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Dream Network



A Journal Exploring Dreams & Mythology

Poets of Consciousness • *Robert Moss*
On Dreams and Art, Part III • *Montague Ullman*
Dreams, Poems and Prayers • *Susan S. Scott*
The Man of My Dreams • *Carole Chapman*



"I'm Your Friend

Forever,

If You Will Only

Follow Me."

Dream Song

4:44 p.m. 4/4/2004

A Dream to Remember

I wake up this morning (05/05/2001) from a dream in which I am reading a document to the world from an office in the Vatican. I am aware of the date and time: it is 4.44 p.m. on 4/4/4.

I have just prepared a meal for a voluminous crowd who is destitute and searching for answers to their state in life. I open the two large ovens in front of me and begin pulling out food of all kinds. Whatever the person desires to fill their hunger is produced and given to them without ever depleting the contents of either oven. I explain that God always provides for His children—one just needs to have faith and believe in Him. It is at this moment of understanding that I am suddenly reading the document to the world. The document has been locked away for two millennia in a vault by the early fathers of the Christian movement. A copy is also to be found in several other places around the world, each in a locked vault at the center of a major religion. The documents are all written in Aramaic in the hand of Christ. The document explains how we are all God's children and our differences are to be set aside as we enter into a new millennium of peace and love. As the documents are opened and read throughout the world, a great glow of love hugs the inhabitants of the earth and hatred is abolished. The multitude of religious beliefs merged into one foundation of sharing God's peace. All weapons of destruction are destroyed and the desire to kill is replaced by an inner desire for peace. In the dream, I feel a great sense of inner peace, greater than I have ever felt before. I know that God has finally gifted humanity with total awareness of His love for His creation. No single religion is raised above the others as the one true religion. All humanity is being told that the inner feeling of contact with God is God's gift, NOT the outer pageantry of pompous church leaders.

All of humanity is one with God
and all will be one with God in the end of time.

I awaken from my dream hopeful of a brighter future for all of humanity.

Statement of Purpose

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

Dream Network

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION

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Upcoming Focus for Volume 20 No.4

Dream Gifted MUSIC
 What songs have come to you
 in your dreams?
 Share your song notated on
 sheet music if you wish

LifeLine: 4 Weeks
 after you receive
 this issue.

About Our Cover Artist

Fariba Bogzaran, Ph.D. is the Founding Director of the Dream Studies Program at John F. Kennedy University and co-founder of Dream Creations and Lucid Art Foundation. The paintings on the cover were inspired by the experience of Light in lucid dreams.

Cover: Matters of Mind

©2000, mixed media, 48" x 36"

Back : Lucidity and Meeting the Unknown

©1999, 14" x 11"

*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 in 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!

Editorial

Here's what has happened: Around three months ago, Dick McLeester, one of our Review Editors, forwarded an email from Tjitske Wijngaard, the editor of a Dutch publication focused on dreams. She had written Dick about a man who has been creating incredible musical instruments and art born in his dreams. Dick forwarded the email to me, I contacted Tjitske and this—and the next—issue are the results of those communications. It's been high play emailing around the world and collaborating with Tjitske and co-creating Dream Network and their Droomjournaal. We have cooperated as though old friends and have achieved flexibility... the give and take necessary to succeed in such an effort.

There has been such an enthusiastic response from you, our contributors and readers, to the suggested focus, that we had a make a decision: either disallow for many fine submissions OR allow one issue per topic: Poetry and Music. As you see, we went with the latter possibility and learned in the process that we, as a collective body, are indeed "Poets of Consciousness" as Robert Moss suggests in his article. (p. 9) So many of you—including yours truly—are compelled to write poetry as well as journaling our dreams narratively. Thank you one and all for sharing.♡

Moving through the pages in which our dream poetry appears has been, for me, like experiencing a carnival of images, moving through history and into the future, through all known emotions, into visionary realms, heeding warnings... Prepare yourself! Maintain equanimity as you explore these pages, because this is a potent chapter in the

ongoing evolution of our collective Dream Journal.

You read, inside the front cover, that we did plant a seed for the musical winter issue. A sweet song and valuable lesson gifted to instruct us. How kind and patient is the DreamSelf: "*I'm your friend forever, if you will only follow me.*" Let that sweet song set the tone for our upcoming issue: Dream Gifted Music. We already have an interview accompanied by out-standing photos that Tjitske conducted with Steve Hubback, percussionist, firesmith and sculptor, and several exceptional articles by familiar friends and contributors like Rosemary Watts and Noreen Wessling. Amy Mindell, partner and wife of Arny Mindell, is a musician and artist and has notated and recorded her dream gifted songs for our pleasure. I encourage you to do the same; if you aren't familiar with sheet music, find someone who is and get help notating your dream songs. We may, in fact, be spawning a new genre' in the music world.

There are no doubt many familiar songs that were born in the dreamtime, but I'd venture to say there are thousands undisclosed and unsung at this point. Will Phillips created an audio tape years ago of his dream music and it's exceptional! Perhaps we can do the same... ? So, get out your instruments and let's sing in the Holydays. Incubate your dreams for Songs.

If you've been fortunate to attend Native American ceremonies, are you aware that many of the songs and dances performed—regardless of which tribe—were born in the dreamtime? Many of them having been handed down for generations! It is from these songs and dances—re-

enactments of the dream—that their mythologies are born. This work-play, is very serious and powerful, my friends.

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Gratitude & News

An open hearted Welcome to Noreen Wessling and Rosemary Watts, both of whom have recently joined our Advisory Council. They have each been actively advising and supporting our efforts for years. Thank you both!

To each of you who submitted your Big Dreams for 'Dreaming Humanity's Path,' for your articles, poetry and to Monte, whose inspirational series *On Dreams and Art* continues to grace our pages, deep gratitude.

Is it summer? Vacations? Gardening? Children at home? Whatever, we have received only a few 'Letters' for this issue. Thanks to Sy Safransky, founder and editor of *The Sun*, for granting us permission to incorporate his idea of suggesting an openended 'theme' for our Letters pages. The main reasons we were compelled to ask are because 1) in *The Sun*, the wide-ranging response from readers is tender and thought-provoking, and 2) you are granted your God-given right to be the only authority of your own experience, yet you need not feel you are an authority in order to share your dream related insight and experience. You may request your name be withheld, if you choose. Thanks again, Sy, and let us hear from You! Suggest topics if you wish. Let's lively up those pages together!

Now, enjoy exploring the peak experience of Dream Inspired Poetry. ♡

An Open Letter to Dream Network Readers

Dear Friend,

“Did you know that five companies-Viacom, Gannett, Knight-Ridder, Hearst, and Time-Warner-own more than 75 major magazines, 150 newspapers, CBS, UPN, and FOX, another nine cable networks, the nation's second-largest magazine fulfillment company, and the largest magazine wholesaler? Think about how much control those five companies have over the information available to you. Do you think a society is healthy if only five voices control this much of the information?”*

Six months ago, one independent publisher took the risky step of writing earnestly about the changing world of publishing and its difficulties. A handful of companies have painted a vision of how they want 21st century media to look, and independent magazines are not in that picture. So they asked for help, and thankfully, literally thousands of people renewed existing subscriptions, subscribed for the first time, or gave their publication as a gift. Recognizing that thousands of quiet voices are louder than one powerful voice, respondents spoke, and that publisher was flooded with ideas and queries.

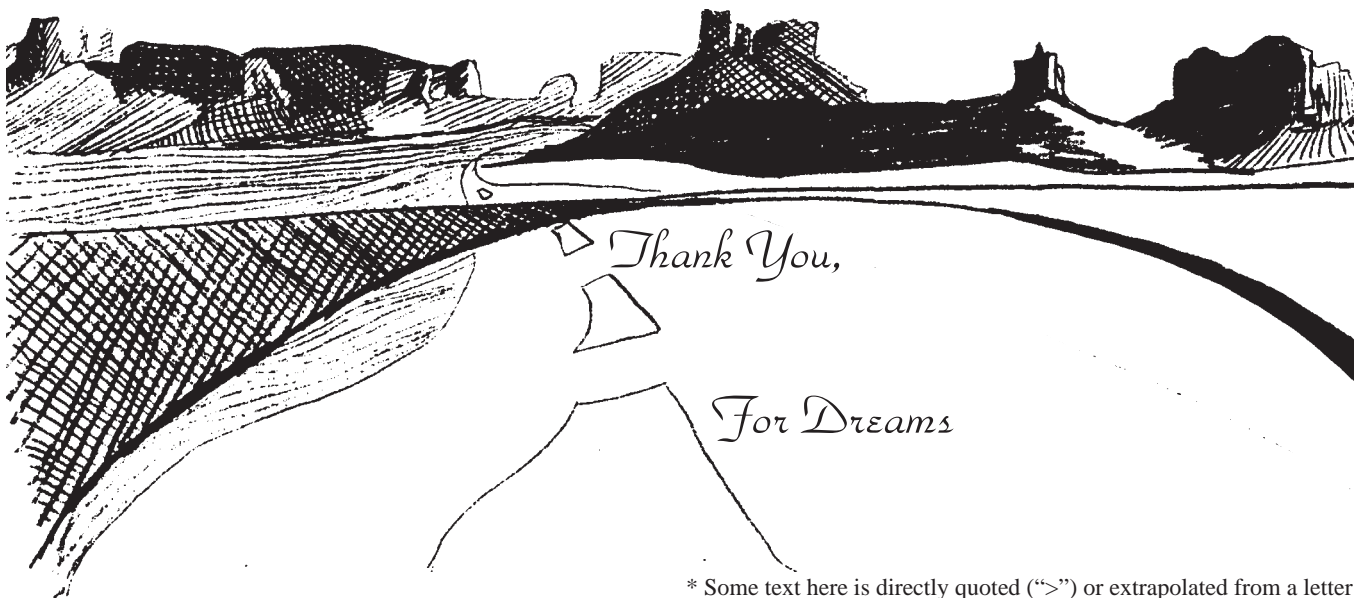
Help independent publishers and *Dream Network* change the way magazines conduct business. In direct mail, a company rents your neighbor's name, then mails your neighbor a letter. Direct mail is very expensive. So, what if you took the time to tell your neighbor or friends about *Dream Network*? If every one of our readers introduced *Dream Network* to a friend, we would not need to rely on direct mail. Conglomerates wouldn't overwhelm our media choices by pushing smaller publishers out of limited newsstand spaces.

What can you do to help? • Endorse *Dream Network* and join in helping us bring more Light and Truth into the world at a time when it is so critically needed. Order a subscription, give gift subscriptions. To do so, please go to page 50 in this issue or on the web: www.DreamNetwork.net/subinfo.html When you do, you show that the independent media is still relevant, a vital and necessary part of our civil society.

- Pass this on to a friend, and tell your friends and neighbors why you think they should subscribe to *Dream Network*. Your donations are invited as well.

- We are in serious need of additional staff and equipment in order to improve and expand the publication and our website offerings.

- Go to <http://DreamNetwork.net/Poster.pdf> (Color) or <http://DreamNetwork.net/Poster-b&w.pdf> (b&w) and print out several copies of our poster and post them at college campuses, libraries, doctor and therapist offices, beauty parlors... wherever you happen to conduct your business.



* Some text here is directly quoted (“>”) or extrapolated from a letter one of our favorite independent publishers/magazines, *Utne Reader*, recently sent to its readership.

Responses

Questions, Dreams & Letters

♥ From ↔ YOU! ♥

Praise for Dreams and Dream Network

We have received and are reading the past two issues of *Dream Network* and thank you!

I came across Judith Picone's remarks anent my reading of 'Suzan's dreams. As you well know, I always mention that my readings are merely 'my' interpretation of a dream, specifically from a universal, mystical level—quite often a message for mankind in general rather than just for the dreamer—and that there may be many other interpretations. Judith's views are perfectly valid, and I am happy to note that my interpretation gave food for thought to others. That, surely, is the whole purpose of your valued journal.

These issues, again, are beautifully produced, will be read with much interest; the articles are fascinating and instructive. What a magnificent Journal it is ('The Way It Is!'). ALL the articles have my fullest attention, all being most instructive, enjoyable, riveting. All are worthy to be studied and re-read several times.

May you go from strength to strength. Much love.

Charles De Beer, South Africa

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Reviewing, After 9 Years

This is a very hard letter for me to write. I have a bit of "bad news."

After all these many years, I am having to end my face-to-face group, *The Nashville Dream Awareness Circle*. I prefer to think of it as an indefinite period of dormancy, but the fact remains that our last meeting will be on Sunday,

August 26, almost ex-actly 9 years after we first began. When life allows, I still hope to reactivate it, but for now, sadly, this is how it has to be. Life is just too complicated right now, and too, I want to be able to back off from the structure which evolved with that group and re-think it - something I can't really do with the burden of weekly meetings.

This is a sad moment for me, but in truth, NDAC in its present incarnation had a good run, and was unique. I do not know of another ongoing, weekly dream group where the entire city is invited to "drop in." nine years of continuous weekly meetings amount to 450 meetings (taking off for Thanksgiving and Christ-mas). Throughout that time, we have touched many lives and, hopefully, have left our community and our world a tiny bit better for it.

I still have "NightJazz," but it isn't quite ready for "prime-time" yet. We are still growing.

I'm writing to ask you to remove our group's listing from DNJ, effective right away. I understand that you may not be able to remove it immediately, if an upcoming issue is in the works, but would appreciate your help in this regard as soon as practical and convenient for you.

I have enjoyed being listed as a regional contact person, and would like to continue to be so listed, if I still meet the criteria. If not, then I certainly understand.

TomGoad, Nashville, TN

Tom is one of the most sensitive and knowledgeable dreamworkers I've met; we are fortunate his is willing to continue serving as a Contact person. Please see p. 47 to reach him. ~ Ed.

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Back for More Learning

Enclosed please find my renewal to *Dream Network*. Sorry about the time-lag but... I'm back!

I look forward to resuming my education.

Thomas Adler, Los Altos, CA

Dream Network's Dream Group Booklet

I read the "Booklet" and found it marvelous! It's given me a lot of good ideas and I've incorporated some into my own dream research.

Do have happy dreams full of wonderful things.

Mildred Rosario, Puerto Rico

Our popular booklet, "The Art of Dreamsharing and Developing Dream Groups" is now available ONLINE, though the print publication is out of print in paper form. To purchase, go to <http://DreamNetwork.net/booklet.html>

~Editor

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Discovered Treasure

It's always a delight to find a journal of such interest and originality while browsing at my local bookstore. Thank you for the exciting and unique content of *Dream Network* and for your integrity.

Sincerely, Donna Burks, Vancouver, B.C., Canada

NEW! Focus for Letters

We would like to learn more from your experience and hear questions from you on these pages.

To stimulate and inspire you to write, we've developed a 'Focus' for the Reader's Section for the next year. We are keeping the 'focus broad so as to allow for multifaceted expressions. Your name will be withheld at your request.

Winter 2001: Recurring Dreams

Spring 2002: Precognitive Dreams

Summer 2002: Lucid Dreams

Autumn 2002: Nightmares

NOTES: • 'Lifeline' one month after you read this notice.

• Don't be inhibited by the focus.

Write whatever is on your heart/soul!

Poets of Consciousness

By Robert Moss

Poets, said William Everson, are shamans of words. True shamans are dreamers and poets of consciousness. Journeying into a deeper reality with the aid of song and spoken poetry, they bring back energy and healing through poetic acts, shapeshifting physical systems. When we dream, we tap directly into the same creative source from which poets and shamans derive their gifts.

