn't happen." He wouldn't hear of this. He said, "Oh, yes! It did happen." Indians, in general, consider a dream to be more authentic than what we call reality. You must understand that this is the East Indian point of view, that the dream or fantasy or thought is the reality. The chair and the table and stuff out there.... is illusion.

My definition of a dream is that it's giving us information we should, but don't yet, have. Dreams are the greatest reality which I, as a mortal human being, am capable of hearing or understanding and for me, they are a tremendously valid reality. Keeping a dream journal is the central core of my religious life.

People who are really sensitive can become overwhelmed with their dreams and they wonder how they will ever lead an ordinary life if they pay attention to their dreams. They can, in fact, drown in their dreams.

But, dreams are highly repetitive; one is dreaming of only a few basic subjects and if one can gain some comprehension of one of those subjects, s/he doesn't have to dream that, or at least on the same level, any more.

A dream is as close to the voice of God as I've ever experienced. Dreams are the speech of God and God is a mystery; therefore, a dream is a mystery.

DNJ: The dream often presents language that can be looked at in so many ways. It can be confusing. For myself, it took a good ten years to become a beginner and now it's been twenty years and I still have a long way to go.

Robert Johnson: Let me echo into you. There's no place to go! One must be able to endure the paradox of things. For example, one must lay oneself open to paradox but—there's that word which is the center of every paradox—we must not drown or be swept away by it. Fanaticism is such an attractive thing... to go whole hog one way or another. When a person starts shouting and waving their arms trying to simplify a paradox down to a fanatical singleness, it just doesn't work.

DNJ: What, in your opinion, is the definition of a prophetic and/or precognitive dream?

Robert Johnson: OK. Let me talk first about the nature of dreams in my view. They come from a part of the psyche that is not observing the same laws of time and space as we do in this reality. So, it's very difficult to talk about timeless dreams—which I think is what prophetic dreams are—within our mentality of time/space. It's most effective to think of a dream as coming from a timeless place.

It is one of the great puzzles for an analyst or therapist or anyone interested in dreams to translate a dream in time, because the dream is speaking outside of time and one is never sure whether it's past, present or future, even though that may be an imposition we put upon a dream. I'm more and more inclined to think that this is the case. It is our limitation which we're trying to put upon the dream; the dream itself is outside of time and space.

DNJ: What do you mean by outside of time and space?

Robert Johnson: That's very difficult. I can only describe it philosophically. I can tell you what it is not: the dream is not within the limits which we ordinarily put upon time. And I expect that, come that great day of enlightenment or the next world or whatever, we're going to find out that there's no such thing as past and future. There is simply the act of being. One of the funny tricks—magic tricks—which our minds play is that we think we can be in eternity as if it were ever anything else. When in reality, it's here and now.

DNJ: How can an individual discern if a dream is prophetic or precognitive?

Robert Johnson: The only humble, intelligent thing to do with a dream is try it in different ways, different

dimensions, different time frames and see what fits into our limited time-dominated mind. Generally, one gets a hunch or an aha! about what's right about a dream.

If someone is stuck with a dream, argue its opposite as if the dream were very wisely encouraging you to do something or to develop a particular attitude. And then, go over the same material and argue it negatively as though the dream were warning you against some dreadful thing, and see what clicks. Jung called this the 'It Clicks' system. It takes any authority out of the matter. You can't go to someone else or a dictionary and find out what a dream means, it's got to 'Click.'

DNJ: Can prophetic dreams reveal undesirable situations or outcomes that are warning us to change our directions?

Robert Johnson: Yes. Someone shared a short dream a while ago within this context. A very simple dream. He was on a commercial passenger airplane and it was going straight down and it was to be two seconds before crash. That's the sum total of the dream. A dream like that is not to be taken literally. Neither of us were inclined to assume it's best he stay off airplanes now. A non-literal interpretation of the dream is to see it as a warning dream that the airplane mentality in him—the airplane/airborne, faster-than-locomotion part of him—is crashing under him and he has only two seconds warning. This dream was some years ago and he didn't crash because he listened. I suspect he would have crashed if he had pursued with—not so much what he was doing—but the attitude that he was carrying. This airplane-like, faster-than-the-speed-of-sound business. It was about to do him terrible damage!

DNJ: This brings us to the indi-

viduality of dreams: does not each dream have its own core that's related to the individual.

Robert Johnson: Absolutely. And that individual is the only person who has any authority in interpreting it.

DNJ: Conversely, some dreams—especially prophetic dreams—also have that aspect that may have nothing to do with the person and everything to do with Life.

Robert Johnson: Another humble approach is to try it and see if it's your dream, then try it and see if it's mankind's dream. If I dream it's going to rain tomorrow, that's a pretty mild dream. I can decide I'd better get out my raincoat tomorrow. Or, one could think of it in a mythological sense: "Is Noah dreaming this?"

It's very serious and disastrous to take a dream on the wrong level. A madman is inclined to think that his personal dream is a message for mankind and that's not permissible. And conversely, I expect the Book of Revelation is someone's dream or vision. If one takes that personally, that's very dangerous... even close to madness. Jung used this analogy: "If you're going to have an assimilating match with a tiger, you know who's going to assimilate whom!"

Here's another big, big area in which we, as a culture, are doing very badly: we have an almost incurable tendency to literalize dreams. We're such mechanical, materialists that we have shut our mentality down until we think only in literal terms, the 'out there.' If you can't weigh it or describe it as a physical thing, the modern mind won't even think about it. Physicists are changing that rapidly, but people make terrible mistakes by literalizing dreams. We miss the spiritual or the religious by literalizing. An Englishman—whose name I can't remember at the



moment—said:

*“Literalism is idolatry.”*

I'm acutely interested in how and on what level one is to take a dream.

DNJ: As an artist I hang out in these realms. It's much more difficult to put it in words than it is to do it in a painting, isn't it?

Robert Johnson: Words are terrible things! The artist, poet or mystic—or anyone having rare moments in their life—is stammering and stuttering around, trying to describe a timeless experience. And all we've got is time-dominated and oriented speech. I'm weary of stuttering around trying to describe experiences which are dramatically beyond those dimensions in time-space language. Language causes us to go into awful contortions!

DNJ: When you were 11 years old, you had a timeless experience: 'The Golden World Outside of Time and Space.' Would you describe that experience?

Robert Johnson: When I was eleven, I was on my way from one home to another (my fathers' to my mothers') and decided to stop into a drugstore midway between the two homes and purchase a soft drink. As I was going in the door, two cars collided in the street before me. There was a split second incident in which my left leg was through the door but the right one was still touching the sideline; my leg was pinned between brick and chrome, the knee crushed. I managed to give my phone number to someone nearby and I knew nothing more until the middle of the night, when I awoke sweaty and shivering, my leg held down by a heavy cast that ran from my neck to my toes. I felt nauseous and horribly weak. No one knew that the sutured artery in my leg had broken loose and was hemorrhaging again inside the cast. I was slowly bleeding to death.

***“You have been claimed for an inner life,” Dr. Jung declared. “If you will remain loyal to the inner world, it will take care of you. This is what you are good for in this life. I must tell you at the outset that you should never join anything.”***

At a specific moment I crossed a divide and suddenly, I was in a glorious world.

It was pure light, gold, radiant, luminous, ecstatically happy, perfectly beautiful, purely tranquil, joy beyond bound. No words adequately describe the 'other side.' It was all that any mystic ever promised of heaven and I knew then that I was in possession of the greatest treasure known to humankind. Later in life, I heard the religious scholar Mircea Eliade refer to this realm as the Golden World, which is what I have called it ever since. I've never been entirely satisfied with anything else.

Dr. Jung believed that the earthly world and the golden world are two faces of one reality. He believed that the ego is the master of its own little separate domain but that there is a larger, more encompassing Self. It is a lifetime's work to reconcile the earthly world and the Golden World.

DNJ: You are fortunate to have met and worked with Dr. Carl Jung. Would you share with readers the

extraordinary dream you had just before meeting him... and his response to your dream?

Robert Johnson: Every thousand years, a Buddha is born. In my dream...

*The Buddha is born in the middle of the night. A star shines in the sky to herald the birth of the Buddha. I am there and*

*I am the same age throughout the dream. I watch the birth of the Buddha and I see him grow up before my eyes until he is a young man, like me, and we are constant companions. We are good pals (the temerity of such an idea!) We are happy with each other and there is much companionship and brightness. One day we come to a river, which flows in two directions at once. Half the river flows one way and half flows the other way; where the two streams touch in the center of the river there are very large whirlpools. I swim across, but the Buddha is caught in a whirlpool and drowns.*

*I am inconsolable; my companion is gone. So I wait a thousand years, a star shines in the night sky again and again the Buddha is born in the middle of the night. I spend another long period as the companion of the Buddha. Here the details are lost, but for some reason I have to wait another thousand years for the birth of the third Buddha. Again a star shines and the Buddha is born in the middle of the night and I am his companion as he grows up. We're friends and I'm happy. Then I have to wait a thousand years again, until modern times, for the Buddha to be born a fourth time.*

*This time, however, the circumstances are different and more specific. The star will shine in the sky announcing the birth of the Buddha but the Buddha is to be born at dawn this time. And he's to be born from the knothole of a tree when the first rays of sunlight fall upon it from the sunrise. I'm overcome with joy and anticipation, because I've waited a thousand years for my beloved*

companion to be reborn.

*The first rays of the sun come. They touch the top of the tree first, descending it as the sun rises. As the rays of the sun touch the knothole, an enormous snake comes out. The snake is huge, a hundred feet long and he comes straight for me!*

*I'm so terrified that I fall over backward. Then I get to my feet and run with all the strength that I have. When I think I've gone far enough, I look around only to find that the snake is running in back of me and keeping his flattened head exactly over my head! So I run twice as hard in terror.*

*But when I turn around and look, there's the snake's head—still exactly over my head! I run still harder and look and the snake is still there and I know there's no hope. Then, by some intuition, I make a circle by touching my right hip with my right arm. I'm still running and the snake pokes what he can of his head through the circle and I know the danger is over.*

I first shared this dream with Jolinda Jacobi, then with Dr. Jung's wife, Emma, who had little to say but instead took the dream to her husband.... and my life changed forever.

I was summoned to Dr. Jung's quarters. The first time I saw him, he looked fit and alert; he was seventy three at the time and he looked out at me over small wire-rimmed glasses. He had in his hand a copy of the dream and motioned for me to sit. He immediately began to lecture me within an inch of my life!

"You have been claimed for an inner life," Dr. Jung declared. "If you will remain loyal to the inner world, it will take care of you. This is what you are good for in this life. I must tell you at the outset that you should never join anything."

I sat there in shock. Dr. Jung continued:

"You must learn to accept that whatever you need will turn up for

you. Even if you never produce anything of social value, your relationship with the collective unconscious will justify your reason for being on the face of this earth."

My dream of the Buddha and the snake, Dr. Jung insisted, was a clear sign that I must live my life with an inner focus. It would take all the resources I could muster just to deal with the forces of the unconscious, which were extremely powerful. He seemed to read my mind. He said that I had always hungered for community and probably would always continue with this yearning but this was not the proper path for me.

"You are one of the solitaries of this world," he said. "Do not join anything. This will just be poison for you. Devote your energies to the collective unconscious. Keep the outer dimensions of your life as modest as possible."

He then pointed out a detail at the end of my dream. "When you make a circle with your arm, the snake begins to talk with you," he said. "Do you see this? It is a mandala, a magic circle. This means that you can survive an otherwise overwhelming experience if you will give it form. Do you see? You must focus on containing these energies, or they will destroy you."

DNJ: Extraordinary. I can understand how that encounter would change your life forever!

As an analyst, you hear the dreams of many people. Have you noticed a recurring theme, a message from the 'collective unconscious' coming through in peoples' dreams as we approach the millennium?

Robert Johnson: Yes! I want to talk a bit about a half a dozen or so dreams I've heard. A couple of them are my own—and I'm hearing them from other people as well. The subject or theme is of the 'End of the World.' I'm on fire with these dreams! They

have incredible similarities.

Now, 'End of the world' isn't to be taken literally, or we're missing the point. But we do have to ask: "The end of what world?"

The dreams could be referring to the end of some known system, or could be interpreted as physical death or the end of an era, an age, the end of a social or modern attitude. Perhaps the end of a particular way of thinking.

We need an end of the world in the sense of an end of an egocentric or overly mechanical attitude toward life. And I welcome that because I'm not very happy with the era of society in which I live. It's very painful and frightening.

DNJ: Does this dream theme seem to be suggesting a way through or out or beyond.... a new beginning?

Robert Johnson: The thing that's got me so interested right now is that all of these half dozen dreams have a solution by way of Circles. I'm fascinated with that! What does this mean? What is God trying to tell us?

DNJ: Would you be willing to share one of your own 'end of the world' dreams?

Robert Johnson:

Soon after my last trip to India, I had an extraordinary dream.

*A few friends of mine, perhaps a dozen, are on the top of a great mountain. We are standing at the pinnacle of the highest peak in sight, far above timberline. It is exceedingly, breathtakingly beautiful. The air is clear, the sunshine bright and golden, and the vista is breathtaking. You can look around for 360 degrees and see snow-covered peaks on every side.*

*The entire scene is thrilling, exhilarating, magnificent.*

*My friends and I are all awestruck by the setting, when, to my astonishment, I notice that all the mountains in sight, with the exception of the one we are*





*"Rainbow Religion"*

standing on, are melting. Like burning candles, they are gradually losing their shape, becoming liquid and draining back down into the sea. Despite my recognition of this, I am still inordinately happy. I possess the knowledge that the mountain on which we stand is also going to melt and dissolve away quite soon. But I also know with absolute certainty, as if I have heard the voice of God, that everything is exactly as it should be. No words are spoken in my dream but a thought comes to me: "There is one act of volition remaining in your life and only one. You may do it or not do it, as you wish." I immediately know that this action is the will of God and so I must do it. The final action is to draw my friends together in a small circle, put our arms around one another's shoulders and lean inward so that our heads make a slightly smaller circle. I must make this circle as perfectly symmetric as possible.

