

Dreams & 9.11

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# Dream Network

*A Journal Exploring Dreams*  
Since 1982

## Dream Perspectives

*Curtiss Hoffman*  
*Amy & Amy Mindell*  
*Robert Moss*  
*Jeremy Taylor*  
*Rosemary Watts*



# Statement of Purpose

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## Dream Network

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Dream Network

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# Table of Contents

## Dreaming Humanity's Path

- 19 Terrorist Attack  
21 The Third Wave

## FOCUS: 9-11-2001: Dreamworld Perspectives

- 9 A Walk Through the Valley of Shadows: Dreams of 9-11  
*by Curtiss Hoffman*
- 14 Cassandra's Gift  
*by Sarah Shadowitz*
- 16 Twin Towers of Mystery  
*by Carmela Tal Baron*
- 18 Model Soldiers  
*by Robert Moss*
- 22 Wave of Spirits:  
*What I Witnessed on the Inner Planes*  
*by P.M.H. Atwater, L.H.D.*
- 24 "Angels Come Forth"  
*Song composed by Phyl Sheridan*
- 25 Dreaming For Peace  
*by Rosemary Watts*
- 28 And The Shadow of This Hatred  
*Poetry by David Sparenberg*
- 29 Dreamwork & Collective Trauma:  
*Unconscious Elements in Public Debate*  
*by Jeremy Taylor*
- 32 Dreams of Terror, Dreams of Healing  
*by Robert Moss*
- 37 Moonlist Landscape (10-1983)  
*Poetry by Loretta Anawalt*
- 38 Mirror ↔ Shadow  
*by Sandy Sela-Smith*
- 42 Short Recipe for Resolving  
Conflict Crises  
*by Drs. Amy + Arny Mindell*

## Features

- 4 Editorial
- 5-8 Responses: Letters from You!
- 45 Book Review *by Dick McLeester*
- 46 DreamTimes *by Marlene King*
- 48-51 Networkers/Dream Groups/Classified

## Upcoming Focus

for Volume 21 No.1

Dream Gifted Music,  
Precognitive Dreams &  
Creative Dream-Art  
Responses to  
Current Events

Timeline: 4 Weeks  
after you receive  
this issue.

## About Our Featured Artist



Tony Macelli is an artist, writer and a freelance consultant in the areas of education, development work and planning, has been working with UNESCO and until recently was advisor to the Minister of Education. He lives on the Mediterranean island of Malta with his wife Nora, who is CEO of a parastatal educational Foundation working with children having learning difficulties and their families. Together they have worked in several developing countries, especially India, as innovative local development workers, managers, and trainers. He obtained four degrees from three universities in mathematics, physics, community development, and systems analysis of human settlements.

His current interests include developing educational approaches that can attack poverty, as distinct from helping the poor, and he welcomes information and suggestions from anyone in this direction. He has made book-covers and other artwork, and would like to collaborate on dream-related or similar projects to illustrate articles or books. His art includes whimsical and dream-like pieces, spiritual-mystical inspirations, and colourful landscapes. Contact him on ICQ 117594388.

Email Tony Macelli: [tonynora@maltanet.net](mailto:tonynora@maltanet.net)

# Editorial



The intent of this issue is Healing. We have all been deeply wounded and in the wounding lies the Rx for healing. The response of P.M.H. Atwater (p. 22), Rosemary Watts (p. 25) and Phyl Sheridan (p. 24) to the attacks on 9.11 are examples of incredibly creative and healing remedies. In crisis, we are ‘cracked open;’ the doors of perception are flung wide and the deep material which most often becomes available in dreams is more readily available.

“Nothing Happens Unless First a Dream.”  
Carl Sandburg

Years ago—specifically while attending a conference in Toronto, Canada, “World Symposium on Humanity”—I came to realize that everything manifest was first a dream, an idea, intangible. Everything. All the way back to the Beginning. Creation. Joseph Campbell’s elaboration on the similarity of mythic motifs around the planet, supported by Carl Jung’s theory on the collective unconscious, clicked permanently into place for me.

What, then, is it in the collective psyche that has brought about the undesirable events—wars... on poverty, drugs, the environment and now, on terrorism—that have been unfolding and escalating over the past decades? Centuries?

Perhaps if we *listen* carefully to the dreams in this issue we may begin asking new questions (and discover solutions): What are we to learn from the incredible number of precognitive dreams reported regarding the attack on 9-11? How does the Creator—with out and within—decide who to convey these dream messages through? And how are we to take positive advantage of this foreknowledge?

The contents of this issue provide ample evidence it exists.

How can we cooperate to bring all the pieces of this vast, mysterious puzzle together and put it

to positive use?

Consider one dreamers’ comment after awakening from *Terrorist Attack*, a dream she had in 1981, “This is not just a dream! It is a warning!! I feel very scared about the world situation and all of the violence.” (p. 19) and the poetry by Loretta Anawalt, (p. 37) inspired by a dream in 1983. Consider most of the dreams reported in this issue.

Many of the authors herein are making urgent requests. I quote: “Within 24 hours of the terror attacks, dreamers from around the world shared dozens of dreams with me that appeared to contain highly specific previews of the disasters; several of the most specific dreams had actually been shared by email over the month before the calamity, so there was no doubt about the accuracy of the reporting. The urgency of developing a discipline of dreaming—to identify and clarify possible precognitive messages in dreams, and to share the information in a helpful and timely way—is now abundantly clear” (from Robert Moss, p. 32); “For those who have had dreams during the past 10 years connected to the events leading up to Sept. 11th attacks and would like to have them considered for Dream Times or an anthology...” (p. 47); “... call together a group effort of dreamers and other sensitive souls—like healers—who join together—perhaps on-line, perhaps through an internet bulletin board monitored by a few people—as an Early Warning System for our civilization.” (from Casandra’s Gift, p. 15); and perhaps most importantly, from Rosemary Watts (p. 27) “So let us unite as peaceful dreamers.”

This is an exceptional phenomena! What is the root desire being so passionately expressed?

Our inclusion of visions in each issue—*Dreaming Humanity’s Path*—is one way of responding. However, due to the time sensitive nature of many predictive dreams, this publication clearly cannot respond adequately.

Therefore, I, here, put out a call: that we create a collaborative

effort, choose a center, a matrix, and gather all the dreams and intuitions related to this and future events, follow up in whatever ways we are guided through avenues that are revealed. I don’t suggest *Dream Network* be that center, but rather offer to help coordinate and manifest it.

A monumental undertaking, but I question whether this IS, in fact, what we are being Called to do. I believe we are now, collectively, in possession of information that represents a significant breakthrough insofar as ‘Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture,’ our purpose and goal. This ‘wake-up call’ may well be The event(s) that convince the masses as to the incredible wisdom and value in dreams. Perhaps then, what Jung said 60 years ago will no longer so pitifully apply and we shall be, by far, more prosperous—and secure—culturally:

“The psyche is the greatest of all cosmic wonders and the *sine qua non* of the world as an object. It is in the highest degree odd that Western man, with but very few exceptions, apparently pays so little regard to this fact. Swamped by the knowledge of external objects, *the subject of all knowledge has been temporarily eclipsed* to the point of seeming non-existence.” Carl G. Jung 1946

In addition to the creative works and articles containing valuable perspectives and dreams, there are several sharings in this journal which deviate from our typically ‘subject specific’ theme. For example, the articles by Ms. Atwater (p. 22), Dr. Sandy Sela-Smith (p. 38), Drs. Amy & Arny Mindell (p. 42). All are borne of this crisis, therefore they are included... and may we all heal. To Curtiss Hoffman, who wrote in mid-September suggesting we focus this issue on 9-11, to our featured artist, Tony Macelli, to all contributors and each of you reading these words, thank you for believing and may you have a most productive, creative, transformative New Year. ♡

# LETTERS, DREAMS & Responses



## The Answer, From a Child

My daughter Aine and I were walking in the woods today playing a game. She was pretending that there were monsters in the forest and that they were coming to eat us. We had to be vigilant. We had to defend ourselves.

I asked her “What is the plan? What are we going to do if we see one of the monsters?”

She replied, “Feed them.”

“Feed them?” I said.

“Yes,” she said. “If we feed them they won’t want to eat us.”

Take that \$40 billion and spend it in every neighborhood in the world. Put the world to work growing food, healing people, restoring land and water, building communities, creating the thin fibers of connection between peoples, families, communities, cities, nations....

“If we feed them they won’t want to eat us.” Can you think of a better form of security?

Chris

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## ‘Seeing’ It Happen

I’m usually out of bed early, but on Tuesday, September 11, I just didn’t want to get up. I slept past my five o’clock alarm. I slept past Norma’s six o’clock alarm. I didn’t wake up until 8:20; later than I’d slept in years. As I shuffled to the bathroom, I recalled bits and pieces of the unsettling dream I’d just had.

*I was in a big city, its skyline dominated by a towering skyscraper.*

*I heard a huge explosion and, looking up, saw the top of the tower enveloped by a mushroom cloud. I raced into the lobby to find out what*

*had happened. People were running frantically in all directions.*

*A reporter told me the explosion was the work of a religious cult.*

That’s when I woke up. I had no idea what the dream meant. I took a shower and got dressed. I turned on the radio.

Never, before September 11 have I had so eerily prophetic a dream. Then again, never since the Cuban missile crisis, have we been so dangerously close to a world war. I hope I’m wrong about that. Three weeks after the attacks, the president’s advisors are still undecided what to give the county for Christmas; wars come in so many shapes and sizes. So I pray to be wrong—as wrong as I was the last day of 1999, expecting a worldwide computer crash that never occurred. All I know is this: On September 11, with a clash of cymbals, the curtains came down on a strange new world. A handful of terrorists, armed with nothing but knives and box cutters, brought down the tallest buildings in New York. In a country where size counts, the World Trade Center was a symbol of this nation’s unbelievable wealth, its enormous power, and, let’s face it, its manhood. Now, the United States is going to war to avenge a wound that can’t be healed. The people are dead; the towers are gone.

Sy Safransky, Chapel Hill, NC  
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## No Matter What

You asked for some dreams or spiritual messages related to what is happening now. In July, one day in the evening being with my children, who were playing and shouting like crazy, and with my husband who was listening together with me to this beautiful song “The Prayer” performed by Celine Dion

and Andrea Bocelli I suddenly felt, in the middle of all this noise and to my complete surprise, the presence of the Christ Consciousness, first in front of me and then surrounding me with a strong feeling of unconditional love. I got kind of paralyzed, thinking at the same time it was a bad moment to have a contact of this kind because of the circumstances I was in, and then I heard the following:

*“I want you to know that in the near future, mankind is going to go under a great shock. The events will take place in one specific place, but will be known all over the world and will affect the whole world. I want to tell you that no matter what the consequences are, you have to make a conscious effort to maintain your hope, faith and courage. I want you to know also that when this comes to its end, you will all realize that this was the best thing that could have happened to mankind, even though from your human point of view, it could be looked at as something terrible. But my main message to you is to keep always your hope, faith and courage, no matter what.”*

I want to spread this message coming: **No Matter What Finally Happens, Please Keep Your Faith, Hope and Courage.**

*In Love and Light Sofia, Chile, S.A.*  
zadquiel@chilesat.net

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## Healing the Towers

Perhaps starting to envision an alternative future can help us think about something other than war. Here is a seed. I hope it takes root in your own imagination.

Out of ashes and rubble rises a Memorial:

In a parklike setting, two large shallow pools of water, square and offset from each other like the footprints of the two towers that once stood here. Each is bordered

by a twenty foot wide strip of "rockgarden" made from rubble left of the World Trade Center. There are low, wide bridges across, so you can reach the water.

Between the pools stands a simple sanctuary, built of stone and steel.

The slanted ceiling is pierced with long skylights which allow light to enter from above. A huge, many-armed, spiral-galaxy shaped mandala is set in the floor below. It is made of irregular shaped glass tiles, and each tile bears the portrait and name of one who perished on September 11, 2001. Invisible spotlights under the floor slowly wander and illuminate the faces on the transparent tiles, like dappled sunlight in a forest. Visitors walk between the spiral arms on slightly sunken paths (as if walking a labyrinth) while contemplating the faces, watching the highlights come and go. You can reach down and touch the faces... .

All the paths come together in the center of this mandala. There stands an altarstone with an eternal flame. On the stone surface, curving away from the flame are two carved spirals. One is formed by the words WE ARE ONE repeated in English, Japanese, Yoruba, Russian, French, Farsi, ... and every other language spoken by those who are being memorialized. The other line is formed by the words Mother Father Sister Brother also in every language.

One wall of the sanctuary bears an inscription: "On September 11, 2001, men blinded by religious fanaticism murdered thousands here. Out of this horror were born great acts of courage and nobility, and a new sense of unity. This shrine honors those who died, and those who sacrificed of themselves to help the survivors. Peace to All."

Water, like flowing tears, washes over the inscription, lending its sound. There are a few stone benches, but no other furnishings or decorations other than the light and the shadows. The park is planted with shade trees. Towards the river is a long, low and wide wall. It is also inscribed with names. People leave flowers and offerings here, and can then stand and contemplate the sky

and the river and the Statue of Liberty.

The border of the park towards Wall Street and the rest of Manhattan is formed by a series of gradually rising, terraced buildings. These white buildings stand out against the old, jagged skyline behind them. They house only International organizations dedicated to promoting peaceful cooperation in healthcare, agriculture and education.

Peter E. Carels  
carelspe@muohio.edu

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### National Nightmare Hotline

1-866-DRMS911

The Association for the Study of Dreams (ASD) has joined with www.cyberdreamwork.com to create a National Nightmare Hotline for adults and children impacted by the New York/D.C. disaster. Skilled professionals will be available on phones 24 hours a day to debrief adults and children on their nightmares.

These kinds of dreams have an enormous impact on all of us. Nightmares are ordinary events after great traumatic disasters. They serve to digest the horrific events. Just telling them to someone may have a positive effect on an individual's sense of well being.

This hotline, however, is not a counseling line. If desired, we will refer anyone to a counselor after discussing their nightmare(s).

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### Precognitive Dreams

9-4-01 to 9-11-01

It took me some time to deal with the horrific events which shook our nation to the core and shattered some of our basic assumptions about life in this country. May our leaders and all of us find the wisdom and collective will to move beyond the pain and anger into new and constructive ways of dealing with the situation which has, I believe, many roots in poverty and despair... always fertile ground for fanaticism and

greed for power. We must inquire into causes and reflect on the collective shadows.

For some time, I've sensed an increase in energy impacting earth, as well as what I call Presences from a higher plane of existence. After the disaster, I became aware of the absolute necessity of *not* allowing negativity any space, but rather to align with the Powers of Light and Love, calling on them to impact human minds and hearts, heal the wounds and guide the souls of those who lost their lives. This was very strongly impressed upon me. This is, I believe, a momentous time in human history whose effects will be far-ranging.

Here are some dreams, including comments, I wrote down prior to events on September 11th. At the time, I could not understand why suddenly such darkness was appearing in the dreams, because it did not connect to anything I was aware of in waking life.

#### The Dread-Full Room (9-4-01)

*I stand at a sort of edge. Before and somewhat below me is a room I must cross. It is dark, filled with something awful and the thought of having to cross it fills me with dread. But cross it I must for beyond it on the other side is my family.*

I woke up still feeling engulfed by a dark cloud which became very heavy and did not lift all day. Both my husband and I experienced a deep and most unpleasant depression, neither being able to help the other. So we tried to grin and bear it. Next day it was gone.

#### Perilous Journey (9-8-01)

*I sit in the front seat of a tour bus driving along a coastal road. The ocean is below to our left, to our right are rugged mountains. Soon the road begins to narrow to one lane as we continue our journey, then the pavement gives way to gravel. Soon there's barely enough room for the bus. The driver*



*accelerates instead of stopping to inspect what's ahead. I can't believe my eyes and expect to be hurled into the depth any time for around a curve the entire left side of the road has eroded. Still we go on. Soon the road disappears altogether and accelerating even more, the bus takes off and moves down to the shore descending gently on the shallows. I'm stunned. Before us is a small resort consisting of a few buildings right at the edge of the water. I find out that the driver, a very young man, was born with a special gift for driving, though now even he seems somewhat shaken by the turn of events. Then a woman picks up newborn twins one of whom is far advanced beyond his biological age, growing by the minute and alert while the other seems very small and needy. But no, I'm mistaken. He, too, is rapidly maturing. Now I'm walking around looking for a safe road to continue our journey. I climb a hill and wonder where the rough road, more like tracks up the hill, would lead us and if we should dare to take it.*

Rough road ahead, it seems. The bus may be more than just my personal vehicle. Does it refer to the collective? What's ahead no one knows. But there seems to be someone in charge who is up to the task and the twins are hopeful signs as well.

Are my dreams of impending disaster... a foreboding of what was to happen in New York and Washington? Is the mighty dead tree surrounded by the insensitivity of our 'concrete' mind a warning to our nation? I've been learning how to feel the energy of trees; the dream uses the symbol of concrete and its deadly effects on the energy of life/chi. Somewhere in this time period, I saw in a dream very clearly *a plane about to run into a building* and dismissed

that as nothing noteworthy to write down. Something was in the air prior to the horrendous events of 9-11. I'm stunned and numb.

Gudrun Weber, Portland, OR  
Email: GudiWeb@aol.com

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## 911: The Power of the Images

As a metaphor analyst, I want to talk about the power of the images. The images we see and recall interact with our system of metaphors. The results can be powerful.

There are a number of metaphors for buildings. A common visual metaphor is Buildings Are Heads, where windows and doors are openings in the head like eyes, nose, and mouth. For many people, this metaphor interacted with the image of the plane going into South Tower of the World Trade Center, producing via visual metaphor the unconscious, but powerful image of a bullet going through someone's head, the flame pouring from the other side blood spurting out. Tall buildings can, via visual metaphor, be people standing erect. For many the falling of the towers activated this metaphor. Each tower falling was a body falling. We are not consciously aware of the metaphorical images, but they are part of the power and the horror we experience when we see them.

Each of us, in the prefrontal cortex of our brains, has what are called "mirror neurons." Such neurons fire either when we perform an action or when we see the same action performed by someone else. There are connections from that part of the brain to the emotional centers. Such neural circuits are believed to be the basis of empathy. This works literally when we see a plane coming toward the building and imagine people in the building, we feel the plane coming toward us; when we see the building toppling toward others, we feel the building toppling toward us. It also works metaphorically: If we see the plane going through the building, and we unconsciously metaphorize the building as a head with the plane going through its temple, then we

sense, unconsciously but powerfully, being shot through the temple. If we metaphorize the building as a person and see the building fall to the ground in pieces, then we sense, again unconsciously but powerfully, that we are falling to the ground in pieces. Our systems of metaphorical thought, interacting with our mirror neuron systems, turn external literal horrors into felt metaphorical horrors.

The physical violence was not only in New York and Washington. Physical changes, violent ones, have been made in the brains of all Americans.

*George Lakoff is Professor of Linguistics at the University of CA at Berkeley. He is the author of Moral Politics (U. of Chicago Press, 1996).*

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## Requesting Input

I am writing in order to share two dreams, really nightmares, that I have had recently. I was living in Pennsylvania actually packing my household for a move to Florida. On the night of September 7, 2001, I dreamt a very unusual dream in that it was composed mainly of physical sensations.