When we create from our dreams, and enter dreamlike flow, we become poets and artists. When we act to bring the energy and imagery of dreams into physical reality, we become poets of consciousness and infuse our world with magic.

Across the centuries, many of our greatest poets have recognized their kinship with the shaman's way of shifting awareness and shapeshifting reality. As his name in a spiritual order, Goethe chose the name of a legendary shaman of antiquity, Abaris, who came flying out of the Northern mists on an arrow from Apollo's bow.¹

Our earliest poets were shamans. Today as in the earliest times, true shamans know the power of song and story to teach and to heal. They understand that through the play of words, the magic of the Real World comes dancing into the surface world. The right words open pathways between the worlds. The poetry of consciousness delights the spirits. It draws the gods and goddesses who wish to live through us closer.

Shamans use poetry—sung or spoken—to achieve ends that go deeper than our consensual world. They create poetic songs of power to invoke spiritual help; to journey into nonordinary reality; to open and maintain a space between the worlds where interaction between humans and multidimensional beings can take place and to bring energy and healing through to the body and the physical world.

The South American paye takes flight with the help of “wing songs.” These flight songs help him to borrow the wings of a mystical bird, a powerful dream ally.²

Among the Inuit, the strongest shamans are also the most gifted poets. One of the reasons their spirit helpers flock around them is that they are charmed and exhilarated by the angakok's poetic improvisations. Inuit shamans have a language of their own, which is often impenetrable to other Eskimos. It is a language that is never still. It bubbles and eddies, opening a whirlpool way to the deep bosom of the Sea-goddess, or a cavernous passage into the hidden fires of Earth.

My favorite Inuit shaman-word is the one for “dream.” It looks like this: kubsaitigisak. It is pronounced “koov-sigh-tee-gee-shakk,” with a little click at the back of the throat when you come to the final consonant. It means “what makes me dive in

headfirst.”³ Savor that for a moment, and all that flows with it. A dream, in Eskimo shaman-speech, is something that makes you dive in headfirst. Doesn't this wondrously evoke the kinesthetic energy of dreaming, the sense of plunging into a deeper world? Doesn't it also invite us to take the plunge, in the dream of life, and burst through the glass ceilings and paper barriers constructed by the daily trivial self?

Shamans know further uses for dream poetry. They call the soul back home, into the bodies of those who have lost vital energy through pain or trauma or heartbreak. And from their journeys, they bring back poetic imagery that can help to shapeshift the body's energy template in the direction of health. Mainstream Western physicians agree that the body believes in images and responds to them as if they are physical events. By bringing the right images through from the dreaming, the poets of consciousness explain dis-ease in ways that help the



patient get well, and interact with the body and its immune system on multiple levels without invasive surgery. As dreamers, we tap into the same deep wells as poets and shamans.

Creating Poetry from Dreams

Dreams and creativity come from the same source. This is evoked in the Tewa Pueblo word for creativity or art. The word is po-wa-ha. The three syllables literally mean “water-wind-breath”. The understanding is that creating is a process of connecting to a deep natural flow (and that art is a process, not a product).⁴

Dreams get us into the mood for poetry. As William Everson observed, “There is no real creative process without mood. It is a losing of objectivity to another dimension, a further loss of self, and it is from this loss that all authentic work springs. The great thing about the dream is that it takes us into that dimension of mood. Sometimes your finest poems come out of dreams, or out of your recording of a dream.”⁵

Dreams immerse us in a deeper world which lives by metaphor. “All one needs to be a poet,” Nietzsche maintained, “is the ability to have a lively action going on before one continually, to live surrounded by hosts of spirits.”⁶ This is our condition as dreamers. The just-so quality of dream images is shared by poetry that seizes our imagination and may be its source.

Poetry can dance from our dreams, in fully-formed words. My life was changed in 1987, during a visit to Maya country, when I woke with these mysterious, cadenced lines echoing in my mind and (it seemed) in the room:

I am from such as those by whom the worlds are shaken

I was not able to retrieve more than this couplet from the dream, but my hunt for its meaning through the images of the night and much subsequent research led me, in time, to write my novel *The Firekeeper*.

The night before I sat down to write this essay I dreamed I was composing a poem that contained the startling phrase, “the angel neighed.” I’ll probably want to go back inside that dream to recover the rest of the poem.

But most commonly, poetry emerges from dreaming through the translation of images into words, or through the discovery of words to express a mood or to accompany a rhythm or tune that is gifted by the dream.

The first step, for me, is to write the dream report and give it a title. The next, whenever possible, is to speak the dream, to tell it aloud to a partner or

a dream circle. When we tell our dreams the right way, we move naturally into bardic mode, into the rhythms and the magic of poetic speech.

I may then shape my dream report into a poetic form, usually free verse.

I dreamed...

I am walking with a bear who is as friendly and loyal as a dog, though twice my size. The bear is ready to give his life as a gift. We visit an animal doctor, who explains that the bear is medicine and will give itself again and again as long as it is treated with reverence and every part of it is used, without waste.

We unwrap the bear like a medicine bundle. Inside, its organs have been neatly separated and dried and are available for use like the contents of a medicine cabinet. The bear is reborn in a new body and (in the last scene) he walks with me again as I travel to help a person in need of healing.

I was immensely excited by this dream, which took me into the heart of ancient shamanic practice. Especially in North America, native shamans regard the spirit bear as a master of healing. Because of previous visionary experiences, I had been working with the bear as a medicine ally for many years. Now I wanted to honor the spirit bear on a further level. So I wrote a poem that flowed directly from my dream:

Bear Giver

He walks with me like a faithful dog
though he’s twice my size
and my ancestors feared and revered him so much
they never spoke his name out loud,
calling him Honey-mouth, or Sticky-paw
or the Matchless One. Upright, he seems man
more than animal, though on cold nights
men in the wild would envy his fine warm pelt.

We are going to the animal doctor
not the corner vet but the real thing
because the Bear is ready to give himself again.
He passes without pain, without blood.
The animal doctor explains we must use all of him,
every organ, wasting nothing, sharing with those
in need.

We unwrap the Great One as a medicine bundle.
Everything inside his skin is clean and dry,
sorted for use. The gall bladder is prized above all.
It will go to one who has earned it.
When we have used all of him, Bear is reborn,
the same Honey-mouth, in a new body.
The animal doctor says we must remember this always:
When you take from the Bear with respect,

wasting nothing
Bear always comes back, in a new pelt.

Now I walk with him in his new body
to help someone who has dreamed him,
padding softly down hospital halls.
The Master of Medicine gives himself over and over.
This is the most natural thing in the world.
There is no end to this, unless our love runs dry
and we forget what he is.

This poem is a bit more than a dream report set as free verse. It incorporates some waking reflection and fiddling and dream guided research, which led me, inter alia, to study euphemistic names of the bear in Northern European tradition, as reflected in the Kalevala and other poetic sources.

My favorite dream poems often flow from a deeper kind of dream exploration. I may want to journey back into my dreamscape to dream the dream onward, talk to a dream character, read a mysterious book - and to bring back the full creative energy and healing of the dream. To do this, I embark on conscious dream travel through the gateway of a dream image. I may approach this simply by entering a relaxed state, focused on a key scene from the dream. I may hum a dream-song in my mind to power the journey, or summon one of my dream animal helpers to lend me its speed and heightened senses, or use heartbeat drumming to drive and sustain my conscious dream travels. On my return, I may write a journey poem. Sometimes I bring back a journey song, a gift I can use to summon a dream helper or to travel quickly and safely between the worlds.

Here is a journey poem I wrote from a series of conscious dream journeys while I was leading a week-long retreat at Kripalu, a wonderful center for yoga and healing in Massachusetts. This poem reflects a collective experience of soul journeying and soul recovery as well as a personal vision. Its theme is the challenge of the final phase of the hero's (or heroine's) journey: bringing it all home.

The Return Journey

You found the courage
to turn on the tiger who pursued you
to fight with him hand to claw
to be swallowed and spat out
and to win through your losing
reforged in a shining body
worthy now to take his heart
and call him as your unswerving ally.
It is not enough.

Out of your yearning

you danced into worlds of enchantment
you drank from the breasts of the Goddess
where kisses flower into hyacinths
caresses stream into rivers of milk
every nerve ending is a partner in love
and hearts are never broken.
You discovered that dreaming is magic.
But it's not enough.

As a confident traveler, you learned
to shrug off your bodyshirt
and ride the World Tree
as your private elevator
to soar through the face of the moon
dance with the Bear among the stars
to enter the sun behind the sun
and fly on wings of paradise over a fresh world.
You're out there, but it's not enough

Out of your calling
you braved the gates of the Underworld
and crossed the borderless river on your heartbeat
and tricked the Dark Angel in his own realm.
When you stood, defeated, before the
impregnable walls
of Death itself, you raised a song from your heart
and belly
that called help from the highest heaven
to pluck a soul from the cold recreation yard
where nobody plays new games.
But you must make the return journey.

The way back is full of diversions.
Some will detain you with pink kisses;
some will drag on you as drowning men
You'll find the markers have been moved, or stolen.
Maybe you'll have gone so deep, or so high
you can't remember which world you left your
body in.
Or you'll rebel against returning to a world
where hearts are broken, and the earth defiled.
You will return. This is your soul's agreement.

Now you have danced with the Bear
you will bring healing to the world of pain.
Now you have traveled the roads of soul
you will help the soul-lost to bring their children
home.
Now you have flown as Apollo on a shining arrow
you will bring light into the shadow world.
Now you know the gates and paths of the Real
World
you will make bridges for others.
You will bring it all home.

Returning, you will remember your mission:
To serve the soul's remembering;
To go among people as dream ambassador

opening ways for soul to be heard and honored.
Let the world be your playground, not your prison.
Starchild, plunge with delight into the warm, loamy Earth,
Renew the marriage of Earth and Sky,
Follow your heart-light, dance your dreams,
Commit poetry every day, in every way.
Now you are home.

When we turn our dreams into poems, we free our creative spirit, and our spirits come dancing. In my workshops, we gently goad participants to create poetry - both oral and written - not only from their own dreams, but from those of others in the group, and from fresh experiences of dream travel and soul healing that take place within the supportive energy of the circle. I was awed by a poem that came singing through a math major who had worked as a computer engineer for 27 years and had never (to her recollection) written a poem until she received the gift of soul retrieval. Nancy's poem begins:

Wise Child

Wise child, joyful child,
dancing & laughing in the sun.
Don't be afraid;
the cougar will protect you.
Your job is just to have fun.

The Magic of Fresh Words

When we honor our dreams through poetic acts, we put ourselves on a path of natural magic. Let's get clear about magic. Real magic is the art of reaching into a deeper reality and bringing gifts from it into this world. Dreams show us the way.

Dreams are the source of fresh language that we can use to heal our bodies and minds and re-enthrall our world.

After attending healing sessions of Cuna shamans in Panama, French anthropologist Claude Levi-Strauss explained how the poetry of consciousness is a healing art. "The shaman provides the sick with a language, by means of which unexpressed, and otherwise inexpressible, psychic states can immediately be expressed. And it is the transition to this verbal expression which induces the release of the physiological process."⁷ Instead of giving an explanation of disease that leaves the sufferer powerless and "patient," the shaman explains disease through words and images that help the patient get well - just as our dreams do. This is healing through dream transfer, a poetic act.

The Inuit believe that with the poetic act, the worlds are joined and the sacred beings come dancing through. An old Inuit woman on Little Diomed Island explained to a Danish anthropologist

that powerful spirits - like the spirit of the whale - must be summoned by fresh words. "Worn-out songs" should never be used when you are trying to call on important spirits. In the fall, in a festival house, all the lights were extinguished and everyone sat in silence, waiting for a fresh song to burst forth that would entertain and draw the spirits. If you can find those fresh words - the right ones - you can call a whale.⁸ Note that the poetry of consciousness feeds the soul on all levels. An Arctic shaman who can call a whale can supply his people with food and light for the winter.

Our dreams are calling us to use fresh words, to see the world with fresh eyes, to honor the secret wishes of the soul and commit poetry every day.

An Action Plan for Poets of Consciousness

1. Catch your dreams, write them in a journal and give them titles.
2. Find a dream partner and tell dreams to each other every day, moving into the rhythms appropriate for the telling.
3. Make poetry, art and creative decisions from your dreams.
4. Navigate by synchronicity; treat everything that enters your field of perception as a personal message from the Divine.
5. Withhold your consent from other people's limited definitions of reality.
6. Avoid negative mantras and self-limiting beliefs.
7. Commit poetry, every day, in every way. ♡

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Robert Moss is a lifelong dream explorer, a shamanic counselor, a novelist, historian and dream poet. His many books include *Conscious Dreaming*, *Dreamgates*, *Dreaming True* and the novels *The Firekeeper* and *The Interpreter*. He leads popular workshops in Active Dreaming - his original synthesis of shamanism and dreamwork - and creativity all over North America.
Visit his website at www.mossdreams.com

Dream Inspired Poetry

The Children Are Lined Up Sideways, On A Shelf

The
rule
is
to
stay
in
place

Don't
get
too
close

Don't
lag
behind

Don't color outside the line

It began as a game
but the game has no end

One step too far
to the right
or the left
and
you're
fallen

Down To The Rainbow Light Away

Groping through a blackout
I hear cries,
holdups,
radios blaring
Wagner,
Nazi songs,
or is it *Cabaret*?
Ahead
a narrow glow
widens to coconut light.
Steps descend
to Rainbow Station.
Board an air cushion
propelled by Gregorian chant
Float the
on light.
The Dream poetry of
Micki Seltzer, Columbus, OH

Don't
dance
to
the
music
you
may
not
know
how
Clap
your
hands
but
not
too
loud


The
effort
and
the
energy
must
be
reserved
for
balancing



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Journey events form sacred community where life's questions are danced and the Divine may be glimpsed.