*We joyfully form the circle and stand there together waiting for the melting of our mountain but I am not frightened; I am absolutely joyous. The dream ends with our circle waiting for the mountain to dissolve away, as it is the end of the world.*

The circle is a great container. It gives form. It circumambulates. We need containers. And the dream says that's the solution for us now.

DNJ: Deep gratitude to you, Robert Johnson and Namaste. ♪

Parts of this interview were excerpted from Robert Johnson's current and soulful book, *Balancing Heaven and Earth*, Harper, SF, CA., with his permission. Robert Johnson has currently rightfully been bestowed with an honorary doctorate degree from Pacifica Graduate Institute in Carpinteria, CA. He is also the author of *He, She, & We*.

# Graduate Studies

*"You would not find out the boundaries of the soul, even by traveling along every path; so deep a measure does it have."  
—Heraclitus*

Pacifica Graduate Institute offers graduate study in the areas of Depth Psychology and Mythological Studies with classes conducted in monthly learning retreats.

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# Hearing the Echo

## A Bridge Between Worlds

by Damian Nash ©1999

Every now and then dreams come along which completely change your outlook. This one hurled me into a world filled with wonder and mystery; I've spent much of the last fourteen years expanding my paradigm enough to make sense of it.

During the summer of 1985, I lived on the coast of Maine, canvassing up and down the beautiful coastline to raise environmental awareness and funds for Greenpeace. Work went from 2:00 to 10:00 pm, allowing me rich and luxurious mornings to read philosophy and science, and to bicycle regularly through the crisp, green countryside. That summer was a break from my heavy academic workload at the University of Colorado — a last summer before graduation, and the first real vacation in years.

In Maine my bedroom was sparse; an important context for the dream. A few books and mementos stood on a shelf made of weathered white board and broken bricks. My sleek racing bicycle leaned against

the wall by the door. For a bed there was a thick, orange sleeping bag on top of a quilt which was doubled over for padding on the polished wooden floor. The time was simple and free, like my room, and full of sunshine. The ponderings, angst and stress of academia seemed far away.

During the previous four years several "regular characters" had participated in my dreams. I met them during my first major mystical experience when I accidentally peeked behind the veil of the senses. They were nonphysical beings, appearing as light — telepathic, compassionate, and playful. They were wise and trustworthy.

Over the next four years, they taught me in dreams how to fly by faith, using my mind to generate an experience where I didn't collide with the ground. It was thrilling, for sure, and every now and then, wide awake on a mountainside or cliff, I would stop and wonder.

That morning in Maine everything changed. Let me invite you into the dream as it happened:

### Demonstrating Dèja Vu'

*I am sitting with one of my dream companions on a wrought-iron bench in a park.*

*I think his name is Michael (although "he" and "she" are insignificant distinctions in the place where we meet). A sidewalk passes in front of us; neatly manicured lawns lie on either side.*

*The day is beautiful, and the trust and bliss I always experience in his company feels strong.*

*We are talking telepathically. An old curiosity hits me, and I ask Michael about dèja vu'.*

*He looks at me with a wise and frisky smile, and says "Let me show you how it works!"*

*Stepping across the sidewalk, he paces the grass in front of me, slowly and deliberately.*

*"We don't exist at a single point in time, like most people assume," he says.*

*While he speaks, he slows down, as if the air around him was becoming dense like water.*

*"Instead, we exist as beings who are spread out into the future and the past, mostly clustered around the present."*

*I watch his image vibrate back and forth subtly, like a film caught in the projector.*



Suddenly his naturally luminous image bursts into a bright smear—a spectrum of pale, bluish light, brightest in the middle and fading in front of him and behind him. He is still distinct in the center, although fainter images of himself exist throughout the spectrum. The images grow dimmer and fuzzier until, after ten or fifteen feet, only a faint and fading glow stretches toward the horizons. Then, in a voice which sounds like a choir whispering sharply in a huge metal drum he continues, speaking exactly these words:

*“Deja vu’ is hearing the echo before the sound.”*

*He collapses the spectrum, resolving his image back into its coherent, recognizable form.*

*He steps back across the sidewalk, sits down beside me again, and says, “Now you try it!”*

*I feel a shock of insecurity, which is clearly “audible” because of our telepathic connection. He looks at me with a peculiar smile which imparts reassurance. So I stand up, walk to the place where he started his short demonstration, and begin walking.*



*I look back at him, losing my nerve, and see the same undecipherable grin on his face and twinkle in his eye.*

*I know that if I can fly with Michael, I am also safe trying this new, time-smearing exercise in his company, so I continue.*

*I let go of my sense of boundary and feel a fluid continuity with the space all around me. My skin seems to merge with the warm spring air.*

*Then a miracle happens: my alarm clock rings.*

*Whew! Relief! A chance to escape a dream that is turning a little too weird and risky for my tastes. With the quickest good-bye glance toward Michael, I decide to opt out of today’s lesson and leave before I go anywhere too uncomfortable.*

*The strange thing is this: Michael is still reading my thoughts, and as I exit the dream,*

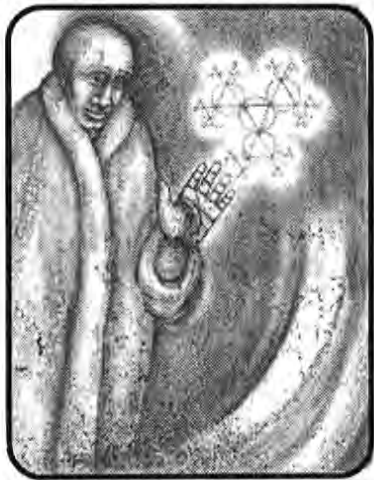
*I see and hear him laughing.*

When I awoke, I looked around the room for a couple of seconds getting reoriented. Then I too started laughing hysterically! I realized that my own "time smearing" exercise had been completely successful! Because I chose the cowardly option, I also became the subject of an ethereal practical joke:

**Eight seconds after I began laughing my alarm clock started to ring!**

In that dream, on that bright Maine morning, I heard the echo before the sound and the echo woke me up. The event provided a bridge between daytime and dreamtime worlds and all the evidence I needed to link my studies in physics and mathematics with transpersonal psychology and religion. The clear and enduring message to me was simple: Michael and my dreamtime companions are real, not merely constructions of my imagination. And what he taught me about time and perception is true: Who we are goes far beyond what we can see.... spreading out in space and time like the light from a lamp on a misty night.

As the Little Prince said, "What is essential is invisible to the eye. It is only with the heart that one sees rightly." ∅



**Postscript:** Michael let me know an opportunity would eventually come to publish this dream, making it available to everyone. I am deeply grateful to the *Dream Network Journal* for allowing my dreamtime companions to offer this gift to you. I'm also grateful to Bruce Cockburn, who inspired that summer (and every year since) and to Dawn Graves, who brought me to Maine and looked after me. Now that I have told the world this little story, I'm looking forward to my companions returning to my dreams, as they promised they would.

Damian Nash is a life coach and professional strategist who lives in Moab, Utah. Over the telephone and Internet, he supports spiritually awakened people to accomplish their life dreams, experience greater success in the material realm and discover deeper fulfillment and happiness. He is offering a free half-hour consultation to *Dream Network* readers. Contact [damian@asal.net](mailto:damian@asal.net) or call 435-259-1715.

### The Jewelled Box

*I see a very black ocean from a high vantage point. There is a beach made of black sand also that is barely visible through the darkness. I can only hear soft waves moving towards the beach but no other sound is evident. It is as though night has left a permanent darkness on every living thing. I begin to float now, softly towards the water. I am dressed in white and holding my hand is a small boy. We settle down on the water, neither sinking or getting wet. It feels as though I am standing on a water bed, though as I can feel the movement of the soft waves beneath my feet. There are no scents in the air and the place seems void of anything. I hold the boy close to me with one arm, and pointed now towards the distance of the ocean.*

*Then tiny lights of every color appears on the distant horizon. There are in fact so many colors that I can not possibly describe them in waking. I tell the boy, "See the colors that have been lost throughout time, we once had all those colors." The little boy says nothing, but stays very close to me. He is dressed in white and I have the idea that he is to be sent somewhere and I am to teach him something.*

*I then hold up a box that is perhaps metal and jewelled but not too extravagant. I silently open it and take out a strange round device. It looks as though it is made of ivory and in my mind it is as old as mankind. In its roundness there protrudes perhaps 365 or more small arched spines that are flattened at the ends. I take the device in hand and touch it with my tongue. Instantly my mouth is filled with the sensation of a thousand different foods and tastes.*

*I show it to the boy saying,  
"These have all been lost to us".*

*Now the boy disappears slowly into the darkness as I gently let him go. He does not float upward or downward but simply dissolves into the blackness. The water of the ocean now begins to shift more. I turn to see the box I had used floating towards the shore. I am in darkness and struggle to get to the box. Beneath my feet the water becomes like canvas shifting and folding towards the shoreline.*

*As I struggle further to regain the box,  
I awakened from the dream.*





## Buffalo

*A huge buffalo head appears before me.  
As I gaze into the eyes of the buffalo,  
I see that all patterns of things  
in the world of form are held here in being.  
Nothing can exist outside of it.*

# The End of Time, or the Beginning of Now?

## Cross Cultural Perspectives on Apocalypse & Salvation

by Daniel Shellabarger

### Part One

**P**rophecies of the End of Time, the Apocalypse, abound all over the world. And the clues give evidence that they arise from the Dream Time. Three things have intrigued me all my life: dreaming, myth, the concept of time and they have led me on strange journeys, inward and outward. Presently, I am wandering Asia and not long ago, did a stint with the Peace Corp. in South America.

Recently, I spent almost a month practicing Vipassna meditation at a monastery in the north of Thailand. Immediately afterward, I went south to a predominantly Muslim area. Here I read the Koran, with its continual theme of the Resurrection Day, as I listened to the periodic Islamic call to prayer echoing through the salty air. All of this is flavored with the fact that I grew up in an Evangelical Christian household and constantly heard of the Second Coming of Christ and the Apocalypse. Now I've returned to the north of Thailand. At this very moment I can hear the chants of Buddhist monks from a nearby temple.

Since I was a child, the moment between waking and sleeping, consciousness and subconsciousness, has tantalized me, lured me into wanting to experience more of that timeless state. This *moment* is illusive, seemingly ungraspable: sometimes a moment of profound wisdom

and tranquility, sometimes a clandestine moment of fear. It is a moment of strange realization—realization of my own mortality and the world's impermanence. It seems a hazy window into the realm of death and deathlessness beyond, just out of reach. It's our personal prophet peering into the End of Time.

When I was an adolescent, I slept in late one Saturday morning. I had a long and elaborate dream about our German shepherd. At the dream's conclusion, I saw her run into the path of our load truck as it was backing out of the driveway. I heard a sounding thud, then a yelp. I awoke to hear commotion outside my bedroom window. Later that day I asked my dad and brothers if something had happened to our

dog that morning. "Yes, she got in the way of the truck as we were backing out and was hit. Fortunately, she wasn't seriously hurt," my dad said.

"Could it be that my entire dream about our German shepherd had occurred within that split second when she was hit by the truck?" I wondered. Other previous dream experiences gave evidence to this theory. This was the beginning of a hypothesis: time is relative to each individual's state of consciousness, and this mystery of time can be explored in that moment between sleeping





and waking, subconsciousness and consciousness.

Isn't all of Nature subject to endless cycles of lying dormant and awakening? It is at the time of dying that plants go to seed. And the seed's sprouting is the moment of resurrection, of waking. Falling asleep and dying: are they really any different from one another? When we die, so our conception of Time dies with us; and, hence, so ends Time itself. This is what Logic and Intuition together lead me to understand.

I have since noticed how lucid dreaming occurs when my consciousness straddles the line between waking and sleeping; it seems a consciousness that can simultaneously see into both realms. I always wanted to experiment further into this realm by keeping myself awake for several nights. However, I lacked the stamina . . . until I came to the Buddhist monastery. Gautama Buddha discovered, some 500 years before Christ, that the cycles of Time and suffering could be transcended through what he called "the Middle Path" or "the Eightfold Path." Training the mind to follow this path is the point of Vipassna meditation. Buddhists also call it focusing on the Present Moment, not letting the mind stray to either the future or the past. This, I realized, is also the point of the teachings of Jesus Christ, particularly in his Sermon on the Mount: Keep your eye "single," focusing on now rather than worrying about yesterday or tomorrow. In the Torah of Jesus' faith, the unspeakable Name of God—discovered by Moses at the burning bush—is a play on the Hebrew word for "to be." It roughly means "the Eternal Present." When I shared this fact with my Vipassna meditation teachers, they were delighted. From then on, they often reminded me to keep my focus on the Eternal Present.

My teachers gave me day-to-day assignments of walking and sitting meditation. I was clueless as to what they had in mind for me the next day or in the "grand finale" of my meditation practice. I often complained how sleepy I was becoming. Even so, they continued to tell me to reduce the time I slept each night. Toward the end of my instruction, they told me to go 24 hours without sleeping, with a particular walking and sitting meditation assignment. After the 24 hours, I thought my ordeal was finished... but they surprised me again, telling me to go another 24 hours without sleeping. Following that, I had to go yet another 24 hours of sleeplessness, making a total of three days and three nights without sleep! One of my assignments was to tabulate how many times I nodded off during meditation. This they called "Arising and Ceasing." Eventually it dawned on me that this Arising and Ceasing was that very moment I had wanted to capture! This was that moment between sleeping and waking: the Middle Path, the Eternal Present!