*I am standing somewhere. I can feel the ground beneath my feet. It is dark with a grey mist. I begin to feel the earth move beneath my feet. I am trying to keep my balance. I am thinking it is an earthquake. Next, there is a loud boom, very powerful, very loud. I feel a huge impact to my chest. I cannot see its origin. I am shaking in fear and...*

... wake up very distraught, shaking and sweating. Two days later, on the 8th of September, we left for Florida in our rented truck. I had never seen the coast along Interstate route 95 to Florida. It impressed me and I thought, "Wow, how big the U. S. is; no one could attack us! Our shoreline is so long; we are so big."

We arrived at our rented home in Florida on September 9, exhausted. That night, I dreamt...

*It is very dark again, and cold. I can see other people huddled together in groups. They look frightened and lost. Some soldiers come in. They start to give out food but there is not enough to go around. The people are begging for the food. The soldiers start to beat the people with their gun butts. I start screaming and begging them for our lives, but then they start to shoot us. The soldiers are completely unreason-able and insensitive. No matter what argument I try, they will not listen and continue to beat and shoot the people. I am thinking they are barbarians, uncivilized and without pity."*

I awaken, again in shock and trembling. I am afraid to go back to sleep and wonder if these dreams can really be mine? Can they be coming from my unconscious? Is there some compensatory reason for them? I have journaled my dreams for twenty years and I have led dream groups for years and was ready to accept it if it was my issue. I prayed and asked the question, "Are these dreams for me, about me?" the answer was immediate: No! They are not personal. O.K., then, that would mean the dreams had a bigger application or purpose. It was difficult to think about what they meant for humanity, especially since the second dream seemed to be set in a concentration camp. Something catastrophic, something leading to our being imprisoned by cruel and unfeeling captors?

Tuesday, September 11, standing in the midst of unpacked boxes, I turned on the television to see the second plane crash into the World Trade Center's 2nd tower.

I am open to any interpretations. Thank you for this opportunity to share my dreams.

*Eleonora V. Marinaro, 10231 Oak Hill Drive Port Richey, FL 34668 (727) 697-2763*

## The Tree of Life

This poem is about my dream. The part about the tree was very real to me. I felt as if it truly existed (between dimensions somewhere, perhaps) and that it was an entity that actually spoke in a telepathic method. Of course, I understood that there was symbolism, but I also felt something more than that in this particular dream. I even saw seed pods on the tree, sort of the shape of acorn squashes. They seemed absolutely magical. Like the origin of life itself.

Can anyone explain my dream to me?

### Poetry Painting and the Dream (or The Tree of Life Dream)

every poem is a dream  
 every dream is poetry  
 in my poem, I painted  
 and the dreams were true  
 the pictures spoke to me  
 while hanging on the wire  
 some were gentle flowing breeze  
 and some were crackling fire  
 there were children's gentle smiles  
 and winding water - river's peace  
 suddenly, I see one painting  
 tower up above the rest  
 a tree that spoke and  
 leaves were glitter  
 "I am the Tree of Life," it said  
 "I live between the time you know -  
 and the earth that was your past,  
 I bridge the now with what will come  
 and speak to life and all who know  
 it through my roots into creation."

I understood and lightning fast  
 the knowledge of its life was given  
 until I woke and could not remember  
 the secrets of eternal living.

*J. Timothy Dodson, Box 5632,  
 Farmington, NM 87499*

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### Excellent Focus

Let the events of 9/11 be the messenger. We cannot solve global problems at the same level of consciousness that created them. Here, I am dreaming into radical changes in individual, collective and global consciousness. Peace,

*Frances Ring, Boca Raton, FL*

## Dream Network's

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# A Walk Through the Valley of Shadows

## Dreams of 9.11

by Curtiss Hoffman

**L**ike a solar eclipse, the tragic attacks of September 11th have cast a great shadow over the United States, and, indeed, the entire civilized world. As active dreamworkers, we all need to become familiar with Shadow and its ways, both within our own psyches and within the collective consciousness of humankind. We are also called upon to look at the events of the waking world as if they, too, are part of the collective dream which the world soul is dreaming. Though it is hard to do, we can summon up the courage to ask the same question of humanity which we ask ourselves of our personal nightmares: "What is knocking so loudly at our door right now; to what have we not paid enough heed that it must shake us so violently to get our attention?" In hopes of offering some illumination, I have decided to share some dreams around this incident, both my own and those of several people

with whom I regularly share dreams. Continuing with the metaphor of an eclipse, I suggest that important events like those of 9/11 cast their Shadows both forwards and backwards in time; they have a penumbra which may adumbrate our dreaming far in advance; the full umbral time immediately around them is particularly charged with Shadow energy; and eventually we emerge from the event into its penumbra again and, hopefully, out of the Shadow and *into the Light*.

### *Dreaming into the Penumbra: What the Mother Wants (7-28-99)*

*My spiritual teacher has died, and his wife organizes a ceremony for his passage. This consists of people driving many cars into a central place in downtown Manhattan*

where his tomb is to be. They come from the four directions, forming a swastika. The cars are of the four elemental colors, one for each arm of the swastika: red (south), blue (west), yellow (east), and green (north). I drive a gold car which approaches from the east and south, representing the Air element. This ceremony relates to the need to serve the earth and to listen to Her needs.

### *Terrorism in Manhattan (7-28-99)*

I am the mastermind of a terrorist plot to blow up buildings in Manhattan. There are 4 or 5 younger men in the plot with me. I devise a complex recipe for the explosive and send them out to get the ingredients. These include tofu and some other foods, as well as white nitrate powder. When they return, we mix all of these into a paste and form it into a large thin sheet which we cut into rectangular pieces. We will plant these at various sites. A young red-haired woman observes us bringing some of these up out of our basement headquarters into a public square with shallow steps. She keeps asking us what we're doing -- this could blow our plot open. As we move uptown, leaving rectangles behind, the other plotters become more nervous that we'll be caught. One of them wants to escape across the East River via a rising bridge. I try to hold them to our purpose, but they are afraid and eventually we all scatter into the Muslim Quarter without having activated any of the devices . . . We run to the rising bridge -- the Queensboro -- and catch hold of one end of the rusted metal rectangular platform just as it is beginning to lift off. We can cross the river by swinging arm over arm on the underside of the bridge.

**Comments:** These first two dreams are mine. Aside from both being set in and around Manhattan, and both being dreamt on the same night, they did not seem to have any relationship to each other, and I interpreted them separately. What I understood from the first dream was that there is an order and progression to our movements on the earth. I realized from the dream that, rather than concentrating upon our transitory nature only, we need to listen to what the earth itself might ask of us. This may be "what the Mother wants." Though it was perverted by the Nazis into a symbol of evil, the swastika is primarily a symbol of the whirling of energy, in this case perfectly balanced through ritual patterns. The second dream was more difficult, since I had taken on the very negative persona of a Muslim terrorist. It seemed to be a chaotic inversion of the orderly ritual of the previous one. At the time, I actually associated the dream with the previous plot to blow up the World Trade Center. There are many rectangles in this dream, so -- as in the preceding dream -- I associated this

action with completing the Jungian quaternion. In retrospect, I now observe that the flight pattern of the two jets which attacked the World Trade Center did resemble half of a swastika, and of course the attack was associated with the Air element and resulted in the closing off of the bridges out of Manhattan. The arm-swinging motif may relate to the "Fighting Monkeys" dream later in this article.

### *Egyptian Dream (2-20-01)*

I walk for hours through a tropical paradise in ancient Egypt. The pyramids are magnificent; the paintings on their outside walls are awesome and regal. A painting of Isis stretches from one side to another. It looks as if her eyes are watching over me, protecting me, guiding me. Her eyes face north to the city of Rhakotis as I travel there. I feel that great wars and victories will happen here. It is a magical place. Fish are very strongly associated with this town. Then I see black clouds moving in from the north over the sea. Every time the lightning flashes I see visions; the town being torn apart, and being rebuilt bigger and grander. I see the streets paved with gold only to be stolen, the streets turning to rivers of blood, innocent blood. I see fires, hear screams, smell the burning buildings. Then the storm relaxes its hold over the village, the visions stop, and it looks fine. I am sweating, heart racing. I run to tell everyone I see of the dangers I witnessed, but no one wants to listen.

**Comments:** The dreamer in this case is a man who has strong affinities for ancient Egyptian religion and culture. He associated the burning city with Alexandria but after the 9/11 attack, he and I independently realized that it could also be a premonition of the events in New York, the modern Alexandria, complete with the Fulton Street fishmarket which is in the same part of Manhattan as the Trade Center. And of course the Pentagon is located in Alexandria, Virginia! Several of the 9/11 terrorists were Egyptian nationals. The final scene in the city presents another version of the problem I noted above: if we do act on our prodromal dreams, will others who have not had these premonitions believe us?

### *If the South Had Won the War (6-16-01)*

I am reading an alternative history novel about the Civil War. In eastern Virginia, a Union commander has a very important message to get back to Washington, one which could decisively change the course of the war. If they approve his plan, it will result in a swift Union victory. He sends a young soldier as a courier. The man is a tireless runner. Night is falling, and he ducks behind a hedgerow to get some sleep. He figures that he will be able to reach Washington later that night. What the reader

knows but the runner doesn't is that the Confederates have developed jet aircraft and they have just bombed Washington in a surprise attack. They have destroyed its defenses and they are now marching to take over the ruins. When the young man continues on his way, he is now in urban outskirts and is surprised to see many automobiles driving in the opposite direction along the main highway. These are refugees from the city. He decides to stop at a bar to get some news. The bar patrons are all Union men.

They are suspicious of him, especially when he gives his name as Brischer. They think he's Jewish, and they associate Jews with the Confederacy. He proves to them that he's of solid German ancestry and they accept him. They turn to watch a black/white newsreel on the fall of Washington playing on the bar's screen. He is shocked!

He asks what happened to the government. One of the older men tells him that they moved it to Philadelphia a while ago -- apparently they were prepared for this attack.

The newsreel goes on to predict future Confederate victories at Philadelphia and other northern cities, and lastly at New York. That is the end of the war, but the Confederates are not going to stop there. They invade other countries and establish programs of mass executions to crush resistance. They devise methods of killing large numbers of people in cars (old 1920's models).

In Germany, one man escapes one of these car bombings. It is Adolf Hitler, in full Nazi uniform. He has devised an even better method of extermination, which he will sell to the Chinese -- the last holdouts from the Confederates' world domination.

**Comments:** This is another dream of mine, a deeply disturbing one. Like many people on 9/11, the folks in the bar are getting their news from the television screen. I felt strongly identified with Brischer, even though in fact I am of Jewish ancestry. In many of my dreams, the South represents the unconscious, and the Confederates (like the Nazis) are dangerous, uncontrolled contents emerging from it which could be destructive if the "authorities" are not contacted. What they would do if given power is to establish a rigid order which would crush all resistance much as the Taliban have done in Afghanistan. The motif of anti-Semitism which is very much a part of the propaganda of Islamic fundamentalists will recur in the next dream as well. Here the threat is from the air and accurately predicts attacks on both Washington DC and New York. There are some other prodromal elements, too: Germany is now one of the closest allies of the U.S. in its war against terrorism, and the Chinese are also helping. Some of the methods being used in that war (like "daisy cutters") are indeed far more "efficient" means of destruction."

## I'm Just a Traveler Here (7-4-01)

I am traveling on foot with another woman on a journey north, like on Manhattan to the Cloisters. We reach the place, a large and complex stone building, and go inside where there are a lot of people and activity. We are walking in an alley behind shops; it seems almost Israeli. Now I go into a ground floor apartment to meet with my Israeli ex-husband's father. He is very religious, a mild and gentle man, smiling, quiet and friendly. I notice that he has butterflies tattooed on his back, which

I admire. They look like hybrids of butterflies and flags. I see one that reminds me of the American flag. Now he peels off several layers of clothing, and among them, surprisingly, the butterfly tattoos. Beneath all this is just more skin. Now, outside, civil unrest occurs. Unruly people fill the streets. Rocks are thrown at the windows. A restless crowd is outside, muttering threateningly against "the Jews who live here.." The old man and other family members living here don't get upset about this. I am aghast! What's going on with the crowd outside? How can such primitive cruelty exist on such a large scale? I thought we had evolved beyond pogroms. The crowd's invective is clear to the ear because they have already broken out most of the glass in the largest living room window. It is shattered from thrown rocks. What can I do for my ex-husband's father and family? At least I won't walk out on them.

**Comments:** This is a dream of a woman who was quite some time ago married to an Israeli man. She comments, "I've discovered that a deep level of fear within me can disguise itself as an attitude of superiority. I feel that this connects to the 'Jewish father,' to 'the chosen ones.' America itself has this quality of 'chosen-ness' and superiority. Christianity and Islam are connected at the roots to Judaism. They emerged from it. All having the glamour of 'the superior people,' 'chosen' or 'saved' or 'the elect of God/Allah.'

The motif of the American flag (appropriate for July 4th) will recur later in this series. The dreamer questioned what flags might have to do with butterflies. She realized the following: "They are both symbols of ideals, transformation and patriotism. The ideal of changing into a 'better, higher state' a patriarchal *Maya* born from testosterone rising and falling. And one is not stuck with it, it can be removed! This is a very positive interpretation which helped her deal with the 9/11 events, when she considered them in retrospect. In a later dream from 9/16, she found herself moving away from her ex-husband and realizing that they have no future together anymore. She felt that "the recent destruction is mirrored by my own turning away from old inner alliances based on arrogance and manipulation and my willingness to seek



something new, rather than reestablish old ties and agreements."

## Into the Full Shadow

For this section, I have selected three dreams from a single dreamer, a woman of German ancestry, bridging the time just before to the time just after the incident.

### *Evil Is Approaching* (9-7-01)

*I'm in a small town in a repressive, superstitious, and rather primitive society. The town, located in a barren landscape on the side of a hill, is dismal, the buildings poorly constructed and rundown; nowhere a place of beauty to refresh mind and heart. Desolation is all around.*

*I encounter a secret brotherhood whose members are not from this society and am invited to join them because they recognize that we share a common vision of brotherhood. They have made plans to escape should our lives be endangered. Now I am walking through the village when I overhear very hateful remarks directed at gays. Approaching the speaker, an unkempt older woman surrounded by other villagers, I speak out for the need to respect human rights and the rights of homosexuals and I am met with open hostility. Then some of our group are looking down on the river below. Large, ugly creatures are approaching the little harbor. I am told that this is the avant garde of worse things to come and evil people are following in their wake. We must make our escape now.*

**Comments:** The dreamer related this scene at the time to views of Afghanistan and to the plight of the Rome in Italy and Eastern Europe. But she also felt that "something evil was coming up from the depth and I can't relate it to myself." Indeed her premonition was accurate.

## Earthquake

### *Under the Now Dead Old Tree* (9-11-01)

*There's a beautiful old tree which I want to touch and try to feel its energy. It is not easy to get to it and when I am finally able to approach it I find to my dismay that a concrete platform about 2 feet high has been constructed around its base. No tree can live and breathe under these conditions! I reach out to touch the tree, and as I look up,*

*I see the mighty trunk and limbs bare of leaves, dead. I close my eyes and concentrate on the energy, hoping that I might still feel it despite the odds. Yes, energy is rising! I feel it through my body. But it is not the tree. It's an earthquake!!! Someone says that I can go and feel the energy of a hundred-year-old fir nearby, but that is not what I came here for.*

**Comments:** The dreamer asked, "Was this and the other dreams of disaster a foreboding of what was to happen in New York and Washington today?" "Is the mighty dead tree surrounded by the insensitivity of our 'concrete' mind a warning to our nation?" The dream uses the symbol of concrete and its deadly effects on the energy of life/chi. The day before I'd seen in a dream very clearly as a plane was about to run into a building and dismissed that as nothing noteworthy to write down. Something was in the air prior to the horrendous events of the day. I'm stunned and numb.

### *Alien Avocado* (9-13-01)

*I open an antique painted wardrobe and out falls an object in size and texture like a Hass avocado. I barely catch it and wonder what it might be. It is not an avocado but some technical device of a civilization from space.*

*I'm very confused and shocked.*

**Comments:** In German, "Hass" means hate; in Spanish, "avocado" means advocate. So this item is an advocate of hatred very relevant to the rhetoric of al-Qaeda. In conversing with the dreamer, I suggested that it also rather resembled a hand grenade. She replied that in her view of the dream Hass avocados are the common kind, the ones everyone eats. Certainly it is alien to her view of the world. She mentioned that she'd recently seen a documentary on the U.S. defense industry's secret use of information gleaned from downed UFOs for military purposes. She commented, "These dreams feel as if an alternate reality is leaking through. . . Security or the lack of it has been *the* issue of my life and I must not seek it but face the gathering darkness around us. Nothing will ever be the same after the attack!

## Moving Out of the Darkness, Toward the Light

On the Saturday after the attack, one of my dream groups held an overnight session at a site where ancient Native Americans prepared and stored ceremonial objects. We had planned to do this some weeks before, but the tone of the event shifted because of 9/11. We began with some meditations directed toward healing the psychic wounds caused by the tragedy. The participants were then asked to incubate dreams of healing for New York, Washington, the country, and the world. In the morning, we shared some of these dreams and worked on them, with the understanding that each dreamer was dreaming not only for themselves but for the larger collective. Here are two of these incubated dreams:

## Fighting Monkeys (9-16-01)

I am playing with my sister in a field. We come across a Jack-in-the-box, it is rusty and old looking and it starts to play by itself. The music is familiar and horrid to hear, it is scaring me and my sister. There is a pending doom feeling about this box. We feel absolute panic, we can NOT let it open up. We begin to quickly bury it so the box does not open. If we bury it, it will be neutralized. We play on. As we are playing, we come across a large billboard sign. We see that it's a picture of the New York skyline. The twin towers are replaced with two giant candles of flame; one is gold and the other is silver. They are indescribably beautiful. There are no words to describe their beauty. The flames are now moving. They are reflecting upon the other buildings beside them. It is a timeless beauty. The logo reads "New York: the Big Gourd." There is a picture of the gourd upside down. On the bottom left hand corner is the American flag upside down. My sister and I are feeling curious and sad and frustrated about the flag. My sister tears off the flag and I spit on the back of it and put it back upright. We send our energies into the moving picture before us. The American flag begins to move around and the letters I E W E appear on the board in crimson color, repeated over and over. We did fix something, but we are worried that Dad will be upset that we fixed it. We go back to the campsite and see Dad. We never lie to our parents so we tell Dad in innocence what we did; we feel ashamed. He is now furious. He says:

"I told you never to meddle in the affairs of the Fighting Monkeys. They may swing from the trees, but we are the trees. It is forbidden to mix with them. We are not of them; we are above and oversee them. Wait till your Mother hears about this." At this



point the earth below our feet begins to move and swirl upward like water to form our Mother. She is made of soil and grasses but looks like flesh when complete. She says, "Come children, heed your Father's warning. Your hearts are right, but your Father knows right. No good has ever come from mingling with the Fighting Monkeys. They should return to the

trees and relearn what needs to be learned." We hear the box still playing its eerie music from below the soil. We know it's going to pop and the Fighting Monkeys will be harmed in its wake.

