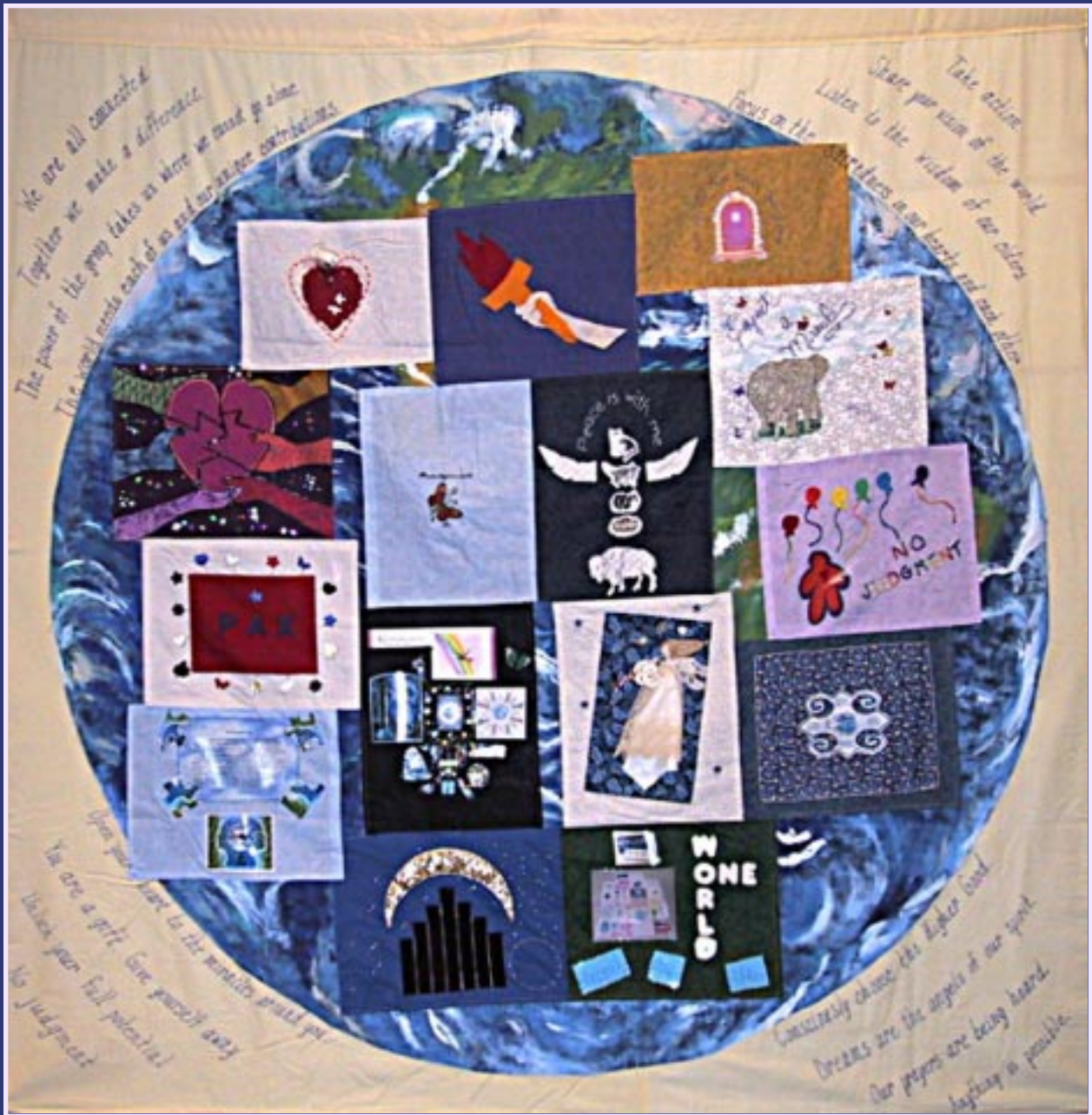


Dream Network

A Journal Exploring Dreams & Mythology



Dreaming for Peace Quilt

Awakening: A Creative Response • Fariba Bogzaran

Music, Mystery & the Dreaming Process • Amy Mindell

Blowing the Mind/Healing the Soul • Talks with Robert Boznak

On Dreams & Art: Where Dreamers & Actors Meet • Montague Ullman

Statement of Purpose

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1337 Powerhouse Lane, Ste 22

PO Box 1026

Moab, UT 84532-1026

Phone: 435/259-5936

www://DreamNetwork.net

e-DreamKey@lasal.net

Founder

William R. Stimson, Ph.D.

Council of Advisors

Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.

Russell A. Lockhart, Ph. D.

Robert Moss

Graywolf/Fred Swinney, M. A.

Rosemary Watts

Noreen Wessling

Editor/Publisher

H. Roberta Ossana, M.A.

Advertising

435/259-5936 Email: DreamKey@lasal.net

PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532

Front Cover Peace Quilt

by St. Louis, MO Dream Group

Review Editors

Dick McLeester email: dreaming@changingworld.com

Jaye C. Beldo, email: Netnous@aol.com

Contributing Artists, Authors & Poets

Janice Baylis, Ph.D.

Charles De Beer

Deborah Koff-Chapin, M.A.

Stephanie Clement, Ph.D.

Chris & Lorraine Grassano

Joy Gates

Marlene King, M.A.

Tony Macelli

Maureen Roberts, Ph.D.

Rosemary Watts

Noreen Wessling

Vicky Vlach

Editorial Assistance

Kelly MacArthur

Caroline Mackie

Lynn Shafer

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

FOCUS I: Dream Gifted Music

- 7 **Music, Mystery
and the Dreaming Process**
by Amy Mindell
- 12 **Dream Songs & Dragon Wings**
*An Interview with Artist Steve Hubback
by Tjitske Wijngaard*
- 16-17 **Singing Dreams** *Tom Goad & Rob O'Herron*
- 18 **Dream Song of the Bird with Metal Feet**
by Paula Verheijen
- 19 **Yesterday, Today & Tomorrow**
Dream Song/Prayer
- 35 **Song in the Key of Dreams**
Poetry by Vicky Vlach
- 41 **Song of the Snake-Skinned Shaman:
A Soul Opera**
by Maureen Roberts, Ph. D.
- 45 **Dolphins, Musical...**
by David Sparenberg

FOCUS II: Creative Responses to World Events

- 20 **Awakening: A Creative Response**
by Fariba Bogzaran
- 24 **Blowing the Mind, Healing the Soul**
*Talks with Robert Bosnak
by Ramsay Raymond*
- 30 **Dream for Peace: One Group's Experience**
by Rosemary Watts

The Art of DreamSharing

- 34 **Bin Laden Fears Dreamers Would
Expose His Plot** *by Robert Moss*
- 36 **On Dreams and Art: Part Three**
by Montague Ullman, M. D.

FEATURES

- 4 **Editorial**
- 5-8 **Responses: Letters from You!**
- 46 **DreamTimes** *by Marlene King*
- 47 **Dreaming Insights into Relationships**
by Janice Baylis, Ph. D.
- 48-51 **Networkers/Dream Groups/Classified**

Upcoming Focus

for Volume 21 No.2

Part II

Creative, Dream Inspired
Response to Current
World Events;
Dream Gifted Music

Leadline: 4 Weeks

after you receive
this issue.

ABOUT OUR COVER ART

Rosemary Watts led a group of 15 active dreamers in a lucid dreaming experiment, intentionally dreaming for peace. This **Lucid Dreaming Peace Quilt** was inspired by her own dreams, and made manifest through the cooperative dreaming and creativity of this group. Each participant asked for guidance and created a quilt piece based on their dreams. Diversity and individual expression is clearly seen in this quilt. Yet cooperation, hard work, and artistic talents expressed in the group made this quilt a reality.

It is now available for display. We would like to inspire other dreamers to create their own **Peace Quilts**. Let us join creative hands in helping to dream for, visualize, meditate, and pray for greater harmony and peace in the world.

Editorial



This issue has its roots in The Netherlands. Tjitske Wijngaard, editor of *Droomjournaal*, contacted our book review editor, Dick McLeester regarding an extraordinary dreamer from her country who is manifesting his dreams via creating musical instruments and art. Dick wrote me, I wrote Tjitske and here we are... s(pr)inging along! Thanks in great part to email, I must add.

Just as in dreams, where past, present and future often co-exist simultaneously, the 'mapped' and natural boundaries that have us claiming ourselves to be of different countries and cultures have been eliminated. The experience of collaborating with Tjitske and her editorial staff has felt like working with longtime friends. The boundaries are hereby eliminated and we stand together in our appreciation of the vast wonder and mystery of our dreams.

The effort required immediate trust, expecting the unexpected, flexibility and most of all, has been carried out with ease. It is and has been a pleasure and I thank you one and all for the opportunity. We are truly planetary citizens co-existing in an interdependent ecosystem and—to use a Jung's term—in the 'Collective Unconscious.' Now, from Tjitske:

Guest Editorial

It's been nearly a year since your editor, Roberta Ossana, first suggested a collaboration between your Dream Network and our Dutch *Droomjournaal*. We all know what happened in the meantime. The attack took place in your country, but reverberations were all over the world and for the first time in my life I flew my flag at half-mast, an outside sign of the great sadness I felt in my heart.

Now it's spring and the emphasis in nature is on growing and flowering. It seems a happy coincidence - or a happy choice - that this issue has creativity and music at its heart. Regeneration goes on all the time, in nature as in the human heart,

but spring takes it all out, puts it all on show. Every living thing starts unfolding itself whether it's the tiny forget-me-not or the showy magnolia.

One of my musical dreams was of great importance to me as it gave voice to a growing awareness in myself of my own way of being:

*I'm sitting in a church
Pavarotti comes striding in
Everyone rushing after him
Pavarotti gestures grandly
Photographers around him
People milling, crowding
And then at a bare church pew
The one I'm sitting in
A lone singer starts singing
Singing his one song
I look at him
And he points at me
And he sings my name
Three times he sings my name
Making my name a miracle*

In dreaming we meet, and I'm happy to have us meet here in this issue.