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Laura Dodson • Robert Johnson
John Martin • Robert Moore • Margaret Shanahan
Peri Aston in Triple Image - New Images
 Oct 19-21 • *Introduction to Jung* with John & Carolyn Martin

Nov. 30-Dec. 3 • Kanuga, Hendersonville, NC



Embodied Wisdom and Dreams
Recovering the Lost Art of Sacred Intuition
An invitation to men and women to enter into a direct and experiential healing relationship with the dynamics of the imaginal psyche through the body and through the dream.
Paula Reeves, PhD • Barry Williams, PsyD


Dec. 6-9 • Kanuga, Hendersonville, NC

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Reconnecting the Physician
&
the Archetypal Healer
Basil & Charlotte Braveheart
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Jan 17-20 • Kanuga, Hendersonville, NC
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The Chakras and Archetypal Images
Susana Brown, MA • Eleanora Woloy, MD

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Journey

we hurry in twilight
the small yellow cat and myself
to a goal that seems rather urgent
but
i do not know where we are going
we never do get there in fact
although
the iron grill barring our way is
obliging enough to dissolve
and beyond it thought certainly distant
looms of course
the hull of the ocean liner
a sight that is quite reassuring

city hall

it must be urgent this message
i carry to city hall
in such a hurry and flurry
but really
is it quite dignified to get there
by roller skate
and the message itself
is not only written in
a language i do not know
but it somehow looks not quite authentic
i wonder moreover
why is it scrawled on a place mat
i skate on a serpentine grassy path
and pause on reaching the building
which
though large is grimy aloof
and i strongly suspect
there is nobody in there at all

contents

before i can open
the small brown package
it slides with an ominous motion
across the table to fall
oh slowly slowly
to land without sound on the floor
so i leave the house
for the quiet street
where i watch as he passes my door
the drawfish man
who gives me no glance as he gravely leads
his very large dog who is hamassed to
a rough wooden chest on wheels

picnic

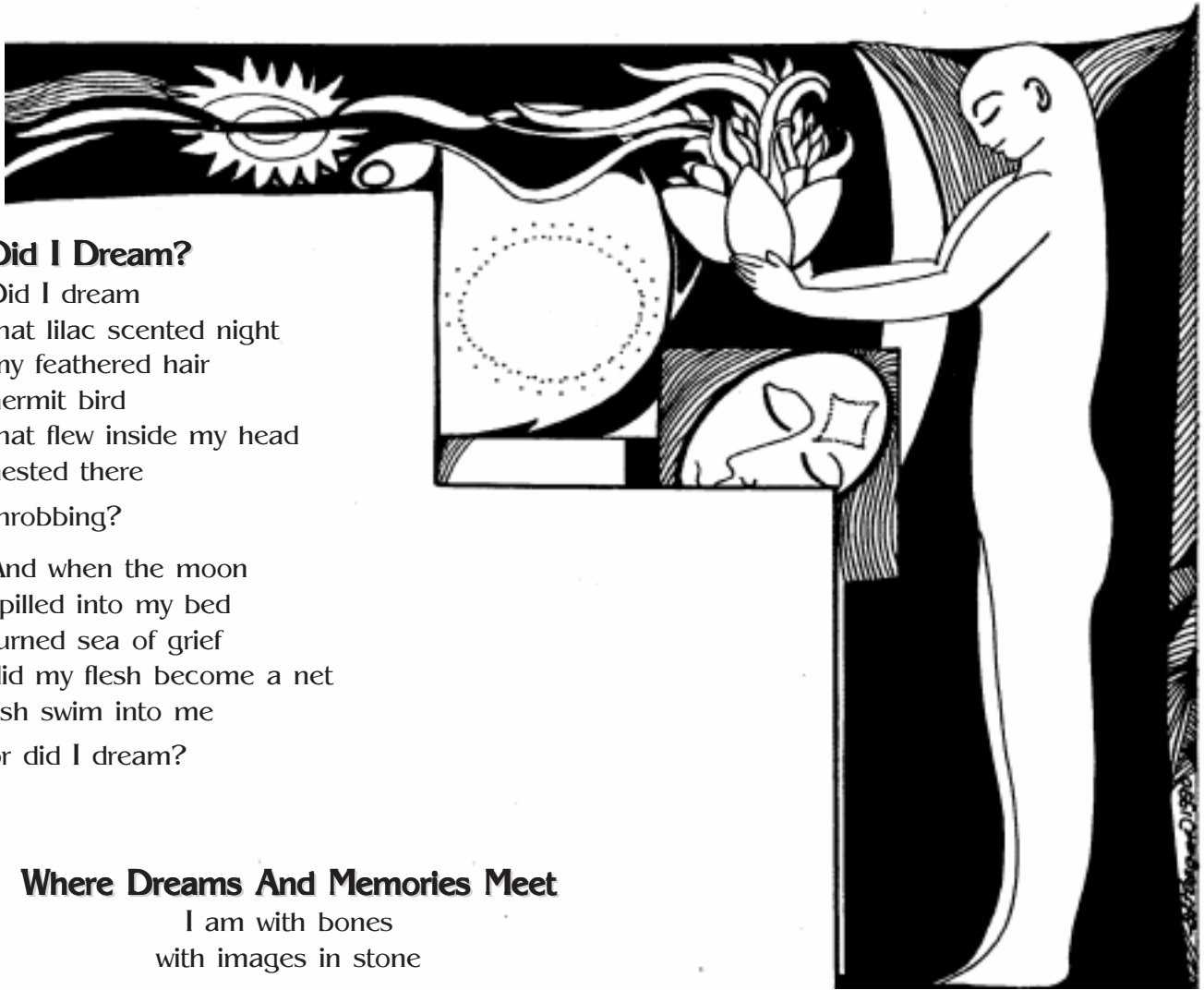
the four of us leave for our picnic
without any food supply but we lug
a cauldron appalling in size
and i calmly explain
with an air of infallible reason
how very useful the thing will be
as soon as we reach
the steeper parts
of the trail that winds
to the top of the mountain
and although just like my companions
i am feeling some doubts of my logic
the belly dancers
who now appear and perform
to the music that comes from the air
encourage us all to continue
cauldron and all

new house

my new house is certainly rather
imposing
two stories high and must surely
i tell myself have a kitchen
so
why am i frying eggs on the bricks
of the path that leads up to the door
each egg is so neat in its own little pan
moreover
an unknown woman who strikes me as very
officious is shaking a broom
from an upper window
and i am sure that i never invited
this person onto my premises
still
i am frightened to ask her to go

the truck

i am not much astonished
to find myself driving
a chunky red truck
in a city square jammed with traffic
but
i do rather wonder why
my vehicle seems to be made
of building blocks faded and worn
and i wonder a trifle more urgently why
the other drivers appear to be angry
are they annoyed by the fact that my truck
is as wide as a couple of traffic lanes
but of course i must stay on the streets
till i reach the banks of the river



Did I Dream?

Did I dream
that lilac scented night
my feathered hair
hermit bird
that flew inside my head
nested there
throbbing?

And when the moon
spilled into my bed
turned sea of grief
did my flesh become a net
fish swim into me
or did I dream?

Where Dreams And Memories Meet

I am with bones
with images in stone

secluded in a cave
where dreams and memories meet.

There's power here—
scent of mythic madness
shaman's trance
ecstasy.

Ancient memories stir,
dream me deep
into the stones,
into the bones of darkness.

Nightmare

Hot nostrils steaming,
night's mad horse
breathes me crazy
flings me down a deep well
where bare bones sing
and death's belly blooms naked.

Is That You?

Something hounds me
grows
tears flesh
bests me.

God—
is that you?

The Dream Poetry of
Lillian Palermo, Lummi Island, WA

A Dream of Revelation

I feel a sense of oneness with the dimension of time and I am being given a vision of the second coming of God. My teacher is reminding me of the birth and life of Jesus Christ and how His own people, the Jews, denied who He was. They were expecting a great King and Leader to destroy their enemies and give them power but what they received was a great teacher of God's Love and Grace. I am shown how Christians today are expecting the second coming of God to be the physical return of Jesus Christ to gather up His people and let the rest of the world be damned. I am then given a review of the last century and the evolution of man toward a more global community. This history lesson includes both world wars, Korea, Vietnam, Bosnia... a glimpse of all the wars and struggles of the many nations of the world. I am given a review of the reunification of humanity (the reversing of the tower of Babel) through scenes of positive change such as: the tearing down of the Berlin Wall; the removal of the Iron Curtain; the opening of the Bamboo Curtain; the breakup of the Soviet Union; the reunification of Germany; the new peace in Ireland; the Ecumenical movement; the exploration of space... and myriads of other glimpses of the worldwide peace process. I am taught that the second coming is not a return to this world of the human entity of Jesus Christ rather the evolution of the Children of God into a worldwide body filled with love for one another. The second coming is to be the tearing down of the walls (barriers) put up between people by organized religion that makes claims that they are right and everyone else is wrong. "Come to MY church because we know God better than the others do." God is coming again like Christ did as He threw the money changers out of the temple and turned religion of 2000 years ago on its head. Only this time His coming is through all of humanity.

Father/Mother God will return through the hearts and minds of all of us as we evolve spiritually. The divisions between religions will fall. Christians, Jews, Moslems, Buddhists, Hindus, Mystics, Native Americans, any and all people of any belief or non-belief will come to understand that there is but one Mother/Father God and that God belongs to no one group, sect, cult, religion or whatever kind of division or walls humans try to put up between themselves. God is the love and grace within all of God's creation that holds the whole of creation together. Without God there would be nothing. Our new beginning (the second coming) is in process now and will evolve faster and faster as modern technology makes communications faster and faster. Languages will no longer be barriers as computers will be able to instantly translate for each of us. The electronic impulses within the computer circuitry is like microscopic tongues of flame of the Holy Spirit touching each and every one of us as the Internet connects the Global Village from pole to pole, east to west, planet to planet and universe to universe.



I Talk With Jesus On A Hillside

I am standing on a hillside with a larger group of people. One person in particular catches my eye. He has a saddened face with a hint of tears forming in His eyes. As I approach Him I realize that He is Jesus. His clothes are similar to ours so He doesn't really stand out among us. I walk up beside Him and look down the hill with Him and ask, "So, How is it going?" He replies with tears flowing, "Look at what you people have done with my Father's creation. It is a mess." As I stand there looking, I can see the debris of centuries before me. I go around to others nearby and tell them what Jesus has said. A few recognize Him but many do not even acknowledge His presence. A small group of us with brooms, rakes and trash bags start to clean up the mess.

It takes teamwork as the shifting winds blow the piles around.

If four work together from each side of an area towards the center, they can defeat the wayward winds.

Jesus watches, smiling as we work together.

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

The UNSUNG

Yea, beckoned was I bade to follow
forthwith along a subterranean passage.
Illumined by a candlepower of One
my companion-guide motioned, come... .

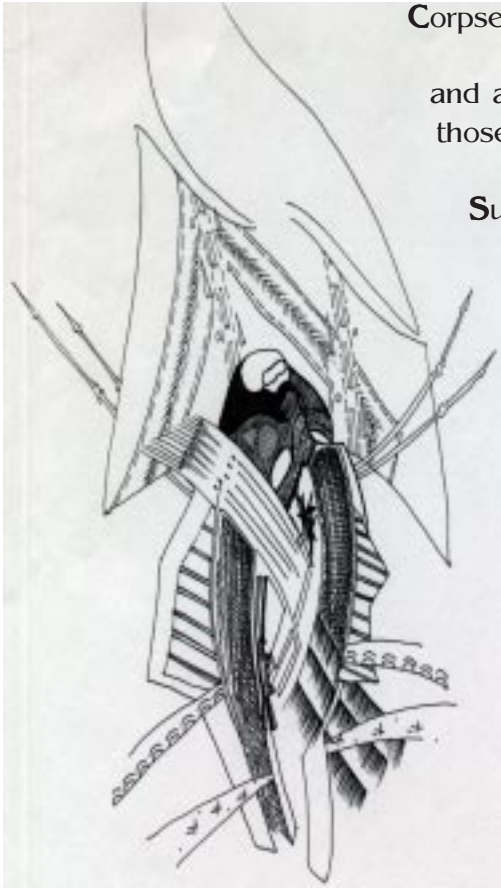
Ahead, carved into a stone rough-hewn
an opening round is lit brighter
but with more subtle glow,
a candlepower now of Two...

Drawn unto this beckoning point of Light
I cautiously approach to gain a view within.
I sense the sentinels posted left and right, of
stalagmites and stalactites joined together, become One...
Guardians in natural repose.

I cross the chamber threshold and suddenly
am pulled left, pushed from the right.
The guardians pivot my awareness abruptly
and allow me vision of the cavern within.

As far as the eye can see, a blanket of white
stretches towards an eternal infinity... .
The ceiling is but varying grades of Void.....
no mist.....no wind.....only a silent burning emits
from the viewed upon white
which lies thereon the cavern's floor.

Hundreds, no thousands, tens of thousands
of corpses fully shrouded, covered with shrouds,
wrapped in shrouds of white,
each burning white.



Corpses lay side by side; the ones wrapped in Love with time,
lain in the space of time all neat and ordered;
and also ordained is that provided sheet placed hastily upon
those bodies when time withdrew and allowed not the ritual.

Subtle but becoming is this cavernous scene of quietude,
where each Silent Light is multiplied into
an enriched and sensual glow.

This unified and glorified Light
pierces directly, into the Night...
and I absorb the magnitude and meaning
of each Life...Its suffering within being...

For an instant I glimpse small blotches of red
seeping through this fallen snow...
Impressioning that a great and vast battle
was just o'er... .

The shrouds absorb the pain, they transform
the wounds into being wounds no more.
The red does not take o'er the white.

This Enchanted and Holy Place
allows healing in cosmic terms.

The Observer, The Witness

She sits as 'Silent Being'
in robes of earthen grey,
shaded tones of cloud-white.
A vestige royal and handmaid, too.

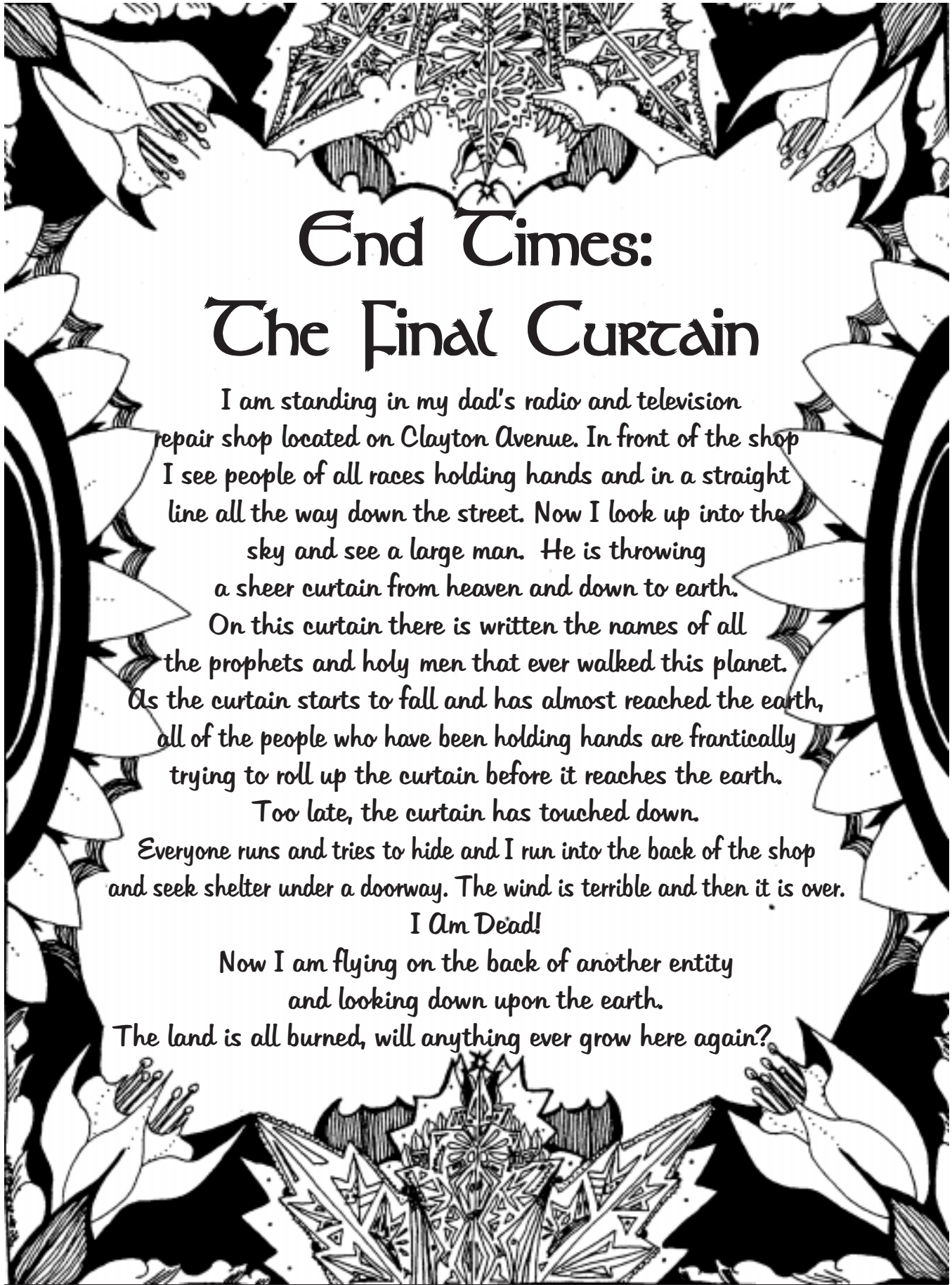
Species-specific, vestigial eyes
focused and functional, still.