**Comments:** This is the same dreamer who shared the Egyptian Dream above. He felt that this was a dream of transformation, not only for himself but for New York and for the country. The action of setting the flag upright seemed to him to be the most important image, even though this kind of interference seemed to be unacceptable to the father figure. And the message on the billboard actually relates to that; if one takes these as Greek/Roman letters and then translates them into Hebrew they become Y.H.W.H., the most holy of the names of God! Once again the Earth Mother makes her appearance. The fighting monkeys seemed to relate to the music box, for these often play the tune "Pop Goes the Weasel" which contains a very aggressive monkey!

## Mom Ride (9-16-01)

I am sitting in a chair; I look at a screen on the wall. It is like the MOM ride at a local furniture store, with a ten by ten view of the earth. I go back in multiples of 10x10 till I am floating on the way to outer space. I can see the earth below, however I notice that New York is on fire and it is where Boston should be. I then feel my chair turn and take a direct descent to the earth's surface. I come to a stop in front of a building which is all empty except for the first five floors. Anything above that is dark and the windows are painted black with big white crosses or X's on

(Cont'd on page 36)

# Cassandra's Gift

by Sarah Shadowitz

**Many of you will probably remember who Cassandra was.** Her story has been told by both Greek historians and playwrights. The daughter of Priam (the king of Troy), Cassandra had angered the gods. As punishment, the gods allowed her to see clearly into the future. Unfortunately for her, though, and as part of her punishment, the Trojan princess could only see future tragic events (for example, the destruction of her home town by Greek warriors) and when she tried to warn her countrymen of what she 'knew,' they didn't believe a word she said. The Trojans figured she was just some shrill madwoman, someone who had lost her mind—in short, a 'Cassandra.'

I have been thinking about Cassandra quite a bit lately. Although I have had a few precognitive dreams in the past, none of them had as much significance to me as did the ones I had prior to September 11th. Not that I understood what they meant when I dreamed them. I wish I had. Perhaps then I could have warned someone. But then again, would anyone have believed me?

Once the shock of 9/11 subsided, I began to wonder whether anyone else had precognitive dreams, and whether or not there could, in the future, be a way of joining together the sketchy precognitive dreams some of us have in order to create a meaningful warning mechanism to protect us. With this in mind, in early November I placed a query on two e-mail bulletin boards—one related to dreams and one subscribed to only by graduates and students of The Barbara Brennan School of Healing.

Within a few days, I had received many responses from healers and other dreamers regarding pre-cognitive experiences, feelings and dreams. Then, about a week after I had begun collecting information, I received an e-mail from this magazine. In the body of the text was the information that The Dream Network would be devoting its winter issue to dreams and the events of September 11th.

Maybe someone would believe me after all, I thought. Perhaps we can somehow use this forum to create a space to collect the various precognitive messages which many of us receive. Perhaps we can

make a difference in the world because of our subtle receptivity, because of our ability to tap into 'the field,' as we healers call it.

With that wish in mind, I would like to share with you some of the dreams and experiences which I have gathered from various people. I'll start with my own experiences. On the morning of September 6th, I awoke from a very upsetting dream. I quote from my dream journal:

*"Our furnace was connected to lots of wires (arms) and several of them were leaking gas and were on fire. So there were several fires in the room and I was afraid the furnace itself would blow up. I put out the fires with ashes. But I was worried because I didn't know if I would have enough ashes to put out the fires."*

On the morning of September 10th, I awoke feeling even more frightened. Again I quote from my dream journal, written that morning:

*"I was looking out a window and saw the building next door explode. We all yelled and looked for an escape. The building was completely blown away (it was a wooden barn) and inside were cops fighting a gang. I decided I was needed so I went looking to see if I could help. I saw a doctor lying on a table. I introduced myself and said I was a*

*healer and I could help him. Would he agree? Yes. I asked him what had been hurt and he looked at me contemptuously and pointed to his head where there was an injury. I saw that on his forehead was a tattoo of a swastika. I retreated and wanted to leave as quietly as possible, without angering him."*

That morning I wrote in my journal: "I am having dreams of buildings exploding and fires threatening destruction. I don't know what it means but I'm scared." I knew that the second dream was not about me, I knew that the 'building next door' was someone else, and I tried to figure out who that someone else could be—but it didn't occur to me to think of my 'neighbor' in terms of the USA (I live in Canada) until after the 11th.

Here are some excerpts from the dreams which 'Rose,' also from Canada, posted on Sept. 14th on the chatline at [www.dreamwork2000.com](http://www.dreamwork2000.com):

July 20: "I have a premonition that there is going to be a big explosion... a lot of people die."





July 25: "I am trying to stop a big explosion, a gas leak."

July 28: "There is a big fire in my backyard... gasoline and strange junk everywhere. I am afraid the fire will spread. I am afraid that there is going to be a big explosion."

August 5: "We are driving too fast on the wrong side of the road... a big black limo is coming straight for us but we drive through it as though it isn't even there."

August 11: "One big guy and one little guy... something terrible is going to happen... they are going to cause something, do something evil... ."

September 11: "I am in the city... I am looking up at very tall buildings...things are falling off the buildings... the ground is vibrating... people are running and screaming... ."

Eliza, a healer who lives in Seattle, responded to my query with a dream which, like mine, felt unusual, different from her personal psychological dreams. In her dream, which occurred in the middle of July,

"I am standing near a four-drawer black filing cabinet by an interior wall of a very tall building. I am very high up in the building... . The building begins to move. It doesn't feel like any of the earthquakes I have ever been in. I see people running and some of them look like they are screaming... . I feel the wall behind me rush downward and I feel the filing cabinet rush downward and I sense that everything above

and below is rushing downward... I don't feel my body but I know that it is being torn apart. I am grateful that I don't feel any pain. I instantly wonder how I can be thinking or feeling anything since my body is in so many pieces. I still sense that everything is rushing downward in blackness and immense noise but I don't hear anything. I am amazed and wonder how I can exist and then realize that I am dead... I feel calm, peaceful, joyful, loved. Tremendous love fills me and I feel like I am floating, without a body, out from the darkness and debris. The feeling of love is so intense that I start to cry."

Kate, another healer, wrote: "My family vacationed in Maine in August and I had very strong images when on the ferry (from the US to Canada) that the borders would be closed and/or that the Canada-US ferry system would be a route for invasion of America. On the morning of 9/11, I dreamed I was trying to return

across that same body of water in a submersible sea kayak but was not allowed to because the entire coastal border was closed... . I woke up feeling unpleasant and anxious."

Several of the healers who responded to my query described unusual feelings and sensings just before 9/11. Lilli wrote to me from Italy: "I did not have dreams, but I had feelings of *Huge Uncertainty* a few days before the tragedy unfolded. Feelings of being displaced, being totally powerless, as if I couldn't stop 'something' that was going to happen. Then FEAR and more FEAR. I was crying that Monday afternoon on my husband's shoulder, by the pond in the garden, speechless. All this beauty surrounding us, and I was unable to enjoy it. I was crying thinking about New York and my life there and here. I was saying something

about how living there was so... unsafe... I felt anger coming out. I didn't know why I was feeling so down. It truly was the feeling of imminence. These feelings did not go away until the next day to become whatever it became."

These are only a few subtle and yet deeply disturbing pre-cognitive dreams and experiences regarding the September attacks on the WTC and the Pentagon. I have no doubt that many, many other people have had similar and most likely much more vivid and pertinent visions.

I referred to 'the field' before. It is my sense that when actions are about to take place, those of us who are sensitive to subtle energies pick up what is out there—either through our dreams

or through our fields. It would, obviously, be easier if we received the information in a straight-forward, left-brain way, but that is not usually how information is relayed through the energy field. Thus, if we want to be able to use our information to be of help, we need to communicate with one another, to share our experiences, and to recognize when we, as a group, may be picking up information which could be useful to organizations within the US and elsewhere.

Call it Project Cassandra. A group effort of dreamers and other sensitive souls—like healers—who join together, perhaps on-line, perhaps through an internet bulletin board monitored by a few people, as an Early Warning System for our civilization. If anyone is interested in communicating their ideas about how to make this viable, I would appreciate any input through either *Dream Network*, dreamkey@lasal.net or to my e-mail address: energytherapy@Rogers.com or fax: 416 781-8598. ☆



# Twin Towers of Mystery

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**O**n October 11, 2001 I recalled the dream I had about WTC while in Jerusalem, 11 years ago.

It was Dec. 25, 1990 Christmas time, and we were staying at Mishkennot Sha'ananim, an art colony facing the walls of the Old City of Jerusalem. I remember this elongated building, on the borderline with Jordan, from the early sixties, when I climbed up Mount Zion daily, to study sculpture and architectural design with David Polombo and other Bezalel teachers. After the 1967 war, the valley knew a new bloom and Mishkennot Sha'ananim became the formal guesthouse of the city of Jerusalem for visual artists, musicians, writers, scientists, scholars and guests of the state or of the city. Sir Moses Montefiore, a British Jewish philanthropist, built this landmark in the 19th century.

It was the first Jewish residential housing outside the old city. The caved ceiling, the thick walls and deep windows gave a sense of being in the womb. The wooden arched door leading to the long veranda changed this feeling, as I clearly recall my daily panorama. To my left, one could see the Tower of David, to my right, in the distance, the shimmering red mountains of Moav and in front of me was Mount Zion and the building I have always associated with the Last Supper.

It was an unusual Christmas in Jerusalem, with hardly any tourists in sight. I remember myself engulfed in deep meditation on that day; praying that Sadam Hussein not send his missiles in the direction of Jerusalem. I was thinking about the need to project the vision the Jerusalem Dialogue to the world, before it is too late. When I finally fell asleep, I was not in the holy city of Jerusalem any more! In my dream,

*I found myself standing, along with other humans, on one of the Twin Towers on the southern tip of Manhattan.*

*On the other tower I was surprised to see a group of celestial beings. They stood as one, tall and shining, wearing elongated, bright gowns and hats. They signaled to us to sit down and have a meal "on the house." The roof was set up like a restaurant. We sat down in great reverence and ate in silence, while the group of celestial beings stood on the other roof watching us almost motionless. When I finished my meal, I stood up, bowed my head in a gesture of gratitude. The palms of my hands were touching each other close to my heart as I walked slowly backwards, with my back to the door, while my face holding on to the last glimpse of that illuminated group of beings from another dimension.*

Who were they? What was the message attached to their culinary offering? Was that another version of the Last Supper, I asked myself, waking up back in Jerusalem, facing the same old walls, the same old wonder, on a very quiet morning of December 25, 1990.

It is interesting to note that the night dream came at the time when I was sprouting a Waking Dream to create an interfaith-interdisciplinary conference, The Jerusalem Dialogue, about the future of Jerusalem. (New models for emergence from crisis through art, science and philosophy.) This timely vision could not materialize, explained Zilda (the librarian at Mishkennot Sha'ananim), because of travel restrictions as well as community restrictions the Palestinians have to face when agreeing to a place and time. Zilda herself lives in Gilo, a neighborhood under fire almost daily since the Al-Aktza intifada broke out on Sept. 29, 2000.

From Jerusalem to New York City and back, this night dream left a profound effect on me. Ever since, whenever I visited the WTC, I was filled with a profound sense of wariness and wonder. I was wondering why those Twin Towers were pointed out to me in a dream. I was glad when Oh Beeb called, in mid Dec. 2000, and suggested we meet at the WTC for breakfast on Christmas morning. "Oh Yes," I said, when she offered me an elongated box (full of very long matches) decorated with an elongated beings with wings. It was lovely to exchange gifts with her at the WTC magnificent Winter Garden Palace. Some say, and I hope it is true, that the Winter Garden Palace survived the big fall.

I will never forget the first Spring Equinox ceremony of standing eggs on end, which Dona Henes conducted at the WTC plaza in 1991 or 1992. Some Eggs Do It, Others Do Not, I sang while trying to ease the frustration of a friend whose eggs did not do it and kept rolling over while others stood up on the elegant and very hard marble fountain of the WTC. Many a spring time later, I was looking at a photo showing Dona, or ShaMama, counting down spring time with an orange tail of smoke spreading gently against the elongated gothic-like arches founding the WTC.

Now, that we lost the South to a tail of smoke, how nostalgic is it to recall Donna's orange tail of smoke. As she wrote in a recent email, "I remember all of our eggs standing under the towers."

In February 1993, the world was shocked, when a terrorist attack against the WTC took everyone by surprise (a few were killed, and many more wounded); that dream returned to my mind. I am still wondering about the connection between the fact that the first major terrorist attack on NYC took place at the WTC

and the glorious dream about the Twin Towers standing like connecting vessels staged on the tail of my 1990 train of dreams.

When the September 11 horror struck on that fateful morning, this almost forgotten dream returned yet again. Caught up with the dusty, smelly, depressing reality of ground zero, like so many others, I was lightened up by what David Spangler reflected in his writings on Our National Tragedy:

"In this event, the soul of America has acted in a sacrificial way to take on a portion of this energy and hopefully transmute it. It has been doing this for some time, and in this event, some of that sacrificial activity has manifested itself into the physical. There are energies of hatred and violence circling your world, so to speak, looking to land, and all nations, including your own, are contributing to this simply because people contribute to it in millions of small and mindless ways. That this particular energy landed in your nation in this way was partly a matter of consequences returning for certain patterns and actions you have set into motion. You cannot avoid paying a price for your own acts of violence in the world."

Was the ceremony—the Divine Theater of my dreams staged in 1990 on top of the twin towers—related to Spangler’s message? If the 9/11 event was a wake up call, why such magnitude to wake Americans up? To ask questions like who and where is the enemy? What is in the making of a terrorist and what is the difference between a high school kid in Colorado who shoots his teacher (as well as some school kids, as we witnessed in recent years in the USA and else where) and a terrorist who flies airplanes into buildings? What is the difference? The killer kid is an American while the 9/11 terrorists were most likely Moslems.

The impulsive hate crime of the killer kid is the well-trained Hate-flame of the terrorists. At the root of both cases there is, I believe, a strong sense of insult, deprivation and neglect.

Since that night dream, the WTC seemed to me like The Towering Twins of Mystery.

From time of antiquity Jerusalem has been considered the Navel point of the world (the Solar Plexus) while New York City has been viewed the Throat chakra of the world. The place from which Voices like the UN and CNN are communicating. Unfortunately The Jerusalem Dialogue could not take place in Jerusalem yet. Perhaps New York can voice this timely need to discuss the future of Jerusalem in a new interfaith, interdisciplinary global dialogue.

Perhaps we need to look for the gift hiding in the ashes and try a bit more on improving communication with ourselves and the world around us. ☆

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My Dec. 90 dream is an introduction to the poem-song *Turtle Island Is In Mourning*. On October 11 2001, I was asked by Michael Hartheimer to compose a song to commemorate September 11, as America was mourning the victims of the World Trade Center in a special ceremony that took place on Ground Zero, on that day in NYC. "Turtle Island Is In Mourning" was recorded on Oct. 25 2001 with the pianist John Di-Martino at Uptime studio in NYC.

μ

## Turtle Island Is In Mourning

(Turtle Island is one name native Americans gave Manhattan)

Turtle Island is in mourning  
Ever since that horrific  
Morning when we lost the south  
To a tail of smoke

On the eleventh day, the Eleven  
like towers stood there  
No more

Mourning turtle smells like Auschwitz  
Turtle Island smells like daisies  
Resting on a coffin’s lid, where  
Our deafness rests in peace

Turtle Island is slowing down but its  
Heartbeat is speeding up. Missing  
Souls up in a cloud Sending  
prayers into the light

In the light the TWINS stood bright  
Like connecting vessels. A vision to behold. The invisible Big U, meant to be UNiting humans with other humans and all with Emissaries of Light standing at the door  
What a Fall! Did we see  
the writings on the wall.

Grieving Turtle is now surfing.  
Floating on a sea of lights.  
Walking Flames in Central Park  
Primordial rocks  
signal to touch  
the ground

To sit around the IMAGINE Mandala  
with candles, signs and songs late into the dark

Strawberry Fields becoming, once more, a turtle of love

On the eleventh day, the Eleven-like towers were under  
Stood there, forever more, as two pillars of light  
Remembering Heaven and Earth

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# Model Soldiers

by Robert Moss

I often dream of model soldiers. Sometimes they resemble the Britains lead soldiers my father— an Australian Army officer— used to buy for me as a boy, especially to cheer me up when I was ill. But often my dream soldiers are not “soldiers” at all, but miniature figures in the costumes of different times and places. Frequently they come alive. In one dream, I watched miniature figures play out a complex drama and saw my tiny second self interacting with them.

Sometimes my “model soldiers” play out scripts depicting future events, as if they are modeling or rehearsing what is yet to come in ordinary reality. I think of tales of ancient wizards who sought to shape the future through manikin magic: Of the Egyptian sorcerer-king Nectanebus, said to shape the course of battles being fought at a distance by floating fleets and armies of wax figures in a cauldron-like bowl.

What is a “model”? Dictionary definitions include: a standard or example for imitation or comparison: “a representation or miniature to show the structure of something or serve as a copy;” “an image in clay, wax or the like to be reproduced in more durable material;” “a person or thing that serves as a subject for an artist or writer.”

The last definition spurs me to turn some of my dreams of model soldiers into free verse.

## Model Soldiers

A Dreaming, he reads the future  
through the movements of model figures.  
Witness or shaper? He may be both,

B I have watched little wars  
waged between model soldiers  
like the ones I fought in childhood  
alone on my bedroom floor. Each time  
a toy soldier falls, a man falls in battle  
on a larger field. Sometimes I watch  
on a larger field. Sometimes I watch  
sometimes I touch, commanding the battle  
like the sorcerer-king of Egypt  
who sunk enemy fleets in a basin  
and walked godlike through Olympias’ dreams.

C I have threaded dark, dangerous places  
to reach the splendid house in the leafy garden  
whose owner showed me handmade models  
of all tribes, all peoples, all struggles  
and invited me to choose my own.  
Is this how the soul chooses a paradeigma  
a life pattern,. under the spindle of Fate?

# Terrorist Attack

March 1981

We are on a military base in the Middle East. There is a group of seven of us and we are hostages of a militant terrorist group. They are negotiating for our release, but our governments are not cooperating to their advantage. The terrorists physically abuse the men, and possibly the other woman, although she is in her 70's and will not talk about it. They leave me completely alone, except for their typical interrogations. Suddenly we are to be transferred to another place. No one is sure if we are going to be released or if we are just being shuttled to another holding place. There is a feeling that this base will soon be raided and we are too vulnerable here. We have our hands tied behind our backs, but otherwise there is no other form of being bound, gagged or blindfolded. We all feel anxious, but I feel terribly hopeful.

We are being split into two groups. The older women and three younger men are going to be taken in one bus. At first, they pile us all onto these buses. The buses are like nothing I'd seen, a combination of a bus and an RV, with chairs and tables, some regular bench style seating at the back, a bathroom, and the windows are very wide and come all the way up the sides and onto the roof, so that we can see out completely, to each side and up above. It is night and there is tension in the air.