Tjitske Wijngaard

Help Needed

After several years of making time to do an excellent job of proofreading for us... in the midst of completing a doctoral degree, marrying and becoming mother to two lovely daughters (in addition to one of her own), working full time—how does she do it?—Kelly MacArthur has announced she must take leave of this post. Most understandably. Kelly, great is your reward in Heaven and thank you from all of us.

Thus, we are seeking the assistance of a new proofreader. Can you help?

Likewise, our book review editor, Dick McLeester, who has contributed his keen insights in many ways and for many years to this publication is preoccupied with his new wife and ongoing VisionWorks business. There are significant fringe benefits to this 'job' and if you are interested in serving in either capacity, please email DreamKey@lasal.net or phone 435/259-5936.

Each of you can help keep *Dream Network* alive. Give gift subscriptions, encourage your library and bookstores to make the publication available. Help! Peace.

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For more information

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LETTERS, DREAMS & Responses



Permanent Reference Value

I wanted you to know that I thought your recent issue was nicely done, a wonderful survey of what people had to say, regarding dreams and terrorist events. It has permanent reference value, and is probably something not touched on by any other periodical. The cover art was also beautiful. Congratulations!

Irv Thomas, Seattle, WA

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Dreams & 9.11 Awesome

The latest issue DN is awesome. One of my dream group people got his copy before I did and brought it to Tai Chi class. He, Todd, is most appreciative of your kindness in sending it to him. I've read it from cover to cover and there is no doubt in my mind that the hootspa it took for you to produce this issue will have ramifications for good that spread far and wide. I know I'll be hearing from my other dream students this week about their experiences with DN and I know they will be delighted.

Noreen Wessling, Milford, OH

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Significant Contribution

The latest Dream Network Journal (Vol 20, No. 4) is great! The articles, particularly those describing dreams prior to and after Sept. 11, make a significant contribution to the understanding of dreams in troubling times. Thank You!

Dale Graff, baygraff@chesapeake.net

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Who is the Lord of the Rings?

I read with interest Jeremy Taylor's article, *Dreamwork and Collective Trauma* in the current issue of *Dream Network* (Vol. 20 #4). Try as I might I cannot "buy" your interpretation of the young woman's dream from your article in DNJ's 9/11 issue. I cannot buy it as an alchemy dream, or a healing dream. A murder mystery, maybe. Let me try to tell you why.

The young woman begins her description by saying "she finds herself" in the forest which has been so inexplicably, murderously clear cut. She is devastated, weeping—an accurate response to such devastation. She then asks this question which I feel you overlook in your interpretation:

"Who could DO such a thing?" This is a statement of intention and asks a question of the dream, of the dream environment. The rest of the dream, in my view, is an inquiry, like a ghost detective involved in discovering the roots of, the perpetrator of her own, the forest's murder. But it is more than simply her murder, yes, it is a clear cut of an entire forest, very possibly all the victims of the catastrophe--WHO could do such a thing? An important dream inquiry. Who has the staggering hubris to "wound" us in this fashion?

She then notices the spiral in the stump (double meaning, can also mean to be stumped, mystified). She winds up entering the spiral, goes into the rings of the tree. The rings of a tree concern time. When you get to the center of the rings or the spiral you will be at the starting point of the forest, or the starting point of the cutting down of the forest.

As she is entering the lower half of the tree—the root structure I would assert—she is entering the knowledge of the event buried in the ground, probably the "roots of evil." As a forest is a kind of garden, as there are trees in the garden in which Adam and Eve hide, then I would assert she is tracing the roots of the event all the way back to, yes, "God's Garden." That the murder, cutting down of the forest dates from that "conception."

Who could do such a thing? Who could

curse the Garden-forest and program a cutting date into the rings of it? Who is the Lord of the Rings? Who has a secret covenant with dark powers down in the dark of the unconscious? She is entering, sinking into a hypnotic trance state, either directed by her own question, her own horrified question "Who could do such a thing?" OR she is being "drawn" down into a hypnotic trance state directed at her by those very Lord of the Rings powers in order to prevent her from remembering her question, her quest. She is being "hypnotized," drugged. She is being STUMPED! I am afraid I think the latter is the more accurate reading.

Jeff Lewis, Winong, WI

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A Song from Atlantis

Lots of feelings of unease linger after 9/11. The attack has made massive changes and for me, lots of self-examination and wanting to be "good... or better."

I have continually had part time jobs since I've been in Carmel, since I do not get enough business for my gestalt-/holistic dreamwork, etc. One of my part time jobs is on Cannery Row, right on the ocean in Monterey. I feel so very connected to that location and so close to the people I have met there that I started reading again on Atlantis, thinking of the strong connections that I have when I again meet some people there.

Here is a dream that I had. It is a little song that we used to sing to our children when we lived in Atlantis, so that they would be tolerant and loving of all:

"He lives
She lives
Nine lives
And Bee hives."

(all rhymes with hives, long i)

I woke up with the tune in my head but I don't write music. It is a 'jingle.'

The other thing I wanted to mention is that I went over to my local metaphysical bookstore in Carmel, Pilgrim's Way, and asked the owner if he would put *Dream Network* on the shelves. He said 'yes'!

Now there are several copies available there. I recommend it to all and thank you for all your hard work.

Elizabeth Howard, Carmel, CA

Thank you for sharing and contributing to growing exposure for Dream Network, Elizabeth. If you would be willing to talk with your local bookstores, please call me (435-259-5936) or email (dreamkey@lasal.net) and we'll provide the names of our distributors so that you can inform bookstore proprietors. Editor

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Let Peace Begin With Me

Given Jung's concept of the collective unconscious, this night-marish event came from that unconscious. Could we, as many dreamers dreaming for peace, change the energy of that collective unconscious so that a more peaceful world comes forth? Have you read the Hundredth Monkey? It's the same idea.

I also believe that we, as dreamers, need to look at our dreams and what they show us about where we may not be at peace in our own lives. It all starts with the individual, but the mass results can be great.

Wendy Pannier, editor of Montague Ullman's Dream Appreciation

"In the final analysis, what is the fate of great nations but a summation of the changes in each individual?" C. G. Jung

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Wisdom From a 14 Year Old

My name is Michael, and I am one of the children of oz. I'm 14 years old. I wanted to tell you about my experiences. I knew I was one of these children when I began hearing other children talking to me in my head. I felt they were real children, not my imagination. That was when I was seven or eight.

Then I started reading peoples minds, though I didn't tell them because I knew they would be scared. The other children were still there too and I knew I could talk back. That was when I started to understand. Some of them

taught me things. Pretty soon I could do other psychic stuff. I also have been to the monastery you talked about, but in my dreams. I met four children there, but they had different names than what you wrote. They are learning how to use their gifts, just like me. We want to use them to bring peace, and to teach others how to use them. That is why we're here.

This is what I want to say. The reason we can do these things is because we know that the world is not real. Sometimes when I'm dreaming, I realize I am dreaming and can then do fun things. It's the same in this dream as well.

When you know that everything is just from your mind, then you can have fun with it. You have been pretending the world into existence, but you can pretend a different world if you want too. It can be a world of peace.

That's why we talk about pretending. If you pretend that the world is filled with love, then it is. If you pretend it is bad, then that's how you'll see it. It's not hard at all. The other stuff happens by itself. The psychic stuff isn't so important, but the love is. That's what the children are here to say.

As for this grid, I know what you are talking about, and I can tell you it's ready.

Michael

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Dreams & Gestalt: Request

Hello, my name is Kelly. I am a first year grad student in Tennessee. I am doing research on dream analysis as applied in the Gestalt theory. I have read your article and would like to know where I may find resources for my research. Would you please send me any book titles or web sites that pertain to this subject. I would greatly appreciate it.

Kelly Rob, Tennessee - KelRob3546@aol.com

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Dreams • Astrology: Request

Do any of you have unusual dreams influenced by astrology, e.g., having to do with energy bursts, unusually lighted areas, lighted boxes, electricity, etc. It so happens that on January 2, 2002, the Earth was at its Perihelion with the Sun and the Moon in it's perigee with the Earth. It was also Imbolc, day of celebration.

In my own dream, I was presented with a box that looked like a rounded and elongated sarcophagus. When I opened it up, it radiated so much light. Only in dreams could I have withstood so much light. It was obvious that this was very beneficial to me since I feel very well. I then emailed a friend of mine who told me some of her guides were back and advised her that they had not been able to come through due to the Earth's positioning.

I really believe there are many sensitives who can pick up cosmic happenings through their dreams, which implies a high degree of sensitivity and a tremendous shift in dimensionality. I have no idea if people are involved in checking out what happens in the Cosmos on their dream days but usually I like to go through the Astronomy pages and calendars and check out what's happening. I myself have been surprised at how often I pick up in my dreams what's happening around us out in space.

Keep up the good work with the Journal.

Mildred Rosario Ojeda, Puerto Rico email:mro@prtc.net

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Our 'Letters' section is the place for you to ask Questions, share your experience, inspirations, dreams and perspectives. You may even choose to initiate a debate!

Please send one or more of the above to
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Music

Mystery

and the Dreaming Process

By Amy Mindell

When I was a child, I learned to play the guitar and piano, and loved to sing and dance. As a little girl, I used to twist and frolic to the rhythms of rock and roll, “Oh shake it baby now, twist and shout!” As I grew up, music and movement became my lifeline; at home I could return to in order to find meaning in an everyday world. Today, whenever I feel confused about what direction to go, curious about the world, or upset by something that has happened, I find myself spontaneously sitting at the piano and letting the music carry me like a magic carpet to lands of greater perspective, to my inner dreams and deepest yearnings, and to my sense of connection with others. However, for the first forty years of my life I was unable to find the thread to my own inner songs. I don’t really know what suddenly allowed me to begin

to write my own music a few years ago, but I do know that it has something to do with my growing openness to, and my fluidity with, my dreams and my dreaming process.

There is something so inexpressible, so deeply stirring about music and the creative process, that I am utterly grateful each time a piece of music comes through me. Sometimes a song has begun with a dream image, sometimes a slight body sensation, at other times a faint tune that has unfolded into a melody. There have been times when I cannot track what has happened. It has felt as though the piece of music was always here and I simply allowed it to manifest through notes and chords.