Beyond the gravity of time,
Between a photon's breath...
She attends enfolded
layers of knowing within 'time-
honoured' clarity.

Not by doing ; simply by being
...(whisper)... Herself.

Here I stand...
in this field...
of unsung...
Saviors.

The Dream Poetry of Ivan Hughes, Saint Louis, MO



End Times:

The Final Curtain

I am standing in my dad's radio and television repair shop located on Clayton Avenue. In front of the shop I see people of all races holding hands and in a straight line all the way down the street. Now I look up into the sky and see a large man. He is throwing a sheer curtain from heaven and down to earth.

On this curtain there is written the names of all the prophets and holy men that ever walked this planet. As the curtain starts to fall and has almost reached the earth, all of the people who have been holding hands are frantically trying to roll up the curtain before it reaches the earth.

Too late, the curtain has touched down. Everyone runs and tries to hide and I run into the back of the shop and seek shelter under a doorway. The wind is terrible and then it is over.

I Am Dead!

Now I am flying on the back of another entity and looking down upon the earth.

The land is all burned, will anything ever grow here again?

A Visitor from the Past

I had a dream the other night I didn't understand.
A figure walking through the mist, with a flintlock in his hand.
His clothes were torn and dirty, as he stood there by the bed.
He took off his three cornered hat, and speaking low, he said:

"We fought a revolution, to secure our liberty.
We wrote the constitution as a shield from tyranny.
For future generations, this legacy we gave,
in this, the land of the free and home of the brave.

"The freedom we secured for you, we hoped you'd always keep,
but tyrants labored endlessly, while your parents were asleep.
Your freedom gone, your courage lost, you're no more than a slave,
In this, the land of the free and the home of the brave.

"You buy permits to travel, and permits to own a gun,
permits to start a business, or to build a place for one.
On land that you believe you own, you pay a yearly rent,
Although you have no voice in choosing how the money's spent.

"Your children must attend a school that doesn't educate.
Your Christian values can't be taught, according to the state.
You read about the current news, in a regulated press.
You pay a tax you do not owe, to please the IRS.

"Your money is no longer made of silver or of gold.
You trade your wealth for paper, so your life can be controlled.
You pay for crimes that make our nation turn from God in shame,
You've taken satan's number as you've traded in your name.

" You've given government control to those who do you harm,
so they can paddlock churches and steal the family farm.
And keep our country deep in debt, put men of God in jail,
Harass your fellow countrymen, while corrupted courts prevail.

"Your public servants don't uphold the solemn oath they've sworn.
Your daughters visit doctors so their children won't be born.
Your leaders ship artillery and guns to foreign shores,
And send your sons to slaughter, fighting other people's wars.

"Can you regain the freedom for which we fought and died?
Or don't you have the courage or the faith to stand with pride?
Are there no more values for which you'll fight to save?
Or do you wish your children to live in fear and be a slave?"

"Sons of the Republic, arise and take a stand!
Defend the Constitution, the supreme law of the land!
Preserve our great Republic and each God-given right,
And pray to God to keep the torch of freedom burning bright."

As I awoke, he vanished, in the mist from which he came.
His words were true; we are not free. We have ourselves to blame.
For even now as tyrants trample each God-given right,
We only watch and tremble, too afraid to stand and fight.

If he stood by your bedside in a dream while you're asleep,
And wondered what remains of our rights he fought to keep.
What would be your answer, if he called out from the grave?
Is this still the land of the free and the home of the brave?

Author Unknown

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Write The American Horse, 4546-B10 El Camino Real, PMB 390, Los Altos, CA 94022

The Tide is Turning

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

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

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

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

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

It isn't caressing and teasing the land,
(are you glancing?)
But doing wave upon wave
of waterswirl dancing.

Perplexed, I awaken, a song in my Being
A mantra... a rhythm... not ending...
repeating: "The Tide is Turning
The Tide is Turning The Tide is Turning"

Journey Into The Depths

Brilliant blue day, ocean reflects sky
And I swim with joy;
almost fly across the waves.

Suddenly, I realize
I am surrounded by whales: SEVEN!
Gliding counter-clockwise
We are a kaleidoscope: MANDALLA
Their synchronicity creates a whirlpool
And I, at the center (fooled!)
Am spinning down...

down...
down...
FEAR! I cannot hold my breath!
Certain to drown
Down...
down...
down...

I'll meet my death!

Then, finding myself on the ocean floor
(softer and warmer than a feather bed)
There is breath—osmosis
It was a door! VALHALLA

A circular shaft of light
Warms me from the whales' dancing height.
Once I get past the fear
I find it safe down here.

The Return

On a long narrow pier,
walking back to the Earth
Many dolphins come to greet
my new state of birth
They stand erect near the pier
Back to back, so my hands
can caress them all the way to the land.

The Dream Poetry of Roberta Ossana, Moab, UT

When I was 12 years old, I woke up from a dream in which I wrote a poem and transcribed the following piece, word for word.

Most Wonderful Place

Ever since I stepped through that door,
Nothing is as it was before;
Now I can be anyone, anything—
From a princess to a hermit
Or a bird taking wing.

Across the world I see myself fly,
Watching countries and continents go by;
Across deserts and jungles and tropical drylands,
Over mountains and hills and plateaus and highlands.
Now that I've entered, the Present's not my home,
I can travel back to the days of Ancient Rome,
I can gaze at Egyptian slaves carrying stone,
Or listen to Civil War bugles blown.

Into the Future, I now rocket to the stars,
I can land on Mercury, Venus or Mars;
See what will happen when generations have grown,
Peer ahead into Time, explore the unknown.

Past, Present and Future mean nothing to me,
The far corners of the Earth I now can see.
But into my world, someone is nosing:
"Hurry up, young lady," comes a voice,
"Time to stop dozing!"

The Dream Poetry of Lorraine Grassano, San Francisco, CA



Walking Through Glass

Adventures with Dream Poetry

by Mary Stebbins

From earliest childhood, I've always loved dreams. Once, my dream-life flowed seamlessly into my waking life—all one experience. With utmost sincerity, I told “true” stories that I later realized could not have been true in the “real” or phenomenal world. In one, my grandmother and I stood in the dark in our nightgowns. Outside the glass doors that opened to the back patio, a pack of wolves gathered in a circle of light from the candle on the dining room table. Only the panes of glass separated us from the wolves, and I knew from experience how easy it is to walk through glass—no harder than stepping through the skin of a lake into the water below. It was not the glass that protected me from the wolves, but the will and strength of my grandmother, who was very wise. She knew how to transform fearsome predators into friendly companions.

Later that same year, a wildfire raged across the dry meadows behind the house, and I watched adults battle the blaze. The wolves gathered around me, flanking me on both sides. Inside the house. I now know that although the fire existed in the phenomenal world, the wolves were part of my dreaming.

I began writing poems and stories when I was ten. They contained elements from both waking and dreaming life. They were often silly, but at ten, I didn't mind being silly. I wrote about flying purple pigs, kings, queens, princesses and orphans. The princesses and orphans were all me. I created a private mythology, drawing from waking imagination and dream images. In dreams I could fly, and often gave my poetic self magical (dream-like) qualities. Dreams were more exciting and interesting than waking life and creating poetry from dreams was a way to re-enter that excitement.

I didn't articulate this until I grew up, but even as a child, I trusted the “poemness” of dreams. Dreams are communicated through image and metaphor, two major tools of poetry. Many of my dreams seem to be poems just waiting to be captured. Poems are rarely given to me in words, so recording a poem means translating images and metaphors into language. For me, appropriate language is crucial. A good dream does not automatically make a good poem. I use the same skills I use in creating poems from a waking experience.

I avoid clichés, choose musical and rhythmic

words, pay attention to line breaks, stanza breaks and other poetic devices. Not all dreams, however, are poems simply waiting to be recorded. Some dreams are too long, too complex, or too disjointed to make a good poem. In such instances, I make poems from selections of the images and metaphors of dreams.

Many dreams relate directly to waking life. I often make helpful and healing discoveries creating dream poems.

Because many of my dreams feel deeply mythological, I am writing a series of mythological dreams, weaving personal mythology into classical mythology.

Sometimes, dreams come to me that seem to be a “gift” from another culture. For example, I recently dreamed a short dream (my dreams are often long and convoluted) of an old woman emerging at night from a dark low doorway and opening her hand to release tiny stars which dispersed into the night. I got up and wrote the following poem:

How the First Mother Brought Winged Stars to Earth

So long did the first mother sleep in the shadows of her mud hut that the people forgot her. They forgot she had come from the sky and given birth to the long line of mothers, the mothers of all the first people. The people hunted in the fields and forests, fished in the streams, and sang under the stars until the first clouds were born of the seas. The first clouds grew and grew and covered the stars, weeping on and off for more than two hands of days. The first people caught the sadness of clouds, and as the clouds wept, so did the people. Their sadness flooded the first mother's dreams. Though the first mother was ancient and shrunken, she was spy in dreams, and danced in the dream shadows of her hut into a dream of stars. She dreamed herself winged. Flew among the stars. Gathered great flocks of them into the nets of her wings. In her hut, she rose singing from her dreams. Came in the darkness of the nadir to the door of her hut. Called the people from their shelters to gather around her. Opened her hands, and released flying stars. Shining and twinkling, they dispersed into the tall grass and wildflowers. The people gasped, then laughed, then sang again. Sang and sang. Now her children, even those who had forgotten her, had stars, dancing stars they would call fireflies, stars to shine and call forth song, even on cloudy nights.

While most of my dream poems involve translating images and metaphors into words, some are given to me in words. One night, I dreamed I was watching a scene and at the same time participating in it, and a voice in my dream mind dictated the words of a poem about what I was seeing. When I woke up, I could not remember all the words, but here is a rendering of what I do remember:

City of Palms

*The trailer lurches across a blood sky
on great silver wings whenever the baby kicks.
Lonnie sees the future, a series of images:
a city with palms lining miles of shining sand,
beach tables set with silver, men in pastel shirts
and ties, women in flowered skirts that swirl
around their ankles. This baby will know
a world beyond this rusted trailer tumbled
under masses of kudzu, overgrown
with tall grass and weeds. Below, green
scum broken by mossy backs of giant snappers
covers the pond and the slick muddy banks
are littered with frogs and water moccasins.
Lonnie grips the wobbly railing to let the pain pass,
looks down into the pork barrel of overflowing
beer cans. She heaves herself up the rotting stairs
into the dark oven where she will wait out
the quickening pains and alone, push out Hope,
red, wet and squalling.*

Although I write poetry for my own satisfaction, it is nice to occasionally win an award for my work. I wrote a poem combining my own sleep and waking dreams with the myth of Persephone, who journeyed to the underworld. (My dreams often feel like journeys to the underworld.) This poem won a first place in New Millennium's semi-annual poetry contest:

In Murky Waters

In spite of Demeter's sudden, unexplained warning to Persephone at dinner: "never dive into murky waters," already Persephone's pink toes disappear into the small shadowed pond she uses as an entry to the underworld. Persephone plunges deep into clouded waters, swims strong, and surfaces in another world. It's not the world you would expect, if you've been spelunking, not only cold dark damp rock, stalactites and stalagmites, clusters of bats, dangling spiders. Here, dark things coexist with an improbable profusion of sunshine, wind-washed dunes, torrid jungles, mountains, waterfalls, swamps. Anything you could find in the above-worlds exist below. Persephone couldn't see them at first, saw only the darkness,

the fire-lit throne room, the endless files of dead passing through, the grey river Styx and the huge grey swamp through which it flows. Hades had to teach her. She kept opening her eyes to find other eyelids underneath, like Dante, taking off his masks. Hades, who kept rambling on about the "veils," peeled away onion layers of Persephone's eyes until a dim light, a pale yellow green light began to suffuse the endless night. Layer upon layer he peeled away, until Persephone herself started clawing, scraping masks of blindness from her eyes. After days and weeks and months of this, the sun slowly appeared to her under rock and through rock and within rock and beyond rock. She saw the rock that is sun. "Look at the sun," she said to Demeter, one spring evening, pointing down through rock into her husband's chambers. Demeter thought her daughter weak from lack of sustenance, from drinking only grenadine for half the year. Persephone swore she would rewrite her own myth, imagining an ending entirely different from this, thinking only of escape from Hades and return to earth. Now, rewriting her myth again, she sees herself as uniquely privileged among women, beyond victim, beyond survivor, sun among shadows, golden fish in murky waters, powerful, winged, and shining queen of the underworld.

I love writing dream poetry. For me, every poem, like every dream, is an adventure with something to teach me. I recommend it to anyone who remembers their dreams and enjoys poetry. ♡

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The Muses, Cont'd from p. 27

and calms the mind by drawing my full attention to the coordination of fingers, harmony and the corresponding movement of notes on a page or the swirling and blending of paint on canvas – a reverie that replenishes and aligns psychological and creative notions.

The Muses invite us to temporarily put aside life's demands that can program us into automatons, tenders of time, schedules and dates. They want us to listen, not for understanding and explanation but for sound and imagery that delights the imagination, shaping the invisible world with image and sound that perfectly expresses the depth of one's soul.

An acquaintance of mine once told me that each morning her dream summarized itself in the verse of a popular tune or hymn or a few lines of poetry. Perhaps this pleasant ending is also a way of beginning the day by beckoning the sweet voices of the Muses:

*But now, O sweet-spoken Muses of Olympos,
daughters of Zeus of the aegis, sing out the
generation of women.*

Like her... or like her... or like her who... ♡

1. Hesiod. *Works and Days, Theogony, The Shield of Herakles*. "Works and Days." Trans. Richmond Lattimore. University of Michigan Press: Ann Arbor, 1991, (1-3)
2. Barrett, Deirdre. *The Committee of Sleep*. Crown Publishers: NY, 2001. (pp. 66-74)
3. *Ibid* (pp. 75)
4. Hesiod. "Theogony" (97-102)
5. *Ibid*, (1021-3)

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Dreams of Music and Poetry...

Brought to You by the Muses

by Martha Peacock

*Muses, who... give glory through singing,
Come to me, tell of Zeus, your own father,
sing his praises, through whose will
Mortal men are named in speech
or remain unspoken.*

Hesiod, the ancient poet, began each of his poems by invoking the Muses for inspiration for the Greeks believed that thoughts, ideas and emotions were gifts from the gods. In Hesiod's case, and often in our dreams, the Muses arouse creativity through imagery and melodies, sometimes inspiring us to compose a song, write a poem, or simply relax into the many voices of imagination.

Out of the nine Muses, four of them are associated with poetry and music. Reliefs of Calliope, the epic poet, often depict her reading one of Homer's heroic writings, the *Iliad* or the *Odyssey*, perhaps inspiring dreams of marathon proportion. Erato, the love poet, takes pleasure in serenading others with her lyre and often is accompanied by a swan or a cherub at her feet. In ancient Greece, Euterpe, the Muse with garlanded hair, was credited with the invention of wind instruments and may appear in a dream playing the flute or pipe. Polyhymnia, the veiled Muse, may materialize behind the keyboard of a pipe organ in a great cathedral, pounding out a song to the gods that awakens the dreamer with a sense of reverence.