As we are boarded onto the bus, I am seated on the interior of a table seating and the older woman is seated to my left. She looks very scared and I try to comfort her nonverbally. I know that if we say anything, we will be punished. Somehow her thought intent is enough to drive one of the guards into a rage. He grabs the woman violently and smashes his gun across her face. I am horrified. She falls to the ground, screaming in pain, and there is blood pouring out of her forehead, over her right eye. His gun has cut her face and crushed her eyebrow bone. I am sickened by this, but know I dare not say anything.

At this outburst, the leader boards the bus and screams at the violent officer/terrorist. They speak loudly and violently in their native tongue, and even their language has an aura of violence about it. I am very scared, for myself and for this poor woman who is still lying on the floor, bleeding!

The leader has decided to split us up. I am roughly taken off the bus. I will join the other two men and go on the other bus. The older woman is roughly seated again and another soldier places a ragged cloth on her head to help stop the bleeding. It is not done in any kind of a nurturing or healing way, but as an order from his leader and he is not happy to be doing this task.

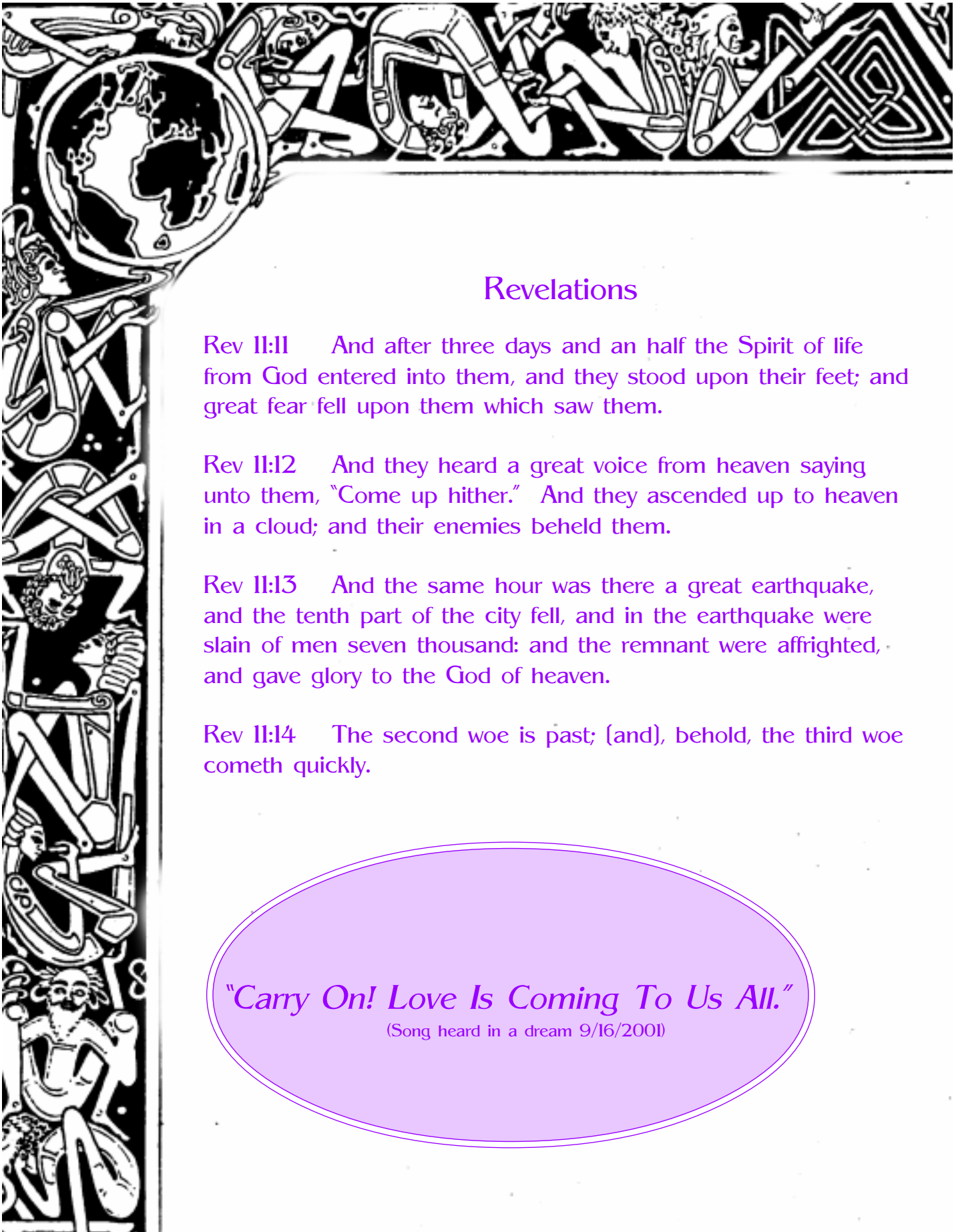
As I leave the bus, I fear that I will never see these people again. There is a real sense of foreboding. Instead of boarding the other bus, we are taken back into this shack near the edge of the base airport.

We watch as our fellow hostages are taken to a small plane.

As the bus circles around to board the plane, the entire bus explodes!

I awaken from this violent dream very upset and scared. It doesn't seem to be just another personal nightmare; it seems to be a warning dream about the violence and terrorist capabilities of those in the Middle East. I feel like I should write or call someone to warn them about this danger, but I don't know who to call or what exactly I would say.

This is not just a dream! It is a warning!!  
I feel very scared about the world situation and all of the violence.



## Revelations

Rev 11:11 And after three days and an half the Spirit of life from God entered into them, and they stood upon their feet; and great fear fell upon them which saw them.

Rev 11:12 And they heard a great voice from heaven saying unto them, "Come up hither." And they ascended up to heaven in a cloud; and their enemies beheld them.

Rev 11:13 And the same hour was there a great earthquake, and the tenth part of the city fell, and in the earthquake were slain of men seven thousand: and the remnant were affrighted, and gave glory to the God of heaven.

Rev 11:14 The second woe is past; (and), behold, the third woe cometh quickly.

*"Carry On! Love Is Coming To Us All."*

(Song heard in a dream 9/16/2001)



## The Third Wave

### First Wave: Foundations Shaken & Crumble

I am with my middle and young-adult son in a small structure perched at the end of a pier near a small West Coast town. The structure is round or octagonal and is predominantly composed of windows. We are looking to the EAST, where quite some distance out in the Puget Sound, we see a Tidal Wave beginning to rise. As it continues to gain momentum, we say very little to one another, but rather stare in disbelief at this rising phenomena. The First Wave peaks and breaks, sending repercussions into the Bay which literally jar and rumble the pilings supporting the pier and consequently the structure in which we stand... causing it to begin to sink into the Bay. As this action is taking place, we begin to move toward solid ground. I am conscious of not being frightened but nevertheless make haste.

### Second Wave: Signs & Symbols in the Sky

Now, I am standing on Water Street among a crowd of people. We are all looking again to the East, staring as a Second Wave, begins to rise. This one is nearer to town than was the last and from its sheer height, we can see it has the capability of washing away the entire contents of the street on which we stand, including each of us. Yet, no one is inclined to begin running for autos or scrambling up a nearby cliff. We all amaze as the Second Wave rises to the height of a 10-12 story building, more engaged in the scene than we are concerned about our potential demise.

When the Wave reaches its full height and is about to peak and break, the energy moving the Wave rises skyward and the foam (which normally precedes a wave as it hits the beach) begins to form together in the sky—like clouds—into various geometrical and symbolic shapes. The symbols convey messages intuited and perceived, yet not perceptible on the cognitive level. They are extraordinarily beautiful! At this point, I close my eyes and am overwhelmed with a deep knowing... a knowing that what we've all been waiting for is about to occur. I cry joyful tears...

and as I open my eyes, can see the symbols still suspended in the sky.

The immense energy of the wave now disperses in both East/West directions.

### Third Wave: Angels Came Forth

Now a New Wave, the Third Wave, is rising. This one moves further West, much nearer this town and all who watch on. It is apparent that this Wave will exceed the two previous ones in power, height and potential for consuming all in sight. It appears to be 30-40 stories in height. Again, we are STILL... watching. As this New Wave reaches its full height and glory and is about to break, suddenly—in the blink of an eye—a Rainbow forms about the outer edges of the Wave and—in another instant—the Wave is suspended, becomes a tableau upon the Western-facing Wall of which are three benevolent Beings, or Angels. The Angels are as TALL as the Wall of the Wave and stand with arms outstretched, extended toward us.

We stand now, seeing the New Wave rising.

This is a process that seems fraught with potential destruction/devastation, yet which holds immense promise.

# Wave of Spirits: What I Witnessed on the Inner Planes

by P. M. H. Atwater, L.H.D.

**I am more than a researcher of the near-death experience and its pattern of aftereffects.** I am also an experiencer—three times in three months during 1977. Although I turned to research because of what happened to me, I turned as well to the inner planes—that dimension, that space, that resonance wherein lies the untarnished soul, our Higher Self, and the reality of A Greater Plan for humankind. It is from that space that I wish to share what I witnessed concerning the Attack on America.

Long before the attack occurred, I noticed a level of frustration, almost a low-level anger in the general populace. This began in early September, with some people calling me to report dreams of an explosion, of a plane crashing into a tall building. Several were more specific, seeing this event as a terrorist attack on the World Trade Center in New York City, but they didn't know when.

When I heard the news early Tuesday morning (9/11), I instantly became a child again, watching newsreels of planes bombing Pearl Harbor. All the sights, sounds, screams, smells—the utter horror of it—came back. I just stood there sobbing.

Once I could shake myself free of images I associated with Pearl Harbor, I went into a state of prayer and meditation and witnessed what was happening on the inner planes to those involved in the attack, both in New York City and at the Pentagon. An unexpected death, accident, or murder often confuses or disorients a departing soul. And that is exactly what I saw... bodies and body parts flailing in the air as souls twisted around in disarray from the trauma. I couldn't separate the dead from the dying from those who survived. There was that much confusion. Too many. Too fast. I did little else that day but join with others across our country and the world who were helping in the only way any of us could at that moment... through prayer.

Prayer is powerful. It can heal, guide, inform, steady, warm, soothe, calm. By affirming God's Greater Will, we free ourselves from judgments, attachments, and desires, and place our focus and our intent where it will do the most good for the highest possible purpose. Instinctively we call upon Source in this manner, irrespective of religion or belief. We are "programmed" to do this, not by what we were taught, but by the beating of our heart. Heart wisdom supersedes the intellect. It is the connecting link between us—that of love.

Wednesday morning, I again entered that state where the inner planes were fully visible. What I saw startled me. Instead of confusion and disarray, the departed souls were forming a huge wave, like a "hand" stretching. They were coming together as if one energy mass and they were "waking up," becoming aware.

I have helped at many tragedies and led prayer vigils, but never have I seen anything quite like this. My sense was to aid those still embodied who hurt and were injured. They needed me more right then than the souls of the dead.

Thursday morning, the soul wave was fully formed, each soul totally conscious and possessed of knowing. The sound they made, their tonal vibration, was one of the most beautiful sounds I have ever heard. Music, the music of a great love, the love of those willing to die for the benefit of others, overwhelmed me. Before I could think, the wave and I merged. What I saw, felt, knew, and witnessed in that wave transcended my childhood memories.

This is what the wave revealed. Each person who died, regardless of who, victim or perpetrator, had agreed before birth to be part of this event—to be there at that location at that time as that person. They had not "contracted" as souls to die, necessarily, but to be present and accounted for, to be part of the energy that would ensure this event occurred. It was only as the moment neared that final decisions were made. A wake-up call was needed, one horrendous enough to reverberate across our country and the globe, affecting every man, woman, and child and in every nation.

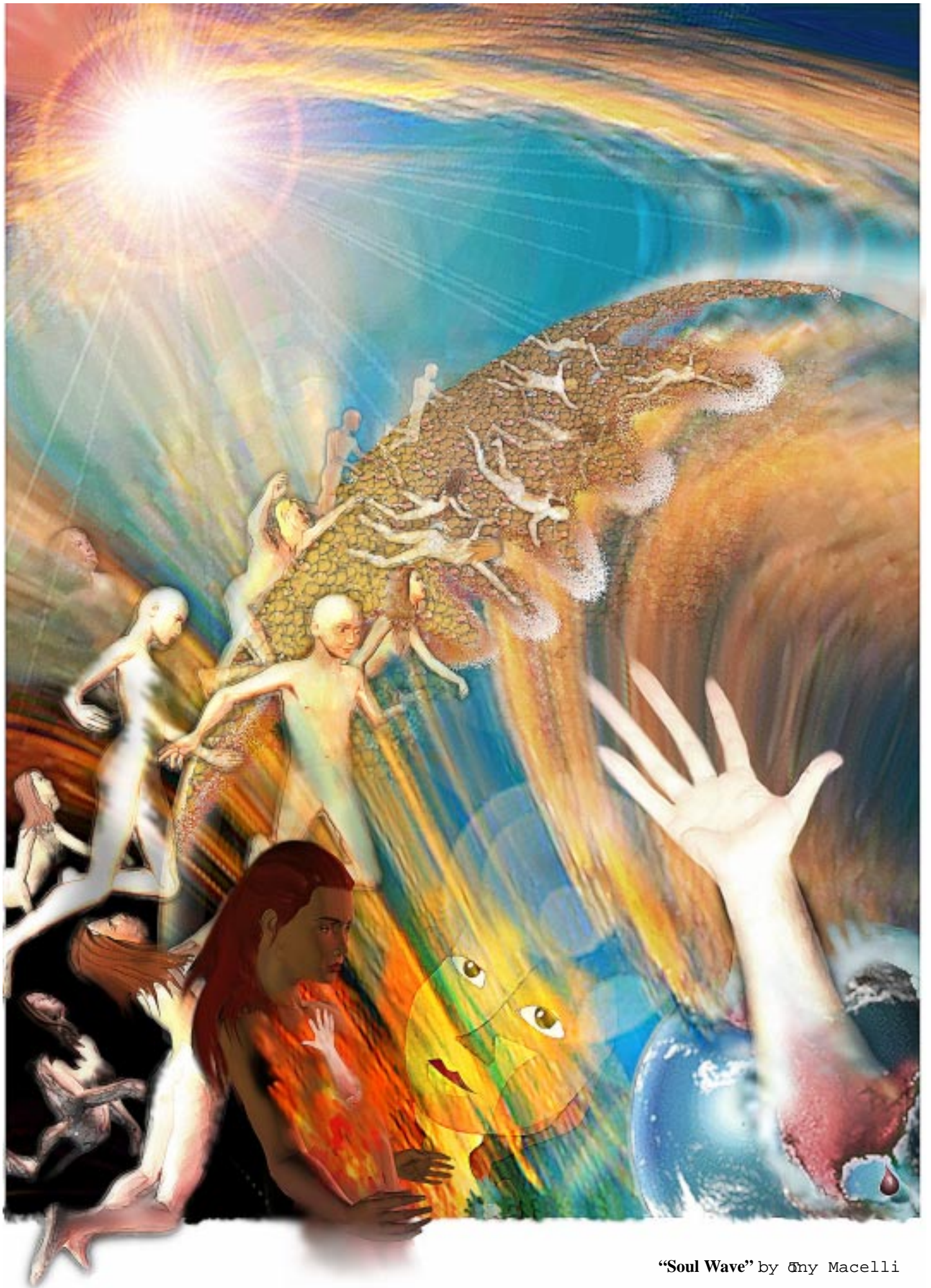
Friday morning I joined the wave. I made my choice to be part of the healing of our country and our world. I chose to add my voice to the voices in that wave. They are my heroes and I am humbled by their sacrifice. Huge numbers of those still alive have made the same choice I have. The energy of our wave steadily broadens and is stretching far afield. Freedom is not free. It demands that we be responsible and self-disciplined, that we honor what is worthy and each other.

I have no doubt about what I have witnessed on the inner planes of this tragedy. Nor do I have any doubt about the continuance of this wake-up call until we as a people fully awaken. God is the God of all, present and available to each and every person. To quote Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: "If we could read the secret histories of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility."

Can retaliation be avoided this time? Perhaps not. Yet I am certain that if we listen to Longfellow, we can discover options, other ways of handling conflict and difference. War is not the inevitable response to attack. When people agree to disagree, when healing is more important than revenge, peace can happen. ☆

*Excerpted from an article by P. M. H. Atwater, L.H.D. She is the author of [Coming Back to Life](#), [Beyond the Light](#), [Children of the New Millennium](#), [Future Memory](#), and [The Complete Idiot's Guide to Near-Death Experiences](#). Her website is [www.cinemind.com/atwater](http://www.cinemind.com/atwater).*





“Soul Wave” by Tony Macelli



# Angels Come Forth

© Phyl Sheridan

A white shirt a - wav - in' from the fif - ti - eth floor For on - ly a  
 min - ute then she was se - en no more But my heart it grew  
 wings just like a giant hand That reached out to lo - wer her  
 Down to the ground Now be - side me she stands. My feel - ings gush...

My feelings gush forth from deep in my soul  
 An oasis of love to hold the sorrow and woe  
 The horror and fear with no exit door  
 These pale words are crumbling  
 And try as I may  
 I can't weep anymore

Oh this never happened I'm a-dreamin' today  
 Let me rewind the movie and say it's okay  
 But I'm really wide awake it won't go away  
 The scene from the tower  
 Replays and Replays  
 Now my life's in a daze

A white flag of hope held in my mind's eye  
 The sirens are a-wailin' oh why and oh why  
 God bless her for tryin' a voice in the sky  
 Time is a shadow  
 Just crawlin' and crawlin'  
 And crawlin' on by

Oh angels come forth diamonds and gold  
 Brilliant sweet light like the angels of old  
 Oh angels come forth fill the cruel air  
 Comfort the souls Lord  
 That need your help there

But this weight is too heavy for this poor heart to bear  
 Turn it all over it's obvious where  
 If I turn it all over it don't mean I don't care  
 Turn it all over  
 To spirit and God  
 And my deepest felt prayer

*If songwriters can be poets, then Phyl is definitely a poet. A dedicated composer and performer since 1970, Phyl is "a spoken-hearted songster who sings about his dues in life and blues."*

*You may contact Phyl Sheridan about music and performances at PO Box 2076, Port Townsend, WA 98368 Phone 360-385-3951. Namaste'*



# Dreaming For Peace



by Rosemary Watts

**A**s an intensive dreamer and professional dream educator, I want to utilize the power in dreaming to respond to the events from 9/11. For myself, in my own personal dream group, and in other groups and classes that I facilitate, I would like to help establish and guide the intentional use of the dreamtime to explore and dream for peace. There has been an amazing response, but for purposes of this article, I will share the beginning experiences from my own personal dream group as a model for what other dreamers might explore, to give hope and empowerment during a time that feels overwhelming and hopeless to so many. My desire is to share a glimpse of hope and light, so that others might use their own dreaming power to help dream for peace.

After the events of 9/11, our first dream group meeting started with us exploring our dream journals over the past month, to see if any of us had any kind of precognitive experience from our dreams. As we started our exploration, most of us said, "No, I don't think I really had anything that related." Yet, each of us ended up recognizing the powerful precognitive elements in many of our dreams. By exploring this together and looking for precognitive signs, we recognized more of these elements.