Therefore, I am shy to try to describe my process of writing music in any clear or defined way. However,

in my work as a process worker¹, a form of therapy and conflict resolution developed by my partner and husband Arny Mindell, I have found vocabulary for this ineffable experience. This understanding has helped me and my clients gain an even deeper access to the creative process. Perhaps I can share some of these concepts here.

The Dreaming Process

A central idea in process work is that we do not only dream at night but we are dreaming all the time, throughout the day as well. The source of these experiences is what we call the dreaming process. The dreaming process is like a wellspring that continually generates dream-like experiences whether we are asleep or awake. Spontaneous movements and gestures, body symptoms, and flickering experiences are some of the ways that the dreaming process manifests in everyday life. If we follow and unfold these occurrences, they actually mirror our nighttime dream images. When I tune into this source of dreaming in all of its manifestations, I tap into a fountain of creativity and expression.

Levels of Experience

In order to understand the dreaming process more, let me describe various levels of experience.² One level is called “consensus reality” and includes such things as the way I identify myself, my profession, my weight, my height, my body gestures, the sound of my voice, music that I can notate, etc. These are things that most of us would consent to, or agree upon. A second level is what we call “dreamland.” In this realm lie deeper feelings, our dream images and dream figures. An even deeper level we call the “essence” or “sentient essence” level. This is the area of subtle tendencies that occur before something manifests as a visual dream image, an identifiable feeling, or an exact tune or melody. In Taoism, this realm would be called “the Tao that can’t be said,” that which arises before it can be named. Aboriginal people call this the area of the “Dreaming” which gives rise to all other levels including the material world. In process work, this is the level of the dreaming process.

The dreaming process is the deep source from which all the other levels arise. We can visualize it as the underground roots of a tree from which the visible portions of the tree emerge. In other words, as the essence begins to express itself, it appears as flickering experiences that catch our attention such as something suddenly catching our eye, a fleeting feeling in our bodies, or a quick sound that grabs our

attention. When these experiences further unfold, they express themselves as identifiable feelings and the images and figures of our nighttime dreams. In other words, dream images first appear as very slight tendencies and sensations that then unfold into dream figures and images. In fact, if we notice these slight tendencies during the day, we can often predict the dreams we will have at night. When dream images further unfold, they appear in consensus reality at times as disturbances such as body symptoms, spontaneous gestures, slips of the tongue, etc., or, if we follow this unfolding with awareness, they appear creatively in such forms as song, art, and dance. These levels are not really separate but part of a fluid spectrum. By joining the flow of dreaming along this spectrum we can gain access to a great deal of inspiration.

Heaven is Open

Let’s think about my experience of creating my song Heaven is Open. When *Heaven is Open* began to unfold, I felt a tremendous relief. It was as if something inside of me wanted to write this song for many years and finally gave birth to melody and words. The process of writing the music began with both a dream and a flickering body experience.

About a year and a half ago, I had a dream in which I was feeling a bit down and was sitting by the ocean. In the dream, *I laid back and let the water carry me*. When I awoke, I wrote down my dream and went about my day as usual. A few hours later I noticed a very subtle and strange feeling in my chest, a slight sensation as if my chest was moving backwards, expanding, and opening. Since the sensation was so faint and didn’t make sense to me, I was going to ignore it. However, I decided to stay with it and meditate upon it. As I did that, I suddenly had an image of gold pouring down from heaven into my chest. At that moment I began to hear the beginning melody of *Heaven is Open*. I then remembered my dream images from the night before. I sat down at the piano and the song poured out like melted butter: “I thought I was empty, at the edge of the sea, I lay down and rested and let it carry me. And heaven is open, each and every day.”³

Each time I sing this song, I feel that deep sense of openness to something greater than myself. My chest expands, I drop my everyday self, and I am taken by the wings of eternity. Where the song actually came from is a mystery to me and hopefully always will be. It flowed from the unfathomable essence of my experience. I do know, however, that by noticing a

HEAVEN IS OPEN

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Slowly, lyrically

The musical score is written in G minor, 3/4 time, and consists of seven staves of music. Each staff begins with a measure number and a key signature change. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words connected by lines to indicate they span across multiple notes. The score includes various musical notations such as rests, slurs, and dynamic markings.

1 *B \flat* *E \flat* *G m*
I thou - ght I was emp - ty at the edge of the

7 *F* *B \flat* *G m*
sea I lay down and rest - ed

13 *E \flat* *F* *B \flat*
and let it car - ry me And hea - ven is

19 *D m* *G m* *C m* *F*
op - en each and e - very da - y oh i hear the heartbeat

27 *C m* *F* *B \flat* *D m*
so deep and so far a - way And dreams are like rainbows

34 *G m* *C m* *F*
they can paint the sk - y Oh where will they take me

41 *¹G m* *F* *²G m* *F*
when they fly y? sk i es!

fleeting body sensation and then connecting to my dream images, I was able to catch hold of the dreaming process, let it unfold into melody and words, and finally share it in everyday reality with others.

Songs of the Land

When I was a child, I loved to sing, "The hills are alive with the sound of music!" For me, the plants and the ground were full of dreams and songs. I twirled around the trees dancing and singing and imagined they sang back to me in partnership. Throughout time, many peoples have said that the consensual, material world originates from dreaming and that the basic essence of the earth and the universe is sound. Australian Aborigines say that the material earth manifested from the Dreaming and that legendary beings sang the world into existence. These songs or songlines, invisible pathways that flow throughout Australia, recount the creation of the land.⁴ Sufi mystics understand the universe as an immense, vibrating medium.⁵ For Pythagoras, the pitch and rhythm of music was a microcosm for the mathematical laws of the universe.⁶ Likewise, from my limited understanding, quantum physics teaches us that the basis of all matter can be understood as vibrations or waves.⁷ This of course, is the basis of music as well.

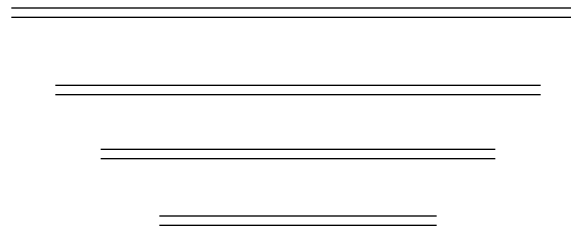
Over the past few years, I have had a few experiences in which I felt that I heard the sound of the land. I remember taking a walk in the beautiful mountains of eastern Oregon a year ago. As I walked I thought I heard a faint sound coming from the mountains. I listened closely to what seemed to be a rhythmic beating of a drum. It sounded to me like a war march. As the rhythm reverberated inside of me, I started to walk to its beat. Eventually, I began to hear the first words of another song. I heard, "Standing on this mountain, far away from our home, fighting for our freedom, on this land that we roam" The song further unraveled and when I returned home I wrote down the music and the words.

About a week later, I was reading a book about the plight of the Nez Perce Native Americans who inhabited that very land years ago and who were forced to leave it by the US army.⁸ They were chased to the Canadian border where they were finally overcome. I was startled to read that many of the images in the song that I had written down closely followed the story of what had occurred. I feel shy to talk about this since I am not Nez Perce. However, this music came through me while I was listening to the mountains and I tried to step out of the way and let it express itself. I realized that the land itself carries history and dreams, the stories of ancestors, if we listen to its songs.

Kermit's Dream

It seems to me that some songs come to me in a very humorous way. One night I dreamed that... *the famous Muppet puppet, Kermit the Frog, was singing to me about his own dreams. Kermit was in a frustrated state and was terribly confused because he dreamed that he had transformed into a dog! Kermit had begun to wonder who he really was!*

When I woke up, Arny and I had a good laugh about the dream and I found myself writing *Frog Song* which is about the impermanence of life. I'm grateful to Kermit for imparting such wisdom and to the dreaming process for its endlessly generous gifts.)



1 For an introduction to Process Work see my Metaskills: The Spiritual Art of Therapy, New Falcon, Tempe, AZ, 1995/Lao Tse Press, Portland, Oregon, 2001, Arnold Mindell's River's Way: The Process Science of the Dreambody, Penguin, London, 1984 and his Working with the Dreaming Body, Penguin/Arkana, London 1984/Lao Tse Press, Portland, Oregon, 2001.

For more on particular process oriented methods for connecting dreams and music see Chapter Eleven in Arnold Mindell's upcoming Dreammaker's Apprentice, Hampton Roads, Charlottesville, VA, 2001 and for more applications of process work with music see Lane Arye's Unintentional Music: Releasing Your Deepest Creativity, Hampton Roads, 2001. And visit our website at www.aamindell.net

2 See Arnold Mindell's Dreaming While Awake: Techniques for 24 Hour Lucid Dreaming, Hampton Roads, Charlottesville, Va., 2001 for detailed descriptions and examples of these various levels of experience.

3 *Heaven is Open* can be heard on our website, www.aamindell.net.

4 Bruce Chatwin, The Songlines, Cape, London, 1987.

5 See the beautiful book, The Mysticism of Sound and Music: The Sufi Teaching of Hazrat Inayat Khan, Shambhala, Boston and London 1996 for more on the connection between sound, the universe, and mysticism.

6 Donald Jay Grout and Claude V. Palisca, A History of Western Music, 4th ed, W.W. Norton, New York, 1980, p.7.

7 See Arnold Mindell's Quantum Mind: Journey to the Edge of Psychology and Physics, Lao Tse Press, Portland, Oregon, 2000 for more on the basis of quantum physics and its connections with psychology.

8 Diana Yates, Chief Joseph: Thunder Rolling Down from the Mountains, Ward Hill Press, NY, 1992.

FROG SONG

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Moderately bright

1 Oh one day I went to sleep and dreamed I was a dog The

4 big furry brown type not just a li-ttle fro-g I barked-and-sniffed-a-round and

7 chewed on some-body's shoe And when I woke i. was so confused I didn't know what to do-o Oh

10 I may never know just why it is I'm green But may-be-it's be-cause

15 You're be-ter off green than seen

2.
 Oh, one night I went to sleep
 And had the strangest dream
 I was a dog, a rabbit, a rhinoceros
 And that was really keen!
 And when I woke up
 I started to hop and howl and snort
 I was having a lot of fun
 'Til I saw the doctor's report.