I was so exhausted it was unbearable. I was tempted to lie down and slumber it all away. I finally gave up on the lotus position and crouched on the floor with my head on my knee. That way I could rest a little more and hopefully not fall entirely asleep. I was coming to the point of giving up. "If I sleep, I sleep. If I don't, I don't. I just don't care any more!" I finally thought, with my head resting on my knee in resignation. Then, something I'd never experienced before unexpectedly happened. Indescribable peace fell over me. I noticed a fading person with his head on his knee. I honestly didn't know who this person was, whether it was me or the Buddha or someone else. I lost all conception of "I" and "me." Then there was no-body. All senses and all thought ceased. All was blank, empty. The closest description I can share is that all was a pale blue light of emptiness. No pain, nothing, just utter peace and silence. This experience lasted perhaps 20 minutes—I'm not sure. I felt I could have stayed there forever, but I also felt the urge to come back. When I did, I was completely awake, rejuvenated, refreshed, and blissfully at peace, as if I'd had the best sleep in my life. Then I understood why "Buddha" means "awakened one."

## Part Two

After leaving the monastery, I remembered that three days and three nights signifies death and resurrection, or transformation in many mythologies of the world. For example, the Sumerian goddess Inanna dies and is hung on a pole in Hell for three days and three nights before she resurrects. Jonah spends three days and three nights in the whale's belly. Jesus says that the Son of Man must spend three days and three nights in the heart of the Earth. The moon is obscured for three days and three nights.

The heart of the earth, the center of the world, the Middle Path: this concept is the factor that links the world's myths and gives us a clue into the End of Time, the Apocalypse. This is the Dream Time.

Curiously, in mythologies throughout the world, we find there is a divine incarnation who descends, dies, and resurrects at the Middle of the World, at the Center of the Cross of the junction of the four directions. This Center is the clashing of opposites and the union of compliments into ultimate oneness. This union is often represented by the central axis of the Pyramid, with four corners converging into the fifth, which is the apex. This union is also commonly represented by the Tree of Life, the Axis, at the Center of the four realms of the world. The Sumerian incarnation of the goddess Inanna, the Norse Woden, the Aztec Quetzalcoatl, and the North American Corn Maiden, to name a few; each descend, die, and resurrect at the Center of the World, of the Cross.

Another variation on this theme is the universal myth of the Great Deluge. In Native American mythologies, the Tree of Life at the Center of the Cross becomes the ladder of Salvation by which people and animals ascend from the flooded underworld to rebirth into a New World. In many cultures, this Tree of Life is hollowed out or constructed into a boat that carries earthly creatures to Salvation.

In the Dhamapada—the sayings of the Buddha—we read that Death overtakes all creatures as a flood overtakes a sleeping village. And Buddha's teaching, the Middle Path, is called the Boat that carries us to Salvation. Similarly, Jesus compares the End of the World, the End of Time, to Noah's flood. Both Jesus Christ and Gautama Buddha say the same thing: we must keep vigilant, lest the flood overtake us. The Koran similarly says we must keep vigilant, lest the Apocalypse overtake us unawares.

*Our mistake down through the centuries has been to interpret the Apocalypse as a day on the calendar, a point in linear time, rather than the ever-present Center beyond Time and Space.* We will all be swallowed into this Center, sooner or later. It is the Eternal Present, the Middle Path between future and past. The ancient prophets, whether they lived 1500, 2000 or 2500 years ago, always said the same thing: the Apocalypse is "at hand," and it will come upon "this generation." This concept has had overly-logical religious scholars confused for millennia.

Notice that in various world mythologies—such as Aztec, Greek, Hindu, Babylonian and Jewish—the prophecies each speak of time divided into four periods, with a fifth period (or end of the fourth) being the time of Apocalypse. Each period is represented by the astrological elements of the four seasons: Earth, Air, Water, and Fire. Each of these cultures also agrees that the fifth (or end of the fourth) is the time of "mixture." In India, Israel, Greece, and Babylon, these ages were represented as Gold, Silver, Bronze, Iron, and Mixture. In India, Mesoamerica and North America, these ages are represented by the colors or castes of the human race dispersed into the four realms of the earth, with the fifth being the End, when all the colors or castes mix and the boundaries between hierarchies dissolve. This fifth age is one of contradicting chaos or unifying salvation, depending on the perspective.

In the Old Testament book of Daniel, these same mythic motifs are the dreams of the Babylonian emperor Nebuchadnezzar. And these are the motifs Jesus refers to in the New Testament. In his first dream, Nebuchadnezzar sees these four ages: *Gold, Silver, Bronze, Iron, and Mixture.* In his second dream, he sees the *World Tree, dying and resurrecting.* Yes, this is the Dream Time we are peering into.

In the Old Testament book of Ezekiel and the New Testament book of Revelation, these four ages meta-

morphose into the four Beasts of the Zodiac, representing the four seasons of Time: The Calf (Taurus), the Eagle (Scorpio), the Lion (Leo), and the Man (Aquarius), with the fifth, the mysterious Divine Incarnation, at the Center. In Aztec myth, each of these four ages is represented by a god, a color, and an astrological element. The fourth is the mortal Quetzalcoatl, and the fifth is the immortal Quetzalcoatl. This is comparable to the Bible's fourth image: the mortal Aquarius the Man, and the fifth Son of Man in the Center of the four.

Because of our desire to escape the Present Moment, we love to put our hope in Apocalyptic events on the calendar, whether we speak of Christ's coming, the Age of Aquarius or Y2K. But have we forgotten that Capricorn follows Aquarius, starting us over again? Have we forgotten that a galaxy takes millions of years to make one revolution? Have we forgotten that there are four ages within four ages, following for ages ad infinitum? Hinduism calls these ages Yugas and clearly points out their infinite nature.

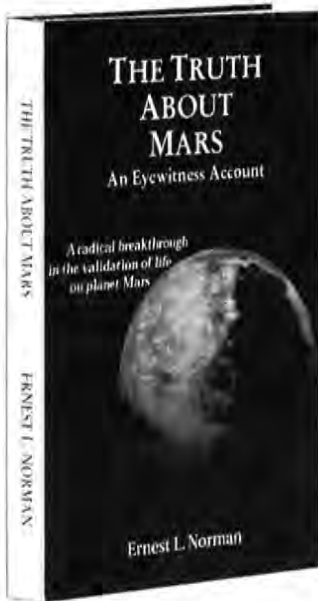
The fourth age seems like the age of Salvation. Many people perceive the imminent Age of Aquarius as the coming of the time of hope.... and this is why it can be deceptive. Good times are often deceptive, because we cling to them. Hence, in reality, the end of the fourth age, rather than its beginning, truly does become the time of Salvation for many—not because it is a time of prosperity and hope—but because it is a time of disillusionment. We finally see that the age of hope comes to an end and we are right back where we started. Disillusioned. And this is when we realize that our only true hope, our only joy, is to accept the Present Moment, to submit to it through good and bad, with all of our being, all of our strength.

Surely good times come, then bad times come, ad infinitum. Good karma, bad karma. The four beasts of the Apocalypse, the four ages of the Zodiac, revolve forever and ever and ever in the wheel of Samsara around the Central Fifth, rising and bowing before the Throne ad infinitum, as we read in the book of Revelation.

The Central Fifth is the Eternal Present. It is Mohammed's Day of Resurrection, Krishna's and Buddha's Middle Path, Lao Tsu's Tao, Moses' Day of the Lord, and the Australian Shaman's DreamTime. It is the I AM.

Ultimately, I believe 'The End of Time' will merely be the end of our perception of time as we now measure it with clock and calendar. If we can't find our contentment within the Present—through good and bad, at the center of the Cross of contradictions and compliments—then we'll never find contentment, and our waiting for Salvation at the End of Time will have been in vain. ☐





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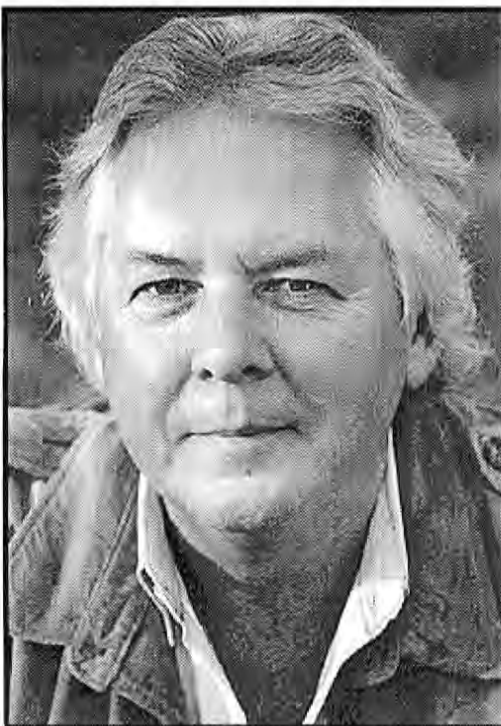
# The Dream People Are Calling You

## A Personal Experience of Dream Precognition and Dream Calling

By Robert Moss ©1999

In January 1995, I had a thrilling dream in which I went on a cosmic ride to an earth-mountain floating high above the clouds, out among the stars. I felt very close to the Goddess here, and worked with a dark-haired woman who was a warrior-priestess. The place was home to a spiritual university, where I was both student and teacher. In the drawing I made of it, my earth-mountain slightly resembles Rene Magritte's surrealist painting 'Le Chateau des Pyrenees,' with its image of a castle atop a vast rock suspended in mid-air. Yet the contours of my earth-mountain are different; the city emerging from it is married to the rock.

I made my return journey from my dream city on a fabulous steed: a tremendous silvery winged serpent.

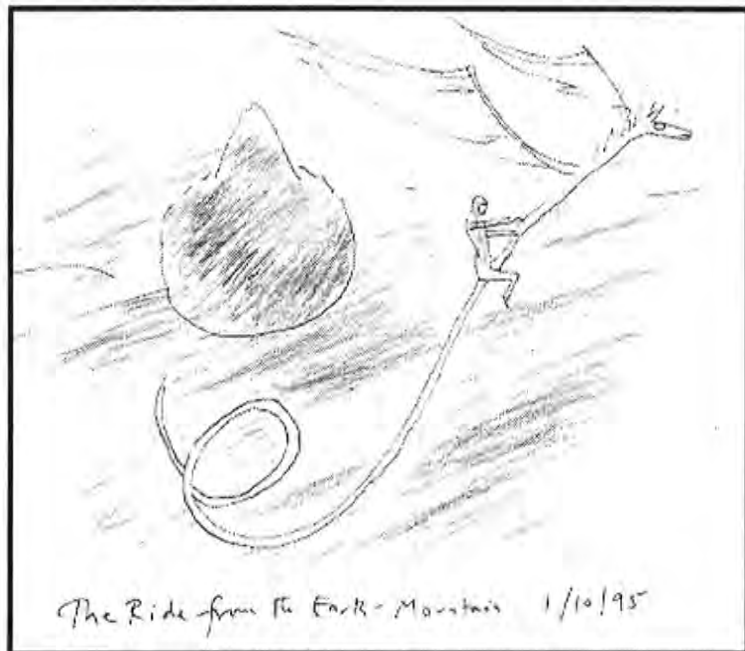


Waking, I had no doubt that my dream was a wholly real experience. I had gone on a journey. Through my exhilaration, I experienced the symptoms of travel fatigue. I felt quite certain that I had gone to an actual place, that the spiritual university and the earth-mountain of the Goddess exist somewhere—if not in physical reality—then in a parallel reality that is no less 'real' and maybe even more so. I recalled other dreams in which I had crossed vast halls and passages of cut stone, studied in libraries of ancient wisdom and shared my practice and teachings with wise priestesses, and wondered whether these were memories of other visits to the

same dream city.

I did not immediately connect this dream with a waking experience I had two nights later, while I was drumming for a circle of active dreamers. With the help of the drumming, I had invited each member of the group to go back inside his or her dream to unfold its deeper meaning and have adventures inside the dreamscape. Circling the group as I drummed, letting the waves of resonance build, feeling the currents of energy shifting and swirling in the space, I picked up images (as I often do) of each dreamer's experiences: of a woman whose heart opened in the shape of a sacred grotto, of someone buried in the earth and breathing through a tube, of a bird-headed man, of the flying ribbons and fringes of Mongolian horse-shamans, whirling in trance, of a white-haired lady sitting alone in a parlor, waiting for someone to come for her.

Then a different pattern of images opened to my inner sight. While I continued to drum and monitor the group, I found myself journeying swiftly down a long passage of cut stone. At the end of the passage was a sunlit path



Dream Art Sketches by Robert Moss



on a high mountain, leading to a stone gateway that filled me with eager curiosity. The sky overhead was purple. On the path, between me and the gateway, was an extraordinary being. It was the size and general shape of a sturdy child only nine or ten. But its wide, ovoid head resembled 'E.T.' more than any human child. It did not appear to be wearing clothing, yet there was no clear indication of sex. Its entire body glowed a rich, vibrant amber-gold. Indeed, its body seemed to be composed of liquid gold; its energy field shimmered with rainbow lights. As it approached, I felt a delicious tingle as the rainbow shimmer enfolded me. It felt like falling in love, when suddenly the world is fresh and sparkling and the air is filled with champagne bubbles.