Three dreams in particular stand out to share:

Pat's dreams:

## Sinking Houses (9-8-01)

"I'm in a house with the feel of the one I lived in as a child. I'm in the basement. There's a tornado coming.

I take care of a toddler boy... somehow he is related to me. There are huge windows on three sides with bright light coming into the basement. I try to find a safe place from the tornado. It's the biggest one I have ever seen. When the storm is over, I notice the house is sinking into the earth and I am very frightened. I run to a house on the other side of the subdivision and find that it is sinking, too! I climb out of the second house as fast as I can. I'm scared."

## Paul Is Gone (9-10-2001)

"I dreamt that my disabled son, Paul, died last night. My husband and I take no action. We are totally stunned. When I call (the home where he lives) a few days later, they have already buried him without telling me. I'm furious. I don't know where he is or when it happened. I tell one of the two social workers she's a dumb bitch, then feel bad and say she was good to Paul while he was alive. She's not a bitch in that respect, but in that they didn't tell us where and when he was buried. I go to the cemetery and file a complaint. I see a full page death notice with very large photos of 4 or 5 others who died, too. There are many full page ads."

Rosemary's dream:

## Shaman's Cave (9-9-01)

"I'm in New York City, trying to get a subway train. The only one available has felons in blue uniforms with guards on it. I step on anyway, thinking I'll be safe. We step off on a beach in Southern California. I meet up with J. Paradise in this subway station. We want to go down this rocky cliff stairway to the beach. We can't find a way out, except for these crowded pod elevators (like they have at the Arch in St. Louis) and each time they fill up before we can get on. It's starting to get overcast outside. The prisoners are being kept in this glassed in area, a guard's station. I see this young prisoner and think I recognize him and go to see if it's him. Is he alright? It's not who I thought it was, but the guy and I connect. I can see the soul light in him, underneath all the soot and dark coal covering him. J. Paradise wants to seduce him. We both go in, but the guards are now gone. She changes into a blue "Rosie the Riveter" outfit, but I tell her not to as it looks like the

# Peace Mandala



prisoner's garb. She doesn't care. We go into an interview-type room with this guy. He is plotting how to use J., but he's scared of me because I "see" him. We turn to leave, but he reaches out to kiss me. His kiss is smoke-filled and ugly, jarring. His shadow fills my lungs and I'm transported into a shaman's vision.

I am in shaman's attire with a deer headdress and antlers, long robes, and painted hands. I have been drumming. I am with two other priestesses and we move out of this cave onto a flat, rocky beach on a cove of quiet water. We are in a canyon. The far end, to my right, is the river that flows out into open space, but here we are protected. A man has come for deep shamanic ceremony: he must go into the shadows and reclaim his soul. He comes disguised as a shaman, but we all know who he is. I take him into the back of the cave and make him take his shaman headdress off. I paint his face with black. Then I lead him into the center cave and make him strip off the priestess robes. He has on a dark loin cloth. I paint black symbols on his chest and back. Now, he is ready to go on his journey. I lead him out into the canyon clearing. There is a circle of shadow, deep night. He is enveloped in his own dark night of the soul and led by this shadow into the water. I will sit on the shores, drumming, waiting for his return. As I drum, I see what led to this event. He is really

a frightened teenage boy. He had taken a young girl to runaway with, but she had fallen, hitting her head. She was dead or badly injured. He was so scared, not knowing what to do. He left her. This had started a life of crime kidnapping, raping, and murdering. He wanted to kill his soul out of guilt. He had been caught."

Once we had shared, explored and then summarized our dreaming experiences, we discussed how we might respond. I told them about the Nightmare Hotline that A.S.D. (the Association for the Study of Dreams) was setting up to be of assistance to those having nightmares caused by the 9/11 tragedies and others with post-traumatic stress disorder symptoms. I also shared about the "U.S./Soviet Dream Bridge" from 1987 that utilized an intentional dreaming focus to dream for peace and suggested that we do something similar.

I had a dream-inspired flash of what might amplify our dreaming connection: making a group peace mandala. On a piece of paper, using crayons and markers, each dream group member drew a symbol of peace (either from their dreams and/or a symbol from waking life), wrote an affirmation for peace, and then signed the paper, adding their name vibrational energy to the whole. We then rotated the papers, until each member had a peace mandala with each member's contribution. We then committed to using this as a focus for our dreams. Each night we would focus on the images, state the



affirmations out loud, and then put this peace mandala under our pillows, affirming that we wanted to dream for peace.

At our next gathering, we shared these dreams about and for peace. Two in particular seemed important to share with others. Pat's dream:

### **The Land of the Dead** (10-16-01)

"Larry (my husband) and I find a HUGE pyramid. We are walking on what looks like ashes, but is really layer upon layer, one- mile deep, of skeletons. I am sort of repulsed by this. Now I notice that I'm in an army with horses, swords, etc. As we walk around, I notice the pile of ash/skeletons is "thawing" and I call out to Larry to be careful. I break through and sink into a frozen lake. Quickly, I scramble out and run into the pyramid. There are so many skeletons. I know they will come to life tonight and I (we) will have to fight them. I pick up a rock and begin to beat one of the skeletons on the head. I'm trying to pound it into dust, but it is almost invulnerable. As I repeatedly beat it over the head, it's jaw begins to move with malice and it tells me to beware. It is about to come to life and the army of skeletons will kill all of us. Now all of them come to life and they are on the move. I am completely overwhelmed and despair of doing anything because there are only 2 or 3 of us and thousands of them in this moving skeleton army. Larry runs up and throws a white blanket/cover around me and says to wrap it around each one and that will defeat them. I cannot see how to get so close that I can wrap them in the white blanket."

After working with this dream, we decided that the dream was meant to convey wrapping everyone, especially the terrorists, bin Laden, etc., in white light. That would defeat them and their aims. This peaceful imagery and meditation is something anyone and everyone can do.

Rosemary's dream:

### **Signs of Cooperation and Peaceful Harmony** (10-22-01)

"I arrive at a beautiful retreat area on a lake (which sort of looks like a combination of Nashville, TN, and Grand Lake, CO). I arrive late, but am greeted with warm enthusiasm and welcome. B. greets me and shows me an area of town which is beautiful, where they have an annual book show. Folks who run a wonderful gourmet restaurant have built here with a large, Japanese sliding door-style fence. This way, when it is book show, they can close up for privacy. B. then leads me onto this area, a watery sandbar, that leads to the main part of the lake. She, and then we, splash through to get to the main lakeshore. It's

Beautiful! It doesn't matter that we're wet because this town is very casual. We go into a beautiful temple/church/shrine. There are different levels for each religion, but no permanent walls. A Jewish temple is off to the left, down a few steps and to the right is a Hindu and Buddhist shrine with many icons from both religions. Down steep steps is an all white Christian chapel with Catholic icons up high and Protestant symbols on the walls. Down more steps, leads into a kitchen/commons area with lovely banquet rooms and lounges. I comment how delightful it is to see the different religions sharing one space. I hear the comment, 'Oh, our town isn't that big, so it's better to have one beautiful, large space that is inclusive, than smaller places that aren't as nice.' I am impressed."

Later, I dreamt it forward:

The Muslims are furious. There is no Mosque, no place of prayer in the East. The Native Americans are feeling excluded and overlooked. They begin to protest. But the Council of Guides comes to these groups and shares, "Your place of worship IS included." The Muslims are guided out the 'Social Hall' doors, through an open air, covered walkway of white marble. Through an arched door, there is a large, open tent facing East. There are prayer rugs stretched out in front. The gongs are rung: it is time for prayer. "Oh, Praise Allah!" is the response.

The Council of Guides leads the Native Americans out the other door. This leads to a cushiony grass corridor of flowers and tall, ornamental grasses, to a sacred grove of trees. Here, there are drums beating a steady rhythm. There is a center fire for ceremony. Each of the directions has a symbol, honoring their sacred energy. A dream catcher is hung above this sacred grove.

It is Huge and is the symbol of protecting ALL the world's dreams. There is a labyrinth here, too. Images of the Goddess protect this sacred area and a fairy ring is

off to one side.

All Are Included!

We know there is no simple solution. We also know the power of dreams and the possibility of creating a ripple effect of peace in the world. Psyche can move beyond our own limitations and fear to help create a more unified, peaceful global community. We often overlook the obvious, and all too frequently, the obvious power of our dreams. If we can move through our fears, with a sense of prayer, commitment and clear dreaming intentions, we can unite in the dreamtime to effect great and positive change in the world. We would like other dreamers to join us in sharing visions of peace, affirmations for peace, and intentionally dreaming for peace. "Peace begins with me." So let us unite as peaceful dreamers. ☆

## And The Shadow of This Hatred

Because it was important  
to hate Jews  
and to deprive Jews  
of their humanity and their lives  
(and the shadow of this hatred  
spread over me, too):  
I became a Jew.

Because it was important  
to hate Natives  
and to deprive Natives  
of their land, religion, their lives,  
their Humanity  
(and the shadow of this hatred  
spread over me): I too  
became a Native.

Because it was important  
to hate "Japs," "gooks"  
the children  
of ren sun Nippon, or Vietnam,  
and to melt them  
into inhuman distortions  
like cheap plastic toys  
in the mushroom-napalm  
of the wrath of war  
(and because the shadow  
of this hatred of Asians  
spread over me):  
I also became Asian, Japanese,  
Vietnamese and a Buddhist.

Because it was important, locally,  
to hate Blacks and to live  
in the recurring violence  
of the abomination of slavery,  
and to deprive  
African-Americans of their lives,  
their dignity, their beauty  
their Humanity

(and the shadow of this hatred  
like a bath of hot tar  
spread and burned over me  
with the shame of a nation):  
I became a black  
son of slavery,  
crying for equality, marching  
for freedom.

And now,  
here in this month of September,  
two thousand and one,  
because it is important to hate  
Moslems and Arabs and Arab-Ameri-  
cans,  
and to deprive many people, from  
one language and one faith,  
of their lives, their safety, their homes,  
their individuality, their Humanity  
(and the shadow of this hatred again  
spreads over me and poisons  
my days, churns my patriotic  
nights into nightmares  
of suffering and senseless carnage):  
I have become a Moslem,  
an Arab, and a real American—  
Who defies bigotry,  
who opposes hatred,  
and who stands firm  
in the pursuit of justice  
and the love of peace.

I know  
that these ingredients  
in the bread of truth  
are the common prosperity  
of all Humankind. And that  
these truths, cultivated  
in courage and eaten  
with humility, set us free.

*David Sparenberg*  
*20 September, 2001*

# DREAMWORK & Collective TRAUMA: Unconscious Elements in Public Debate

by Jeremy Taylor

## 1st Principle:

### There Is No Such Thing as a Bad Dream

**T**he most important thing that I have learned in the course of more than thirty years of professional work as a community organizer and dreamworker is that ALL dreams come in the service of health and wholeness and speak a universal language. Even the most terrible, gut-wrenching, heart-stopping nightmares come to give us urgent warning that there is something going on that threatens our authentic lives. The nastier the experience of the nightmare is, the surer we can be that the warning it brings is urgent and important. If we remember the dream—and who can forget the worst nightmares? They force themselves onto our awareness whether we want to experience them or not—then the fact that the dream has been remembered at all means that we, the dreamers, have the ability to deal creatively and effectively with all the issues that the dream presents in symbolic form.

In other words, no dream—not even the worst nightmare—ever comes to anyone to say, "Nyeah, nyeah, you've got these problems and there's nothing you can do about them...!" If the nightmare is remembered, then the dreamer(s) can do something positive about all the issues that the dream(s) raise. This general truth about the symbolic, metaphoric world of dreams applies equally to our collective nightmares of history and current events, as well as to the more personal nightmares that disturb our individual sleep.

All nightmares, both individual and collective, present us with the ironic gift of forcing our attention to crucially important things in our lives that we have ignored or overlooked—things that threaten our individual and collective health, safety, and essential character.

### Nightmares & the Nuclear Menace: A Case in Point

**Currently**, our attention has been focused on the collective nightmare of terrorism, particularly the terrorist attacks on America fueled by fanatical, Wassabist Islamic fundamentalists. The possibility that

Al Qaeda, or the Islamic Jihad, or any of a number of other fundamentalist terror organizations may gain possession of a nuclear device—perhaps a black-market bomb from the nuclear arsenal of the collapsed Soviet Union—makes the nightmare menace of terrorism even greater. The worldwide proliferation of nuclear technology makes the possibility—alas, the likelihood, of nuclear attack and/or nuclear industrial safety failure—either through terrorist sabotage or simple industrial planning error—an abiding and pervasive dread for us all.

The clearly demonstrated worldwide consequences of nuclear disaster, as the winds carry the lethal fallout around the globe, eventually spreading it from pole to pole, make the inescapable point: we are all equal, equally vulnerable and equally at risk... in the shadow of the radioactive cloud.

Ironically, in the short historical space of fifty-six years, the nightmare of nuclear menace has succeeded where four thousand years of religious and spiritual teaching and preaching have failed. It is now recognized as a concrete, hardheaded, inescapable truth: the people of the world are one folk. We are one family, sharing one house. What used to be seen as pious rhetoric and liberal wishful thinking has been transformed by the nightmare of nuclear menace into an inescapable reality that must be taken into account in all our strategizing and long range planning.

This is always the way nightmares deliver their paradoxical, coercive messages of health and wholeness, even as they point down the road to misery and death. The nightmares come to warn: "Do not continue down this path! You can see more clearly now where it inevitably leads...!"

### What Hidden Message of Health & Wholeness Could Possibly Lie Hidden in the Terrorist Attacks?

**There is**, I believe, a similar incongruous but crucially important message hidden in the horror on the September 11th terrorist attacks. For several generations there has been a growing sense in the West, and the world in general, that the acts of ordinary, anonymous, individuals are relatively insignificant, and that the economic and geopolitical forces that shape history are so vast and complicated that they are beyond our ability to comprehend, let alone our ability to shape and influence. The terror attacks of September 11th demonstrate beyond question that the acts of relatively ordinary and anonymous individuals *can* shape history - albeit in a horrifying, destructive way. The task that faces all of us now is to search out the corresponding creative and positive acts of courageous individuals that will serve as the counter-balance to the perverted



ingenuity of the fanatical, suicidal hijackers.

Once again, paying attention to our own and others' dreams is the single best way I know to access and stimulate the archetypal creative impulse that resides in our unconscious depths. We human beings have blunderingly created this situation where suicidal fanaticism endangers the peace of the world; we can search into our unconscious depths to find the innovative and creative solutions to these problems as well.

### Unconscious Forces Influence & Shape Our Conscious Actions

**The ways we respond** to the major events of our lives—both personal and collective—are shaped by the symbolic quality of those events. We respond to happenings and events in the outer world with the same pent-up unconscious emotions and energies that are associated with our own personal lives and struggles... the very same emotions and energies that shape our dreams. To the extent that outer events—both joyous and tragic—evoke and share the symbolism of our own evolving, internal issues and dilemmas, we "see" those external events in a particular light and interpret their meaning in particular ways. This is the main reason why different people respond to the same or similar situations in different ways.

The issues and dramas that are working themselves out in both our individual and collective psyche are always reflected in our dreams, remembered from sleep. These interior dramas shape our waking world and to the extent that we are unconscious of their deeper meanings, we feel "trapped" and "helpless" in our waking lives. Our dreams give us an exquisite symbolic picture of what is going on inside and how this ongoing interior drama reflects and projects itself out into our waking opinions and actions.

Attention to our own and other peoples' dreams at times of national crisis can be particularly useful in bringing to light the unconscious emotions and energies that are distorting and twisting our waking perceptions and decisions. Because our unconscious feelings and ideas inevitably shape our waking attitudes and behaviors, we need to be as honest with ourselves as possible... particularly in these moments of national crisis.

If we are to make our way through the maze of conflicting emotions and harsh collective pressures to find some sort of real and productive response to this concerted attack on us and our way of life, we must look within at the very moment when the shouting crowds are demanding that we look only outside ourselves. The best way I know of to do this is to listen to the counsel of our own dreams, and listen with renewed attention to the dreams of others.

## Cherishing the Right & Responsibility of Independent Thought

**It is often said** that "the first casualty of war is the truth," but in fact, the first casualty is the easy ability to think, imagine, and act independently. These are the basic activities that form the foundation of democracy. American patriotism demands a great deal of us. True patriotism for Americans who believe in democracy and freedom demands of us that we continue looking within and thinking for ourselves, and that we demand that our elected leaders do better than make up "wars" that are essentially misguided and un-winnable.

We must demand that they do the difficult work of devising strategies to deal with the horrifying rise of organized crime fueled by religious fanaticism. The tired old plan to "kill 'em all and let God sort 'em out" simply will not work. We all must do better than that.

### The Spiritual Necessity for "Alchemy" in Our Lives & in Our Dreams

**There are great dividends** in paying attention to our dreams in periods of crisis such as we are currently experiencing. All such moments of crisis and stress call forth difficult spiritual questions from our depths. "How can an All-Powerful and All-Good God allow such evil horrors to happen?" is certainly one of them. Another one is: "How can I maintain a cheerful, active, creative belief in the inherent worth of the good and the just when evil, violence, and criminal stupidity seem so much more powerful than the gentle, intelligent truth?"

A universal, archetypal answer to these perennial psycho-spiritual questions has long been found in "alchemy." The great symbolic truth of alchemy is that "base matter" can (and must) be transmuted into "gold." In this archetypal symbol drama, "gold" is an image of deeply felt, reliable spiritual perspective, and "base matter" (often appearing literally in dreams as excrement or "shit"... the "worst" in ourselves) is an emblem of the worst things that we have ever experienced, either directly or vicariously.

It is precisely these "worst things" that must become the center of our psycho spiritual efforts to grow and mature. Unless we can develop spiritual understandings that deal adequately with finding meaning and spiritual communion in the midst of the worst things in our lives—individually and collectively—we will reach our death beds with the experience/memory of the "worst things" in one hand, and a spiritual perspective carefully crafted to avoid the worst things in the other. And the only possible result of such an impasse, short of the operations of "grace," which is a very real force in the universe, and cannot be manipulated or predicted—is emptiness, misery, and despair.

We must face the worst things with clear consciousness, and in that encounter bring the inherent, archetypal potential for psycho-spiritual transformation into waking reality. When a person dreams of "shit," it is most often an indication that he/she is being forced to relinquish the illusory comforts of denial and self-deception in waking life. Being forced to admit consciously just how bad things really are is never pleasant in the short run (just as the archetypal "shit dreams" are almost never pleasant), but in the longer run, giving up denial, facing and dealing with the "shit" of our lives as it actually is, is exactly what the dreamer has to do in order to forge an adequate spiritual perspective.

The ongoing fundamentalist/terrorist attack on the West in general and the United States of America in particular is certainly at the top of the list of "worst things" that we must come to grips with these days. Hopefully, we can do this without losing our tenderest and best energies and possibilities. Our dreams are working overtime to wrestle with this "alchemical" question.