Of course, the Muses' love for repetition and rhyme can include other images or sensations that arouse the dreamer's creativity. For instance, Beatle, Paul McCartney, awoke from a dream with a lovely tune in his head. Quickly, he sat down at the piano and found the corresponding notes and for days worked on the lyrics until the song, "Yesterday" was born. Singer/songwriter Billy Joel admits that many of his musical arrangements come to him in his dreams. Just as the late songwriter/comedian, Steve Allen, "regularly heard music and lyrics in his dreams."

The Muses call us to pay attention to the sound and motion within the dream like composer Shirish Korde. "I was hearing fragments of music and

seeing birds fly," avows Korde. "The speed with which the birds were flying kept changing, which determined the musical gesture – the content of the passage." Immediately upon awakening, he recorded the dream's movement and melody into a solo flute composition, "The Tenderness of Cranes," that won both the National Flute Association award and the Ettleson Composition Prize for new music.

In each case, the dreamer is asked to be an instrument – an intermediary – between the dream and the composition. Perhaps that is why the Muses and their attendant inspirations appear so often in dream: to remind us that inspiration springs from a source beyond ourselves. They invite us to momentarily set aside our egos and trust a divine force.

The ancients knew that the Muses brought more than inspiration to the artist. They also brought respite to the weary. When the body was tense from life's dilemmas, when worry weighed heavy on one's shoulders, they graced the dreamer with their splendor, letting their spirits soar and glide far from home, temporarily forgetting daily woes:

*...and even when a man has sorrow fresh in
the troublement of his spirit and is struck to
wonder over the grief in his heart, the singer,
the servant of the Muses singing the
glories of ancient men, and the blessed gods
who have their homes on Olmypos make him
presently forget his cares, he no longer
remembers sorrow, for the gifts of the
goddesses soon turn
his thoughts elsewhere*

I am reminded of a dream in which I sit at a piano playing Rubenstein's *Romance*. As my fingers stroke each cord, a wash of color appears, then another and another until the music paints a rhapsody of color upon color within color, awakening me into a soothing state of awareness. Oil painting and playing the piano often brings the same sensation, pulling my thoughts from daily ponderings into the realm of imagination that relaxes the body

Cont'd p. 26



Dreams & White Feathers

Slow down. Nobody alive can go that fast. Whirling, whirling, whirling, whirling, until the colors of your life are blurred and smeared and you're running backwards to catch the tail end of the rainbow. All the treasures of the world lie before you. Gaze upon them. Walk slowly around the lake at dawn before the curtain swings closed and darkness enfolds you like the wings of a raven in the cold, lonely tomb. Too late, too little, too much, too soon. There's a meditation, a slow tune just past the riddle of storm clouds and carnival lights. Look at the maiden sitting there in her pink lace gown, showers of tears tumbling like leaves in autumn as she stares into the crumpled red heart of Valentine's day chocolates. Too fast for romance. The orchestra is worn dizzy... out of bounds. Racetracks are not conducive to stable love. Lost... lost shoestrings of hope tangled in sweet deals and dribbling sorrow, that scream inside your head paper thin with desperation. Lies... the small boy's eyes no longer large with wonder. Too many layers between you and reality. Spinning, tilted, sideways, skidding. Even a prayer won't draw the dance of madness to a halt. Hazy, heartless, heavy with regret. Tossed onto the rubbish heap waiting... for the thin man clocked in black to churn out the ashes you'll live in for eternity. Cremation... the sensation of cinder and bone... either of who you once were drifting through the elms and wildflowers. Nothing is too frightening to face. Even loneliness has a certain grace, like the ballerina who sways so lithely past the maze in dreams and white feathers... paint cans of life splashing and gurgling beyond the lights at the far end of the stage, and there you are pressed flat against the back of the tilt-a-whirl's red seats... swirling... your thrill seeking wails wrapped around the sun that's crying with wisdom and loss. Zap. you're gone.

Forest Dream

A dark skinny man clothed in black... boots with silver chains... black umbrella sauntering through small waves the ocean delivers to shore like whirling embroidery, sliding among the gulls plaintive, insistent cries, his eyes searching the mist shrouded mountains beyond the ship's sailing smoke. I watch in the afterglow of tragedy. They say I'm crazy. A mad woman is she. The curses follow as I walk bent into the haze, my skirt of thistles and lace swirling round my ankles, bare chested with three feathers tied on a thread of eagle's breath around my neck, the song of the raven in my hair, footsteps cracking the mussel shells and sand dollars. Then, off to the forest, deeper into that forbidden dream. The blessing of madness pulling me inward past the maples, dogwoods and firs, the ground soft and moist, pressed down by the haunting call of the loon. Tangled in charred ribbons of dismay the gypsy lies crumpled at the edge of the deepest part of the forest, black clothed body blocking the path, umbrella spread like a bat at his feet, nostrils flaring slightly in a restless sleep. As dawn creeps into the sky stealing stars and velvet moonlight he opens his ancient, piercing eyes, sees my bare, battered feet, the brown ankles steady and straight beneath the rippling hem of my skirt. Pale lemon sunlight stretches through the leaves as I turn gracefully. Walking backwards through the invisible night I feel his cindery breath moving me back further still as it caresses my neck. Eyes traveling up inside the clouds to the other side where only the mad can see, the chains on his boots rattle as he follows me.

Stream of Dream Consciousness by *Donna Burke, Vancouver, B.C. Canada*

Dream Stamping

Aware of awakening, the images freeze.
Attempting to hold back the chemical concoction that
orders my world.

The dream, a memory now.

Cat licks my face, my partner's leg probes, tempting
my eyes to open.

My will to prolong total detachment prevails, I slip back
and the images begin to move again.

Sweet neapolitan consciousness scans
for energy imbued images.

Guided by an all-knowing self-master,
I fly at the speed of intention spotting my prey.

A suitcase radiates with a jumble of objects mostly not
"mine" however, it's "time."

The trip to take a leap of faith,
do or don't I change my fate?

My role as journalist balances with
my role as healer, bound by truth.
Reporting at a distance the wounds of Grace, my
journal bulges with saving face.

Message received through piercing
the dark,
the challenge ahead awaits a spark.
Humbled by the depth
of a moment
where realities meet.

The Dream Poetry
of Susan Amon, Sedona, AZ

The Quickening Time

I dream myself a quickening time
so things may come together,
and breathe myself a deeper breath,
and dream myself awake.

I dream myself awake
and wave my world into being,
and speak myself alive
with the whisper of my name.

The Dream Poetry of
(c)Vicky A. Vlach, Austin, TX

God is in all that we are seeing.
In Him we move and have our being.□
We have our day and our night,
But never move from out His sight.□
He is our
Internal Star.

The Dream Poetry of
Janice Baylis, Ph.D, Seal Beach, CA.

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Pan of Water Reality Dream

by Dean McLanahan

On occasion, I am given lectures during my dreams. Some are critical of my actions and reactions to my experiences of life. Others are teaching dreams, attempts to lead me into a greater awareness of the true reality in which I exist. The following was given during a dream experience that occurred June 30, 2001.

Someone is speaking to me, they say: "Let us consider a large pan of water as representing true reality.

*Nothing has disturbed the water,
so there is no movement upon its surface.*

Use your finger to draw a line separating the water into two parts. One part we shall call psychology, the other religion. Once you remove your finger from the water, the water quickly returns to a static state; no movement can be detected.

The line you draw has disappeared.

Draw another line separating the water into quarters.

Call these psychology, religion, politics and government. When you remove your finger, the water quickly becomes quiescent; no dividing lines can be seen.

You may continue drawing lines in the water to cover numerous subjects, but the moment you remove your finger from the water, it ceases to move; the lines you draw no longer exist.

Consider your dreams as originating from this large pan of water, for you do not know how dreams are created and brought to you, just as you do not know how your thoughts are formed.

You create the pseudo reality you call psychology, religion, politics, government, etc., by the beliefs you accept as being the truth or the "way it is." You are taught your beliefs by your parents, your educational system and religious and psychological institutions. You do not need beliefs to experience the reality of conscious waking and dreaming awareness.

Your experience of reality is limited by the content of your personal belief system. You cannot see the truth that lies beyond your beliefs. Rid yourself of the beliefs that hinder you and all beliefs that you do not need. Beliefs are not truth. Seek the truth.

Think upon this!" ♥

On Dreams and Art

Part III

Play as Serious Pretense: Where Actors and Dreamers Meet

by Montague Ullman

An organization came into being in Sweden in 1990 with the dual purpose of training leaders in the experiential dream group process I had initiated there 26 years ago and with the equally important goal of raising the level of interest and understanding about dreams in the community. It was called the Drömgruppsforum (Dream Group Forum). I attended a meeting in Växjö April 28-30 to celebrate the organization's tenth anniversary. More than 100 people attended the scientific sessions which included five formal presentations and a day of workshops. I gave two presentations, one of which was a theoretical paper outlining my thoughts on the nature of dreaming consciousness. The following are excerpts from that presentation. - Monte

What has always surprised me is the extent to which we take our dream life for granted, completely oblivious to the remarkable and still quite mysterious qualities of dreaming consciousness. It is their very mysteriousness that has been covered by theoretical formulations that seem to account for the clinical usefulness of dreams, but fail to come to terms with any of the mysteries I will set before you.

Modern psychoanalysis has tempered drive theory or even, in some views, eliminated it completely. It is one thing to arrive at a more sophisticated adaptational view of dreaming, but another to give a coherent account of the basic features of the dream, namely, its biologically initiated cyclical appearance during sleep in a sensory-based presentational mode, its ability to expose the connection of current feelings to the past and its truth telling capacity that goes beyond what we are capable of while awake.

In our everyday work with dreams, we are in the same situation as the physicist who, in his work, uses the equations of quantum mechanics with spectacular success while seemingly oblivious to the fact that the underlying implications of the basic concepts that led to these equations raise new and very puzzling questions about the nature of reality in general, and more specifically, our relationship to a world the objective nature of which is taken for granted.

I am simply going to offer my own point of view, a view originating in my psychoanalytic practice and supported and deepened by nearly three decades of group work with dreams. The conclusion I came to is captured in the title of a book written by Paul Bjerre in 1933, Drömmarnas naturliga system (Dreams as a Natural Healing System) and republished in 1982 as Drömmarnas helande kraft (The Healing Power of

Dreams). If we combine the titles I think we have the basis for understanding a framework for re-evaluating all that we know so far about dreaming. To make a case for dreaming as a natural healing system, we would have to see what it has in common with the other natural healing systems we are endowed with, such as the immune, cardiovascular, gastrointestinal, muscular and central nervous systems.

1. All systems face in two directions: internally to meet the bodily needs of the organism and externally to regulate those needs in response to one's experience in a world that extends beyond the body's borders.

2. Bodily systems each have a unique structure and function. The endocrine system is made up of glands, the function of which is to secrete the hormones necessary to both maintain an optimal internal milieu and respond to emerging demands. Our dreams have a neurological substrate at both a cortical and sub cortical level. The interplay between these two levels modulates the level of arousal. Where there are adequate resources to deal with the tension involved, the state of arousal terminates naturally and sleep continues. Where the stress of tension is too great, awakening occurs. The "secretions" of this nocturnal organ of consciousness is the imagery that results.

3. What dreaming consciousness as a system would then have in common with all other systems is that it serves the survival needs of the organism which in turn is the precondition for the survival of the species. Dreaming then is just as essential to our psychological life as the enzymes secreted by the gastrointestinal system are to digestion. We don't accord it that degree of importance, but that is our problem. Earlier societies were more respectful of the dream. Even in the current era where we have turned our attention to fine tuning our knowledge of the anatomy and physiology of dreaming, there has not been a commensurate advance in the depth of our understanding of the dream itself. It is as if in the discovery of the insulin-secreting function of the pancreas all our attention focused on the Langerhan cells where the insulin was formed, and very little to the functional importance of the insulin itself to the organism.

The secretions of our bodily organs work their magic in their own way and can be explored chemically. The magic of the dream is the production of symbolic imagery which can be explored by uncovering the emotional content. The point is that, as in the case with any other system, our dreams operate in the service of the survival of the individual.

4. Most bodily systems function at an unconscious level. So do our dreams. They arise out of an unconscious domain and function in an involuntary spontaneous manner to meet normal and abnormal organismic needs. We don't command our digestive systems to respond to our food intake, nor do we consciously direct red blood cells and platelets to do their thing when bleeding occurs.

Analogously, our dreams "digest" residual feelings triggered by recent events and evaluate them in regard to their significance for our future. It does this by opening up our remote memory bank and exploring the degree to which a current concern links up with unresolved tensions in our past. Dreams arise spontaneously and involuntarily. No one can consciously decide to have a particular dream or consciously design the opening scene.

Two questions arise at this point. How does the imagery in our dreams come about and how does it serve a survival function? The first is that dreaming as a primitive mode of thought may have anteceded self-reflective waking consciousness. In the course of becoming symbol-making animals, we simply transformed this basic imaging mode into a vehicle for expressing in a most wondrously condensed form the tensions that arise in our more complex symbol-driven lives. After all, a single picture can capture more than a thousand words.

Regardless of how the presentational mode came about, the more interesting question is how the imagery now serves a healing purpose and in that way relates to the survival of our species. At night, while dreaming, we are in the business of manufacturing visual metaphors. Metaphor is our uniquely human way of expressing feelings that are rising up within us but are not yet clearly conceptualized. We are expressing feelings in their continuity with the past.

The images of the dream are not static. They are metaphors in motion. They tell a story which, in a very creative way, speaks to where we are subjectively at a given moment in our lives. That is all they do. They are not there to argue with us, tell us what to do, make us feel good or bad about ourselves. It is the task of our waking ego to free up the feelings embedded in the imagery and thus spark across the metaphorical gap between image and reality.

Feelings are emotional connective tissue supporting the fabric of our social existence. The feelings embedded in the imagery are authentic. When they come to life in the working out of the dream, they deepen our bonds to each other. Awake we often play games with our feelings. We brush them aside, suppress them or express them in ways that are inappropriate to the situation. They then become manifest in what I refer to as inauthentic feelings (e.g., neurotic guilt in contrast to genuine remorse). They maintain distance rather than furthering closeness. I have referred to the dream image as creative in its origin, authentic in its nature, connective in its effect. All are key to understanding dreams and require further elaboration. Let us consider the question of creativity first. When a dream is worked through in a dream group, I am left with a sense of awe. One of the mysteries is: Where does the creative energy come from that shapes the images in a dream and puts them together in a story that speaks so specifically, so eloquently, so honestly and so effectively to where we are subjectively at the moment?

I believe that the creativity displayed in our dream life derives from the same source of creativity we commonly associate with art and science. In other words, I use the term to include an innate capacity we all have and use asleep to confront ourselves in our dreams with the flux and movement in our inner affective world. It goes beyond the usual limitation of the term to its manifestation in art and science. Asleep or awake, its essence is the unconscious spontaneously inventive response to novelty. By novelty I mean the unending new choices our objective existence confronts us with awake. It is the ever present feature of the dream, even in the most seemingly banal dreams.

There are times in a dream-sharing group when, by the end of the session when the dream has been worked through, I am overwhelmed by the level of creative thought that crafted the imagery and the story that unfolded. In the spontaneity and raw talent that is involved, it far surpasses anything a painter does if he consciously set out to capture on canvas the complex interplay of the emotional currents within him at a given moment. So many of us go through life unaware of this never-ending creative flow we call upon every night.

The creative impulse in its most specialized manifestation is in the work of art. The artist transforms feelings into something new in the world that is meaningful to others as well as himself or herself. The creative impulse is at work nightly in our dreams where feelings are transformed into unique images meaningful to the dreamer. The artist awake creates a felt connection to the world at large. The dreamer creates an authentic felt connection to himself or herself.