Chorus:
 Oh I may never know
 Why I croak and jump in ponds
 Someone just put me in this form
 And said that I was a frog.

3.
 But one day I'll go to sleep
 And know that I'm a star
 Not the movie star type
 But the kind that shines real far
 I'll sit up in the sky
 Lay back and cross my green feet
 And wave to all of you
 Sitting on the street.

Chorus:
 Oh I may never know
 If I'm really green or blue
 But I know I change each night
 And maybe this time I'll be you.

Dream Songs & Dragon Wings

AN INTERVIEW WITH STEVE HUBBACK,
PERCUSSIONIST, FIRESMITH AND SCULPTOR
BY TJITSKE WIJNGAARD



A small white house in the center of a busy town in the south of the Netherlands, a yard with a shack, axes, bits of metal and the most amazing sculptures, all catching the light in different ways as you walk past. This is the home of Steve Hubback, percussionist, firesmith and sculptor, who gets his inspiration from dreams, among other sources.

The interview takes place to the sound of his music which is familiar and strange in that there are moments that the music echoes something you feel you know, something Eastern perhaps, but has rhythms and sounds all of its own.

Tjitske: How does a Welshman come to live in the Netherlands?

Steve: I was living in Denmark before this. I first came here through an exhibition. I was offered a space here but I spend about half my time traveling really.

Scandinavia is one of the places I often go to; it's one of my important influences. I went to Iceland a while ago to do a fashion show with one of my best friends who is Icelandic and it turned out to be brilliant; the people in the fashion show were great, they were really open-minded; there were no conflicts whatsoever with anyone. It was super professional; also, they were all professional dancers and actors and actresses, so there was a lot of good movement. An amazing experience to have such harmony and professionalism that you don't experience very often. I played with an Icelandic guitar player and a guy who did sound mixture and we did music to the concept they had. It was very Nordic, the first part was glacial, blue tones and everything and the second part was the more volcanic eruption kind of thing and the third part was where it all relaxes. I'd love to go back one day!

Tjitske: When I first heard some of your music, I was at least partly reminded of Eastern sounds.

Steve: My music does have Eastern influences as well as Scandinavian. There is no connection between the two... it just happens. Ever since I was young, I've been fascinated with gongs, bells, Tibetan music. I was very fascinated with all these things, even though they were not easily found in those days. It's actually part of the reason why I started making gongs myself, because I just couldn't afford them or I couldn't find them.

Tjitske: And the connection with your dreams?

Steve: It's always interesting to talk to people about that, especially journalists, because they look at me like "Where is this guy coming from," but I don't care. For me it's quite serious.

I've had a few, not a lot. I think the first one was really significant; must have been around September, 1994. In the dream I was in Norway climbing up these mountains and I felt a very great need to get to where I was going, like there was a reason for it. So, I'm climbing and there's a kind of a festival going on. And there was the drummer who got me into music; he was playing and—instead of his regular drum set which is quite special anyway, instead of the big ride cymbal—there was a live dragon's

wing made of bronze but it was organic, it was growing, and it was really big, and he was playing it and the sound was bringing everyone in a kind of magical trance. I remember the dream clearly and the sound was incredible. It was taking me somewhere else and there were these thousands of people, half in a dream state through the magic of all these instruments being played.

I was an observer, but I got to the place and saw it and experienced it and that was important. So this dream stayed with me for years. I thought one day, "I'm gonna make this!" and I spent quite a long time thinking how to create this instrument and then one day I realized I just can't really do it. To build it from the dream exactly would be very, very, very difficult, if not impossible. So I thought, "Well, basically it's a cymbal, which is possible..." and then I adapted the design into something that I could build, so I did. And it's still directly influenced by the dream.



- Percussion sculpture made for Evelyn Glennie. 2000

So that was the beginning and I've had about four or five dreams in the last ten years where I've had experiences with new instruments, musical instruments that don't exist in our world. The second time I had one was probably about six years ago. I dreamt about *this Finnish drummer, Vassala, Michael Vassala; he's a pioneer of jazz music... strange harps and accordions, very interesting instruments. So in this one dream... it was in Finland, it was a very beautiful day. I saw Vassala and his group play in a pavilion, in a kind of carnival atmosphere. They were playing in a very high-style way, a way I'd never seen before. I can't go into much more detail, except they were all very strange shapes and all quite big and a totally weird sound, totally different from any-*

thing I'd ever seen or heard.

The third, well the other most prominent one I had, was last summer. In the dream, *I was actually in England, at a party, and there was this strange folk group at the party, and there was a girl harp player and I was talking to her. She showed me the harp, and it was made of stainless steel, RVS, and the main harp was about the size of a Celtic harp, but it was about fifteen harps built into one. These were all different kinds of harps and she could play them all, all different directions; and again an incredible sound.* That one really stays with me now. That's something I do want to build one day when I can afford to make it; it will take a long time and of course it will be as with the other dream, the idea of this harp, not quite the way it was in the dream, that would be too complicated and too expensive; but it will be great.

Tjitske: So when you have these dreams, it's obvious you feel inspired by them afterwards. Is there anything you do to create this before you go into your dreams or do they just happen?

Steve: No, I'm not really searching for a mystical experience, they're just spontaneous. They are the kinds of dreams that are very strong, the colors are very strong, the emotional imagery is very strong and afterwards I can still remember most of it.

It's an extremely good feeling to be in such a dream. In the first one when I was going up the mountains, there was a bit of tension, because it was like a heavy quest, but like I said I arrived at the point where I had to be, so that was good. The other ones were more relaxed.

There was another dream, a couple of years ago, which was not about musical instruments, but it was about music and it also stayed with me. *I was in a kind of city, a fantasy, if you like, it was a beautiful environment, very strange buildings. Architecturally beautiful, strange little towers, very tasteful colors and all the citizens were wearing extremely flamboyant clothes, it was like a fairy tale actually. There were clock towers with beautiful figures coming out, beautiful bell sounds, a lot of music, very colorful sounds and somehow this is connected.*

I haven't worked it out yet, but there is a connection, a connection with the creative side. In fact, I've just worked in Switzerland and there was a group from Germany and they did a very special mask theatre. Not just small masks, but bizarre costumes and one mask was maybe almost a meter high and it looked like something from a medieval period or a magical fairy tale period and somehow I thought about this dream when I saw these people. I can't really say anything more, but there was something that really struck me. I'm still trying to work it out.

Tjitske: When you talk about the Nordic and the Eastern influences this could be connected couldn't it, something archetypal there, something ancient underneath?

Steve: Could well be. It's interesting to talk about these things. I've always felt a fascination for the North and for the East and that's a rather weird combination.

I'll tell you a weird experience I had in Iceland. Before the

show started, we had to make some publicity photos and we went out into nature by this beautiful big lake. It was a nice sunny day and we were taking photos of one of the women, dancers by the water to try and get a good poster; she was holding one of my special gongs and the light was catching on it, which was very nice. I put up one of my percussion sculptures and we took photos of that and at one point, I was playing, looking at the mountains, looking at the water, I had this incredibly powerful emotional experience, and it was like the nature in Iceland itself was embracing what I was doing and saying, "We like it, this is OK!" That was the feeling I got, it came from the wind and the earth and I was completely overwhelmed. I mentioned it to one of the girls afterward and she said to me "Oh yeah, I can believe that," and they were all like that, as if that was the most normal thing in the world. I thought "These people are great!" And I met a symphony orchestra percussionist and he said "Everybody is very esoteric in Iceland." You can talk to them about these things and they are not a bit surprised.

Tjitske: Do you remember any dreams from your early days?

Steve: One from my teenage years. I was actually in Norway when I had this dream. *Everybody who'd ever lived in my family was at this place. It was on some plateau, and there was this beautiful weird fairy tale house and there was a mad party going on in the back garden. Everyone was there who had ever been in my family from generations back, my sister was in the house and I heard her scream. I looked up and there was a ship, a wooden ship sailing in the sky, very beautiful and a kind of kite had fallen off the ship down in front of the house, a weird, very big kind of man-flying kite,* and that was the same kind of feeling as the musical dreams.

Tjitske: Going back to your Eastern and Nordic influences, were there any other important moments?

Steve: Well, I was in South Korea in '96; that was a good experience. I was working with a very famous piano player who was also a cango drummer; he was a Buddhist monk and we got to meet these very high-ranking Buddhist priests and monks and the first night there was a party, a reception by a lake. Then I saw this guy; he looked as if he'd walked out of a fairy tale. He had these amazing baggy clothes and this crazy long wild hair and this massive goatee beard and his big bright eyes. And I remembered looking and thinking, this guy has huge power. It turned out, we met him later, that he was the most famous Buddhist woodcarver in South Korea. And he invited us to his place, a huge complex, very beautiful, all his life's works were there, a big sculpture garden and there was also a temple. He didn't speak English and we didn't know much South Korean, so they showed us the video of how he was working and part of his discipline was to meditate with burning coals on his stomach; he would sit there with a smile, burning coals on his head, totally oblivious to it. And then he'd go to a forest to meditate and he'd sit by a tree that was to be carved into a Buddha, and he had this mental con-

nection with it. So he'd chop it down, bring the wood back, prepare the wood and again, he would sit meditating in front of this block of wood of about a meter high. And there was a big axe by his side. And all of a sudden at the right moment he took the axe and in about five minutes he'd carved the basic shape of the Buddha with an axe and then he'd take months to do the small details with his tools. This guy was amazing; he was a very big inspiration to me.

I learned a lot there in Korea. I also learned about space in music which is a very difficult concept for Western people, but I think the people who are closest to it are probably the Norwegians and the Icelandic, for various reasons. At first when I started drumming, I wanted to be as fast as I could possibly get, but now I can do all that and now what I want to do is create space in the music. Well, the Koreans have really mastered that. Say, there are about twenty drummers, they hit a beat, and seconds later they hit it again... it's to do with moving and breathing. They all hit this beat. They take a deep breath and bring their arm back in an arc, a hundred people can do this, and then bam! So, this was the big change for me. Something I was looking for anyway, but I didn't know where to find it and they showed me.