### *A Transformative, Archetypal, Alchemical Dream*

**The night** of the terrible attacks of September 11th, a young woman of my acquaintance who was visiting in New York City at the time—and who stood that day, watching the World Trade Center collapse and burn, not knowing if her childhood friend who worked on the 32nd floor of Tower Two had escaped or not—had a dream:

*"I find myself in the midst of forest that has been clear-cut... nothing but great big stumps in all directions as far as I can see. I am devastated. I am weeping. I walk through the destroyed landscape asking myself, "Who could DO such a thing?" Then I am drawn to stop and look at the spiral pattern in one of the stumps. I realize how very old this forest was and it makes me even more filled with grief at the loss of this beautiful old forest. Then I begin to be drawn down into the spiral. As I sink down into the spiral and into myself, I realize that this is a part of the tree that I almost never get to see. I am drawn more and more deeply into the spiral... down into a place of myself that is so wise, and calm, and deep that it is simply greater than my intense grief and the horror.*

"There is more, but I can't remember any more than that... I awakened from the dream with a sense of calmness and clarity that allowed me to get through the next day, even with all my friends freaking out..."

My in-box has been filled to the brim since September 11th with accounts of precognitive dreams "predicting" the terrorist attacks. With all of those

fascinating dreams, this young woman's dream remains the most interesting and compelling dream I have heard thus far related to the terrorist attacks and the ongoing threat to our collective way of life. It is an "alchemical dream." It turns the worst thing into an occasion for communion with the Divine; it "turns the shit into gold" before our very eyes as we imagine it. It is such a startling dream because it makes it clear that the (archetypal) spiral of the growth rings that serves as a pathway to the perception of the deepest truth and beauty would not be visible if the tree had not been cut down.

At one level, it is a metaphor of doing the psycho-spiritual work necessary to be a person in whom such a metaphor of healing can rise to consciousness. At another level, it also implies that this experience of the Divine is possible by looking at the "spiral" revealed in the stumps of any of the clear-cut trees. This is not just an exclusive, personal revelation; it is a metaphor of collective transformation of feeling and understanding, potentially available to all.

This dream is a concrete example of the psycho-spiritual truth that it is often through our worst wounds and injuries, both individual and collective, that we are opened to the archetypal possibilities of healing, and of more direct communion with the Divine. One does not have to be wounded to be opened to these energies of transcendence, but for those of us who are deeply injured by life, our anguish itself opens us to these profound possibilities.

My personal conviction, born of more than thirty years of experience doing dreamwork, is that no dreamer would be able to remember such a dream if he/she had not done the requisite personal, interior, psycho-spiritual work to discover and awaken those same archetypal healing energies within. The metaphor the dream offers is so simple, so lucidly clear, even a small child could grasp the paradox without difficulty: the very thing that caused the horror—cutting down the beautiful old forest—is what makes this particular pathway to the experience of the Divine open up and become available.

This is a potentially healing and transformative dream for all of us. May we each find our way to the recovery and reconciliation promised and implied by our own ability to imagine this dream for ourselves... if only for a moment. Let us all continue to dream our lives forward into the uncertain future with all the courage and creativity that is our birthright, both as Americans born to freedom, and as human beings living together as best we can in the one tragically beautiful world we all share. ☆

*Jeremy Taylor is the past president of the ASD, former Advisor to the Dream Network and the author of several popular books on dreams & mythology. Email Rev. Taylor at DreamMC@aol.com. The complete text of this article is published at <http://jeremytaylor.com>*

# DREAMS OF TERROR, DREAMS OF HEALING

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**O**ne of the lessons of the horror on September 11, 2001 is that we need to rely on human intuition more, and technology less, to safeguard our liberties and our loved ones, especially the intuitions that come through in dreams. Within 24 hours of the terror attacks, dreamers from around the world shared dozens of dreams with me that appeared to contain highly specific previews of the disasters; several of the most specific dreams had actually been shared by email over the month before the calamity, so there was no doubt about the accuracy of the reporting.

The urgency of developing a discipline of dreaming—to identify and clarify possible precognitive messages in dreams, and to share the information in a helpful and timely way—is now abundantly clear. We also need to steer our society towards a greater respect for dreams and dreamers. In this way, we will not only construct a powerful first-line defense against future assaults; we will open profound ways of healing our wounds, as individuals, families and nations.

## DREAM WARNINGS OF THE TERROR ATTACKS

The horror may have been foreseen, not by intelligence agencies but by the intelligence of dreams.

Less than two weeks before the terror attacks, a Los Angeles woman called Katy dreamed that four planes crashed in a single night. Here is Katy's dream report as she shared it by email with her dream circle on the morning of August 30:

## Four Planes Crash in One Night

I'm in a house that is near an airport runway. I'm horrified and fascinated as I realize plane after plane takes off and doesn't make it. They get up in the air and either explode or crash somewhere.

I'm aware of it but not sure if I am hearing about it on the news later or 'just know' that three planes have gone down one right after the other. I go outside where I can see the runway and I see the silhouette of a fourth plane. I'm looking at its underbelly as it goes straight up to the sky. It's going too slow and I realize it is going to tip over and land on its back right there in front of me and crash on the ground. I call 911. It takes several minutes to get through. I realize this is the small airport in Concord, NH because my mom and dad are in the house with me. My mom says I should hang up because "they must know about it already." I'm screaming at my parents to go outside and look! They are like zombies, side by side in the bathroom

brushing their teeth getting ready for bed. At last, the 911 people take my call and it turns out I am the first one to report the tragedy.

By the time I go outside, the plane is totally incinerated. Nearby someone has made a huge mound of ashes/sand. People have gathered and stuck mementos and flowers and scraps of debris belonging to the passengers onto the mound so it is a memorial. I see sticks of incense stuck in the mound everywhere, wafting smoke up to the night sky. I go and kneel by the memorial heap and I find myself crying for the enormous loss.

*"We also need to steer our society towards a greater respect for dreams and dreamers. In this way, we will not only construct a powerful first-line defense against future assaults; we will open profound ways of healing our wounds, as individuals, families and nations."*

There are some remarkable correspondences between Katy's dream and the events of September 11. She has three planes that "explode or crash somewhere" and one that hits the ground, like the fourth hijacked plane that went down in Pennsylvania. She calls 911, like the passenger on the fourth plane who made a 911 call from the restroom. "911" may also be the date of the disaster – 9/11. Katy's dream location is an airport in New England near Boston; Concord is 50 miles from Logan, where two of the planes were hijacked. The smoking heap of ashes closely resembled the scenes Katy witnessed on TV on the day of the disaster.

Some of the dream previews of the disaster date from long before the terror attacks.

A Massachusetts man called Mike, who grew up in lower Manhattan, realized, to his horror, that he had dreamed the disaster 18 months before it took place—from the perspective of a victim. In the spring of 2000, Mike dreamed he was killed by an airplane engine falling from the Trade Center. Here is part of his own account:

***Killed by an airplane engine falling from World Trade Center***

*In my dream, I am walking with business colleagues from Boston out of the New York City World Trade Center towers, into the plaza area on a bright sunny day. We are in a jovial mood and decide to take a lunch break at an outdoor café. Suddenly the tranquil scene is destroyed by a horrible boom. People are screaming and running, and I notice that debris is falling onto the street around me and into the river behind it. Within moments, I realize that pieces from an airplane are raining down upon us.*

*I tell my associates to run as fast as they can. They flee, and I look up to dodge the falling pieces. Chunks of metal are crashing around me. I escape many of them. One comes screaming down toward me, and I recognize it to be a turbofan engine. I try to get out of the way,*

*but then realize the inevitable. As the engine descends upon me, I have a surge of immense grief about missing my children. I surrender and the grief is replaced by a wave of calm acceptance.*

*Suddenly everything goes black.*

Mike woke from this dream deeply shaken. He shared his dream with his wife, and she recounted it to some close friends.

A few months later in waking life, Mike was with two business colleagues in Lower Manhattan on their way to a meeting. They started to take a shortcut through an area cordoned off with police tape. An officer waved them through. Mike thanked him and asked why the area was off-limits. The officer told him it was because of loose debris falling from a building. He told close friends about the synchronicity and assumed that his dream had now been played out

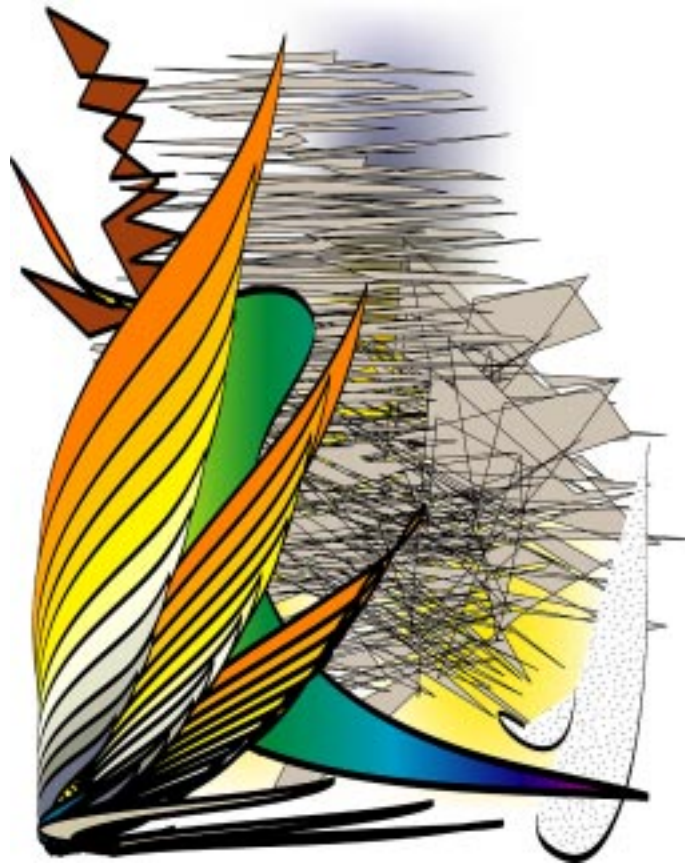
On September 11th, the day of the terror attacks, Mike was in Boston with the same business colleagues who had accompanied him on his walk near the World Trade Center, watching CNN accounts of the airplanes striking the towers. One of the images from the news footage showed the burnt remains of a jet

engine on the ground. Recognizing the full and lethal manifestation of his dream, Mike began to shake.

Soon after, Mike discovered that a relative and childhood friend his own age (the husband and father of two small children), was in his office at the WTC during the tragedy. He was trapped on the 104th floor of the South Tower when the plane hit the 70th floor, speaking with his sister and parents during his last moments on a cell phone. That was the last time he was heard from; he was presumed dead.

***Intuitive Defense Against Future Terror***

The dream warnings that were missed or not acted upon before the terror attacks are a wake-up call for all of us to pay closer attention to dreams and intuition, get the messages clear, and pass them along in helpful





and timely ways.

More than a few of the dreamers who glimpsed disaster before the planes hit the World Trade Center and the Pentagon had an uneasy feeling that this was not the end of it and that some of the scenes they dreamed had still to be played out.

How can we know what sense to make of our dreams of the future before events—perhaps terrible events—catch up with them? How can we clarify our waking intuitions and distinguish objective data from subjective projection?

By an everyday dream practice that involves:

- Recording dreams as clearly and completely as possible.
- Scanning all dream material for possible precognitive elements – and asking when and where the events seen in the dream might possibly take place.
- Learning to go back inside dreams to develop further information and clarify details such as the dream locale and the possible timing of events foreseen in dream.
- This is accomplished through the technique of dream reentry, which is explained in my books and tapes, and is central to my workshops.
- Sharing dreams on a regular basis with partners and dream groups.
- Enlisting the help of other practiced dreamers to enter the same dream space and bring back their own perceptions. This is accomplished through tracking, another core technique of Active Dreaming.

## Dream Help for the Departed

Through the days of rage and grief, and far beyond them, dreaming will be vitally important to healing the wounds in our collective psyche as well as our own souls.

Dreamwork is soulwork. Providing means of communication and guidance for the thousands of

victims of mass murder who were savagely ripped from their bodies will be a critical aspect of this work. Active dreamers know that communication with the departed is perfectly natural in dreams and that it can become a source of deep healing and soul guidance. In dreams, we all have a direct line to the other side.

*“We also need to  
steer our society  
towards a greater  
respect for dreams  
and dreamers. In this  
way, we will not only  
construct a powerful  
first-line defense  
against future as-  
saults; we will open  
profound ways of  
healing  
our wounds,  
as individuals,  
families and nations.”*

Dreams shared with me by many people in all walks of life in the immediate aftermath of the terror attacks suggested that many of those who had been murdered would need gentle guidance in understanding their circumstances, conveying messages to survivors, dealing with unfinished business, and embarking on their afterlife journeys.

Some of the departed encountered in dreams and intuitive visions were still trying to reach their families on the phone, or finish up some office work. Some of the emergency workers who were killed

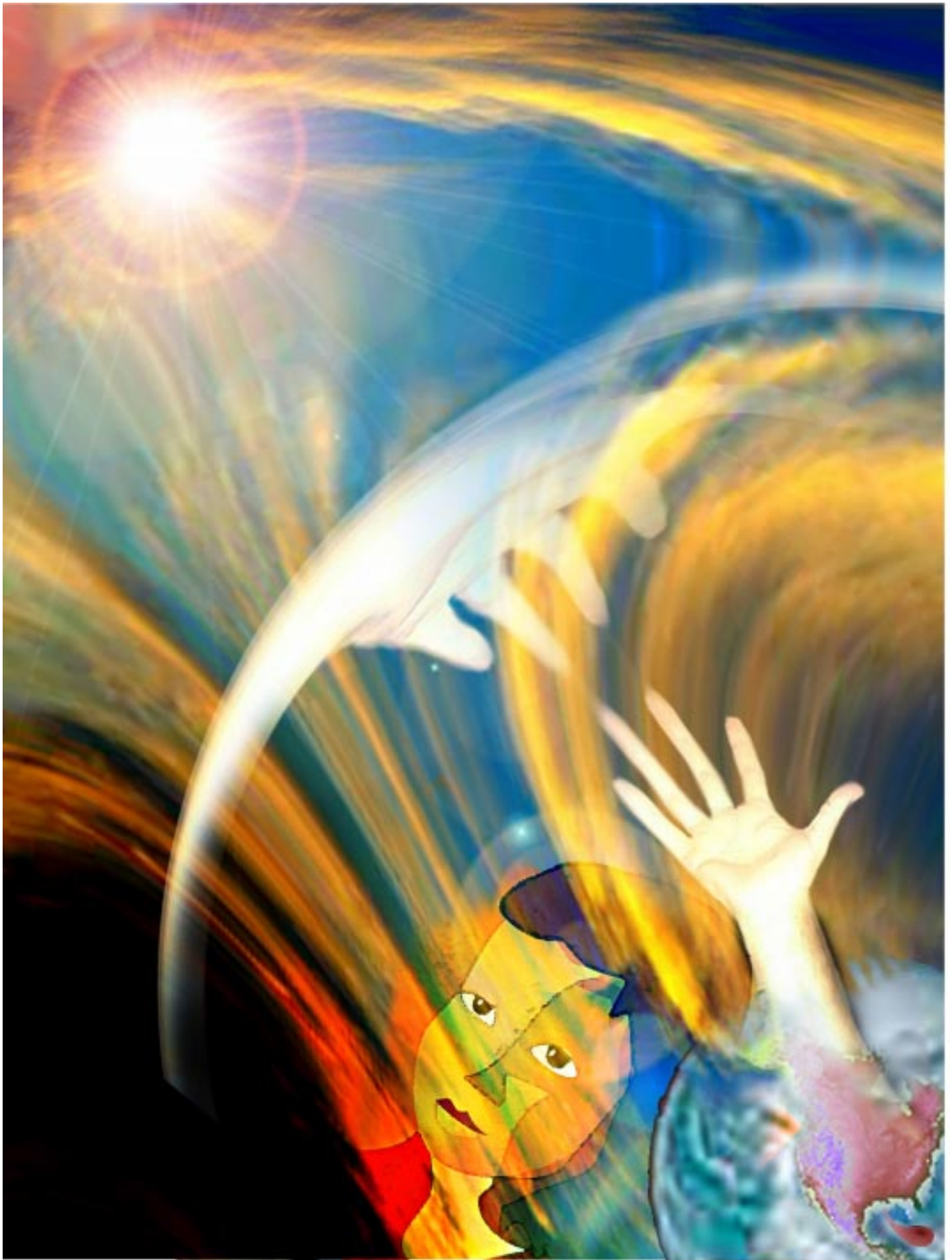
in the collapse of the second tower appeared to be still bent on carrying out their rescue missions, as if their trucks and their bodies had not been buried under the rubble. Some of us found ourselves guided to approach these brave souls and innocent victims to help them as best we were able.

I felt that I spent the whole of the second night after the terror attacks in the realm of the recently departed. I entered a ghostly version of the World Trade Center, where people who had recently died were going on with their lives and their business as if they had not been killed. I met firefighters still bent on their rescue work, not realizing they had been killed in the collapse of the second tower. It was very tough, trying gently to guide these brave souls to an understanding of their actual situation. I was guided to direct them to an emergency briefing session at a new crisis center, presented to them as something like a military base suddenly created in Manhattan. I saw ways opening up for all the departed to pursue their journeys of spirit, when they were ready to release and move on. For some, the passage would seem like going to take the subway home at the end of their work. For others, a passage like a skyway, leading from upper stories of the ghost buildings, would open up. I felt deep gratitude as I realized that hosts of angelic helpers – each available in a form the departed person could recognize and relate to—were hovering around the whole scene, ready to help.

My prayer is that in the challenging times ahead, we will use the gifts of dreaming to safeguard our way of life, rescue souls on both sides of death and move from war into healing. ☆

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Visit Robert Moss' website at  
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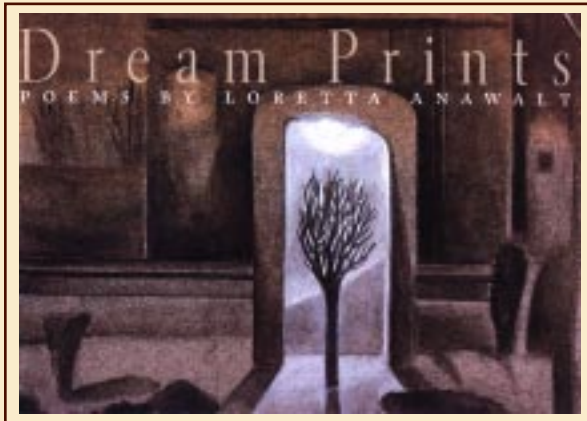






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stage. Then I notice to either side there are people holding ropes connected to the flag. These people include men in suits, bums off the street, mothers, fathers, priests, and witches, all walks of life, all standards of living.

They begin to pull and it raises the flag up off the staging and lets it fly in the open breeze.

**Comments:** The dreamer is the wife of the man who shared the preceding dream. She was quite startled to discover, a few weeks later, that the image on the plane was precisely the emblem of the Saudi Air Force. The image of the empty wheelchair reminded us of the stories of paraplegics in the WTC who were unable to escape the building because they could not use the stairs in their wheelchairs. As in the preceding dream, the most important image for the dreamer was the flag. In its horizontal position, people were walking across it in a kind of swastika pattern, like

ants, and this was wrong. What needed to be done was to raise the flag up to a vertical position and it required the efforts of everyone to do this. Once again, this is a very positive image of constructive transformation.