I had to pull out of the journey to look after my group, to bring them all safely home from their dream journeys and help them to work out how to interpret and honor their experiences. Later, at home, I made a series of drawings of the being of liquid gold and the inviting stone gateway on the high mountain path. The figure reminded me, most strongly, of pre-Columbian gold statues except that it was richly and vibrantly alive. Could it be that visions like mine had inspired the ancient sculptors?



I glanced through several books about pre-Columbian art, hoping to find a similar figure, but did not locate a match.

"I have come to believe that we dream about the events in our lives, large and small, before they happen in ordinary reality. In our dreams, we seem to be constantly rehearsing for situations that lie ahead.

We see round the corner."

I filed my dream reports and my drawings away carefully, as I have been doing for many years, and that was the end of the story, until four years later, when waking events caught up with my dreams.

In December, 1998, a spirited, dark-haired woman called Vera Shapiro approached me with an intriguing proposal. She had heard about my work through a mutual friend and had 'devoured' my book *Dreamgates*. Would I be willing to lead a dream journey to the sacred sites of Peru? I've never been to Peru, I told her. "That's okay," she responded, "I've been leading groups to Peru for eleven years. I love the land and the people and I know some of the local shamans. I'll be the travel coordinator and you'll be the dream leader. I'll guide us through the physical landscape and you will show us how to dream with the mountain spirits and journey to the stars."

It was an exciting proposal. But, in the thick of a very busy workshop and writing schedule, I needed some time to think it over. As I began my research on the Incas and their descendants, I became fascinated by the concept of 'stepping outside time.' According to the Q'eros, a shamanic people of the high Andes who preserved Inca traditions intact in seclusion from the outside world for four centuries after the Spanish conquest, *pachakuti* is a time of profound challenge and transformation in the world and in human consciousness. In the life of an individual, it is a time of both terror and beauty, a time when we can step beyond our negative habits and self-limiting beliefs and personal histories into a larger life, in harmony with our deepest spiritual purpose. To step outside time is also to become able to fold time and travel into the future or the past—and change linear history.

My reading binge fed my intuitive belief that the dream expedition to Peru could be a very rich experience for me, as well as my companions on the road. I particularly liked the idea that I would be both student and teacher on this trail, a welcome change from the many situations in which I was the lecturer in front of the audience or the sole leader within the circle.

But one thing puzzled me.

If Peru was on my itinerary, where were my dreams about it?

I have come to believe that we dream about the events in our lives, large and small, before they happen in ordinary reality. In our dreams, we seem to be constantly rehearsing for situations that lie ahead. We see round the corner. In dreams, all of us are psychic. In relation to this, I have been my own lab rat for most of a lifetime. I have monitored literally thousands of precognitive dreams in my personal journals, as well as working with an equal or larger number of future dreams contributed by people who come to my workshops or write to me about their experiences.

So where were my dreams of Peru?

A quick check of my dreams from the six months before Vera contacted me turned up only a few, notably a scene in a waiting room at a train station or airport where an official made an announcement for passengers departing for Peru, and a couple of dreams in which I now felt I might have met Vera and rehearsed our possible collaboration. But where were the big dreams?

They literally *fell out of an art portfolio* when I opened it to show a house-guest some of my dream-inspired pictures. There I was, riding the winged serpent to the earth-mountain. There was the being of liquid gold in front of the stone gateway. I had now learned that the Inca priests displayed a 'childlike' gold statue of Inti, their sun-god, at the most sacred place in the mountain city of Machu Picchu—and that this 'city above the clouds' was a kind of spiritual university. The shapes and colors of the stonework in photos of Machu Picchu (including a virtual reality site I found on the Internet) were strongly evocative of my vision in the drumming circle. Was it possible that—in an altered state of consciousness—I had encountered a spiritual energy of the Andes, an Inca deity? Could it be that, four years before I thought of going to Peru, the dream people of Peru were calling me?

Surfing the Internet with these questions in my head, I paused at an image from Machu Picchu that popped up as I hunted for references to 'Inti.' There, in startling chiaroscuro, was the stone gateway from my vision. It is the doorway to the enclosure of the Temple of the Sun at Machu Picchu!

I hit the print button. I put the photocopy and one of my sketches showing the man of gold and the stone gateway in an envelope and mailed them to Vera. Yes, I was going to Peru.

Some of the shamans of Peru say that we grow in authentic power by hunting and catching dreams.

The Peruvian sequence I have shared above—plucked from the midst of an evolving, unfinished story—pro-

vides clues to what this may mean.

Dreaming, we step outside our bodies and beyond space-time. We see things at a distance. We voyage into the possible future and into other times and other dimensions. The ability to see into the future in our dreams is not a rare gift, and there is nothing supernatural about it. It is an entirely natural ability that belongs to all human beings.

Dreaming, we fold time and see future events. It is widely but mistakenly believed that such 'future dreams' are mostly about death and disaster, or about events that will manifest in waking life within a few hours or a day or two after the dream. The reasons for these two misconceptions are: (1) people who do not journal their dreams and have limited dream recall tend to remember the scary, hair-raising dreams and miss out on the rich tapestry of other dream experiences; (2) it is easier to make the connection between a dream and an event that follows close on its heels than with one that comes months, years or even decades later. With practice and faithful journaling which involves looking back regularly over old journal records, we can become better and better at catching precognitive messages long before the corresponding events take shape in physical reality. This gives us the opportunity to make wiser choices.

Once we wake up to the fact that we dream the future, maybe all the time, we can practice the powerful improvisational art of changing the future for the better. The futures we perceive in dreams are possible futures. The degree of probability that a possible future scenario will be played out in ordinary life can be changed. You have a better chance of changing the future for the better if you have clear and timely information about the probable consequences of your present actions and attitudes.

Best of all, once we fully awaken to the fact that dreams are often memories of the future, we can become active creators of the future, working to manifest the energy and insight of our best dreams in waking life. My dreams of sacred sites and sacred energies in the high Andes are more than examples of dream precognition. They are dreams that exercise a magnetic pull, dreams that seem to want to be manifested in physical reality. They also demonstrate how dreams and the powers that speak through dreams call us to a deeper life. The dream people are calling us. ☉



Robert Moss is the author of *Conscious Dreaming and Dreamgates* and leads popular dream workshops all over the world. For information on his *Dream Journey to Peru* this summer, please email [verashapiro@bigfoot.com](mailto:verashapiro@bigfoot.com).

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## Book Reviews by Dick McLeester

### **The Future Does Not Compute:**

**Transcending The Machines  
In Our Midst**

by Stephen Talbott, O'Reilly, 1995.  
stevet@ora.com

Published by O'Reilly & Assoc,  
90 Sherman St., Cambridge, MA. 02140  
(800) 775-7731

These days we can hear the praises of computers and the Internet all around us, with the implication that they are ushering us toward a new "golden age." And yet a few will protest that computers may be destroying everything worthwhile in our culture. But almost no one tells us what this author shows in this surprising book: the intelligent machine gathers its menacing powers from the hidden places within you and me. It does so, that is, as long as we gaze into our screens and tap on our keyboards while less than fully conscious of the subtle influences that pass through the interface. It is the depth of such perceptions and challenging questions that will make this book of interest to readers of this journal.

Our loose community of dream explorers have at times been caught in the computer euphoria all around us. I have heard it exclaimed that the Internet would at last activate the collective unconscious, and read in numerous books how the working of dreams could be described with computer metaphors. It is hardly surprising that members of our community would get caught up in the popular mythologies. In the glare of media hype, do we forget that the collective unconscious was activated long before the first computer, or that computers may never do anything as complex and profound as the mind does while dreaming? What with computer companies exclaiming that, "If you can dream it, you can do it," as long as you put their software onto a computer. What's behind the hype, in the shadow?

In this book, Talbott asks fresh questions. Do we really want a Global Village as villagers in the former Yugoslavia kill one another? Is the frantic urge to put school children on the Internet help or hinder their learning abilities? Does reality have a future? Does the information society actually disdain information? Are we opening the way to a more humane world, or are we mechanizing our communities? Can we expect flame wars, new viruses, pornographic commerce and Net psychoses to grow in an increasingly surreal future? These tough questions about how we raise our children, what kind of communities we want and how we treat our inner selves will challenge readers, whether for or against computers.

For those who learn from dreams, the psychological insights in this book will be striking. "Even in our own dreams, we cannot clearly distinguish self from world. The elements of the dream scenario tend to represent, in one way or another, aspects of ourselves; our inner life is \*spread around\*, displayed outwardly. Everything is suffused with our own consciousness. And in this union with the world lies cradled a deep wisdom. By attending to my dreams, I may recognize an inner need long before my intellect fully awakens to it."

"Ancient man, while dreaming, was at least dreaming of the powers enlivening the world. We, on the other hand, have gained our acute, materially effective consciousness only at the cost of losing altogether our awareness of the life within thing. That life has retreated into unconsciousness."

"What we embedded in the computer is the inert and empty shadow, or abstract reflection, of the past operation of our own intelligence. Machines bearing our re-

flections are a powerful invitation for psychological projection. Such projection requires a translation from inner to outer, from interior awareness to exterior activity. Psychologists tell us that the outward projection of inner contents typically signifies an alienation from those contents. It also provokes an unconscious, misguided, and potentially dangerous effort to recover "out there" what actually has been lost "in here."

In other words, what are we unconsciously projecting onto computers and the Internet? And how can we become more conscious and withdraw those projections, much as we would in working with a dream? Can we do this in our personal lives? Can we do this collectively, as a culture in the grip of strong mythological currents and massive projections? How do these mythological currents and mass projections affect our vision of the future? Are the divergent visions of the Y2K crisis simply about which computers will understand a correct four-digit year? Or are there much larger mythological issues woven unconsciously into our hopes and fears of what will happen with the millennium shift?

This book is a paradox in motion. Published by a major computer book publisher and Internet pioneer, the author admits: "This book is not full of solutions. In fact, it is itself a symptom." The author continues to struggle with what it means to live consciously with the technology in our midst. And yet, just as a troubling dream can offer healthy new possibilities, I think this one is worth our attention. For more information, visit Netfuture online at: <http://ifla.inist.fr/VI/5/nf/index.html> They offer a free E-Zine and Meditations for the Computer Entranced.

— \* ❖ \* ❖ \* —

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## Dreamgates:

An Explorer's Guide to the  
Worlds of Soul, Imagination,  
and Life Beyond Death

by Robert Moss

Three Rivers Press, 1998, 347 pages.

Crown Publishers

201 E. 50th St., NY, NY. 10022.

**D**reamgates shows how you can use your dreams as the portals to worlds beyond physical reality. This book offers insights from cultures with strong dreaming traditions, insights which profoundly "challenge the ruling paradigms of a culture that confuses the real with the physical." While this author offers a startling vision of the new places you can go via your dreamgates, I found his writing to be clear, grounded, balanced and very practical, as well as visionary. This is a powerful combination, putting this book well above other similar efforts.

Very well-written and organized, each section incorporates stories that illustrate the ideas and concepts, as well as detailed exercises for the reader to actually get involved and see what their own experience is like. These instructions make travels into the other worlds a safe and frequently healing experience. Whether you are new to this sort of exploration, or what he calls a "frequent flyer", you are bound to find many new and challenging directions here. He does ask that the reader set aside their "inner skeptic" while trying out these exercises, while noting that this part of your awareness will be very useful when you return from your journeys.

First we are shown how we can feel comfortable entering this new twilight zone, seeking ways to become a more conscious dreamer, a frequent flyer. Then we learn to journey between the worlds, seeking initiation, creativity and healing. This is followed by a powerful section about dying and the afterlife. We learn the art of dying, ways to help the souls of the departed, and ways of making death our ally. Finally, we explore the coming of the multi-dimensional human, living by syn-



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by Wilda B. Tanner

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chronicity in everyday life.

The book is packed with many details which will interest a wide variety of readers. I was moved by his suggestions to visit our own dream library or dream bookstore, to seek out any information we might be seeking at the time. The exercise was illustrated with his own story about how finding his own dream library influenced the development of this book.

I was also impressed by his fresh approach to using dream re-entry and dream theater in his dreamwork. It is seldom that we find good descriptions of dream theater in writing. These dreamwork sessions are a strong grounding for the journeys into the twilight zone. Further, they showed how any dream, even those often dismissed as common anxiety dreams, can play a powerful part in

ones' journey. Too often in books discussing amazing shamanic dream experiences there is the tendency for readers to develop a more-spiritual-than-thou attitude. This can become another reason to discount many dreams as too ordinary and worthless unless they have the desired imagery. While this may always be a danger, these examples provide an important counterbalance.