As you mature musically, other things start affecting you apart from the music. You learn to create in a whole different way. I feel like it's more harmonious, as if looking for the harmony and balance in life. At first, when you're young you go for the technique. After the technique you try to get the feel, and then you try hard to get the whole balance of the emotion and everything, so I think it's a maturity, a harmony with the cosmos.

Tjitske: The same thing you felt in Iceland?

Steve: Yes, I think, as the really ancient people do, there's a lot of power in sound and I think a lot of it is mysterious and it's very difficult to really learn how to use it. I mean the ancient Chinese orchestras had a lot of people in them, hundreds, and the harmony was very simple. A lot of the instruments were just one-note instruments, and you would have guys playing just one instrument that played just one note, but that one note can be essential, to harmonize with yourself and to project, to open doors to perception and get the balance right and that is something I'm searching for in music. It's also the balance in the work I'm doing with the blacksmithing, the sculptures and building the musical

instruments. The whole three things go together. And they influence each other. They're related in a way and they can all work together. First of all, all the instruments are coming from the same source, hammer and anvil, even though the materials might be different. And I suppose like the sculptures, they represent some kind of symbology from my subconscious and the instruments are the oral dimension. I'm still finding out myself, it's a learning process.



- Icelandic actress 'Kolbrun' with Dragon Cymbal. Iceland. 2000

Tjitske: I'm just thinking there has to be a connection with the manual part of the work.

Steve: Well, the big thing there is, part of the energy is the materials and it's only me doing it. It's all my energy that's imparted, and I only work when I'm feeling in a good way, positive. I can't go on when I'm in a bad mood. But the nature of the work anyway creates a good harmony. It's that kind of work. And it gets quite esoteric when you have the fire going and you have the

metal reaching melting point or whatever, it's quite a fascination.

The first demonstrations I ever had at blacksmithing was a Norwegian sword maker who was living in Denmark. I had known this guy for some years before he actually showed me anything. This is like the story of when the student is ready, I think. So one day he came over and said, "come," so we walked to his workshop, his smith-shop and he got the forge going. "Now I will show you something," and he took a piece of steel and he showed me how to twist metal, get these weird shapes, all very fascinating. I remember the vibration at the time was very close to something else, that you couldn't see or feel or touch, it was a very esoteric experience.

Eleven years ago I'd never thought I'd be doing what I am doing now. I was just a drummer then. It's interesting how things work.

Tjitske: So did it start there?

Steve: It did, yes, it started in Scandinavia. And it wasn't like I just woke up and hurrah! I'll start building things. It was a very slow process. I worked on it for a very long time. I'm basically self-taught. I've been lucky.)

Steve Hubback on the internet: <http://www.dse.nl/hubgong/>

Singing Dreams



Since I learned that dream music is a focus for the *Dream Network*, I have now had three dreams with singing and this last one was the most powerful yet. I have never before remembered to the best of my knowledge any singing dreams in my years of dreamwork. **Rob O'Herron**

Hondu Maduka Chant June 2001

There are various disturbances, people fighting and arguing in the streets, pushing, shoving among various ethnic groups. I start singing Hondu Maduka and I get others to sing. It starts like a wave vibration, lower base tones then higher tones, like in a movie with a choir singing (angels?). I am going around waving my hands like a conductor, getting more and more people to start singing.

Singing into the Well of the Mountain July 2001

I am with Noreen and we are on a cliff/hill/mountain side area up about 20-30 ft. There are two men looking for a treasure and there is a hole filled with water that goes down deep inside the mountain. The two men are in that spot then go to another part of the mountain. I go up to the rocks where the hole is, which is filled with water. I sing Hondu Maduka several times into the well and it echoes & vibrates into the mountain, and is repeating.

I believe this draws the two men's attention so we go around the cliff area to avoid them. We are on some type of structure (with a thatched roof, made with palm leaves or some tropical plant & wood posts tied together) and it collapses. Noreen falls to the ground and either I fall or jump down also. We are both in the rubble on the ground.

The two men hear this and come running around, we stay low to the ground and they pass by us. Then a cop or security guy runs by down a hill after them. He aims a gun at them and I have a flashlight & I use it to shine on the cop & men to mess up the cops shot. Then other cops are running down the hill—dressed in South American or Mexican clothing—and they come on the two men who are now kicking, karate chopping at the guards... but they are overwhelmed. I go down to the lower level—which is like

a parking lot—and I start singing and dancing around the head security guard and there is still much confusion, talking, discussion. I am singing a story & here are the words that I remember:

“An ancient tale, the Holy Grail, it was our disgrace, an ancient race... it will lift us up... It won't be long, an ancient song... a tale of glory... It will turn your head around... we're on our way, a brand new day...”

Young Boy with the Voice of an Angel

Aug. 2001

I am in traffic on a road, it is hard to stop, there are lots of cars. It is after 1p.m. and I am late for a class. I think of blowing it off.

Next I am in a bus and a kid points out a teacher or lady that got an Award and she is walking on the sidewalk with a 2-3 yr. old in her arms. Everyone got up to clap and he said she was unpretentious and lived simply.

Then I am on side of a building and I begin to float or levitate while looking forward. There is a fence behind me and I worry about my foot getting stuck in the fence and not being able to float forward. I see my hands & become lucid.

I start moving, there is a clear scene 20-30 ft. ahead past the building (apt.?) with trees, grass, playground maybe. I see light off and on as I look at my hands. I begin to lose lucidity as it gets darker, I still go forward. Then it gets brighter again and I pass the end of the building, still lucid.

There is a hillside, behind a house with kids playing. I am still floating and go up to each one. We greet one another with either “good day” or “blessed be thee” and we grab both hands as we do this. This happens two times. The third child is a boy and we hold one another's hands. He starts singing. I look into his face more closely and he reaches higher & higher tones. There is a guitar playing in the background and he really belts out on some lines, like that of a very experienced singer. It is the most beautiful voice I have ever heard. I pick the boy up and hold him at my side as he is singing and start to cry uncontrollably. It is so beautiful.)



Silhouette Nanny & The Multi-Tasking Blues

by Tom Goad

Here are two song lyrics which came as a gift from my dreams. In both dreams, the lyrics were sung in full by a character in my dream. I do have music “in mind” but having no formal training, I haven’t a clue as to how to notate it.

Silhouette Nanny is in a minor key. The music is similar to “Whistling in the Dark” from the movie Darling Lilly and also similar to the introduction to “Feed the Birds” from the movie Mary Poppins. Interestingly, in my dream, Julie Andrews as Mary Poppins is the character who sang the song to me so her voice is inextricably tied to the song in my “mind’s ear.”

In the dream, she is floating in mid-air, holding onto an umbrella. Behind her is a dark gray raincloud. I especially remember the sensation of cold air against my face and back. From that, and from the height at which she floated, I can suppose that I was floating too, but I don’t specifically remember doing so in the dream.

Silhouette Nanny

Always be kind to your Silhouette Nanny
And she will be kind to you.
She’ll show you no ocean
Of love and devotion,
But she’ll always be there for you.

A Silhouette Nanny’s a bit of a mystery,
She’s strange and elusive, it’s true,
But while you’re asleep
You can bet she will keep you
Near her the whole night through.

So always be kind to your Silhouette Nanny
(And she will be kind to you.)

The Multi-Tasking Blues is in a standard Blues format, so I expect that nearly any blues melody which scans correctly would fit. In this dream,

I am in a room with walls and floor made of old, weathered wood. A shaded lightbulb hangs from the ceiling by a cord, making a bright pool of light on the floor in the center of the room, leaving the rest in relative shadow. The only other illumination comes from a small window set off center in the back wall. The light coming through the window is leaf green because translucent leaves completely cover the outside of the window. A rather stout black man wearing a broad-brimmed hat is sitting in a wooden chair beneath the lightbulb. The brim of the hat throws a shadow across his face so dark I can’t make out any facial features above his jaw and mouth. He strums a guitar as he sings this song. He keeps time by tapping his left foot and occasionally he stops strumming and singing, and just beats out the rhythm with his hand against the body of the guitar.

Multi-Tasking Blues

I’m driving to Distraction
I’ve got the Multi-tasking Blues

I’m driving to Distraction
I’ve got the Multi-tasking Blues
I wear too many hats,
but only one pair of shoes.

Some folks live in Nashville
Some in Birmingham
I’m always on the road between,
And don’t know where I am.

Some times I’m driving South
Some times I’m driving West
Some times I drive in circles
But I hardly ever rest.

Because I’m driving to Distraction
I’ve got the Multi-tasking Blues
Oh, I’m driving to Distraction
I’ve got the Multi-tasking Blues
I’ve got too many hats,
but only one pair of Shoes.

Some times I do a little this,
Some times a little that,
and every time I turn around
I wear a different hat.

That’s not the way I like it,
It’s just the way things are.
I have to shift my gears so much
I’m wearing out my car.

But I keep driving — to Distraction
I’ve got the Multi-tasking Blues
Oh, I’m driving to Distraction
I’ve got the Multi-tasking Blues
I’ve got too many hats,
but only one pair of Shoes.

Sometimes I’m in my e-mail,
Sometimes I’m in Excel
But most the time I’m in between
and it feels like I’m in Hell.

Distraction ain’t a place, you know,
It’s just a state of Mind.
And you can take it where you go,
Or leave it all behind.

Driving to Distraction
The Multi-tasking Blues
I’m driving to Distraction
I’ve got the Multi-tasking Blues
I’ve got too many hats,
but only one pair of Shoes.

I seem to have a conflict
with my priorities,
but walking ‘n two directions
Is just too much for my knees.

Now all these different goals require
a different piece of me.
And soon, there won’t be nothing left.
* * * * * (no Lyrics)
but Distraction Blues

Yeah, I’m driving to Distraction
I’ve got the Multi-tasking Blues
I’ve got way too many hats, but
I’ve only got one pair of shoes!)

Singing dreams

Dream Song of the Bird with the Metal Feet

By Paula Verheijen

A few years ago I started a band with a friend of mine. A few other people joined the band and there we were: a punk band. I was the singer and writer of the band which proved quite a task. I had been writing short stories for a while, but to write song lyrics was a different matter altogether. All of a sudden rhythms and cadences and choruses were important, and of course it was I myself who had to be able to sing what I wrote. Also, as this was a punk band, people expected me to write critical texts about the world we live in. But somehow I was never quite happy with the lyrics I wrote.