One dreamer with whom I'm in correspondence asked the open question as to what good these dreams are when we are in fact powerless to do anything about them, or even to realize what they foretell except in retrospect. I suggested to this dreamer that we consider these as signs to which we might pay more attention, because if we can accept them and "navigate by synchronicity" as Robert Moss put it in the last issue of *Dream Network*, we could trust our dreams enough to let them advise us of what we could do. If we are able to do this, someday we will be able to use our dreams as tools to take constructive action to forestall such tragedies. At the very least, they will help us to come to terms with these events in our own way, and possibly help others to do so as well.

Let us all do what we can in our dreaming to prepare ourselves to contain the tremendous psychic energy which has been released by the events of 9/11 and thereafter, and to redirect it toward positive ends. ☆

## Dreams of 9-11 (Cont'd from page 13)

them. I can see a window to look through and my chair takes me there. All I see is an empty floor with a wheelchair sitting vacant by the stairs and I think to myself, "what a horrible situation to be in if anything ever happened -- and what is someone in a wheel chair doing up here when the only way out is the stairs or the elevator in the background." A sign next to the elevator reads "in case of emergency DO NOT USE ELEVATORS use the stairs." I think how ironic these three things are together, then I notice the number of a plane passing by. 211 is written on the tail of the plane; it is brown and yellow and green and has a palm tree with two swords on it. Again there are black windows on the plane. Then I back up again and I see a huge American flag lying flat on the staging area where the twin towers had been, and I see one row of ants marching towards it, then they split and go up two flights of stairs on opposite ends of the stage with the sun setting directly behind the flag. As I look at it they come towards each other and meet in the middle and walk across the middle of the flag, across the red and white stripes, then they split again on the other side go down two more flights of stairs off the

## Moonlit Landscape

October 1993

O, and I have entered our hotel only to find it's been taken over by a Muslim sect. They're holding a ceremony of some kind. They've turned the entire lobby into a center of worship. To get to an elevator

I'll have to cut right in front of a group engaged in the rites. They seem indifferent to my presence; but I must say, though I have no choice, now that I'm doing it, it feels terribly rude.

With all these Muslims, the elevators must be teeming. There's one now around that corner. It's much too narrow and it's crammed full. How terrifying. I wouldn't dream of getting on. I'll cross

the lobby and see if I can find a better situation. What luck! Here's a big one, empty except for the operator and a gentleman acquaintance. Will it stay that way? I hope

so, but I doubt it. Yes. She's not waiting for anyone. She's starting up. She remembers me. She's an attractive young thing, properly trained and well-mannered. She's taking us

for a ride. We're crossing a moonlit landscape by the edge of the shining water through piles of rubble that were tall buildings at one time. It's such a lovely evening, she's begun to sing. I could tell

from the restless mood she was in she wanted to break loose. The gentleman has joined in. The two of them are leaning forward into the night, singing in unison. It's great fun but I can see

she's not going to let it get out of hand.

I wish I could but can't join in. I don't know the words of the song. I envy them, but I'm having almost as good a time watching.

Here we are at the floor of a big building.

Time to get off. This woman entering the elevator has recognized me and is saying hello. She thinks I'm a celebrity, for some reason.

Loretta Anawalt



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# MIRROR ↔ Shadow

by Sandy Sela-Smith

**T**oday, I read a beautiful letter written by Gotham Chopra, son of Deepak Chopra, widely known writer on matters of spirituality, who shared his experience of these past few days. As I write this response, I myself am experiencing a flow of emotion that weaves its way between deep compassion for

what he experienced while waiting to find out if his parents, both on planes at the time of the attack, were alive or not, and deep joy hearing the truth of what he wrote. Chopra's letter and my own experience these last few days braided together with Reverend Billy Graham's words spoken today at the National Cathedral, caused me to write this response.

He said that so many have asked him "Why does God allow such evil to be in the world?" Graham responded with, "I don't know, but the older I get, the more I cling to hope." Others responding to that question said that evil exists because God has given us choice and without the choice of evil, our choice for good would be meaningless.

I would suggest that perhaps there is a deeper reason that evil exists. I believe that evil is the name that we give to identify those who have committed acts that we do not understand that have caused great pain. And we are all capable of committing acts that others do not understand that cause pain since we all have within us all that is human. As humans we create

our lives. We choose what we create, out of our humanity. What we create draws to us what we have created. If I am a being of compassion, I create compassion in everything I touch... and if violence crosses my path, I experience it with compassion. If I am a being of confusion, I create confusion around me, and if violence crosses my path, I am confused. If I am a being of vengeance, of rage, of hate, of fear or of sadness, then when September 11, 2001, crosses my path, I want vengeance or I rage, I hate, I fear, or I become sad. But if we call any of those feelings evil, we will disconnect from them, we do not see them in us, and only see them in others. Each of us has all of what is human in us, including the evil that we see in those who committed this atrocity—and what comes to us is a mirror that allows us to see what we would not see without it.



This horror that rained down on us, when seen as a mirror, shows some of us sadness or deep compassion, others hopelessness and fear, and still others raging anger that looks very much like the raging anger expressed by the hijackers.

This beautiful nation that is my motherland has provided me a life of freedom

and opportunity I likely would not have experienced anywhere else in the world. This wonderful life, given to me because America has been a nation with the qualities of freedom, of strength, of pride, of compassion. But this country has also had in its foundational characteristics the opposites of these qualities. While we have been a nation of freedom, we have also been a nation of slavery and have not noticed how the institution of slavery still silently exists, invisible now, but it is still there for some. We have been a nation of strength, but we have also been a nation of dominance. We have taken from others without asking and have required submission without caring what it felt like for those under our domination.

We have been a people of pride, but also arrogance and with that arrogance, we have assumed that what is in our interest is in the interest of the world, at times without noticing how what we have done impacts the people that experience what we do. We have reached out to help others in need in amazing ways, but we have also manipulated other people.

In his powerful letter, Chopra described an experience he had last month that explains so much of how others see us:

“About a month ago, I rode up with two colleagues to the Northwest Frontier region of Pakistan bordering Afghanistan. We were covering a story on Islamic militancy training grounds based in Pakistani religious schools.

In the West they have widely been reported to be ground zero for the grooming of young Muslim boys into hostile anti-western terrorists. In Pakistan, both the government and the men at the school hotly contested these claims, castigating the West for generating such racist propaganda. I traveled to this lost area with as little bias as possible — but with a certain and undeniable fear in my heart.

In the school itself, the chancellor was most kind and hospitable. He had us tour the grounds of the school, meet teachers and some of the boys — though at first we weren’t allowed to talk to them. We were then escorted into his private residence. The first thing I noticed on the center table was a bowl of big yellow mangoes and a picture. The picture was of our host—an older Muslim Mullah wearing a traditional white turban and a stained orange beard and his friend —bin Laden, the number one man on the FBI’s list of Most Wanted. I asked our host if we could interview him. He agreed but insisted first that we share mangoes with him. I agreed and he took out a long knife and proceeded to slice the fruit for me. We slurped and chatted for a while and finally were permitted to turn on the camera.

I asked the Mullah a wide array of questions. ‘Did he hate the US? Why is there such Anti-Americanism in this part of the world? Should Americans be afraid?’

He answered them all eloquently and without hostility. He talked about the history of the US and Afghanistan, how during the Cold War, they were allies, united fighting a war against the Soviets.

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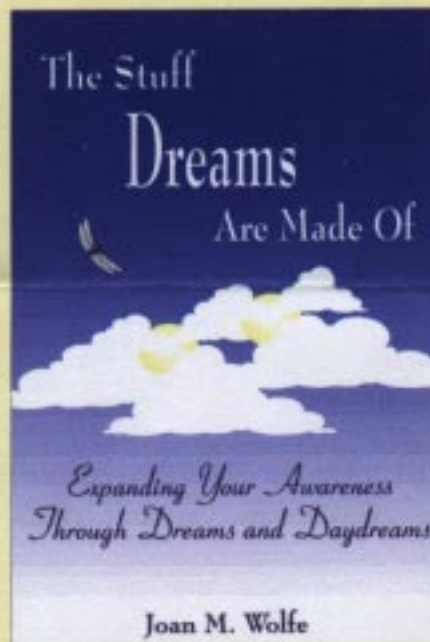
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“You gave us weapons and trained our men. You built our roads, fed our people. Do you realize young man that your government helps to create and to fund the Taliban because it was their interest to use Guerilla warfare and terrorist tactics against the Russians? You made us your friend.”

“But then your Cold War ended and you deserted us.” At this point, there was a hint of animosity in his voice. “ Because it was no longer in your selfish interest to have us as your allies, you abandoned us, left our people, hungry, and hateful. You turned your friends into foes because you used us like whores.”

Chopra finished this passage with a comment, “There was a silence between us.”

We in America, have risen to our place in the world by our hard work, our individualism, our commitment to excellence, but we have also done so without seeing the part of ourselves that did not respect minorities, that did not respect women, that did not respect the environment, that did not respect people of other nations nor see them with the same dignity as we gave to ourselves, and we did not notice how that disrespect caused deeply rooted hatred against us by the very people who attempted to emulate us.

And on the home front, we act surprised when our children reflect to us the values that we unconsciously hold, values that they see because they live closer to us than to the words we speak to ourselves that cover those unconscious values with the higher ones. Our men speak of equality of men and women, but the vast majority of the most influential people in our nation are men. What have our children learned when they see us living this as our unconscious truth? Our women speak of equality of men and women, but our magazines and media display women as sexual objects, and we judge ourselves by how we look instead of who we are and we are surprised to find millions of our girls suffering from anorexia and bulimia. We speak of equality of the races and we hide our prejudices from ourselves, while our children join Neo-Nazi groups or buy music videos that speak of murderous hatred for those not like them. We speak of love, but we don't take time to love and our children are lonely, empty, angry and in pain; they eat to cover their loneliness, and we are shocked by this generation of obese children. They drug themselves to cover their emptiness, and we fight back with a losing war on drugs. They attack each other and us, to express their anger and pain and we build jails and suggest that teachers arm themselves. We have stopped looking at what we do with pride of accomplishment of something good and have grown into a people who look at what we earn as a statement of our worth, without noticing that we and our children no longer care about the quality of what is done to earn money, as long as riches result.

Forty years ago Nikita Khrushchev, the Premier of

USSR, proclaimed that America would collapse from the inside, not from the outside. Some of us have wondered if he knew more about us than we did about ourselves.

And in the middle of all of this internal chaos, planes crash into the Trade Center Buildings and the Pentagon and we are in unfathomable pain. The very best of who we are comes out. In the highest sense of compassion, we give blood, we offer help and support those who help, we work 'round the clock, we pray, we light candles and we connect with our families and tell people we have not told in a long time that we love them. Our president walks in freedom among the people of New York and our leaders come together in freedom to pray in the National Cathedral. We show our strength and resolve to not let this tragedy destroy who we are, and we renew our national pride... .

But we also respond from the other part of ourselves; our pain turns into fear; our fear touches our anger and we begin to display what we have hidden from ourselves for so long. There is the mirror. If we would look at what such an act of horror brings out of us, we will be able to see ourselves in a way that we could never have seen before. Are we hateful, vengeful, or filled with prejudice against anyone who looks Middle Eastern?

Chopra, in his letter, wrote of his experience the day after:

“On Wednesday night while in a cab returning from work to my apartment, I noticed the Muslim name of my driver. He noticed the tone of my skin in the rear view mirror. He nodded at me. On the radio, the commentator was relaying a warning to all men of Middle Eastern and South Asian descent—to be wary of unwarranted violent reprisals from agitated residents of the city.

The taxi driver again looked at me through the mirror and smiled ironically, “We love America. It is our home.” He shook his head, “But I think we're fu\_\_\_\_\_.”

When we contemplate what might be a war with others because of what we believe they have done to us, do we see the civilians in other countries, or in this country as collateral of a justifiable war? Do we not notice that this is exactly the cause for which we curse our enemies? Do we run out and buy guns and not notice what this means about us: that we are willing to contemplate killing another human being? That we no longer see strangers as friends we have not yet met, but instead see them as enemies, especially if they speak with an accent? There is the mirror. Do we drop into hopelessness and deep fear? Do we lose faith? Do we disconnect from ourselves as



eternal spirit and shake with fear? Are we so afraid of death that we disconnect from life? There is the mirror. Do we find ourselves reveling in the idea of turning the deserts of another country into a parking lot and wish to kill five of "them" for every one of us to let them know not to mess with us again and not notice that we have become exactly like the enemy who mirrors to us ourselves?

If we wish to rid the world of evil, we must first look into ourselves in the mirror that such an event as 9-11 has provided. Find out why we hate, why we wish to hurt others, why we are in pain, and we must bring healing to our own wounds. This is the deepest purpose for evil—evil that God does not allow... it is evil that we have created to see ourselves as others see us. If we had been a strong nation, deeply caring, deeply just, filled with compassion, and with spiritual connection, we would not have needed to experience the mirroring of ourselves in this horrible act that was inflicted upon us; we would not have committed acts that caused other nations to turn against us in rage. We can heal from this if we are willing to look in the mirror and if we choose to not look but instead to blame and seek revenge, we will continue to create what we unconsciously hold as our truth... and this will create another mirror. Perhaps someday, those who hate us will see that what they hate in us is a mirror of themselves, just as theirs is a mirror for us.

Let us not hate, but if we do, let us acknowledge it, and heal it in ourselves. God bless us all. ☆

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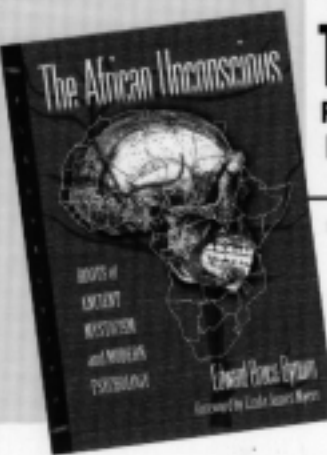
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# Short Recipe for Resolving Conflict Crises

By Amy+Arny Mindell

The following notes are meant for those interested in processing their own feelings around the USA Attack, public discussions around attack, revenge, war and extreme conflict situations of all sorts.

- I. How to begin with the Present Situation
- II. How to Approach Authorities
- III. The Larger Goal
- IV. The Nature of the Terrorist
- V. The Nature of the Victim
- VI. How to Bring it all Together

## I. How to Begin with the Present Situation (Grief, Anger, Retaliation)

Any dispute or attack may be painful and difficult, but also an opportunity for your community to become a more enriching place for all. It is a chance for you to become a more whole person. Let this problem be an opportunity to realize that conflict is a central, unsolved issue in all cultures.

Whether you must deal with conflict in yourself alone, with others, or face professional dispute work with participants in extreme states of consciousness, remember that any discussion or expressions of feelings about past pain and injury are not only due to past events; they are experiences people have in the present. Now, we are hurting, now we may be retaliating at ourselves or others. Remember that it takes time to grieve and to feel sadness. Thoughts of revenge can be an edge to feeling pain, just as depression can be an edge to anger.

Whatever happens, remember your long time dream of a good life for all, keep this global view while dealing with any given momentary situation. Recognize that anyone who is angry — including yourself— is potentially dangerous. Tread

gently. Be careful and don't forget the outer aggressors are always a mirror image of what you might possibly look like, either now or at another point in your life.

The situation outside is not new; your whole life has been filled with 'terrorist attacks' against you, and attacks you have leveled at others. Learn collaboration insights and make processing conflict a habit from now on.

If possible, find the most insightful leader within yourself who is a martial artist, someone who will use her full awareness to follow and not repress issues so that they become terrorist attacks. This is an 'inner' someone who can feel all sides; yet not be in conflict herself with herself.

Before going to step II, recall that the world is both inner and outer work. Remember a time when you were repressed by someone and felt pushed into the role of the angry terrorist as a result. Also, please recall how you have done the same to others, how you repressed or would not hear them, and how —as a result —they became upset with you. If you can recall instances in which you became a 'terrorist' and caused others to be terrorists, you are prepared for the next step. If you cannot recall such instances, anything you do will not be based upon solid footing, and is less likely to be helpful.

## II. How to Approach 'Authorities'

Remember you are an authority simply because you consciously went through the previous experiences, a-f. Others may not realize that when they discuss the world situation, they are talking about themselves.

Outer people in authority—such

as city and world 'leaders'— may not have had any awareness training. Tell them in a heartfelt manner that what we're going to do is both elegant and insightful, both rapid and sustainable—but it will include sensing more than their momentary feelings. The feeling skill to use with people in authority which works best is an appreciation for their dilemma. They're caught in the crossfire of public life. They must satisfy both those who want revenge and those interested in love.

Whatever you suggest, insist that it is only an addition to what they are already planning, not as a reversal or overthrow of their methods. Remember, mainstream thinking is the way you think when you react without much awareness. So have compassion in all that you do. Now let's go to the next step.

## III. The Larger Goal

Deep in your heart, deep in the quietness of the night, your grandest visions include hope for the future of humanity and the planet earth. Formulate those grand visions now. After thinking of these visions, consider how you can model them in all that you do. Imagine right now using your vision, and see yourself modeling it. A vision works only with a model.

If necessary, amplify your vision with the following 'addition.' Nature moves us; our job is to make these movements conscious and useful. Dreams and emotions, love and anger happen. Our job is to guide these feelings so that they enrich our own and everybody else's life, the life of all sentient beings. This 'addition' to your vision implies that life itself is a sacred event, even though it sometimes seems impossible. Life is not just a problem, but a kind of spiritual fighting ring, a temple requiring your utmost ability and wisdom. Nothing less than the grandest part of you is needed in an ultimate situation. The present moment is an opportunity, not only a threatening catastrophe. With this view, we can now go to the next step.

#### IV. The Nature of the 'Terrorist'

The biggest problem for most of us will be to comprehend the nature of the energy and motivations of the terrorist. When you or I or anyone else becomes an angry terrorist wanting to hurt or retaliate without feeling for those who are being hurt, we are revealing something all of us human beings have experienced at one time or another. The point is that the terrorist is not unknown to you. She or he is who you become in injured states of consciousness.

A central aspect of the terrorist is the 'freedom fighter,' someone who wants a newer, better, and just world for herself and her own. Another aspect of the terrorist is the spiritual seeker who has found a goal that is greater than life itself, something that makes even her own life, or its sacrifice, insignificant. That is why threats of imprisonment or counter attack, never deter terrorists. Still another aspect of terrorism is terror itself. The terrorist has transformed fear into fury. Fear, terror, and anger are very close. Terror is often due to the fear of being hurt by an omnipotent aggressor. Anger comes from the sweet feeling of revenge mixed with the ecstatic power of aggression, which feels to the aggressor as the opposite to victimhood.

In a way, the terrorist has inadvertently become a mirror image of the thing she or he hates the most. She or he is a product of hopelessness, created in part by everybody else's misunderstanding of who she or he is and what she or he stands for. Now let's go to the next step.