The more unrecognized but universal manifestation of our innate creativity is what might be called the practice of love. This is where bonds between the self and others deepen and grow through inventive and growth-enhancing responses to the uniqueness of the other. In the practice of loving, the creative impulse is directed to the task of building an ever-deepening and ultimately indestructible connection to the other.

The authenticity to be found in art, dreams and love have in common a deepening of the sense of connectedness to the self, to others and to the world at large. Art is creativity in the public domain. Love is creativity in the interpersonal domain.

If creativity is the first feature of the dream, then the second prominent feature is the way that creativity is put in the service of revealing truths about ourselves that have not yet surfaced in waking life. Our dreaming psyche is that part of ourselves that is constantly and insistently in touch with the reality of our feelings. It is fundamentally a truth-telling mechanism, a hangover from our mammalian heritage where a false move could expose primitive man to predatory danger. Perceptual accuracy was essential. There was no room for self-deception, perhaps even no ability for it. Once we made the move from being a

creature living in the wild to inhabitants of a complex social world which has not yet solved the problem of survival through social evolution, the capacity for self-deception came prominently into focus. Freud recognized the unconscious as a container of the truth, but his meta-psychology as it pertained to dreams placed that truth in opposition to the ego. Jung was closer to the mark when he said in reference to the dream, "So flower-like in its innocence, it puts us to shame for the deceitfulness of our lives." Both men came at the healing potential of the dream but in very different ways - Freud by unraveling what the dream censor was suppressing and Jung by what the dream was trying to say overtly through its manifest content. Whereas our fellow creatures living in the wild had to rely on perceptual accuracy to keep them out of trouble, we have had to rely on our conceptual awareness of what is going on around us to enable us to avoid unintended consequences of our actions. There isn't much room for error in the case of animals. Their lives are often at stake if their perceptions deceive them. We, on the other hand, rely more on our capacity to conceptualize the situation we are in and that, unfortunately, leaves much room for self-deception.

Too many Germans saw Hitler as the savior who would salvage German pride. The unintended consequences that ultimately followed are painful testimony to the incredible level of self-deception possible in a modern state. It should be a lesson for all of us. A false consciousness, one based on false conceptions, leaves us vulnerable. Animals only have their life to lose if they misperceive reality. We have our integrity as human beings to lose if we misconceptualize reality. Denying truth at a conscious level never destroys that truth. It simply resurfaces in our dreams. Dreams are truth-telling confrontations. In an imaginative metaphorical way, they call attention to a bit of reality that has not been given its just due. In the modern idiom, the dream tells it like it is, not what we would like it to be. In short, the truth-telling orientation of dreaming consciousness is the result of the transformation of physical vigilance to social vigilance, where vigilance becomes the orientation to social reality. This implies the need not only to recognize what is new, but also to respond to it as new. That is where the creative impulse comes in. Creativity and truth-telling are the tools always at hand in our dreams. Unfortunately, they are not always available while awake.

So much for the authenticity to be found in our dreams. The third word I have used in describing our nocturnal existence is connectedness. Implicit in what I have said so far is the assumption that our innate creativity and the incorruptible core of our being that filters our truth from falsity, are gifts which, if used properly, make for richer and more real connections to others. Bertrand Russell once said, "The rational unites. The irrational separates us." Our dreams know the difference. A flawed society both generates and maintains a flawed (waking) consciousness. It also takes

a toll on our own self-respect when it facilitates expediency at the expense of honesty. Bias, expediency and ignorance limit, distort, and make for a false consciousness and further disconnects. Aspects of these as they are touched upon in daily life are the psychological toxins that our dreaming consciousness seizes upon. With our waking consciousness we negotiate our way in the world. Our dreaming consciousness reflects back to us how well we are doing from a truly human, truly honest, truly ethical point of view. For each of us to possess a gift like that and for society to remain blissfully unaware of it, strikes me as one of the wrong turns we have taken. Non-literate societies found a way to integrate dream life and waking life. We, who pride ourselves on our level of psychological sophistication and scientific accomplishment, have failed to make this useful linkage.

Up to this point I have emphasized the general features of the unconscious domain viewed from the perspective that it is a natural healing system, geared as are all systems to the survival of the individual and the species. That healing function is realized through three special attributes:

- its capacity to creatively respond to novelty
- its concern with the state of connectedness to ourselves and others
- its capacity to discern truths that escape us while awake.

Akin to an aesthetic experience, all of us have within us a musician endowed with perfect pitch who knows when we are singing off key and has no hesitation in calling it to our attention. He doesn't persuade or preach. He simply presents. It's up to us to act on it. That way lies emotional growth. In the case of the dream, the right notes do not come through until the metaphorical content is heard by the dreamer awake. ♡

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Dreams, Poems, Prayers

by Susan S. Scott, Ph.D.

Three years ago in September, for my fiftieth birthday, I kayak-camped with a friend along the shores of Lake Ozette. Situated on the furthest northwestern point of Washington on Makah tribal lands, this is territory rich with wilderness, unexcavated archaeological sites, and Old Growth forest. It is also a place of economic and political struggle for the Native Americans who live there. During the week of our camping trip, the Makah people had become internationally known through the news media coverage of a whale hunt they reinstated as their tribal right. They were honoring an ancient treaty, but they were also breaking laws protecting endangered species. Huge controversy, with outrage on both sides of the dilemma, resulted in arrests of protesters and the killing of a whale. During this time period the two dreams I had while camping on their land gave birth to two poems.

In my dream, *I am standing outside in a circle of about 100 people. Suddenly, everyone holds hands and sits down. I am surprised to find no room for me, as I fall over and out of the circle. When I dust myself off, I see an opening on the other side and I walk across the circle. People chuckle at my dishevelment and I feel foolish. Once I find a place and sit down, there is a full set of*

deer antlers in front of me.

I assume this is a "talking piece" being passed around the circle, so I prepare to speak. But before I can say anything there is a commotion nearby. We all turn to watch a woman, very carefully, trying to move a two-foot-tall glass box into the circle. Inside is a sculpture of a Native American man in traditional dress. Reaching out to rap sharply from the inside, he breaks a hole in the glass and comes alive.

When I awoke from the dream, I felt I understood more fully that the Makah people were trying to come alive and be a viable force in the world by breaking from their marginalized position. My only objection was the sacrifice of whales as an assertion of their power. The scapegoat phenomenon of passing along our troubles to the more vulnerable in the hopes of becoming stronger ourselves, brings about no real healing and nothing new. According to my dream, something wanted to come alive, not be destroyed. I felt compelled to voice my own outrage as part of the call from the "talking piece," the set of deer antlers in front of me. The following poem came forth:

Watch Out For Us
Whales, take notice. We fight to the death

for our right to kill, and we

*don't look back.
We can't see
what's below
the surface.*

*Watch out for us always but especially
when you break surface blowing
your songs of
life for all
to hear.*

*Harpoons whistling from our hands
sink into your massive bodies.
Once connected,
high-powered rifles
drop you swiftly.*

*Then we haul you up,
slice off your fins,
drag you in. This is our right,
after all. Your death
is the definition
of our freedom.*

*Another dream followed:
I am to deliver a message, but am
distracted by several obstacles. As
I prepare to proceed through an
open doorway, I am directed
instead to another more
complicated passage. As I step
through this threshold, I dip my
hand into a small pool of water and
rub my solar plexus in a circular
motion. A priest in white robes
welcomes me and blesses the
message I am to deliver.*

I felt this dream wanted me to stretch beyond my personal point of view into a larger one. After the

next poem was born, I realized there might be a kinship to what I hoped for the Makah and what was happening for me via dreams and poetry. Having had a sympathetic dream moment of not belonging in the circle, of wanting to have a voice, and feeling rage over being enclosed in glass, I could understand the need to cause a commotion, bring attention to one's plight as the Makah had done. Now the next step must be connected to a higher power than human law. From such union what is articulated is more likely to reveal a fuller picture of life with all its cycles, than what the egoic "i" claims as its authority to judge, save, or destroy. More essentially, what comes alive is a true sense of belonging.

Altering

In the tenderness of your tabernacle,
I tip my antlers
touch the mossy floor,
breathing life gone by
and newly born.
Your fragrance floats
like incense, altering me
with pungent scents of
earth, amber, tiger lily.
Bowing low, my heart spills
the "i" of savior into
the hands of alchemy,
returning the "i" to where it has
always belonged,
in prayer:
Now, may the savoring of life, death,
life again, bring me
to where I belong.

When speaking, I often find myself saying poem when I mean dream and prayer when I mean poem. Though I'm always surprised when this happens, I now listen to these words that seem to have minds of their own. Their insistence on being interchanged has become a reminder to pay attention to the mystery at their source, for which there are no words at all. This, at first, created quite a dilemma for me as a writer, until a dream emerged to show

another way to use language:

I am trying to decipher a complex document which is composed of small print and large musical notes. I don't know how to read music, but I find a music studio and go inside to see if someone might show me how to decipher it. While listening to the music and watching the dancers, I finally realize I must be immersed in rhythm to understand the text.

For me, dreams, prayers, and poems share a rhythmic source akin to heartbeat and breath, which is central to a meaningful life. Whether or not we consider these words to be actually synonymous or simply interrelated, they evolve from a mystery essential to be in harmony with, or at least have a relationship to, whether or not that relationship is passionate or peaceful. In the hopes of becoming more intimate with this wellspring for which there are paradoxically no words, I made a New Year's promise to write one haiku poem for each day of the year 2000. I chose haiku because of its simple form, connection to nature, and few words, written in three short lines with five syllables on the first, seven on the second, five on the third. As I wrote each daily poem, I tried to be true to the rhythm of that moment in time, both in the interior and exterior worlds of my experience.

Stillness waves slowly.
Golden fish beneath the ice
Await spring sun melt.

I trust skunk cabbage.
Yellow fronds emerge from muck.
Show us how to pray.
I always say yes,
Not to your way or mine, but
To our laughter.

Savor each pleasure.
Blossoming rose always dies.
Taste every petal.

Delicate green lace,
Unfolds dancing skirt of Spring.
We step into jig.

Sun-kissed raspberry
Warm honeysuckle nectar,
Melt on summer tongues.

Stereophonic
Owls who-wooo from left to
right.
Between, I listen.

In the rain forest
Green is a wet miracle
Of shining mirrors.

I breathe, stacking wood,
Scent of split fir and alder,
Moss, mushrooms, damp earth.

When a tooth falls out,
The tongue, fervently touches
Absence, fervently.

Holiday prayer.
Let us see light in the dark,
And all ways to love.

Disappointments call
From us the worst responses,
Or the best prayers.

Intending poem-writing as a way of expressing gratitude for the gift of my life and the world I share with beloved others, I was surprised at the end of the year to see how the haiku had quite a bit more to say than thank you. Some ended up being prayers or entreaties, others turned out to be protestations and outrages, still



Dreams, Poems, Prayers

others lament and regret. Humor showed up as did tears. When reading all 365 poems together on New Year's, 2001, I discovered they created an integrated story with all the richness, drama, mysterious light and darkness of a complete tale or dream.

I have found that poetry informs dreams as much as dreams give birth to poetry and prayers. When I dreamed of three interlinking circles set side by side, each holding one word: humility, humanity, passion. I felt they represented a complete picture of being human. But it was not until this double haiku emerged that I understood the essence of humility:

From humus, the word
Humiliated brings us
Back to our earth.

Bowing to the ground,
Bowing to the rain, bowing
To the rooting seed.

Poems, dreams, and prayers bring me directly to the rhythmic source of soul's heartbeat and from this place, not only am I learning how to come more fully alive, but I am learning how to find meaning in all the dilemmas, paradoxes, and gifts of our humanity. ♡

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Address correspondence to Susan S. Scott, Ph.D.,
2933 Minor Avenue East, Seattle, WA 98102

Shells on Her Face

A Dream Reading by Charles De Beer

I had a phone call from Mia (not her real name), who subscribes to 'The Paper,' a monthly new-age journal published in Plettenberg Bay and in which I have a column on dream interpretation. Mia was very distressed about a dream and urgently wanted my view on its meaning. Dream interpretation is not 'instant coffee' and I never give a reading on just a telephone call, so I asked her to fax the dream to me, which she did.

"I am very concerned about a dream I had this Saturday night. The dream was about myself.

I have huge bumps on my face that are itching. So every time I scratch, I am scratching off little shells that leave holes in my face.

Then my mother phoned me, without knowing what I had dreamed. She told me she had a dream that morning about four shells on her forehead and when she took them off and looked inside she found there was something living inside of the shells. Please help me to explain this. It is really frightening me."

Dear Mia,

Never fear a dream's message, never have negative thoughts about a dream you dream.

The face, the forehead, would, I think, normally symbolize the mental aspect of the dreamer, the thought processes, the kind of person the dreamer is.

Shells are mainly the habitat of sea creatures, of water, and hence, symbolic of soul life, of feelings. In this case, maybe, of

feelings that have not been given expression to, that are repressed, not brought out in the open. They are still in their shell! Hence, they will 'itch' to be recognized, to be taken cognizance of. The dreamer may not be dealing with, or attending to, her emotions.

Scratching the itch, meaning, trying to 'do away' with the bothersome emotions, will leave 'holes,' that is, will leave the dreamer unfulfilled, an empty 'space' where there should have been some recognition of a situation, a mental or emotional fact, some aspect of the dreamer's life that needs attending to. Hence, when looking IN the shell there will be a live 'something:' that unattended feeling or emotion.

That you and your mother both had similar dreams may mean that there is a situation between the two of you that needs to be clarified. That I can not judge, of course. But what I CAN say is that no harmful message is given in dreams, unless the dreamer himself, herself, is of bad faith, or on an evil path.

In fact, in certain countries the shell is seen as a token of good luck, a blessing.

There are, of course, prophetic dreams, announcing some event still to occur. However, neither of these two dreams seem to fall into this category.

That is all I can find to tell you, at this stage, as you need an urgent reply. Should I find some more meaning, I'll come back to you. Let me know what you make of this 'reading'

Go well, be at peace, and think about what I have given you here as one possible explanation of your dream. ~Charles

Afterword: Mia 'phoned me back, VERY relieved, and confirmed that there were unresolved matters between her and her mother. My 'reading' made sense to her and she was grateful for my input. ♡

Dreamwork Software Review

by Roberta Ossana

The Dream ToolBox

Jason S. Zack, Ph.D.
and Clara E. Hill, Ph.D.

The Ampersand Group, LLC,
Coconut Grove, FL 33233

Few of us can share every dream with a friend, in our dream group or with a therapist. And often, important dreams are gifted when none of these resources are readily available. We can tell, from the residual *feelings*, that the sooner we gain insight and take action, the better.

For those of you with computers, the **Dream ToolBox** (DTB) is available to help with the click of a mouse. It's the next best thing to having a good friend, group or therapist.

The DTB is an interactive system designed to help you explore your dreams, determine what they mean to you, and to use what you've discovered to make positive changes in your life. It is a system that blends many of the major theories of dream work (e.g., Ullman, Taylor, Delaney) and is developed based on empirical research. The model is fully elaborated in Clara E. Hill's book Working with Dreams in Psychotherapy, Guilford Press: 1996.

The software walks one through a dreamsharing process that's as user friendly as 1, 2, 3: 1) Exploring the significant images/symbols and making associations to each, 2) Dialoguing re: insight received from step one on two levels, the literal and symbolic and 3) Clarifying with yourself how to manifest the dream's wisdom in waking reality.