Then one day we had a new tune and it was up to me to write the lyrics for it. I had no idea what to write and then I had a dream.

It's daytime. I'm walking along with somebody in a kind of hallway in between houses. Then there is this curious animal. A big bird with metal feet and a beak that looks like a stork's. It's so big it reaches up to my hips. The bird spots us and stamps his feet on the ground, quite scary. Nearby, friends of ours live so we hurry there. The bird comes after us and we take refuge inside. Our friends are not home and now it's dark outside. The bird keeps coming, into the house even. It does not swerve from its course and it keeps stamping. At first we want to kill it, but all of a sudden I realize the bird may not have evil intentions, but instead may want to show us something. I try to say this. Then our friends arrive home with their kids. In the meantime, we're lying on an airbed: the person with me is my boyfriend. There is some candy at my bedside and I pretend to sleep.

The little girl seems annoyed with her younger brother and says she is thinking about running away. Her mother looks tired.

When I woke up, I knew this was going to be my new song. I could not quite make out what the dream was all about but it had made a great impact and I had to do something with it. I quickly wrote down the lyrics coming from the dream, without any altering or editing afterwards. It was the first time I was satisfied with the lyrics I'd written.

Until I came to the practice session.

Happily I sang my song. I could put all my feelings into it. During the break, I wanted people to have a closer look at my lyrics, so, can of coke in hand, I proudly presented my dream song to the guitarist. I watched his face closely, but not so much as a hint of a smile appeared on his face. I revealed the origin of the song and he raised his brows. I was slightly taken aback, but then, I might have just caught him at a bad time. I showed my lyrics to my two other fellow band members. 'A dream?' 'Yes.'

It was not long before it dawned on me that the band was not too keen on playing a dream song, to put it mildly. A punk band singing a dream song, without any critical note or scream of frustration at the state of the world. With a heavy heart, I decided to drop my dream song, to the visible relief of my band mates.

And now, three years on, your dream magazine's theme is dreams and music!

Is it time to do something with the song that is still there? At the time, I took this dream very seriously and it added something important to my life. And I still have the same feeling about the song and I know that the stamping bird deserves to be heard. Admittedly, this is not the greatest of song lyrics for a punk band, but of all the lyrics I've composed, this is the only one that regularly hums around in my head.



I was walking around
On a midnight day
I was alone with you
Strange bird unreal
And you were stamping your feet
I didn't understand
Strange bird so real
You are so close to me
Your metal feet are stamping
Your message for me
For my deaf woman's ears
But you kept on coming, kept on coming
Spread your wings for me,
spread your wings for me!)

Recently, Paul McCartney (of the *Beatles*) was interviewed on CNN/Larry King Live. Larry asked him which song he felt was his most important and rewarding. Paul replied "Yesterday." Larry asked "Why?" Paul said "Because it came to me in a dream... the tune, not the lyrics. The lyrics came later."

Here, we use the plural (referring to humanity's voice), rather than the singular in which the lyrics were written. It is in tune with our musical theme and a fitting preface to the hopeful and creative responses to current events that follow... exceptional clues for a better tomorrow.

(Transposed by your Editor... for our Children and their Children's Children's, Children, the Earth and All Living Things)

Here,

Now

Yesterday...

All our troubles seemed so far away

Now it looks as though they're here to stay

Oh, we believed in yesterday

Suddenly, we're weren't half the ones we used to be

There's a shadow hanging, don't you see?

Oh yesterday came suddenly

Why they had to go, we don't know, we couldn't say

We did something wrong

Now we long for yesterday

Yesterday, war seemed such an easy game to play

Now we need to find a better way

Oh... let us live in Peace.... Today

Awakening: A Creative Response

by Fariba Bogzaran



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Creation vs. Destruction

What suffering do we see when shadow is not owned but projected? If war is hell, then we are in the midst of a traveling hell. In times of destruction, we need to keep creating for the sake of sanity and to maintain balance in the world.

Dreams and art share a common ground since both are about creation of new realities. Dreams by their nature are creative and the incubation of dreams to bring forth healing and peace is a powerful community intention. How can art and dreams help to bring new realities, a new vision to the world?

The idea of the Awakening Project was born to create such new realities. This project began a few hours after the 9.11 attacks when I received the first dream from a dream studies student, Catherine Hasley, at John F. Kennedy University.

"I was looking in a mirror and noticed a lot of alien growths coming out of my chest and one great big one on my left-hand shoulder raising right up to my ear. I had my mom call the doctor and then went outside to get some air. I looked up and noticed a fire totally engulf the top of a hill or mountain with a house on top. I remember being amazed that as I was watching it, stuff started streaming down and I said out loud "I didn't think Civermore had any volcanoes." I went back to get the others to see but when I got back the fire was out. I asked the witnesses how the fire had been put out and they said that they had cut out the fire. I asked them what they meant and they said □that the firefighters had cut off the house that had been on fire from the rest of the mountain, and that it then burned itself out."



Community Installation

Her precognitive dream was followed by other letters from students who wanted to share their concerns. One particular letter was from an art student who, out of despair, felt paralyzed and couldn't do anything. How would I console students in this situation? I recalled back to twenty two years ago when I was a student and lost my homeland to senseless war. How did I survive such hardship? It became very clear to me that it was through creation and faith in the mystery of dreams that I was kept alive.

As the world continues going through the cycle of war and peace so does our psyche move from nightmares to healing dreams. When helplessness and hopelessness engulf us, the spirit of creation brings balance to this seemingly insane world. Creation has to continue and as a community of dreamers, we need to create a New Dream.

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Awakening

Within two days of the attack, four of my students and I came together to create an art ceremony for the community. Emily Anderson, Jennie Braman, Catherine Halsey, Monika Del Bosque and I gathered our intentions and dreams for this community creation. It is ironic that at the time of the attack, the Brooklyn Museum in New York had an exhibition called Vital Form which examined the art created around the atomic age! I believe the Awakening exhibition at the Arts and Consciousness Gallery in Berkeley was among the first art shows in the country responding to the situation.

The Awakening Project began by group incubation about our intention for this exhibition. The following intentions be-

came the basis for the art installations: Dreams, Home, Prayer, Hope/Despair and Community Co-creation. Other artists from JFKU community were invited to create a collaborative installation of their individual art works coming together to create a unified whole. We wanted to create an atmosphere of understanding, interaction and healing rather than expressing horror and anger.

Dreams

We asked our community to send us their dreams related to 9.11 attack. The first set of dreams we received were often pre-cognitive dreams about the attack. Then we received dreams which had elements of nightmare and anxiety in them. A month later the same dreamers sent us dreams related to healing. These dreams were collected and became the base for the installation "Dream Tree." We also collected our own dreams related to the event, below are two examples of these dreams.

"I am walking in the forest and suddenly I drop into a vortex and find myself dangling inside a large hole. hanging for my life on a branch. The hole is surrounded by poison oak. As I fall, my body is scratched by the poison oak leaves and branches. While I am holding onto a branch I look down at my body and I see the scratches are becoming swollen and burning. I know I am holding onto a poisonous branch but I don't have any choice. I look up at my hands, they are blistering and burning and I can see they are soon going to burn and melt down." September 14, 2001

The dreamer responds "I was very clear that the dream was related to the World Trade Center and perhaps there were still people alive underneath the ruin 'hanging on for their lives.' Since I live in nature, the image of nature and the danger in nature appeared, rather than a threat in a city or collapse of buildings. The burning sensation kept resurfacing in my body throughout the day. I kept lighting candles for those who died, those who were dying and those who were going to die because of retaliation. The following night I had a healing dream."

"I am in a room with a Tibetan teacher and a friend (who was at the time at a Tibetan retreat). They are transmitting some knowledge to me. I am lying on the floor in a yoga posture with my back curved. My friend is chanting and the teacher is moving something up and down my spine. I feel a rush of energy going up and down my body." September 15, 2001

In the Dream Tree installation, we hung old branches of manzanita to create an altar of Dreams. The dreams we collected were printed on cards and hung from the branches. The audience was invited to contribute their own dreams to the tree. An example of a dream on the tree was from Dream Studies student Steve Smith, which he calls The Healing of Afghanistan, November 15th, 2001

"I am in the northern Afghan city of Mazar-e-Sharif. An Afghan man stands before me in traditional garb. He strikes me as aged beyond his years. I am unaware of any other physical attributes. Despite all the difficulties of the past

years, there is a sense of happiness that now exudes from him. I too find comfort in this because I feel that I am guardian to him. The dream shifts and I am in another Afghan city- perhaps Kandahar. The same sense of peace is also becoming prevalent. On this night, for what seems many hours. I seem to drift throughout Afghanistan checking in on its people and witnessing the unfolding changes."

He commented, "On one level, this dream certainly speaks to the unfolding changes happening in Afghanistan. At another level, I believe it speaks to the healing occurring at a more collective level since the events of September 11th. And more importantly, this dream comes on November 15th, the day of the New Moon heralding the commencement of Ramadan. As a non-Muslim, this carries added significance for me."

Home

Around the 9.11 attack, the sense of being home was shaken for many. Monika Del Bosque gathered people's "memories of home" and created an art piece recreating a very enigmatic construction of home made of transparent sheets of cloth with these collected memories written on them. The Audience was invited to add their own memories of home to the cloth.

"Home is fleeting, transitory, and fragile. Home is a feeling, a concept, a collection of memories. In the process of collecting memories for this installation, I found that memories create home more than walls or possessions. We grow up in different cities, states, and even countries-yet we all share memories of home. Even as our memories of home are distinctly our own, they are simultaneously collective and unify us across time and place."