#### V. The Nature of the 'Victim'

The 'victim' (or in the case of Sept. 11, 2001 attack on the U.S, the one with more overt political, social or military power) is the 'aggressor' in the mind of the terrorist. The 'victim' is the 'innocent' one who has been attacked,

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and who identifies as being a victim. Now what we are going to say must be understood with compassion. The victim is the one who uses and remains in her victimhood to ease the guilt of being unconscious of her role in creating or at least collaborating in creating terrorism. The victim is in one way, partly responsible for the attack. She did not notice, she ignored or was unwilling or unable to face the terrorist, to hear her unhappiness, even when the signals of discontent were still mild or at least moderate and non-destructive. Consistent ignoring, repressing, dominating, and feeling you are better than someone else creates a false sense of peace, then come more rules, laws, police, military, and finally more war. This is not a criticism of the so-called victim, it's really a compassionate embracing and understanding of unconsciousness followed by a supportive nudge to wake up. Nothing ever happens out of the clear blue sky. The clouds were thick for days, months, decades, and in some cases centuries while everyone pretended it was a sunny day.

Insights about the roles of the terrorist and victim can usually occur only with hindsight. In dealing with a victim (or a terrorist), we need at first to accept that she identifies herself as the innocent bystander. Then we must be ready to understand the victim's deadly intent; retaliate and destroy the terrorist. Only after having had compassion with this one-sidedness, can we go to the next step. It is our experience that as long as you feel spiritually

superior to the 'victim's' (or the terrorist's) aggressiveness, you should not try to help. Instead, realize that you too need help. You too are waging a kind of war and add to, but do not solve the problem. When you are ready, please go to the next step.

## VI. How to Bring It All Together

If you're not able to directly influence the military or negotiate at the peace tables, be a mayor or a president, you can still speak up in your group, your house of worship, on email, in local papers and with your neighbor next door. Know that war is everywhere, not just on a given battlefield. Terror is anytime you think about it. Your inner and outer work are all forms of 'Worldwork' touching a global field which influences a few or many individuals not only directly, but everyone indirectly through the quantum waves of non-locality.

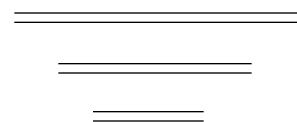
After finding your inward center, a source of quietness in the midst of movement, try the following. Using your knowledge of the terrorist and victim, speak for, feel for, and act out each side, one at a time. If you do it alone, it's inner work. When done with others, this is group work. Do it on TV. It's Worldwork. As the terrorist, speak of your hatred, speak of history. Speak of the things you stand for which are more important than your personal life. Don't just act or play this out. This is not only role-play. Let it be authentic, a deep and penetrating dance moving your body. Be a shaman and experience shape shifting into the nature of the forces of this universe. Feel the terrorist's body and notice how the words coming from her/his mouth come from the marrow of your bones. Go deeply and way beyond anything you've ever done before. Use your awareness and let your feelings go to infinity. When this feels done, switch sides.

Speak as the tortured 'victim.' Vehemently warn about your imminent retaliation. Describe all the

personal and social privileges you know about, speak of your desire for peaceful, quiet, and loving relationships. Now go deeper. If you're playing the US, get to the essence of New York. Not just the empire state building, but the lantern held proudly by that democratic spirit called the Statue of Liberty. Remember yourself as a dream of that home, an open door for those who have been oppressed. After admitting that you have not always been able to live that dream, remember your grandest vision and striving for democracy. Look into the roots of your heart and speak for 250 million people about the glimmer of hope that holds them together, a filament of light making them sometimes an unconscious monster but potentially an open heart, ready to accept anything, even those who have attacked her. If you could say this with honesty, to yourself, to others, to the papers and the TV, you have gone beyond the USA to the roots of democracy. Now it is time to go on.

If you do this with others, amazing and unpredictable things may happen among participants. Carry on this conversation for a maximum of two hours, then let go and say goodbye to all the spirits on your inner or outer stages. Go home and think it over. As many things happen in silence as they do in public. There is much more to do. There's a song to be sung about freedom and life, a dance and theater needing to recapitulate the essence of this world drama and the dream like realities unfolding before our amazed eyes. There are more dreams to dream on, the future to work with. Thank you for trying.

We recognize this is too general to be used as such, but hopefully broad enough to inspire your engagement. ☆



(See Army's [Sitting in the Fire](#) for more in depth information.)

## Book Review

by Dick McLeester

### **The Committee of Sleep: How Artists, Scientists, and Athletes Use Dreams for Creative Problem- Solving & How You Can Too**

by Deirdre Barrett, 2001, 211  
p, \$24.00, Crown Publishers

In this excellent book, Deirdre Barrett details the most important dream-inspired discoveries and creative works of art, music, film, science and medicine that are known. She looks back over the historical record, as well as offering many first-hand interviews with dozens of contemporary people. While simply recounting and verifying these stories alone would make for a great book, the author goes beyond that to discuss many other fascinating topics along the way.

She starts out with the uses of dreams in painting, sculpture, filmmaking, theater and literature. The uses of dreams in these disciplines reproduce dreams most closely, since their mediums are a natural fit with the imagery and story lines in dreams. Many artists have proclaimed dreams as their source of inspiration. For painting, she examines the dream experiences of William Blake and Salvador Dali, including a detailed description of Dali's "slumber with a key" technique for catching artistic inspiration from hypnagogic dream imagery. She also discusses the process of a dream being turned into art, including dreams that at first simply seem to be nightmarish or problematic, and are only turned into artistic inspiration with time and work.

When examining film, she looks at the work of Ingmar Berman, Federico Fellini, Akira Kurosawa, Robert Altman and John Sayles. Along the way, we see how some filmmakers and painters use lucid dreaming to seek out artistic inspiration, and ponder how the proliferation of movies may be altering the nature of dreaming.

In examining dream inspiration in literature, the book looks at Mary Wollstonecraft Shelly, Robert Louis Stevenson, Stephen King and many others. She quotes extensively from Naomi Epel's excellent book, *Writers Dreaming*. She also gets her book title from the John Steinbeck quote, "It is a common experience that a problem

difficult at night is resolved in the morning after the committee of sleep has worked on it." Using the metaphor of the committee of sleep for dreams is powerful, but I suspect some will find it overdone and at times annoying.

In the chapter on dream inspiration in music, we learn how the tune for Paul McCartney's song Yesterday arrived in a dream. At first Paul thought he must have heard it from someone else, and since it arrived in a dream, it took some time to claim it as his own. And originally, it had no words, so he played with it under the name of "Scrambled Eggs." The final version became the inspiration for the string sound of the Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band album, and has been played six million times on American radio, more than any other song.

Billy Joel states that "all the music I have composed has come from a dream" and Joseph Shabalala, founder of Ladysmith Black Mambazo reports that he has dreamed music every single night of his life, always sung by a choir of children. This sparks discussion about the wide range of musicians who have gotten inspiration from dreams, some frequently, others as rare occurrences, some from hearing the music and others who were inspired by a visual dream.

In her sections of scientific discoveries and inventions, we look at the famous discovery of the molecular structure of Benzene, and the invention of the sewing machine, along with many others. Along the way, the author examines some "urban legends" of discoveries made in dreams which further investigation reveals were not actually dream inspired. These include the discovery of the structure of DNA or the structure of the Atom. Clearly, these faulty stories give ammunition to those who dismiss altogether the idea of dream creativity. But as she shows in this book, most of the classic stories do check out.

These chapters also include a good guide to ways that people can incubate a dream, focusing on a particular problem or issue one would like their dreams to address. She examines a wide range of ways that dreams have inspired discoveries and

breakthroughs, even in a scientific culture where dream inspiration is not always highly thought of.

In her chapter on dreams & the body, she shows how dreams can offer medical diagnosis and treatment that was not consciously known, often in a symbolic form. Although not much research has been done in this area, she reports on what has been done. Further, she shows how many athletes have been able to practice and enhance their performance in dreams.

A final chapter on Dreams in non-western cultures examines how an entire written alphabet was inspired by a dream and adopted in the African country of Liberia, when they had only used an oral tradition prior to that time. She also shows the part that Gandhi's dreams of resistance played in the transformation of India into an independent state. Examples such as these and many others lead to discussion of cultures who honor dreams and listen to them more closely than our own. What might our culture learn from them?

In our culture, dreams are seen as mostly personal and psychological, best viewed in therapy, as mediated by a professional therapist, if they are given any attention at all. As the author points out, many other books deal with the psychological aspects of dreams. This book will go a long way in giving dreams respectability outside of that narrow box. The discussion of how these dreams have been translated into creative expressions and Nobel-prize winning discoveries can be inspiring. The discussion of how to listen to dreams, how to increase lucid dreaming or incubate a dream, may encourage many readers to adopt these practices.

In the end, the author concludes that dreams are neither consistently wise or consistently useless, but that dreaming is a different mode of thought, and its true power may lie in how dream inspiration can compliment waking thought. Further, she points out that we live in a dream-neglecting culture and may have much to learn by listening to those from dream-honoring cultures. This is an important book which I hope will be read by many. ☆



# THE TIES THAT BIND

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Almost everyone I have talked to had a dream, a feeling or some intangible psychic warning that was not clearly understood until after the horrific attacks on September 11th had occurred. These warning phenomena exist in what Fred Alan Wolf<sup>1</sup> refers to as, the imaginal realm” and are the psychic links, the instinctual glue of our consciousness, that Jung explored. Wolf cites from Michael Talbot’s *The Holographic Universe* a paradigm called the “omnijective,” one that is neither objective nor subjective and lies in “the middle realm halfway between material and mental reality.”<sup>2</sup> I believe the genesis of untold feelings of angst and dreams preceding the weeks before the 11th’s events fall onto this omnijective ground and that it tethers survival instincts and collective unconsciousness of all humankind to its roots.

These horrific events, attacks on the very fiber of our collective being, led me to investigate further my own dream and sensate experiences I had a few days prior to the 11th. Sunday/Monday, September 9th/10th my dream journal reflects a vivid four page big dream filled with archetypal symbolism and uncomfortable feelings that haunted me throughout the day on the 10th. It left me anxious, fragmented and unable to focus on the daily business of a normal Monday routine. I actually was so unaccountably unable to do my work, that I cancelled several appointments and went home.

Monday evening, I retired early, since I had an unsettled day which I could not rationally explain. I did not realize that I was coping with the residue of an “omnijective” experience from the night before until early the next morning on September 11th. The disbelief, and assaulting trauma of witnessing the events unfolding before my eyes on a television screen rang loud notes of alarm. The connections with my dream—a clear warning from that omnijective space—stunned me.

## *Weird Angel Dream (9-10-01)*

*I am in this house renting from a woman who has a deformity, but glamorizes herself to appear normal. She looks [Asian], is artistic and creative and rents me a room [in her large house] for \$300 a month. The house has a large basement. She has been retired for a while, but has decided to resume her business.*

*Somewhere in the dream, I see myself as an angel and realize that I am also Kurt Russell as the angel [I am both observer and participant]. I have long wings, 20 feet in length, which drape behind me and they appear when I least expect them, otherwise, I am me. I feel things shift and change inside the house and feel an undercurrent of something evil, although on the surface, things appear the same. Seems this woman has started her “business” again taking over an area in the basement with a group of women. There is a room that is fully decorated adjacent to the basement space where they conduct their business and she said it used to be her studio. Then a group of them are gathered around making candles or glass and the Asian lady gives me a candle and puts it in a rose-colored glass votive which is HOT. All are watching me trying to pick it up with tongs, and I feel uncomfortable. Then she selects a small glass figurine of an animal and inserts a candle and calls it a hat. I leave everything there because I am*

*growing very uneasy and I look at her feet and she has cloven hooves painted with pinkish purple polish; my suspicions are growing and I am feeling more and more that I am in danger.*

*Then I am on my belly on the floor of the basement and can feel the hands on the floor above “searching” for me to locate where I am.*

*I realize I better leave and I go upstairs to make an excuse and tell a woman I am going to a video store to pick up Hannibal and put chicken in the sink to thaw for dinner.*

*I wash my hands in the bathroom and see the toilet is backed up with sink drain water.*

*When I go to the basement/garage to get into my car (a Mercedes), I become a combat soldier and see a string of barbed wire is drawn across a step in the middle of the stairs.*

*I realize the woman has done this and I am cautious. I get delayed by the woman in the basement and realize time is important.*

*Then we all turn into men/soldiers and are being interrogated about an angel. We are seated by a set of lockers. No one says anything to the series of questions, but I finally respond knowing it’s me, the angel, who is now Kurt Russell, the man. The interrogators are intrigued with me and take me on an open transport to another location. I am on the side of a flatbed and the soldier is talking about how an angel could hide a 20 foot wing. All of a*

*sudden, I see myself naked and have long iridescent blue-green wings falling down my back nearly trailing on the ground; the speed of the vehicle flutters them and I see the angel has an erection. The truck stops (because the interrogator is stunned by the angel's appearance) and a line of golden semen has been deposited on the bed of the transport. The soldier wipes it off with his hands and can't get rid of it by wiping on his pants, so he wipes his hands on the angel's black pants. The angel has gotten dressed in his "uniform" of black pants and long-sleeved magenta turtleneck shirt. The two men are left standing with each other.*

The associations of the content of this dream could be lengthy, but there are areas I would like to elucidate in the context of an omnijective and archetypal experience that tapped the imaginal realm. The obvious to me was, why Kurt Russell as an angel?

After sharing the dream with a friend, she said it reminded her of "Escape from New York," [which I have never seen] an old film that starred Kurt Russell. I researched it and found a 1996 review of the film by James Berardinelli. The film was based on a book by John Carpenter and was released in 1981, but projected into the future to 1988 and 1997.

"1988. New York City, overrun by crime, is walled in. It becomes the world's largest, most uncontrolled prison, with the inmates prevented from escaping by armed guards who man the walls twenty-four hours a day. Those confined within the city are free to live and die as they please, creating their own form of government, choosing their leaders, and using guile, brutality, and criminal ingenuity to survive. The city's world-renowned silhouette, gazed upon from the shores of Liberty Island, is familiar, but, without electricity to light up the nights, it has become dark and ominous, like the fledgling society growing in its streets, alley ways, and sewers. Skip ahead nine years to 1997. The U.S. President's plane, hijacked by terrorists,

goes down in the midst of the New York City prison. Master criminal Snake Plissken (Kurt Russell), whose chief personality traits are a dry wit and an unrivaled sense of self-preservation, is chosen to enter New York, rescue the President, and get out again. To insure his cooperation, he is injected with tablets that have a twenty-four hour life span. If Snake hasn't done his job by then, his head will explode. So, left without options, he dons a James Bond wristband, hops in a glider, and heads for the top of the World Trade Center."

Even the most skeptical diehard would find this association and link to my dream character a chilling one. Angel, cloven-hooved devil, the religious icons of good and evil, the war that we find ourselves in characterized by such. Highly polarized light and dark forces that grip the consciousness of our planet. Interesting that the evil one was female; drawing attention to its atypical form, since most angels are male. Angels signify thought messengers, connections to danger and military scenarios. As a sidebar association, Air Force One had the code name of "Angel" when the World Trade Center Towers were hit.

And what of the strong feelings accompanying this dream and its aftermath? Wolf has this to say: "Why are there dream images? We dream in images and not in words because images are a basic primitive way of dealing with the outside world. Images are strongly connected with our feelings [and] create emotions [which] are vital to memory."<sup>3</sup> It connects us to a universality and we are tapped into the collective unconscious pulling out the dream images that can be labeled precognitive in nature. Montague Ullman says that, "Your capacity to form these [dream] images is a way nature has of giving us the opportunity to examine whatever may be impinging on the state of our connectedness to others, for good or bad."<sup>4</sup>

The imaginal realm, then, has germinated from the fact that according to Carl Jung, "Man feels himself isolated in the cosmos because he is no longer involved in nature and has lost his emotional 'unconscious identity' with natural phenomena. This enormous loss is compensated for by the symbols in our dreams. The unconscious has preserved primitive characteristics that formed part of the original mind."<sup>5</sup> Therefore, "archetypal dreams stir

strong emotions and involve situations not encountered in everyday life. Dreams that tend to be cosmic in nature and command the dreamer's attention."<sup>6</sup> It was the realm I, and untold thousands of others, found themselves in the days before the 9/11 events, drawing from our instincts to survive, and producing huge precognitive dreams.

Loyd Auerbach discusses the precognitive dilemma of information derived from dreams, visions and feelings. His research indicated that most precognitive events happen the day before and suggest that we are somehow psychically picking up on the intent of a perpetrator from their minds and thought processes as he plans a crime. "It appears that sometimes information about the future shows up unannounced, and that this information comes true."<sup>7</sup>

Such were the signs and symbols and scenarios springing from my dreams in that omnijective space of September 9/10. I found it had bled into the dreams preceding this one in which the same intense feeling and "big dream" criteria were present. Searching back through ten years of dream journal entries, I found several dreams connected to war, the diabolical hatred and planning processes of the Islamic extremists to annihilate Americans during the last decade. Such are psychic warnings of our connectedness and the ties that bind us in consciousness. ✨

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1 Wolf, Fred Alan. The Dreaming Universe, 1994.

2 Ibid., p. 218.

3 Ibid., p. 45.

4 Van De Castle, Robert L. Our Dreaming Mind, 1994.

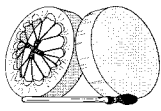
5 Ibid., p. 176.

6 Ibid., p.148.

7 Auerbach, Loyd. Psychic Dreaming, 1991.

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*For those who have had dreams during the past 10 years connected to the events leading up to Sept. 11th attacks and would like to have them considered for Dream Times or an anthology, please send to: Marlene King, M.A. P.O. Box 477, Murphy, OR 97533 or email to marlene@chatlink.com*



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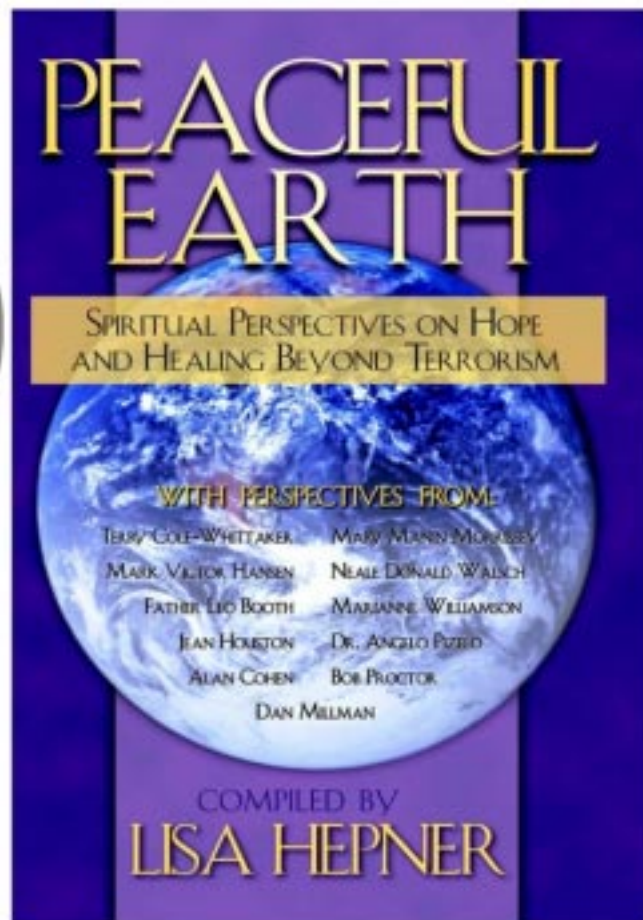
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