- In the Exploration/Association phase, you are guided through a process that helps you identify each of the significant symbols, objects, persons and images in your dream. Then you are asked to rate the dream on an emotional response level. Now, with each image, you 'DRAW': Describe, Reenter, Associate, and identify Waking life events that may have triggered the dream. Finally,

you are asked to write a narrative, given insight gained, as to what the dream means to you now.

- Taking it to step two, the LightBulb/Insight stage, you are asked to consider your dream on two levels: How the dream relates to your waking life and how each image or the overall dream might be projections of parts of yourself. Throughout this exercise, most of the right questions are asked re: present day challenges, how past events have created them, what this might be saying or mean in the future, how the dream relates to family, friends, job, physical health, spirituality, or financial affairs in your life.

- Finally, you are asked to determine what Action the dream is asking of you... you are asked to identify some way in which to honor the dream by bringing into manifestation in a constructive, positive and/or creative way.

Never is there an attempt to tell you what your dream means. Nor is there integrated a 'symbol dictionary.' This would be difficult if not impossible for any software program to do, needless to say... but I mention this because this is the essence of Dream Network's Statement of Purpose: 'It is our birthright to learn to understand the meaning of our dreams.' The Dream Tool Box is a valuable tool, indeed, in achieving this highly desirable goal.

A free demo version, available for both MacOS and Windows platforms, can be downloaded at www.theampersandgroup.com/DreamToolbox.

Registered users will be able to:

- Save dreams
- Edit dreams
- Print a summary report from each dream interpretation session
- Access informative statistics about all of your dreams.

"Dream symbols are highly personal. Every symbol has a unique meaning for the person who dreams it. We have to learn to focus our attention on our dreams to remember them, so we can learn to understand our symbols. Keep a dream journal, join a workshop to share your dreams, talk with friends about dreams. Integrate dream messages into daily life to guide oneself. Ask questions while you are dreaming. Reenter the dream when you awaken. We can dream when we are conscious; it's called imagination and intuition. We can be conscious while we are dreaming; it's called lucid dreaming. Learn to turn falling dreams into flying dreams. Guidance can be found from the most trustworthy possible mentor, one's own higher/deeper self."

~ Allen Flagg



DREAMTIME 5: DREAM EXCHANGE

ARE OBE'S DREAMS?

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Whether dreams are OBE's or OBE's are dreams has remained a debated issue from the earliest to most contemporary researchers in the field. Certainly, dreams and OBE's share some characteristics (e.g., they are both altered states of consciousness), but can you have one without the other? Perhaps, like a Janus mask, only one presents itself to consciousness at a time, but is still a single experience.

"Frederik Van Eeden (1913) began to study his dreams in 1896. He concluded he had a 'dream body' and that he could 'remember as clearly the action of the dream-body as the restfulness of the physical body.' He did not classify dreams as OBE's, but did speak about a continuum of dreaming from floating and flying to lucid dreams, then emphasized the distinct sensation of having a body in certain dreams."¹ I suspect that this is the key to the debate: body awareness and the different nuances of awareness of the body in regular, lucid and OBE dream experiences.

In Robert Monroe's early research and experimentation with OBE's, he found the natural occurrence rare, but formulated methods to induce the event and be able to leave the body "at will." He claimed we all have a Second Body and could venture into the world outside detached from the physical body at rest. This is not unlike lucid dreaming□ having an awareness of self in dreams and of a dream experience that can be induced with consciousness methods. Further, Monroe talked about 'vibrations' preceding the OBE□ that a physical sensation appeared to act as the propelling signal that the Second Body was about to separate.²

The following account is one that could be defined as lucid, hypnagogic or as having characteristics of an OBE:

"I usually don't take naps because I feel 'drugged' when I awaken, and it interferes with my sleep patterns. I'm a deep sleeper and it takes tremendous energy to recover from a nap, so I rarely take one.

Anyway, after a day at the computer (which is not unusual), I was suddenly overcome with drowsiness and felt like I was falling asleep that instant. So with lights and computer left on (it was about 5:00 in the afternoon), I tumbled onto the couch in my

office and lost consciousness immediately. *It felt like I was in a centrifuge spinning and trying hard to get back into my physical body with my dream body, but couldn't. I saw my body on the couch and could see my dream body, too (which felt like it was pulling about 6 G's), and was panicked the spinning was so intense, I could not reenter my body! I was acutely aware of the sensations in my dream body and saw that I was wearing a brown medieval dress with laced bodice over a white chemise and the centrifugal force was pulling the laces open which concerned me.* Then, after several minutes that seemed like years, I jolted back in and was immediately awake. I was dizzy, disoriented and my body felt light, surreal. I rolled off the couch onto the floor, as I thought I was going to be sick and was wobbly when standing up. This whole episode occurred in a space of about 10-15 minutes. I did not have the sleep hangover feeling, and in fact, felt lighter and wonderful after I recovered my equilibrium."

Taking a look at the components of this dreamer's experience, we find a strong sense of two separate bodies. Instead of the vibrational component of which Monroe speaks, spinning occurs to propel the dreamer into an awareness of a Second Body state. While the Second Body does not leave the room in which the dreamer fell asleep, it can see that it has become two distinct bodies polarized in the same experience. The different clothing awareness may have to do with separate identities and self-perception of the dreamer. Or, perhaps the clothing was a cue, like looking for physical part of the awareness of the altered state, a 'Castenada hand.'

Kenneth Moss explained spinning as the 'vortex phenomenon,' in which there is a sensation of whirling through a vortex. "This phenomenon and various equivalents have been reported as an associated finding in a variety of situations such as near-death-experiences, out-of-body-experiences, artistic experiences, mystical experiences, hypnagogic and hypnapompic hallucinations and dreams. The vortex phenomenon may have already existed in the baseline dream or occurred as a result of an intended visualization."³

Spinning is also one of the methods used

to evoke a lucid dream state. In this dreamer's case, it emerged out of the hypnagogic experience of intense drowsiness before falling into unconsciousness. This dream also appears to be the "rare" spontaneous OBE of which Monroe talked about was life-altering and profound for the dreamer. However, there was fear present in this account and Monroe maintains the spontaneous OBE is usually a pleasant phenomenon.

In lucid dreams, however, you are aware you are dreaming and can actually exercise some control over the dream content. This did not seem to be true in this dreamer's case. In fact, there was a sense of being out of control and surprised by the suddenness and power in the event. Although it lasted only ten minutes, the dreamer was elevated and refreshed in a different way than normal after awakening to consciousness.

Ultimately, Mitchell claims that attention to the experience is crucial in differentiating ordinary dreams, lucid dreams and OBE's from one another. But even more meaningful is intention and expectancy, and it supports the idea of using techniques to evoke awareness and freedom within the dream state. She claims we can learn to discriminate between OBE's and dreams.

I conclude that they may be faces of the same event, but can only be seen one at a time. For, without entering an altered consciousness from which the dream state springs, OBE's would not occur. But it is the quality of the body state and your level of awareness throughout the experience that seems to be the differentiating key. ♡

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Have you had an interesting dream experience you would like to explore in this column? Please send to Marlene King, M.A. c/o Dream Network, or e-mail me directly at marlene@chatlink.com.

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¹ Janet Mitchell, *Is an OBE a Dream or Are Dreams Just OBE's*, Lucidity Letter, Vol. 6, Number 1, June, 1987.

² Monroe, Robert A., *Journeys Out of the Body*. Anchor Books/Doubleday: New York, 1971.

³ Moss, Kenneth, *Experimentation with the Vortex Phenomenon in Lucid Dreams*, Lucidity Letter, Vol. 4, No. 1, June, 1985.

DREAMING INSIGHTS INTO RELATIONSHIPS: ON THE JOB DREAMING

©2000 by Janice Baylis, Ph.D.



Much of adult life is spent in the workplace, so, it's no wonder about 20% of dreams deal with job concerns. Many times relationships with coworkers need attention and cause concerns. This column features both positive and negative coworker relationships as seen in dreams.

My all-time favorite example comes from Rita Dwyer, Past-President of The Association for the Study of Dreams. Here is her story in her own words as told in *Dreamtime*, Winter 2001, "Introduction: Psi Dreaming" p. 4.

"Years ago, I worked as a research chemist and would have scoffed at things psychic. All that changed when I was saved from death by a coworker, Ed Butler. He'd had recurring dreams of saving me from a laboratory accident and when it occurred in waking life, he pulled my burning body to safety, performing his heroic act without thinking, doing exactly what he had done in his dream 'rehearsals' as he calls them."

My own interest in dreams began in a similar fashion. I was car-pooling with a fellow teacher. She phoned me one morning and asked to meet me around the corner from our regular meeting spot in a corner of a store parking lot. As she was getting into my car around the corner on a residential street, we heard an enormous crash! A small, private airplane had crashed in the corner of the parking lot where we would have been. That's when she told me she'd dreamed about the crash during the previous night. Powerful, huh? Most coworker dreams aren't that dramatic, but, they are useful nonetheless.

Now some dreams about problematic coworkers. Using birth control pills prevents a relationship from coming to fruition and producing offspring. This is a dream metaphor for squelching the productivity of a business partnership. The dreamer and her friend, Jane, were working on a business project together. Male offspring in dreams often represent creative projects; males are associated with work projects and children are associated with creative production.

"Jane is a servant girl in the home of a wealthy and important family. She asks me to bring her a birth control pill. The son of the family (their potential business) is supposed to take the pill. He asks me who sent it. I explain that Jane sent it.

He says sarcastically, "That figures!"
Something about Jane is going to take a birth control pill too, so she can have

intercourse with the cousin and not get pregnant."

The opening shows the dream is about their potentially lucrative, creative project. Jane is asking the dreamer to cooperate in giving the project something to squelch its ability to produce. Jane is causin' (sounds like cousin) there to be no productivity. The dreamer broke off the partnership and went ahead successfully on her own.

A secretary was having trouble with one of the junior executives who was hired through nepotism. Her dream pointed out her two choices.

"I'm in a laundry room. The offending junior executive is there. A man I know named Mr. Wiley is standing behind him.

The washing machine has only two buttons. One, the adjustment button, is flashing. The other is a restart button."

As she read the dream, the junior executive was a wiley character. She could either adjust to this situation or restart elsewhere. She elected to change jobs.

Here is a slight twist on how dreams inform and help. The dreamer, C.S., was about to quit her good job in a medical lab. From her dream and our discussion of it, she learned that blaming her coworkers for her job unhappiness was a mistake, the fault lay elsewhere.

"It was the last hour of work (on the verge of quitting time). My long dark hair was hanging in my face, getting in the way and making it hard for me to work. I went home and cut my hair short. At the same time it turned blonde.

The next day at work everyone was admiring my new short, blonde hair.

They loved it!

A company nurse came and asked for some strands of my hair for a Petrie dish culture they were making. She was sure it would be an important healing culture. I couldn't wait for the experimental culture to grow. I was excited to see if it would produce a healing medication."

Her real hair was brown and medium in length. The long black hair represented her own long standing, negative thinking coming from her head. This interfered with her work efficiency and her coworker relationships. The

dream suggested that she cut that off AND lighten up her thinking. Her coworkers would love it and admire the change. If she would be more cultured in her thinking, it could produce a healing. She actually was able to understand and act on the dream advice.

Let's end on a positive note. Glenn, a computer technician, has a very creative idea for a technical product. He has approached a coworker, Brian, to share the idea and work it out together. The television is a symbol for Glenn's intuition by similarity of action, TV pictures and intuitions both seem to come out of thin air. A wife's womb is the place where his seed comes to fruition hence it can be a symbol for the growth and birth place of his creative seed idea. Here's Brian's dream.

"I'm at work. Another guy and I are fixing the TV set in the custodian's office. This guy's wife comes in. She's a real Wow!

The guy looks at me, winks and says, 'Let's take her!' He takes her down to the floor and offers her to me.

Next thing I know, my whole head (his thinking) is inside her. I'm looking around inside this guy's woman's womb. He taps me on the shoulder (Glenn has tapped him for technical advice). When I pull my head out the TV starts working because the guy has connected up the antenna. (There are good connections here). We're getting a pretty clear picture. The wife is talking to me. I wake up before I get what she said."

At first, Brian didn't have a clue what the dream was about. When he saw that the beginning indicated it was about a job he and another guy were doing together, he made the connection to his coworker, Glenn, and their project. The prognosis for their project is good, they are getting a clear picture.

Often the opening of a dream will indicate if it is work related. Your dreams will try to help you with coworker relationships. Let me know what clear pictures you get from your dreams. Email me at jbaylis@earthlink.net. ♡

The Man of My Dreams

©2001 Carole A. P. Chapman

Because I met my husband first in a dream, people are always asking me how to find the man or woman of their dreams.

I'm afraid it's not that easy. Dreams come out of the wild, untamed infinity of the unconscious mind which cannot be controlled in the same way we go after a goal in the physical world. Nonetheless, I would like to share with you some of the ways I've learned how to dance with the unconscious so that I receive guidance and insight in my dreams.

The unconscious needs to be welcomed. It needs to know that you like dancing and that you'd like to meet it—your very own special unconscious with all its complexes, karmic memories and biases.

Most books on working with dreams recommend that you keep a dream journal by your bed with a pen at the ready. As soon as you awaken, write your dreams down before they slip away into the clacking of the day. To show your unconscious your willingness to dance, it's also a good idea to record your dreams even if you awaken in the middle of the night. If you share your bedroom with other people and don't want to wake them by turning on the light or keeping a flashlight by the bed.

But, you say, "I don't remember my dreams." That's O.K. Even the people who easily remember dreams don't remember them every single night. Begin by noting how you feel as you wake up. Write it down. Does a color or wisp of an image linger. Write it down. Reading books on dreaming also helps as does talking about dreams... anything that sets your consciousness compass toward dream recall.

Once you're remembering dreams and writing

them down, you can begin to notice what symbols your particular unconscious uses and what they mean to you. Most dreams are symbolically about the dreamer. Working with dreams means learning about ourselves.

For example, if a dog bit you when you were a child, likely dreaming of a dog will mean something entirely different to you than it will to the person whose endearing comfort as a youngster was a big, smelly, loving, faithful beast. As you sort out your own symbols, your unconscious will see that you have come to the dance and are

standing on the dance floor waiting for a partner.

There are also many books with lists of dream symbols to quicken your associations. It also helps to look back in your journal over your dreams from about a month ago. Suddenly they make sense in light of how your life is progressing.

Besides cataloging my own personal dream symbols, I have found that my dreams often use words in clever ways. For example, the day before I'd dreamed of the man I would marry, I'd had my last date with a man who had proposed marriage to me. Although this man was a multi-millionaire and I was a struggling single mom with three children, I'd declined his proposal, because I didn't love the man. In the dream, the man I should marry was at first represented by the actor Godonuv. I realized that the dream had meant that this man may not be a multi-millionaire, but he was, nonetheless, "Godonuv" or "good enough" for me.

However, to really dance with the unconscious, you need to do more than remember, record and understand your dreams. You need to be willing to follow suggestions you've been given, always weigh-



ing the information by your innate common sense. In our awake life, we wouldn't jump off a bridge just because someone told us to. So too with dreams.

Therefore, after you've ascertained the suggestions given in your dreams are not harmful to you or anyone else, you can show your unconscious that you're humming the music by following up on your dream suggestions. During the search for my twin soul, I dreamt that I would find him, a man named Ian Finlayson, on the walkway over Toronto City Hall's skating rink.

At the time, I lived in Phoenix, Arizona. However, a year later, when I found myself in Toronto, my children cringed in embarrassment as I watched the men pass me on the overhead walkway, hoping for some sense of recognition and trying to muster my courage to ask, "Are you Ian Finlayson?" My courage never mustered. Nonetheless, I did call all the Finlayson's in the Toronto Phone Book and ask, "Is Ian there?" He wasn't.