I highly recommend this book to anyone who wants to use their dreams to explore some new territory. Are you ready for dreamwork as soulwork? Anything can happen in a dream, so why limit ourselves to the old well-mapped territories? This book shows how you can find those flights to really new destinations. The departure lounge is open anytime you are ready for adventure. Are you ready for takeoff? ☺

# Dream Inspired Poetry

## Kosovo

my neighbors dream  
and i am silent  
my neighbor dreams  
a dream of massacre  
and forty-five lie butchered  
in waking kosovo today  
ah my neighbor dreams  
and we are silent

to dream from the world's heart  
just a little left of center  
to dream away the blood  
the painful keening  
of the wrungout survivors  
the bodies of the old folk  
and the wasted women  
and the crumpled kids  
to dream the unkillling  
to dream not killing  
from a little left of center

oh could i dream an amnesia falls  
like rain from the sad skies  
upon the people of yugoslavia  
an amnesia so strong-crafted  
that fears that hate cannot break it  
so they forget the bleeding  
forget the killing and the raping  
let go of clinging passion for revenge  
forget the antique feuds  
oh to dream balkan history erased  
to dream so it doesn't hurt

to dream the dissolving of death  
the fresh spring infusing what  
in waking world lies rotting  
oh the shattered bone caves  
that held their dreamers' eyes  
that held their dreaming  
just a little to the left of  
the center of sorrows yes  
i dream the damming of time  
wasted by lives unloved and unloving  
the current of time pooling  
dream time flowing backward  
ah the bodies turn pink  
the flesh closes the people  
spring to their feet oh yes

but then the dream turns lucid  
and I know I dream dreaming  
know my dream is not the whole  
of healing broken yugoslavia  
know i'm not dreamer enough  
to dream unwaking world afresh  
to dream the waking world  
fills with a springing dream



## M A Z E

I scurry  
down a hall  
lined with mirrors.  
At every turn  
through every corridor  
I confront  
a new image  
of myself.  
Trying to escape  
this self surveillance  
I exhaust myself.

to dream it into being  
from a little left of center  
and bring it to the center  
to the center of dead center  
from the human heart of hell  
to the human heart of hope  
alone i cannot do it  
i am just a lucid dreamer  
drifting somewhere left of center  
and waiting for the dawn

28 January 1999  
Joan Duncan

## Rehearsal

OK listen up.  
You play the father  
employed as a female impersonator,  
and you will be his wife  
with obsessive compulsive disorder.  
In the 18th century as a man  
you spread gonorrhea to everyone  
including the souls acting  
as your current husband and son.

Your role will be the son  
with an identity crises,  
in a former life  
you mistreated your pet poodle  
who was embodied in your soul  
now playing your current father.

Son and mother this time  
who were once lesbian lovers  
married to the same Mormon  
portrayed by the soul  
acting as father/husband now.  
He set severe church standards  
for proper dress codes back then.

Any questions?

Soul playing wise grandpa,  
your first up.

Don your bag of skin  
and come out of the shoot  
crying like a baby.

You'll forget the script  
once you're embodied,  
after that follow your impulse.

Your scheduled to return again  
as your grandsons' child,  
and I'll put in a word  
for promotion to a better theater.

Ceasing to struggle  
against the truth  
of who I am  
mirrors transform  
into windows.  
Looking out I see  
beings just like myself  
trapped in their own mazes.

Wanting to help  
I realize  
they must find  
their own way out.

Paul Campbell

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emerging awareness...  
that dreamtime and its  
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to the dreamer.”**

**-Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.  
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# Many of Our Dreams Are Prophetic

By Dream Partners  
Lee Piper and Judith Picone

Judith and I have been dream partners for many years. We call ourselves dream weavers.

One day while doing dream-work, we decided to try and clarify our thoughts about the dream process and our work together by writing about it. Dreams and prophecy was our main focus during this endeavor. Both Judith and I identify prophesy in many of our dreams and we believe prophecy is a natural part of the dreaming process. Here are some examples of our own dreams where prophecy has been fulfilled.

Our dreams are psychic, because they tell us something we didn't know or recognize. Something that is going on, or is about to be, a part of our life. A dream could be calling attention to the way we are responding to others in a negative way, or shedding light on some major event that is about to take place. Often, events are unknown to us until the dream and that makes the dream of a prophetic nature. Dreams are giving us information that we did not know before and hence, a look at tomorrow and the future.

These prophetic revelations may be about ourselves, our families or anyone else in the world. They are not limited to time and space. Most of us do not have prophetic dreams about earthquakes, disastrous fires, and other major happenings; however, on a regular basis, we all experience psychic dreams which reveal to us how to solve problems. We may have



a dream that shows us behavior that is negative and in the dream learn how to change our present attitude. These dreams guide us in our daily lives.

While flying to a distant city to attend a conference with unknown people, I fell asleep on the plane and dreamed:

*"I am walking off the plane and down the ramp. I wonder who will contact me at the hotel with instructions on where to go the following morning. As I enter the waiting room from the airplane's ramp, I see a young man and woman holding a sign with my name.*

*They wave to me and I wave back feeling glad that someone is meeting me. After introductions, they tell me they will be my escort to the hotel and for the next three days."*

I awakened on the plane just before it landed with the dream still vivid in my mind. As I walked down the ramp and entered the waiting room, I smiled. Standing at the side of the isle were a young man and a woman holding a sign with my name on it; the same young man and woman whom I had seen in my dream would be my escorts at the conference!

The night before I was to leave on a trip to the southwest, I was talking with friends about prophetic dreams. I made the statement that I was going to incubate for a prophetic dream and that night had the following dream:

*"I am looking at a desert-like area when a banty rooster crosses in front of me on my right. Before it reaches the other side, it turns into a silver, copper and gold colored road runner."*

I was puzzled by my dream and couldn't understand it at all. When my visit in the southwest was over and I was leaving New Mexico, my friend said, "I have a special gift for you." With that she brought out a gift. When I unwrapped the gift it was a large gold, copper and silver metal wall hanging of a road runner. I had my prophetic dream!

Psychic threads run throughout our dreams guiding us so as to keep a close watch on our behavior and how it is affecting us in our relationships to family, friends, work, and communities. This psychic attention played out in our dreams helps us stay on the right path in carrying out the Creator's plan,

which is to respect and love all of creation and ourselves. These kinds of dreams may be warnings to change our way of action, or they may simply be giving information of which we are unaware. It could be a peek into our next days' activities with a warning to take certain actions, preparing us for some change that we were not expecting, or simply reinforcing what we already know, to help us feel more secure about what is happening.

Many times we are dreaming about something else and in the middle of the dream we will receive a psychic statement and then continue on with our original dream. This psychic statement is generally ignored until some event brings it to our attention. For instance, Judith was reading a dream to me. Within the dream there was reference to my use of the Cherokee alphabet to pull out words to describe things. I said to Judith, "It is interesting for you to say that, as I have been putting together some Cherokee vocabulary for a language class."

Another example: The night before receiving the current *Dream Network Journal* Judith had a dream she called "Christmas Gathering." It was May, so she couldn't figure out why she was dreaming about Christmas. In the dream there was reference to Christmas and cats. When Judith began reading the journal, she saw an article with a picture of people with faces of cats. The picture was made up as a Christmas card. Another psychic statement within a dream.

At the same time her son was returning from a trip to Panama, Judith dreamed:

*"I am trying to get home, but there are many obstacles in my way. It is late and I'm having trouble finding transportation. I can't find the gate I am to depart from. I am worried about losing my ticket."*

About an hour after Judith woke up she received a call from her son. He was in Miami and had missed his connecting flight. He explained that his flight on United Airlines had been canceled and that he and the other passengers had been put on a Panamanian airplane which departed an hour late. In Miami, he missed his connection and was rerouted to a Delta flight. In the meantime, he discovered that somewhere along the way, he had lost his return ticket. As Judith lay asleep and dreaming, she was picking up the frustration her son was actually experiencing.

When we can't immediately understand a dream, waiting helps; clarity may come from surprising places.

If we think our dream is prophetic and may hold a message or warning for another, pass it along to that person. It may be helpful to them. Having relayed the dream message, the person receiving it may

consider the warning or choose to ignore it.

When Judith has a dream that seems to be taking another person's life situation into consideration, she relates her dream and says, "I can't understand what the message in my dream is trying to tell me. Does it feel like anything that might pertain to you?" There have been many instances when both Judith and I have passed on prophetic dream information in this way and it has proven to be very helpful to others.

Thank you for allowing us this sharing of our growing, ever richer and deeper dream companionship. ♪

\* ❖ \* ❖ \*

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## BLOOD SWEAT & CHEERS

### TO BE YOUR LAWFULLY WEDDED HUSBAND, FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE?

© 1999 by Janice Baylis

The previous "Blood, Sweat and Cheers" relationship dreams columns dealt with relationships between unmarried lovers. What happens after the knot is tied - those ties that bind?

#### FOR BETTER

##### "A String of Pearls"

*"My husband and I are driving on a freeway. We're both naked. I'm wearing a very long string of pearls. We just drive along and smile at each other.*

They are moving freely through life. Being nude they are hiding nothing. The wife, dreamer, is wearing a necklace (circular, never ending) series of pearls (precious experiences). The prognosis seems promising.

##### "You Can Have it Both Ways"

This dream is mainly about her relationship to her creativity in the field of art. But, this relationship will affect her relationship with her husband and the dream gives her a hint on how to handle that.

Belinda's husband wanted her to stay home and not work even though their children were in school all day. Belinda did, however, sometimes take art classes with a girlfriend. She was very talented and had thought of trying to make some money with her art.

The beginning of her dream tells her it is about something developing in her life and she is supposed to be "getting the picture." This something developing is between herself and what the male art instructor represents, namely her graphic arts.

*"I am picking up a set of photographic prints I had left to be developed. Inside the packet are pictures of me and the male instructor of the drawing and graphic arts class I'm taking.*

*We have our arms around each other's waists. I sort of flashback to remember a time when he and I were having very exciting sexual intercourse. My stomach flutters. I look down and see that I'm pregnant. I realize it is the instructor's baby not my husband's. Since my husband is dark and this guy is blond and fair I know the baby will never pass as my husband's. I decide I'd better give myself an abortion. I go to the backseat of my car. I lie down and push. Out pop several black and white sea shells. I hold them in my hands and admire their designs. Then I remember the baby is still inside me. I get into a squatting position and am*

*pulling on the baby's leg trying to get it out. My girlfriend is helping. Baby seems to be stuck. Finally it comes out. What I thought was its leg was the fat swollen penis of a baby boy. He is obviously a baby version of the art instructor. I love the baby very much but I'm worried about my husband's reaction.*

*Then I'm at home in our kitchen with the baby. I hear my husband coming home. I think I'll tell him the baby is my girlfriend's. He says, "What's cooking? Oh baby food. Where's MY dinner?" I hand him a plate of hot tamales. He seems to accept the baby so I decide not to say anything."*

The sexual intercourse represents not a literal wish to have sex with this man. It represents the energy exchange and attraction Belinda has for her creative art projects. She knows her husband doesn't like her having outside commitments. She considers giving up her art (abortion).

The products of her creativity, sea shells, are admirable. Sea shell sounds like she shall. It finally comes out that she gives birth to a baby boy (beginning project) version of art that has a lot of creative potential (swollen penis [organ of creativity]).

At home, as long as she serves her husband first and quickly, he seems to accept the baby (art activity). The hot tamales are probably food slang for his sexual appetites. The dream encourages Belinda to fulfill her creative potentials while keeping up with her domestic duties.

##### "Do Your Own Thing"

Later. When Belinda was seriously ready to start her art-on-consignment business, she had another dream. This dream too seemed to deal with the three way relationship between Belinda, her art, and her husband,

*"My husband kisses me good-bye as he is leaving for work. He is very affectionate and I know he is feeling sexy and will want intercourse that night. I'm feeling sexy now. I think, 'Could I masturbate now and still have enough energy left for intercourse tonight?' I decide 'Yes.'*

*I go into the bathroom and urinate first, then I masturbate."*

Urinate is a visual and word pun for your innate (your natural inclinations) masturbate is a visual for 'do your own intercourse' (inner course). Belinda's innate inclination/ her inner course is her art business. She decides she has enough energy for both her family and a



part-time art business.

She can maintain both relationships, have an art business and her marriage. She is now a happily married, money making artist. She is having it both ways.

### HOW TO KEEP IT GOING

Here are three short but sweet dream messages to help keep the marriage relationship on an even keel. After a judgmental argument with her husband one wife got her dream message in song.

#### "Home on the Range"

*"I woke up with these words and tune running through my mind. Home, home on the range,  
Where never is heard a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day."*

#### "Coming Across"

It won't be easy, but growth is still possible in this marriage relationship. The wife's dream:

*"I dreamed my house was across the street from my husband's house. There were some trees at the side of his house but there was no hose or water at his house. I planned to come across the street and bring water each day for the trees. I knew if I didn't bring the water, the trees would die. I knew if I did bring the water, the trees would live. I didn't want the trees to die so I began carrying water over in buckets."*

She came across in the marriage relationship with the necessary emotional output and fortitude. Growth did take place on the husband's side and the relationship again began to live.

#### "Let's Make a Deal"

Another wife's dream:

*"I'm standing on one side of a room. On the opposite side is my husband. Beside my husband is Monty Hall. They seem very friendly."*

Monty Hall was the host of a television show titled, "Let's Make a Deal." There had been opposition between the husband and wife. But he seems to be friendly to making a deal. They worked things out and kept the relationship going.

### OR, FOR WORSE

#### "This Stings"

This dreamer had just recently married for the second time. Her dream shows her disappointment in how the relationship is too focused on sex.

*"My husband and I are in a strange car. It is an experimental model, long, low, red and very streamlined. A hose of some kind breaks and squirts milky white liquid in my face. It stings. The tube keeps overflowing and the liquid is filling the car. I ask my husband to pull over and stop the car so the tube can be fixed and we can clean up the mess in the car."*

The excessive and experimental sexuality in their car

(way their life is moving) hurts her. She needs to face this and communicate the problem to her husband. Otherwise it will make a mess of their marriage relationship.

#### "Little White Lies"

A forty year old Mexican American woman was having second thoughts about her marriage relationship. She dreamed:

*"Sylvia walked toward me. I noticed white things on her clothes. As we stood face to face I saw that they were little white lice. They jumped off of her and on to me. I tried to pick them off of me but there were too many. I woke feeling squirmy."*

Sylvia was a co-worker who was aged nineteen and about to be married. Nineteen was the age of the dreamer when she was married. Many "lee-tle white lice" - "little white lies" about marriage had been told to her by family, friends and society when she was a bride. 'Twas ever thus! Now she is facing these lies and it makes her squirm. In all fairness, I should mention that young men also have "little white lies" about marriage laid on them.