(Del Bosque,2002)

Hope and Despair

This chilling audio installation brought multi-dimensional realities where life and death were hanging on a fine invisible line. The piece called Tripwire, installed by Jennie Braman, was a waking dream experience:

"Tripwire honors the challenges of the human spirit and the creative and destructive impulses that sculpt daily events in our external environment and simultaneously compel our internal dialogue onward into the unknown. The audio piece is listened to from within a black cloth cylinder that enclosed the viewer and separated her from the rest of the gallery. As the viewer entered the enclosure one at a time, she was taken out of real time and physical space and catapulted into a kind of sped-up journey through human life. Here the innocence of new beginnings crashes up against the marked moments of crisis and severity that happen all the time, in the midst of mundane activities. Both the fetal and adult heartbeats set the tone for the piece while 'sound events' such as clipped conversations and sirens overlap and eventually overwhelm the singular life rhythms. The question is, can we experience the immensity of individual and collective life in this instantaneous moment?" (Braman, 2002)

Prayer

Two large stones, weighing hundreds of pounds each, were brought into the gallery space to create an altar of prayers. The piece called *Prayer in Creation* held the intention of peace. Emily Anderson who installed it writes:

"Prayer in Creation was born from incubating the wish to offer a piece that could serve as a vehicle for prayer for each unique individual during such a time of unrest and differing emotions. Two stones, resting in a tray of sand, stood side by side, representing the Masculine and the Feminine. Each stone, slates of black granite, stood about five feet high. A rope was tied around them both, as in the Shinto tradition, creating a gateway to the sacred. A granite trough filled with pebbles immersed in water lay in front of the piece. People were invited to place a cleansed pebble on the altar and send their prayers. The prayers were delivered through the open space between the two stones. As the piece began to fill with pebbles, it became marked with the act of prayer. A silent internal heart gesture made manifest in matter and in union."

(Anderson, 2002)

Dreamtime Ceremony: Community in Creation

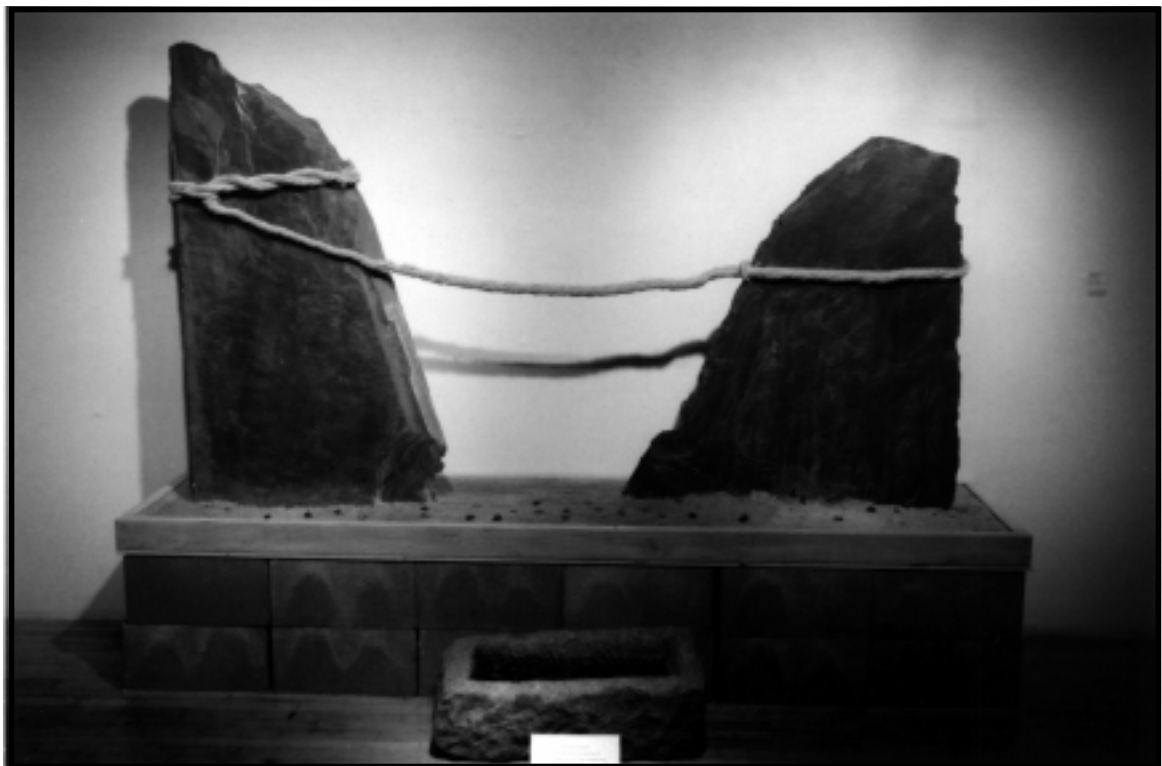
In the closing ceremony of the Awakening Project, over a hundred and twenty people of diverse cultures participated in entering into dreamtime. Here, people of different religions and race came together to evoke the intention of peace, understanding and healing. Each person was encouraged to participate by using instruments from various parts of the world.

I initially developed The Dreamtime Ceremony (or Fire Medicine Circle) in 1990 for community co creation to enter multi-dimensional spaces through sounds. This ceremony became the major community event in the Awakening event to bring the art, dreams and intentions together with those who participated. The Fire Medicine Circle is a symphony of sound, rhythm, and dance for the purpose of healing, harmony, and restoring balance in the world.

The ceremony brought much healing to the community. After the ceremony, many people came up to us and said, "this was exactly what I needed at this point in time." As war takes our heart apart, ceremonies bring us together. Some other remarks people wrote after the ceremony were: "It gave me clarity as to the healing power of art and community." " I felt a shift in my experience of other people-more connected, more loving, more compassion." " I was very much in anger and resentment mode. I could not see much beauty and hope in the world, the way things were. But during the ceremony, I felt much more grounded and harmonious."

The beast of war continues, therefore we need to keep the incubation of beauty and harmony alive. Peace is a beautiful word but to obtain it requires a major shift of consciousness and behavior so that 'peace' can become not just a word, but a way of being. This shift happens, I believe, by taking small steps of Awakening. One of those small steps is to look within-to pay attention to our dreams, to see our shadows and begin to work with them. Another essential step is creation and co-creation. Not only can we seek peace within, peace is a co-creation of the community intention for the good of all beings.

May we who value dreams and creation be able to incubate Big dreams and manifest them for the sake of understanding, peace and ultimately, the Great Awakening.)



Blowing the Mind, Healing the Soul

Perspectives on Embodiment,
Death,
& September 11

TALKS WITH ROBERT BOSNAK
BY RAMSAY RAYMOND



DNJ: You describe your approach to dreams as "embodied dreamwork." What is this and how is that different from analytical or interpretive dreamwork?

RB: Well, it's all about moving dreams into the body and getting to the body of dreaming. Embodied dreamwork (starts) from the point of view that experiences and emotions are first experienced as bodily sensations. In the brain, fundamental emotions are basically psycho-physical. So in this work, what we're trying to do is to enter into the dream image as an environment and, by doing so, get into the psycho-physical impulses that are directly related to these images. The value for the dreamer is that when you get in touch with the impulses that are at the heart of dreaming, then you get in touch with very deeply buried emotions and sensations that you'd otherwise never get to. By inhabiting these impulses, you get new kinds of awarenesses that are very far removed from consciousness; you can let them slowly enter into consciousness. The other thing is that it brings about the transformation of both psyche and body; that's why we're using somatic dreamwork also for people with physical illness.

DNJ: As the individual works with the dream in this way, revelation happens, insight happens?

RB: Yes, (but) insight is not the primary thing, it is a side-effect. I agree with Ernest Hartmann that dreams are by themselves therapeutic processes. By going into the dream, you enhance the therapeutic process that is inherent in the dream. The primary thing is the work on the material (itself), making it so concentrated that it

affects you deeply. I think the reason why embodied dreamwork actually works (to accomplish healing) is because, as now science is finding, there is a direct influence of the (imaginal) brain on the immune system. You get very strong immune responses which then help with alleviating the illness.

DNJ: You have said that a standing interest of yours always is Alchemy, which you've been studying for the past thirty years, and which you find "absolutely fascinating."

RB: Yes, I've been working now for the past four years on six sentences.

DNJ: Oh, my heavens! So, in a way, is this your spiritual practice?

RB: No, it's my curiosity and my way of moving outside of my familiar mind. It's a way of blowing my mind, and then, after it's all blown to smithereens, seeing what kind of dust settles.

DNJ: It's interesting to juxtapose blowing your mind to the blowing to smithereens of the World Trade Towers. Could you say something about the value for you of having your mind blown, of having your familiar structures just dissolved or destroyed?

RB: Well, it keeps you limber.

DNJ: It keeps you limber and open? Open-minded?

RB: It keeps you very constantly adaptable. Adaptation, I think, is one of the most important things in all life forms. I think that many of the disease experiences are maladaptations that come through an ossification of our psychological system because we don't blow it enough.

Robbie Bosnak is a Jungian analyst specializing in embodied dreamwork and the application of dreamwork to physical healing. In response to the September 11 crisis, he and Jill Fisher initiated the National Nightmare Hotline in cooperation with the Association for the Study of Dreams. Traveling frequently in Europe, Japan, and Australia, Robbie is interested in cross-cultural dreaming, runs an international training for dreamwork coaches via computers, and is involved in a project on emotion-recognition by computers. This May, he will lead a group experiment in dream incubation in France to access Stone Age dreaming while sleeping in Neolithic Caves. Author of A Little Course in Dreams, Dreaming with an AIDS Patient, and Tracks in the Wilderness of Dreaming, Robbie co-hosts the website cyberdreamwork.com with Jill Fisher. He teaches his method of embodied dreamwork at the Manhattan Dreamwork Seminars in New York and Boston. www.cyberdreamwork.com (617)354-2499. Robbie and I met in his Cambridge, MA office in late November and again in December to discuss his work and especially his views on the September 11 crisis.



And this may be true for nations or social systems as well. Of course, you can blow it open so often that nothing is left of a fundamental structure. So you do need a fundamental structure.

DNJ: There can be too much change?

RB: Yes, too much change is also ... maladaptive or traumatic. A key notion of complexity theory is where you have to be always on the border of chaos and order. If you're too much into order nothing happens, if you're too much into chaos nothing (new) happens; but in the complexity of new organizations and new phenomena, creativity happens at the border of order and chaos.