Although this sounds crazy, it is entertaining, takes courage, and, to my mind, is no less insane than spending the evening watching stock cars crashing into themselves or mutilating parts of the body by piercing ears (myself included), tongues, bellybuttons, breasts and penises. The only difference is that millions of people watch stock car races and pierce holes in their bodies, while only a very few are doing the very hard work of learning how to unlock the great potential of their unconscious minds.

The reality is that working with dreams is somewhat like living by the rules of fairy tales. You have to be willing to do the silly tasks, like carrying the Golden Goose, to be able to win the hand of the princess. There are tests.

There is a reason for the tests. It's like a friend coming up to you on the dance floor and saying, "Do you see that tall, dark, handsome stranger over there?"

And you answer, voice a-quiver, "Yes?"

"Well, if he asked you, would you dance with him?"

You have to be willing to dance with him. After all, if I was willing to stand on the overhead walkway at Toronto City Hall, perhaps, if I was given a dream that told me a certain man was "Godonuv" for me, and then the dream showed me his house, his dog, his best friend and his work, as well as the man smiling in front of me, perhaps when I saw him the next day, I might have the guts to go up to him and say "Hello."

Unfortunately, despite my Ian Finlayson test, when I did see the man I had dreamt about, I almost fainted. For me, it took a year before I had the strength to approach the man of my dreams. In the meanwhile, I dated every other guy who asked me.

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I was afraid. But, what was I afraid of? Although we may want to work with the power of the unconscious, when it actually begins asking us to dance, i.e. cooperating with us, the great fear is that it will take us over. What scares the pants off us is that to dance with the unconscious requires that we let it lead. I feared that I might have a destiny. And I did. It's all in the book I wrote about my experiences: The Golden Ones: Bringing in a New World.

However, you don't only have to use your dreams to find your soul mate. You can also work with your unconscious to raise your children, find your right career, make a better home, travel, improve relationships and also connect with the spiritual.

Then one day, after working with your dreams for awhile, you will dream that the reason why your baby is having trouble sleeping is that he's cutting a molar. You will assume the images are symbolic and will write the dream down in your journal with all the others, noting that for you dreams of babies usually mean new beginnings. You will consult your list of dream symbols for emerging teeth. Perhaps you'll look up molars and teeth in a dream book. Then, just for fun, you'll look in your baby's mouth and low and behold, you'll see a big red lump in his gums.

That's when you'll know that you're on the dance floor whirling to the music: when the unconscious is not only working in symbols but also giving you direct knowledge about your life. Then you're well on your way to integrating the power of the unconscious with your conscious life. And someday, you just may dream about the man your should marry. Good Luck. ♡

Carole Chapman is the author of THE GOLDEN ONES: BRINGING IN A NEW WORLD, the tale of her meeting with the man of her dreams and her extraordinary experiences after marrying him. For further information, please consult www/sites.netscape.net/thegoldenones/homepage. She and her dream man have been married for seven years.

Prophetic Dreams:

Are they Real?

By Jennifer Wohl, Ph.D.



One night I dreamed...

I was moving back to the States (I'm American but I live in Canada) and wanted to say goodbye to Jeff, a man I worked with over ten years ago when I lived in Boston. He was sitting in a parked car, talking to another friend and I didn't want to disturb them, so I walked on. I started crying because I had not had a chance to say goodbye and I would soon be leaving.

Five days after I had this dream, Jeff was killed in the Kenya Air flight that crashed off the coast of Africa, killing all 169 people aboard. Coincidence? It could be, but I don't think so. I had not spoken to or dreamed about Jeff in many years. We had been congenial colleagues when we worked together, but we had not had a close relationship. If the dream was prophetic, why had it come to me?

I may never know the answer to this question, but this dream and other seemingly prophetic dreams suggest that when we sleep, we tap into a mysterious and profound universal wisdom. The dreamscape is a place where everything is possible and where the past, present, and future meet in the Now.

Of course, prophetic dreams do not become prophetic until we look back on them later. I could not have determined that the dream about Jeff was a harbinger of tragedy to come. And for every dream we have that speaks of things to come, we have probably thousands that speak only about our current inner dynamics. If I worried every time I dreamed of my separation from someone I cared about, I would be anxious indeed.


In her book *The Hidden Power of Dreams*, author Denise Linn says that any dream that allows us to look into the future, view the past, communicate with loved ones who have passed away, gain a vision, or enter into other dimensions is a 'seeing' dream. She says, "These special kinds of dreams expand your horizons into the realms beyond ordinary perception of reality. They allow you to reach below the surface of the human mind, to the place where the world is not made of separate parts but it is seamlessly joined in a rich tapestry of inter-relatedness."

Jeff was only 43 years old when he died. He had a wife and two children. And what a kind-hearted man he was. But Linn's description of 'special' dreams encourages me to think that my dream was telling me that Jeff and I were in the process of moving to different dimensions of the Universe, to different 'states.' In the world of the limitless dreamscape, Jeff and I are still part of that rich tapestry of inter-relatedness. ♡

Jennifer Wohl, M.A., currently completed a master's degree in psychology at Saybrook Graduate School in San Francisco. Her PhD is in agricultural economics. She leads dream workshops in Vancouver and offers private dream analysis sessions.

She can be reached at (604) 222-4078 or visit her website at www.dreamdetective.freesevers.com.

1. UFO Abductions



At a party or housewarming, many people present. Helping rearrange furniture for Linda. What appears to be a massive lightening flash occurs outside. We go outside to see and notice the night sky looks funny, areas of clouds with bright light behind. We see a couple sitting out, looking also at the sky, when a beam of light from the clouds envelopes them and they dissolve in the light and disappear. We walk and watch others go the same way until we are finally enveloped in light and go. It is very peaceful in the light and we feel a great sense of love but several of us are returned to Earth. We tell of the peace and love felt and not to be afraid.

I awaken in my hotel room calm but bewildered.

2 Once again I dream...

... of the cloudy sky, with lights. They are more plentiful now and those of us who came back continue to tell others to not be afraid, as the light will take them to a place of great peace and love. I want to go back but I don't seem to be able to because my task is not done. Many areas now appear in the sky with multiple rays of light. The collection process is speeding up. I run and hug a friend as he enters the light and we disappear. I am once again sent back.

I awaken and it is 3 AM and I am facing the opposite way in the bed. I must get some sleep for work. I finally get back to sleep only to dream again...

3 Larger Collection Areas

This time there are larger collection areas which seem to have platforms to step onto. I am again helping people to decide to go with the light. There seems to be more chaos around us, many are fearful but those who leave are full of happiness immediately. There are others like me on each platform with smiles of love and care on their faces helping people to step up and enter the light. I am standing with friends watching this all as the news broadcasts tell of great armies being amassed in several countries with a capacity of mass destruction. The collection process is speeding up to save the faithful for many are called but few are chosen as many refuse to take the final step into the light. I am stepping into the light to leave as all hell breaks loose on Earth. I leave with an awareness that those left behind will be engulfed in a devastating war that will destroy them all. I also feel a great outpouring of love from the light that will bring them all to eternal peace after the great cataclysm is fulfilled.

I awaken exhausted. It is 6 AM and I must get ready to go to work. I can still feel the anxiety I felt because I could not go into the light at a time of my choosing. Not in my time but in God's time I say to myself and I am at inner peace.



Gram's Gift

by Marilyn Whitehorse



I knew that she was preparing to die, my grandmother. She's always so matter-of-fact about the events in her life, I thought. And now she has summoned me here for the end.

I turned the corner in the hospital corridor, saw #224, and slipped quietly into the room. My cousin, Arlene, looked up and smiled. I smiled back and hugged her shoulder warmly as I edged past the back of her chair. I stood by my grandmother and looked at her intently. I wanted to remember every detail.

Gram was propped against a pillow that had her "handiwork"—embroidered pillowcases that someone had thought to bring from home. White sheets and spread were tucked around Gram's legs and feet. Her pink bed jacket reflected color to her softened cheeks. Her long white hair was wrapped round and round and fastened in a flat bun on top of her head. Her deep brown eyes were sparkling with love from her two grandsons, who were seated on the other side of the bed.

"Hi, Gram." I bent over the bed and gave her a hug. She turned her head and smiled as she recognized me. She reached one arm to my shoulder and the other, gently, to brush her fingertips across my face.

"I'm glad you're here, Marilyn," she said warmly. Then to everyone, "I'm glad you're all here. Now we can begin."

I squeezed back behind Arlene's chair to the empty chair near the door. As I moved my chair, Gram said, "And please close the door, dear." I nudged the door prop loose and swung the wide metal door closed. I moved my chair closer to Arlene, closer to Gram, so that I couldn't hear the muffled hospital noises.

In her straightforward manner Gram then spoke to us: "I am old. I am going to die soon. I have four gifts to bestow this afternoon—one for each of you acc-

ording to your needs. It pleases me to be able to give these gifts to you. Arlene, you're the oldest. You're first. To you I give all my money."

"But, Gram, I didn't ask for that," Arlene protested.

"I know you didn't."

"But what about the others?" Arlene nodded her head toward me and her two younger brothers across the bed. She was only trying to be fair. She didn't want to take more than was her due.

"Everyone gets a gift. Yours is my money. You have never asked me for any money and I thank you for that." Gram mused, "You and Bob raised six children and didn't ever ask for a penny of help. I can't even say that about one of my own daughters." She paused. "And that's why I feel—freely in my heart—to give you all my money. Because you didn't ask for it." Gram was enjoying the puzzled look on Arlene's face.

It was uncanny, really, how much the two of them looked alike—Gram and Arlene. Same square, stocky body, same small head.

It was true: Arlene had raised six children—each of them born in a different city as she traveled with her husband and their yearly newborn. Six stair steps: Gail, Lisa, Colleen, Pat, Mark and Karen.

Now Arlene clips coupons, I think to myself. She has boxes of them stacked around her house, and her idea of a good time is to go to a coupon clipping exchange party where all the ladies sit around and clip, trim, trade and file coupons like baseball cards. It sounds like a crazy idea to me, but I can not deny the fact that she paid for a trip to Europe on the money she saved from clipping coupons.

Before she clipped coupons, she sewed teddy bears, and duckies, and fishies, and I don't know what else. Before that she was a square dancer and sewed all their matching outfits. Before

that she was a Democrat. She's always been a Catholic.

The two looked into each other's eyes. Then Gram said insistently, "Go on. Take it. It's mine to give, and I give it to you." Then softer, "Please allow me to give this gift to you."

Arlene could tell that even though Gram had softened her voice, she did not intend to be humored. Seriously, in a quiet voice, Arlene replied, "OK, Gram. Whatever you say. I'll take the money. Thank you."

"There, that's better." Gram turned to Paul. "Paulie, you're next."

Arlene had set the precedent Gram seemed to want established. Paul replied, "Yes, Gram."

It was uncanny, really, how much Gram and Paul were alike. Gram loved to have people around. She was always thinking of ways to include people in her activities. "Don't you think we should invite Mrs. Bivins along on our ride this afternoon?" Gram would be likely to say. Paul, Paul is the same way. He's the first one to think to include someone else. Both of them traveled in the midst of a nucleus of people—many friends, many parties, many celebrations. They both liked to sit at a table groaning with food they had prepared. The more the merrier. There was always laughter and crazy, fun times. Paul and Gram also shared their dry, wry sense of humor. Quick, lightening quick minds with just a dash of pepper: finely tuned, hit-the-nail-on-the-head sarcasm: gently delivered, but right on the money.

But, you had to be quick around Paul. He was always on the go. He had a personal saying, "Lead, follow, or get out of the way." And Paul was always the leader; people naturally deferred to him. He was well respected in his professional career and had made a name for himself in the field of elementary education, not only with the administration, but

also with the teachers as being a principal who could still relate to classroom situations.

"You and Shirley have raised your own family of six," Gram said. And of course, Paul could not have done without his wife, Shirley. She was his perfect compliment. Where he was speedy and snappy, she was slow and easy—unflappable. Two people going through life at different speeds, yet somehow able to mesh perfectly their lives. They had always been right for each other. As soon as they met in college, everyone knew they were destined to be together for the rest of their lives: like two gears, going at different speeds, but meshing for the best results.

Gram continued, "You have made a success of your life as a teacher and principal. You and Shirley have worked hard. You have many guests and friends—your house is full of joy and laughter. So, you shall have the comfort of my city house and everything in it."

Surprised, but pleased, Paul nodded his head and smiled at Gram. Priceless antiques, china, silver, crystal and a large city house transferred to Paul's hands. "Thank you, Gram."

We were all catching on to what Gram was up to with her gifts, so the next came as no surprise. "Jim, you're the farmer. You've always been—since you were a little one. You used to ride around on the tractors and farm equipment almost before you could walk. The highlight of your young life was harvest: all the men and equipment and excitement. You were a young one to get out in the fields doing a man's work, but it's what you've always done." Gram eyed her grandson fondly. "And your compassion for animals...you've always had a hand with animals... like your grandfather. He was always good with

animals, especially horses. And you, Jim, who talks to cats and dogs and cows like they were people. And your dogs—you've always had three or four dogs trailing you around— always big ones—big hair shadows loping over the hills behind your pickup." Gram paused. "It was you—you're the one who has taken over the responsibilities of the Bernard Ranch. It was all we had—it was all Will and I knew: the ranch and our four daughters. And you're the one who, with your interest and hard work, has kept the land in the family for almost a century. So I give the land to you, Jim."

Jim stared at his hands and picked the dirt under his nails. Gram was right. It was true. He had worked hard to make a living, a life for himself and his family on the ranch. It had always been his life. It was just that he should receive the gift he had already been working for. Proudly, Jim whispered, "Thanks, Gram."

Gram turned to me. "And my last gift is for you, Marilyn, the baby of my grandchildren." She smiled solicitously. "What is it that you'd like?"

I was stunned. I couldn't, for the life of me, think what other material possession she had that she could give me. She had already given away her money, her city house, and her ranch. The other gifts had been fair, been just. All was handed out as was deserved, in my mind.

I remembered a story I had written once as a little kid—I was always writing stories—it was about three of Gram's prize Rhode Island Red hens. And I remembered a faded photograph: Gram and I were sitting on her back step, she holding a hen in her lap and I gently petting the chicken. On the back of the photograph, my mother had copied a poem I had written later that day:

when i was three
my grandmother
taught me
to be
quiet
enough
to pet a chicken.

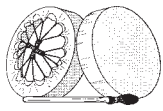
I didn't know what to say, but I knew I had to say something. "Oh, I don't know," I started. "I don't know." I searched my soul—feelings from my heart rose up and came spilling out my mouth. "All I really ever wanted to do was write." I was surprised by my own honesty. I couldn't see what good it would do to admit my writing urge. My writing urge, which was becoming more of an insistence as the years wore on. Something I finally had to do—I could not postpone it any longer. It was a major portion of myself I had to realize in this lifetime. To fail to act, for whatever reason, was to admit defeat and to go down in bitter failure at the end of my life. But, these were private thoughts, hinted at to no one. I still didn't see what good it would do to admit my writing urge. How could she help? "Just to write...." I shrugged my shoulders.

"Yes, dear. I know. What I have given away today is within my power to grant. And I grant you the power of my birthstone." She slipped her ring off her finger. "Gemini, the communicator." She tossed the ring toward me. I caught it and looked in her eyes. Her heart touched my heart, her soul embraced my soul. She winked, and as she winked she said, "So write...."

I did not know, until morning, that I had dreamed. ♡

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