#### "Control Freak"

I love those short, simple dream messages but sometimes it is more complicated. The dream-mind often makes a picture of a slang expression to depict a situation. Here is an example of a troubled marriage relationship "Control freak" wives can expect to end up like this.

*"My husband and I are in bed about to have sexual intercourse. I am massaging his balls (testicles) by using a remote control device. I operate the machine by my mind. When I think about and imagine myself rubbing his balls, he feels the stimulation through this machine. There is some kind of interruption and he decides to go take a shower. I am disappointed that we didn't have intercourse."*

"Having someone by the balls" is a slang expression for having power over the person, being in a position to rule, boss, hurt or cause trouble to the person. Her husband's balls (his masculinity) respond to her mental stimulation BUT it is a remote, untouching, one-directional relationship. He is going to shower (show her) he feels like quitting, walking out on her. That is in fact how that marriage relationship ended.

*"Marriage is a legal and religious ceremony by which two people of the opposite sex solemnly agree to harass and spy on each other until death do them join!" Elbert Hubbard*

Yes, dreams—about 27% of the time—deal with relationships in the dreamer's life. Next time we'll take a look at marriage relationship dreams from the husband's point of view. ☺

Janice Baylis is the author of *Sex, Symbols and Dreams*; \$19 includes postage; Box 2914, Seal Beach, CA 90740

## FUTURE TIME

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The theories devoted to time are numerous and varied yet most involve the concept of past, present and future. Since dreams are seldom linear and only supply the dreamer with what I call a 'disguised whole,' we often find the foreshadowing of future events in our dreams that can be both universal and individual in nature.

The following dream is one that could address the upcoming millennium shift and the resultant earth changes that are filling the headlines with greater frequency. The "awareness" of the new century is everywhere in our daily consciousness, so it is obvious that it would be reflected in our dream state:

*A woman is showing me this map of the U.S. that is outlined in red. However, the states (areas) to the left (west) of the Mississippi River are blank. She wants me to pay attention to the New England area and specifically, to Delaware and a town that begins with an "R." I can't quite see it in the dream. However, I can see that there is a river that rushes through the town and it is quite rocky. I know I am to live here. I ask her why there is no Colorado or Texas, but she says they can be connected, but there are no direct routes there. I fold up the map and put it back in its display pocket.*

At face value, the dream seems to be about 'signs' of disaster and may perhaps even stress a need for the dreamer to physically relocate the dreamer to Delaware. Where there may be valid wisdom in this course of action for the dreamer, I might suggest that we take the dream to its symbolic level and see how the

precognitive aspects look in that particular light.

First, there is the stranger in the dream—the older woman—who may be the wise anima of this dreamer; the part of the dreamer's psyche/self that is respected for her wisdom and guidance. She shows a map of the U.S. outlined in red—with literally redefined boundaries. How could this be helpful to the dreamer in a literal way? Perhaps there is a need to look at physical boundaries in the dreamer's life to which she should pay attention? The color red, of course, is a strong color and charged with many meanings; a stop warning, anger, passion.

The woman/anima also directs the dreamer to focus on New England, and specifically, Delaware. I would urge the dreamer to associate the personal meanings she may demonstrate toward this specific geographical area. New England refers to colonies of settlers in the New World - what new world is the dreamer trying to settle into? It may refer to STATES of being - such is the literalness of our unconscious transmissions. And what of Delaware and the town beginning with "R" and the river that runs through the town? If few or no personal waking connections can be made, the dreamer might pay attention to the del-AWARE dream pun and/or the "R" town ("Our" Town) one that follows!

The Western and Southwestern states are missing. It is not that they don't exist, but that there are only unconventional ways to get to them. Again, a sense of direction and placement are strong aspects of this

dream and they may indicate to the dreamer that there is a timely and definite need to pay attention to where the self lives, and where it will live best. Investigations into directions (east, south, west and north) and their diverse attributes by various cultures would be a worthy endeavor to explore, as there are clear indicators in this dream that the specific South and Southwest directions have importance for the dreamer.

This dream may very well portend prophecy for the dreamer in a very specific personal way. But, when a dream of this type occurs during the last year of the 20th century and the last year of millennium AD, it would make sense that it also carries a "bigger picture" tag to it. The best way to deal with this type of material is to record it, work with it closely and ask your higher self for more dreams that will clarify its message. If similar dream content occurs, notice the nuances of patterns, differences and exact images when recording the dream(s) which will offer further dream clues to you.

It is in this way that you may gracefully and wisely accept the possibilities of having a true prophetic Big Dream that is reflective of future events for us all. ∅



DreamTimes© is a column for you, its readers. It is a forum provided to give response and discussion to dream phenomena you are experiencing. Send material to:  
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## NETWORK NOUS

# MEDICINE CARDS & DREAMS

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Not only can the Tarot deck be used to enhance ones dreamwork but also the wonderful Medicine Cards created by Jamie Sams and David Carson and illustrated by Angela C. Werneke. Since animals of various kinds appear often in our dreams, it only seems natural to integrate Medicine Cards into our dreamscapes in order to gain a deeper understanding of the ways these creatures assist us. I suggest at first using a dream that does not include animals in it, especially one which contains an environment that does not seem to sustain animal life such as an office building, a bank, the front lobby of the CIA headquarters, etc.

I once had the following dream which I then incorporated the Medicine Cards into to help shift it in a positive way:

*I am sitting with Alan Greenspan, the head of the Federal Reserve. He is giving one of his talks on the status of the economy and begins rambling on about interest rates. The television cameras are on us and the lights are unbearably hot. His briefcase is bulging and is ready to pop open. I'm unsure of my role here. Am I to interview him? I want to ask him about the questionable legality of the Federal Reserve which is controlled by Private banking cartels but I'm unable to open my mouth. It feels like it is sewn shut.*

After I journaled the dream and focused on where I was holding tension (my forehead and solar plexus area), I centered myself and drew three cards from the Medicine

deck and received: #36 The Lizard #41 The Whale and #4 the Deer.

I asked for one of the animals to appear in the above mentioned dream.

I received an answer from the Deer.

I closed my eyes and put myself back into the T.V. studio with the Fed Chairman. The Deer cautiously walked onto the set, perking her ears up and sniffing the desk. Suddenly she started to eagerly lick the edge of Alan Greenspan's briefcase. I reached over, opened it up and inside was a salt block! I found this to be quite funny and I managed to relax in spite of being in such a tense and manipulative environment. I looked down and a freckled fawn began nursing from its mother. I felt profound shifts of energy in my body. I didn't feel compelled to try to overpower Alan Greenspan.

There was actually a source of sustenance in this dream.

I then thanked the deer for this message and asked for another animal to appear. I looked at Alan Greenspan and the Lizard appeared on his right shoulder, resting on him as if he were some warm rock. According to the Medicine Cards book, the Lizard represents dreaming. I came upon the passage "Lizard medicine is the shadow side of reality where your dreams are reviewed before you decide to manifest them physically." The Lizard then darted down Mr. Greenspan's arm and scuttled under the desk. I checked to see if I was still holding tension in my body. I was, in the back of my neck. It was apparent that I needed to

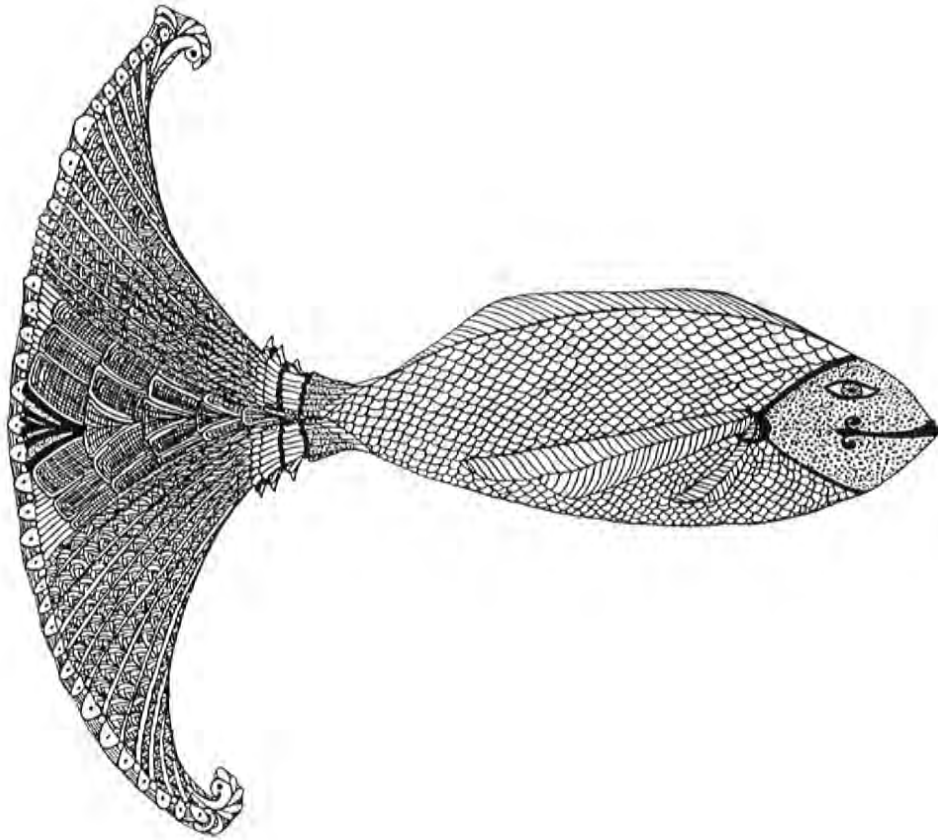


speak to Mr. Greenspan but I needed more help. I called upon the Whale, the record keeper, the holder of the history of Mother Earth. I actually held the Whale card in my hand and began breathing deeply.

I tensed up even more. I developed a headache. I then remembered that my mouth was sewn shut. The lizard reappeared and took the stitches in his mouth and tugged them out and I was able to speak once again. But when I looked up I was no longer in the T.V. studio but rather near an ocean. I could see the spumes on the horizon and knew the whale was near.

I came out of the dreamscape and again focused on my body. I could feel transformation on a cellular level, on the level of DNA and perhaps even deeper although I, at present, cannot understand this but must trust that something is indeed happening. I felt that there was a great responsibility in using the Medicine Cards in this way I've described, and my animal friends reminded me to respect their power and to use it wisely. ♀





# Goldfish Dream

by Pauline Larson

I received these dreams in March 1998. They were packed with powerful symbols and personal information for me. However, I also believe that they have significance for everyone.

The setting for this dream was in the kitchen of my home. I could see the kitchen very plainly. There was no distortion. It was as if I was actually there.

*Two other people were in the room with me.*

*I didn't seem to know who they were.*

*I took from the refrigerator two bottles of milk. There were only a couple of inches of milk left in each bottle. I looked at the expiration dates and both of them had dates that had expired. One date was older than the other. The bottles appeared to contain sour milk. I asked the other two people in the room what I should do with the milk. They both said to pour it down the kitchen sink. This seemed like a waste to me, so I filled*

*both bottles the rest of the way up with water. I thought that I could then use the diluted milk for some other purpose. I set both bottles on the kitchen counter. The*

*milk came to the top. It was chunky and kind of clabbered. I poured the clabbered milk into a clear glass bowl. As I watched, the clabbered milk turned into a bunch of goldfish. This transformation amazed and delighted me. I put water in the glass bowl for them and they swam around in it.*

*The goldfish were crowded in the bowl.*

*At this point in the dream I recognized the other two people in the room as my husband and my son. A couple other people came into the room. They are both teachers at the local community college. One of them teaches math and science, the other teaches religion. I know both of these people in waking consciousness. They seemed interested in what I was doing. I told them how the milk*

had turned into goldfish. They looked at each other. The math teacher said to the religion teacher, "That can't happen. That just can't be done." The religion teacher said, "I agree."

Then they both turned and walked out of the room. I said, "Well I don't care if it can be done or not. I'm going into the goldfish business."

I turned back to the goldfish and they didn't look well at all. There were so many fish in the bowl that they did not have enough room to swim around. They became quite docile. My son put a straw into the water and blew some air in for them. With my finger I stirred the water to get more oxygen to them.

They still didn't look very well. I thought it was because they needed food. I didn't have any fish food in the house so I took a slice of bread and crumbled it in the water. The largest fish came up out of the water as if to take the food from my hand.

His head was larger than normal. His mouth opened wide and there were what looked like the beginning of teeth. He tried to take a piece of the bread but was unable to do so. I became concerned that they would all die. The thought came to me that they needed to be set free into the stream that runs in front of my home. My husband said, "Yes, they need to be in a natural environment where they will have enough space, the right amount of oxygen, and food."

I felt some concern for the goldfish. I wondered if the stream would be a safe place for them. I was afraid that they might not be okay if they were not where I could watch and care for them. I realized that I had to release them and then trust that

they would be all right. Because if I held onto all of them in the crowded glass bowl they would surely wither and die.

The dream ended as I decided that I would release the goldfish into the stream.



At this point I awakened. I lay in bed with my eyes closed recalling the dream and going over the details in my mind. The dream was very vividly real to me so it was very easy for me to remember.

As I lay there in bed another dream — a sort of day dream because I was not completely asleep — came into my mind's eye.

I saw a book shelf hanging on my kitchen wall. Upon that shelf were books and several other objects. Most of the objects appeared to blend into the shadowed background but I could see the books quite plainly. As I looked at the objects on the shelf very vividly, a yellow gold pencil appeared sticking out from the shelf. Hanging on this pencil was a string of beautiful

iridescent white pearls. In comparison to the other objects on the shelf, the pearls and the pencil were bright and had a glow around them. I knew the pencil and the pearls were meant for me.

All I had to do was to reach out and take them.

I believe that Humanity's path is towards further enlightenment. Further enlightenment is not possible unless people release their goldfish (their ideas) to the world. By so doing, we will all grow with the choices that new knowledge affords us. Not that the clabored milk (the old ways, the old ideas, from Science and religion) should be thrown out as wrong or out dated. However, when the breathing of new life into old ideas will no longer work, then the old ideas need to be replaced with new ones. The new ideas should then be released into the stream of life. If each of us shares our antidotal life experiences, our insights, and our dreams that we receive, then there will be more choices to discover what is true about our individual and collective lives. With this sharing then maybe we will all come to realize that what may have appeared impossible before — with the old paradigms — may now be possible with our new paradigms.

And the words the Human race may become a race to unity and sharing with each other instead of a mad race to collective annihilation.

I hope that my sharing of these two dreams will be helpful to other people who are on a path of learning about life through their dreams. ☺

————— ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ —————  
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### "Dark City"

Reviewed by Maureen B. Roberts, Ph.D.

I revelled in and am very impressed with this film, which deals in immense complexity - and with delightful artistic force—with science fiction's two foremost issues: what is real, and what does it mean to be human? The film, which concerns a city's induced amnesia by a parasitic bunch of dark aliens called 'Strangers,' is undoubtedly destined to be slotted into the 'film noir' genre, along with *Blade Runner* and other 'dark art as social comment' movies. *Dark City* is a deft hybridization of a surrealist dreamscape and the kind of gloomy atmospheric consistency that made *Blade Runner* similarly impact and resonate on the mythic plane. Like *Blade Runner*, it's also about human empathy and soul versus individual and collective soul loss.

In *Dark City* the central theme is pre-Jungian, i.e. Platonic: the 'loss of memory' that we all suffer in having forgotten our original home and ground of being, in this case appropriately symbolized by the ocean. The challenge of the human characters is thus Platonic 'anamnesis' - the recovery of memory, or 're-collection' as re-connection to lost soul. In this sense, one of the film's opening, then recurring metaphors is perhaps the key: a goldfish bowl, belonging to the 'hero' figure, John, is accidentally shattered and we see the floundering fish gasping for air amid broken glass, then

John carefully rescuing it and putting it in his abandoned bath of water.

The soul-robbing aliens, in a vain effort to discover what makes humans tick, are meanwhile busy erasing and replacing everyone's memories, and dissolving and reforming the City at midnight to fit the swapped identities. John, an imaginative type, and his alter ego, another artistic guy who's been driven mad by knowing what's going on, are two of only three humans who know what the aliens are up to. Here, then, is a comment on firstly, the fine line between creativity and madness—its ability to push the individual either way; secondly on the awesome burden placed on those few who see what's really going on visionaries, such as genuine artists. John survives and grows stronger but his victimized alter commits suicide.

John keeps searching for his home, called (not surprisingly) 'Shell Beach.' Again not surprisingly, no one seems to remember where it is. John asks the advice of one 'Uncle Carl' (could this be an allusion to Jung?), a friendly old guy who lives in a fish-filled place called Neptune's Castle, but it proves to be a red herring (sorry, couldn't resist the pun). All John can find is advertising boards, facades, saying 'Welcome to Shell Beach.' Interestingly, another written sign that keeps reappearing is 'Book of Dreams.' A fascinating figure - and the other of three humans who know that something fishy is afoot - is a limping, half-blind psychiatrist, a Hephaestus figure who is at first aiding the aliens, but later

goes over to the human camp (again, another comment on the needed fate of psychiatry?)

Uncle Carl's nasty alter ego is the cold old chief alien, whom John ends up battling with telepathically. John wins and is able to imagine (tune) back into reality his home, Shell Beach, the sunlight which has been absent throughout the entire film, and his lost wife.

Again, there's a visual and mythic resonance here with *Blade Runner*, which is similarly set in a dark city void of sunlight. Only at the end of the film do Decard and Rachel escape the dark clutches into sun-filled Nature. Hence, in both films the male-female union is inextricably melded with a reunion with Nature and with an escape from urban soul loss and dehumanization.

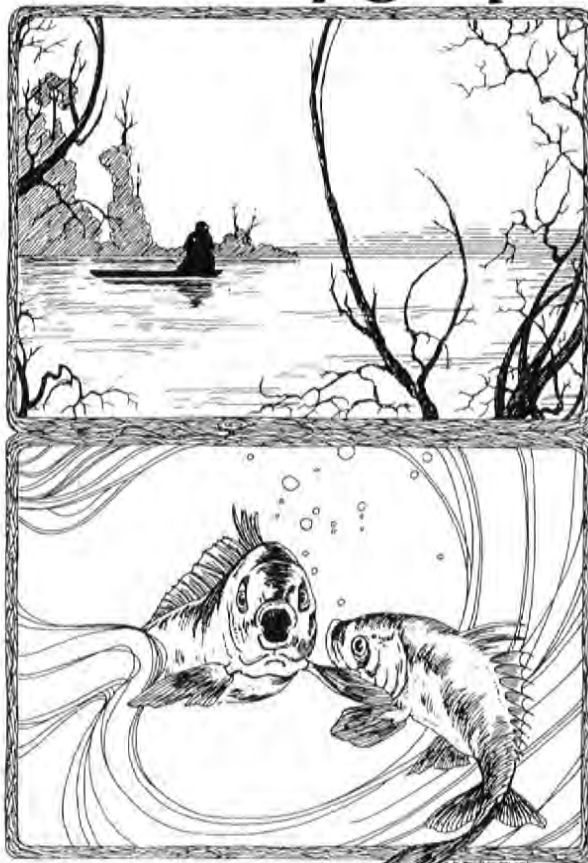
The Strangers revamp the familiar science fiction theme of the 'soulless and dying alien collective,' a motif which films such as *War of the Worlds*, *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, and *Village of the Damned* deal with. A key statement at the end of *Dark City* is John's comment to the last remaining alien on the Strangers' failure to discover what makes us human: "You were searching on the wrong level" (here he points to his head). The Strangers have missed the human centrality of heart, soul and individuality, as is reflected in some of their names: Hand, Brain, Book.

In summary, owing to its rich tapestry of archetypal themes and dreamlike ambience, *Dark City* is one film that would definitely reward repeated viewing by those who are intrigued by the role which science fiction plays as contemporary myth. ☐



## The Lake of Goldfish

*I am co-owner of a lake with a couple of men. The lake was left behind when the river changed course. It is long and rectangular and is surrounded by a chain link fence in an industrial part of town. I decide to swim in the lake. As I look down, I see the lake is teeming with giant goldfish. There are so many*



*that eventually, they lift me up and I am swimming more on the fish than in the water. (This sensation does not repel me in the dream, as I think it would in life.) I am worried that this overpopulation will lead to all the fish dying from lack of oxygen and food. My partners and I agree to open the lake up for fishing.*

*People come and fish but my partners get greedy and let the lake be over-fished.*

*They are apparently charging admission.*

*I am afraid that all the fish are gone. Again, I swim out into the lake searching for signs of any remaining goldfish. I see none but toward the middle of the lake, I become aware that it has extremely deep places below me. I experience a slight but very deep thrumming coming from these depths. I sense that this means that the remaining fish (very large and wise ones) are hiding in the depths, their spirit is angry about the over-fishing.*

*As I am treading water, wondering how to get the fish back up, an old Indian woman (Medicine woman) floats out to the middle of the lake on a flat boat. She stops near me. Leaning over each side of the boat in turn, she sings a chant into the water. As she sings (it is an odd, many-toned song, not entirely Indian-like), the thrumming from the depths increases and builds until it is an enormous deep beating or vibration. At the crescendo groups of giant golden fish leap out of the water in threes and fours.*

*It is a very beautiful celebration dance.*

*The fish spirit has forgiven the greed. Fish leap all around me!*

## Precognitive Dreams

# For Prosperity and Abundance

by Walt Stover

Do you have fascinating precognitive dreams? Do they include messages leading to prosperity and abundance? Join me now as I awaken you to the quest for such tantalizing and elusive information. My overall belief about dreams is that they are given for transformation, spiritual growth, and healing. This leads through to the process Jung called individuation and allows us to become complete and whole. This process involves all facets of life and attaining prosperity is certainly included.

My precognitive dreams started on a small scale in 1978 and have continued to evolve. The dreams about financial matters began in 1983 and clearly involved the stock market. I did not seek or ask for this information. It just spontaneously arose from my subconscious. At first I was extremely hesitant about trusting investment decisions to a dream but in September, 1987, I had two ominous warning dreams about the market and immediately sold all of my stocks. A month later, the market plunged over 500 points in one day and I suddenly became a believer. This fascinating activity has continued, and I now have these dreams 2-3 times per month. This is only about 5% of my total dream activity. But it creates considerable excitement in my life.

In 1998, I began to locate other

dreamers having similar experiences and we now exchange this information via e-mail. Having a group environment provides a supportive network and allows the information to be pooled to form a more reliable consensus for investment action. The following dreams are a sampling of those reported by our dream sharing group. They are offered for information purposes only and not as recommendations to buy or sell any type of securities.

### Dreams of General Market Conditions

Dreams about general financial conditions are extremely important during market corrections such as the sharp sell off in July-September, 1998. As this gut wrenching decline continued, I had a dream on 8/15/98 about the stock market acting like an old time sailing vessel in a raging storm that threatened to capsize the vessel. Suddenly we received a weather report telling us that the storm was abating and there was smoother water ahead. The market hit its low point two weeks later and continued to recover.

Another dreamer at that same time was highly concerned about the devaluation of the Russian currency. Then he dreamed he was swimming under water and saw a huge Russian ship listing badly in the water. Suddenly Mikhail Gorbachev was

with him and pointing to the hull of the ship. He immediately saw that the hull was intact and knew that the ship would not sink. This dream accurately foretold that the Russian currency would not be further damaged.

Feelings can also play a significant role in market dreams. In July, 1998, one lady dreamed about a building falling down around her. It did not fall all at once but piece by piece, and she knew all of it would fall. It was very icy in the dream. She awoke and knew that she needed to pull all of her money out of mutual funds and she had a great sense of urgency associated with the dream. Her prompt action prevented a severe loss that would have occurred if she had stayed invested. Another dreamer in Aug, 1998 was concerned about the market down turn. Then he had a dream in which he saw two very obese people walking down the street from the rear. When he saw their extremely large bottoms, he realized that the market was at a bottom level and his investments were safe.

Recently the stock market advanced sharply from October, 1998 to early January, 1999. Then it stalled at that higher level with a lot of choppy, indecisive action for two months. Many investors sold their stocks then. In late February, 1999, one man dreamed about watching a very

average football team beating the Chicago Bears who were a much stronger team. He immediately knew that the bearish forces in the market would be overcome. The market averages moved sharply higher a few days later and he was highly rewarded for having kept all of his stocks.

### Dreams About Specific Companies

One group member dreamed about being in a large casino and playing a slot machine. He immediately hit the jackpot and coins and a product like cardboard came flowing out. He knew immediately that the product was extremely valuable. A few days later, he read an article about a company named Life cell that made an identical product and immediately bought that stock. Other group members have also had dreams about Life cell. In one dream, a man was so anxious to buy, that he went into three different locations with brokerage terminals to purchase it.

Another group member read a lengthy article about ten promising biotech stocks one evening. That night she had a dream about one of them named Transkaryotics. There was a rich, sparkling, feeling associated with the dream. She purchased the stock at \$21 and it has recently been in the \$32 - \$37 range.

### Dreams with Strong Symbolic Content

Dreams do not always mention specific company names but provide strong symbolic connections. One man living in Atlanta was dreaming about the stock market in mid 1994. He saw a long group of bright, orange buildings that were all connected together. These buildings extended as far as the eye could see and wound up a series of high hills. He immediately connected this dream to the

bright, orange Home Depot stores located all over Atlanta. His stock in this company has increased six fold since he bought it in 1994.

In another dream in late 1996, a man walked into a brokerage office and looked out the window. He saw a building where they manufactured jam and jelly sitting at the bottom of a deep hole. Upon checking with his actual broker, he found that Smuckers was the only listed company making jam and jellies. He purchased the stock at \$16 and was delighted a few months later when it rose to \$28.

### A Major Success Story

Having a major success with market dreams is rare but it does happen. One group member in California kept having recurring dreams about a biotech company named Icos. In early 1995, he invested his life savings in that stock at \$4.50/share and found it to be a very peaceful decision. In 1998, he sold most of his stock at \$24.50/share and pocketed a high six figure profit. Such events do not represent the average result but are feasible.

In recent months, several other dreamers have reported highly positive dreams about this company. One man dreamed about waking up one morning and going over to his computer. He checked his on-line brokerage account and was delighted to see Icos at \$90 which may represent some future, long range potential for this company.

### Group Mission Statement

Our Stock Market Dream Group has adopted a mission statement to guide our overall actions. This statement acknowledges that we are co-creators with God in the area of prosperity and abundance and use the principles of universal spiritual laws to guide our decisions. The group also embraces the concept of total self responsibility and requires



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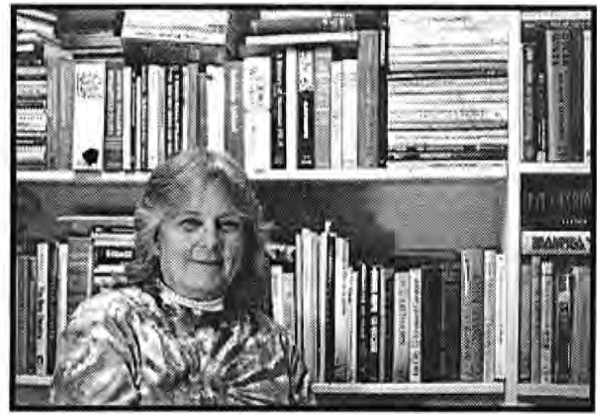
each member to be completely responsible for their own actions in using these dream messages. Readers must also be responsible for their own actions and fully investigate any dream stock as security markets are volatile, losses are possible, and the future may not occur exactly as shown in a dream. If you are having precognitive market dreams now and wish to join this group, please respond to Walt Stover at 757-496-4786 or e-mail walts@pilot.infi.net ☐

— ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ —  
**Disclaimer Notice**—The author of this article is not a stock broker or financial planner. None of the comments in this article are intended as recommendations for buying or selling any type of securities.



# The Timeless Dream & My Grandmothers' Pantry

by Elizabeth L. Howard, M.A. ©1999



The Dream of April 11, 1976:

*Vincent is there but I don't see him. The author of the Rank book lives there. He looks like Rank. He takes me downstairs to a room. I can see in the door. The walls are lined with cubby holes full of drugs. The drugs look like different kinds of grains and corn. A man is in the room. He looks like 'the lifeguard.' I feel the presence of 'the picture.' I am frightened.*

This is one of the first dreams I ever recorded in a dream journal. I had met Vincent O'Connell in the Fall of 1975 and began to study gestalt therapy under his supervision. The location of the dream is his house in my hometown, Daytona Beach, FL. I remembered the dream from time to time, reliving those years, rich and full with study and learning, but never really "worked" on the dream, which I now know to be one of the greatest gifts ever received from my inner self.

January, 1999. Carmel, CA:

I stand in my kitchen in Carmel, 23 years and 3000 miles later, looking at my kitchen shelves, at the jars of grains and beans, herbs and remedies. Suddenly I remember the Timeless Dream and I realize that I have at long last, through time and space, arrived at the place of the dream.

I am struck immediately and very strongly that the dream was precognitive, manifesting now over such a long period of time. Twenty-three years ago I did not base my diet on grains and beans, and my foods were not my medicines as they are now. I had not become—or even thought of becoming—an herbalist nor did I use herbal remedies. Now

this lifestyle intertwines with the wholeness of my life and livelihood.

As I continue to face my kitchen stores, I begin to remember my grandmother's pantry. The look of the shelves, so like mine, brings vivid remembrance of the guava jelly, fig preserves, or perhaps cookies for a children's tea party, always brought forth by my grandmother with a smile and her soft Southern voice saying, "Would you like this, Hon?" Abundance dwelt in that pantry, treats and indulgences for a little girl.

On the shadow side of the pantry, I remember the separate dishes kept for the "colored girl" and the bell that was used to summon her from the kitchen to serve at family dinners. My embarrassment was deep and my puzzlement was great that my beloved grandparents could behave so wrongly to devalue another person. From that time on, I have remained in search of answers about equality and social justice. The Timeless Dream moved me, once again, to struggle with my own prejudices, to again forgive myself, seek the roots of ignorance and unknowing hatred and face the need to continue with the work of love, and move on.

Coming from the past to the relevance of the dream in the here-and-now, I created many dialogs with the creatures of the dream. The "lifeguard," for example, turned around and identified himself as the Trickster, and I spent some fruitful time pondering, becoming aware of, and owning up to the ways I trick myself into doing whatever I've wanted to do all along but resisted,

and then finally, with great finesse, how I create my scenarios of success and failure.

The Timeless Dream even moved me toward the Year 2000 and questions about stocking up in case of communication and delivery failures or the like. In my family, the pantry was kept stocked in case of emergency: hurricane season or unexpected company. If a hurricane was on the way, we would fill the bathtub for extra water and get out the Sterno stove for cooking. Then independent of the elements, we'd settle safely into home until the storm passed. Company at any time could be welcomed and fed with food put by for these occasions. The dream reminds me of the pleasure of "simple abundance": the extra can of tomatoes, treats for unexpected guests, and of the good feeling that comes from "being prepared" and having enough to share and for myself.

The final gift of the Timeless Dream came just today, as I sat to do this writing. I looked at the wholeness of the dream, at the Mandala of the pantry that I have created, and suddenly I put myself in "the picture," the one big symbol that I could not approach for all these years. I looked into the picture frame and saw my own reflection there. I said to myself, "Hello, Elizabeth." My self replied, "Hello, Elizabeth." At that moment I left my fear behind and felt myself whole. ☽

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# Fragments: More than a Midnight Snack?

by Dawn Elizabeth Hill © 1999

I was sailing along for months, filling my dream journals with long, colorful visions of the night, when suddenly I found myself after a few nights' journeying with just a mere fragment or two looming in my subconscious. I was terribly frustrated; after all, I considered myself a good dreamer, a practiced dreamer. Until that point, when I would hear others complain, "I can't remember my dreams," I'd think to myself, "But of course you can. It's simple." Now I was the one struggling with what seemed like table scraps.

Even the most experienced dreamer has nights or even weeks when little or nothing comes for one reason or another. But the truth is, even the smallest fragment of a dream can open up worlds and insights, if we're willing to do the work and transform the seeming miscellany into poetry—an encapsulated fortune.

In my work as an artist, I frequently deal with the issue of how to bring meaning forth from the visual, independent from what's written on the little card on the gallery wall. After all, we've all heard "a picture's worth a thousand words." So, I decided to apply this principle to the flashes and fragments I did have, in order to see if maybe I had a Mona Lisa on my hands after all. I started with the following fragment:

## A Pot of Dough

*I am in an art class, making pottery out of bread dough.*

*First, I make a square bowl, then I make a three-dimensional cross, or "tesseract."*

*When I'm done, the dough turns to bread.*

One glimpse at my dream journals would tell you that this morsel was next to nothing, compared with the novella-length narratives I typically generate. Yet I broke down the image the way I would any dream, first identifying the main symbols, as well as the overall feeling the image elicited (which in this case was quite positive). I considered the location of the dream fragment, art class, which is naturally a place of learning and practicing art. Of course, since I am an artist, this location may very well have pertained literally to my art. However, the meaning could also have been more universally symbolic, in terms of general creative activity or the art of life. The class setting spoke very much to a fact that, in many ways, I still feel like a student, sometime unsure and always wanting to grow and further develop my craft. In fact, I did pose a question that night before going to sleep about how I could better earn a living with my creativity. The context of the art class fit right into my query, so I was confident that I was on track with my

interpretation.

Yet I was puzzled by the next symbol, making pottery. I am a painter by training, and haven't touched pottery since the sixth grade. Right away, this discrepancy between waking life and the dream image alerted me to listen up! The dream fragment had something interesting to say. For pottery is literally a "hands-on" art, not to mention its three-dimensional nature. From this symbol, I gained the understanding that perhaps I should be working in a less "flat" and more lifelike medium, not necessarily just in my literal artwork, but even more so in other creative life endeavors. Although I don't define myself as exclusively Christian, I did make an instant association with God as potter, which seemed consistent with the fact that I had not only made a bowl, but also a cross. Aha! The fragment addressed my issue of creativity, but also spoke volumes to the connection of creativity with my spiritual journey!

In fact, the most striking aspect of the fragment was that the pottery was made of bread dough, which later became finished bread. We know both "bread" and "dough" as slang terms for money, which fit with what I had written as the subject of my overnight inquiry. More importantly, I read "bread" as "spiritual sustenance," and "dough" as the raw material that will ultimately become bread. As I considered this meaning within the religious imagery of the fragment, I also recalled a dream from months before in which I attended a christening and shared in a crumb of bread that was enough to feed an entire table of people. The obvious reference here was bread as communion.

But why a square bowl? I understood the bowl as a receptacle, a symbol both of giving and receiving. Had the bowl been typically round, I would not have questioned its shape, but this bowl's square nature just begged for understanding. A square is four-sided and sturdy, solid and earthy. I felt good about the bowl in my dream, yet perhaps its squareness reflected a bit of rigidity on the part of my creative soul. Or perhaps the shape indicated the inherent limitations of my need to know for certain where my creative endeavors would take me.

So remembering that my second attempt as potter yielded a cross, I explored my "breadwork" a bit more. From the cross image, I gleaned the obvious interpretation of Christ, spirituality, and man's incarnation of God, but also a reference to feelings I'd sometimes had of being "crucified" for choosing a creative lifestyle. Again, however, the overall feeling of the dream was quite positive, and even awe-inspiring as the dough turned into bread. That the cross was specifically three-dimensional, and not merely flat, again echoed the notion that I need to be working in a lifelike form, hands-on. It also sent chilling echoes of the trinity, as well as reminders of Salvador Dali's painting of the crucifixion in which Christ is suspended mid-air in front of a tesseract.

Though I'd been initially disappointed by the brevity



of the dream fragment, after these discoveries and associations, I realized that with my "Pot of Dough," I'd truly struck gold. I found confirmation of my creative path, as well as some affirmation that the "dough" with which I was creating "art" would ultimately become "bread." Furthermore, I made the important connection, between creativity and spirituality, finally recognizing that the two would go hand in hand in my life.

So I would encourage all of you "experienced" dreamers, as well as those of you who struggle to remember, not to ignore the mere fragments. Give them a title, like you would any dream. Think about how the fragment makes you feel, or any associations you get with previous dreams and/or waking life experiences. Notice the location. Break down the symbols individually. And if you still gain little or no understanding, go back into the fragment, either in a waking journey or, if you're able, in a dream. Ask it a question, or dream it on in continuation. But even when they go no further, truly, these fragments can be a work of art in themselves—as concise, beautiful, and telling as a haiku poem.

\*A "tesseract" is a series of three-dimensional cubes arranged in the form of a cross, and is also the term used by physicists to describe the form created by unraveling a four-dimensional "hypercube." The concept is similar to the way in which unraveling a regular cube produces a cross-shape composed of two-dimensional squares. ∅

Dawn Elizabeth Hill is an artist, writer, and dreamer, who exhibited in her first national art show shortly after having this dream. Please address correspondence to PO Box 622, Martinsville, NJ 08836 Email: deh100@aol.com

## The Dream Fragment

© by Marlene King, M.A.

We often hear, "That's all I can remember." ... just a scrap or hint of an image or vague feeling that lingers after awakening that signals we had a dream. As if this remnant is not important, we tend to not record or pay attention to that small or elusive image.

Many consider the 'piece' as somewhat meaningless or insignificant because it cannot be placed into a whole context of a recollected dream account. I say, however, that the fragment is PURE GOLD, because it is the very scrap your subconscious mind chose to give you to take into consciousness. If your waking mind carries it like a talisman and focuses attention on its worth, it may open a door to self-enlightenment.

Should you experience the 'fragment,' acknowledge it, ritualistically, if possible, and record it—no matter how amorphous its essence seems.

Treat it like the precious jewel that it is by placing it in your jewel box of dream treasures. Given attention and nurturance, it will bloom and provide some measure of meaning, just as if the whole narrative of your dream

was remembered in detail.

Discover a way that feels comfortable for you to 'process' the fragment. Meditate on it, make it into a piece of art form or some other tangible representation and carry it on your person, if possible, slipping it into a pocket or purse. Place it in your car, on your desk or in your gym bag—and allow yourself to touch and observe it often and notice the associations your mind has to it during the course of the day. Dialogue with it, and hear what it has to say to you. Include it in a poem or essay. Interact as much as you can on a conscious level and record what you learn. The fragment can even be used as an incubation piece itself to evoke another dream, another gift to reveal deeper and more varied facets and tendrils of connections.

For novice or seasoned dreamworkers, the magic of dream fragments can have profound and transformative effects.

I am reminded of a story by Morton Kelsey, an Episcopalian pastor and psychologist, who I heard several years ago when attending his dream lecture series. He unknowingly introduced me to the concept of dream fragments having their own intrinsic value; that fragments are powerful and sacred pieces of the Self that hold innumerable layers of personal and universal meanings.

As a young man, Kelsey had a dream of a pink peach pit. Admittedly, he harbored high expectations of dreaming a 'Big' dream. Therefore, he had the idea that an image such as a peach pit could hold little significance. However, its seemingly mundane quality hid the enormous light of its message. It was only after he began to 'free associate' with its symbolism, that the connections led him to think of the state of Georgia where peaches grow abundantly. He began to reconnect to a troublesome incident which he had repressed and avoided since being there at an earlier time. The dream gave him an opportunity to re-examine and subsequently take conscious action toward meaningful resolution of a deep-seated conflict. He further discovered the 'larger' meaning of the peach to be the Chinese symbol for immortality; also, that a peach pit (or seed) is a symbol for life and consciousness, as proclaimed in Hindu religious treatises.

By confronting and associating to the fragment, Kelsey gleaned insight to past issues, as well as inklings about his future work as a minister and dream practitioner. Thus, the dream fragment of an 'ordinary' symbol emerged as a significant contribution toward his own individuation process.

The same process is true for you. A captured fragment may be the key to the storehouse of your special personal destiny... or it may provide confirmation for the next step on your life path... or connect you to an elusive universal Truth - all with profound results.

Polish your own dream fragments - treat them like gold, for that is what they are. ∅



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We encourage you to list dream groups forming or needing new members, dream related research requests and to notify us of quality dream related events, services or books which would be of interest to the readership.

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