DNJ: Do you agree with those who say our world is forever changed from the extremity of September 11?

RB: Well, obviously, America can no longer take its safety for granted. It must become part of the world in its natural state of insecurity, a state fundamental to life and most people of the world. What is important for us as people involved with dreaming is that suddenly the population is waking up to the experience of collective nightmares. Nightmares are events that are now pretty common whereas before they were things that you didn't talk about. Now in the middle of December, the fear level is already much, much lower than it was three months ago. But, at least for a few months there was the experience basically that we were in the same nightmare together. We have been dealing with it by going to war and being very successful at that.

DNJ: How did the National Nightmare Hotline come about?

RB: Given we now know that nightmares have to do with the integration process of trauma. I was watching on September 11 the destruction of the Trade Center over and over again on TV. I was thinking that this is the way repetition nightmares work, constantly repeating the same event. The next day Jill Fisher, the Executive Director of the Hotline, and I decided that there would be a great increase in nightmares, and we should have a receptacle for dealing with this. The Hotline has a toll-free number: 866-DRMS-9111. A dreamwork specialist will go into the nightmare with you and help you reexperience it. You get a great deal of relief. At the moment (Dec 11) we get a few dozen calls per week and it's slowly building. We have now about fifty volunteers who are experienced with dreamwork and who come from all kinds of approaches and therapies. Basically the guideline is that the dreamwork is non-interpretive. We help people actually experience the nightmare situation again, breathe through it and into it, thereby making it much less frightening. People fear the dread that is in nightmares. If you get through that fear and just get to the dread itself, it frequently becomes less dreadful.

DNJ: Often people in sleep will awaken in terror from the nightmare which doesn't allow the completion of the process.

RB: Yes, correct. The most important thing that people have to realize is that nightmares are ordinary phenomena, that they are actually therapeutic in a time of trauma. As Ernest Hartmann's work has clearly

demonstrated, nightmares serve the all-important function of connecting dissociated states with the central nervous system so that the trauma is integrated or "digested," so that the terror is metabolized. I think September 11 will forever change the way that people will look at dreams in the United States. There is an enormous possibility for dreamwork in this crisis. I also think television at this moment is one of the most important therapeutic processes going on. It keeps people immersed in the terror, but in that way they're constantly dealing with the dream of terror.

DNJ: Is there a difference between a trauma that is individual and a trauma that is part of a mass event? Are there different ways to work to resolve these?

RB: I don't know if you can make a complete separation between collective trauma and personal trauma, because what happens is that when you get into a period of collective trauma, all the personal trauma comes back out. The new trauma is woven into the familiar system of the previously traumatized psyche. Of course frequently the collective trauma is so much more dreadful because it is the end of a whole world, although an individual trauma can do that as well. But still there is a vast difference between childhood sexual abuse and concentration camps.

DNJ: Are there different ways that the trauma, such as September 11, shows up in their nightmares? Is it represented symbolically or explicitly, or both?

RB: Well, with a repetition nightmare the literal event is repeated over and over again. Then after a while the nightmare begins to change, e.g., there is no longer an airplane going into a tower, but a car blowing up.

DNJ: The shock is shrinking and coming more into a proportion they can handle.

RB: Yes, it becomes more bite-sized. But in the beginning the dream will feel as strongly traumatic, but it will take place in another environment. When Allen Siegel did research about the fire in San Francisco, he found that at first there would be fires, but then later there would also be floods and other catastrophes that were no longer fires. This re-imagining of the traumatic situation is part of the digestive process.

DNJ: One could say that the September 11 event was a rude awakening on a mass level to the reality of physical vulnerability, of impermanence, and of death. Do you see this shock as having pragmatic value? Might it help with a spiritual awakening or maturation? For example, a receptionist I know who is in her late twenties was having a very hard time two weeks after the attack, crying often, couldn't eat much. Turns out she had realized for the first time that she was going to die. Suddenly she was asking the big questions: Who am I? What is life about on earth? Is there anything after death? When people get threatened, whether it's in the healing work that you do with diseases, or in this kind of mass trauma, what do you see happening in their relationship to the body, to death, and to spirit?

RB: I think everything begins to matter more. As long as you believe that life is going to last forever nothing really matters. The shortness of life makes it precious. See, in

alchemy there is this notion that all metals desire to become gold, and that the alchemist basically helps that desire along. We each have an innate desire to matter, an innate desire for value, but it has to be triggered because it's usually dormant. When it gets awakened then...

DNJ: In a sense, when your mind gets blown enough?

RB: Yes, suddenly you have to clarify what has the highest value because you might die tomorrow, a bomb may strike, you may fall ill. I think that's a very useful experience for anyone to have. It basically differentiates the immature person from the mature person in facing the fact that death is always imminent.

DNJ: At the time it felt to me that this attack came from a very deep unconscious place (in our national Shadow), intruding into the false sense of security that the World Towers represented, the world of money, of financial power.

RB: I don't think it was a false sense of security at all. Up until that moment it was our sense of security. Why was it false?

DNJ: False in the sense that the financial world has been insulated to great extent from the awareness of death, of the impermanence of everything, of intense poverty inside or outside our nation.

RB: It was very interesting to me that the people in the higher floors of the World Trade Center were called "Masters of the Universe"—by themselves and by everybody else.

DNJ: That's a huge illusion they had.

RB: Yes, (but) it was an illusion that up until 1999 was very tangible. They were actually running the world. They were moving the money around. The effects of the fluctuation of currency are extraordinary—the way money can move within a fraction of a second from New York to Singapore and then to Tokyo, and in all those transactions something happens to world poverty, to everything. That's why they called themselves Masters of the Universe, not for nothing. So what has happened is that the attack on the World Trade Center was an attack on the Masters of the Universe and the stream of money.

DNJ: Joseph Campbell said you can tell what a culture worships by looking for the highest buildings. I was struck by the image of the two huge towers. They reminded me of the line about Julius Caesar, "He doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus." These twin towers were like the legs of a giant, a (financial and military) Superpower. This attack represented a tremendous, crushing humbling of that illusion of invulnerability. The use of low-tech weapons to circumvent high-tech power evokes a David bringing down a Goliath—a way that some in the world might see Bin Laden's action. What myths or archetypes do you see as being acted out in this very public way around our national identity?

RB: I think what Osama bin Laden was trying to do was to resurrect the Crusades, to go back to the third crusade around 1200 when the Muslims recaptured Jerusalem from the Christians. He was beginning to take on the mantle of Saladin, the great Muslim general who destroyed Richard the Lion-Heart. I think what he really wants is to get Mecca, Medina, and Jerusalem, to reclaim Holy Cities

for the Muslim faith. This is all part of the Apocalyptic theme that has been playing out for the last twenty or thirty years regarding the year 2000 and the Holy Cities. The City on the Hill is the final image in the archetypal pattern of Apocalypse: at the End of Time there is a battle between Good and Evil, a Holy War, which ushers in the Heavenly City of eternal peace. I think New York was setting itself up as the Heavenly Jerusalem.

DNJ: In what way, Robbie?

RB: That it was the City on the Hill. Given that America carries the archetypal set-up as the New World, the new paradise. I mean, if you go anywhere, people think about New York as the center of America. So I think they tried to destroy the Holy City of America in order to get the Holy Cities in the Middle East. The attack is very much about the destruction of the greatest temple in the city, the World Trade Center. You have to see that Bin Laden's whole family was involved in the Holy Cities (literally)—his father (a construction magnate) rebuilt Mecca and Medina. So he was, from early on, completely involved in this notion of the Holy Cities.

I want to return to the idea that Bin Laden is representing shadow side that we have to somehow integrate into our system. We have set up in psychology frequently this notion that we are doing everything by projection and we have to integrate the projection. What's happening here I don't think is anything about that. What is happening is that there are two fundamental ideas that are battling, a battle of secularism against fundamentalism. And I am completely and totally fundamentalist about secularism, about the division of church and state. I believe in it as holy and sacred just as Osama bin Laden believes in fundamental Islamic law and that the United States is the devil. I am not willing to integrate any of that shadow. It's an archetypal battle of ideas.

DNJ: OK, but still I'm thinking about shadow in other respects. For example, when it became fairly clear that this attack on the Towers and the Pentagon came from the Mid-East, I was aware that the US had attacked Iraq and killed upwards of 100,000 civilians, not to mention the 125—150,000 military people, nor the thousands who have died there since then.

RB: Right.

DNJ: So there was a very real physical event that had to do with the USA's destruction of Iraq, our need for oil, for destabilizing oil-producing nations in the Mid-East, and all of that. I learned that bin Laden had been directing his antagonism towards Russia until after the attack on Iraq, after which the rage began to go toward the United States. We had never as a government ever acknowledged, or even recognized or apologized for what we did do to all those people in Iraq. The Arabs have been in our nation's shadow, probably one of the least known of the ethnic groups in our country. So that's the way in which I meant that we need to integrate our shadow—to own and take responsibility for the tremendous suffering that we have inflicted on others. We now are beginning to experience for ourselves what it's like for people in the Mid-East and Bosnia and elsewhere, to walk around

terrified by war or terrorism, whether it's a holy war between two powers each believing, quite righteously, in their purity.

RB: Well, as I said, I think that it is fundamentally a holy war, as you say, because it is a war of ideas, and it is fueled by the murdering of civilians by the Americans in Iraq. That's the fuel, but that's not the war. If there were not a sense that the extreme of Islam has to rule states, then I think there would not have been this attack.

There are two things going on. On the one hand, it is important to acknowledge your misdeeds, and there have been tremendous misdeeds by the United States, I agree with that completely. You have to feel and imagine what you have inflicted, because that lack of empathic imagination causes tremendous damage. That's one thing. The other thing is that you have to know that you are just as passionate about secularism as the people that attack us are about their fundamentalism. So that, yes, you can integrate that shadow, but you also have to passionately stand for what you stand for.

DNJ: And why is that so important?

RB: Because I would not want to live in a country that is run by a religion. I will defend myself to the end to not have to live in a place that is run by a religion. If somebody in my country would arrange a government that tells my daughter to dress in a certain way and that says because I am Muslim I'm going to run all of your lives, or because I'm Jewish I'm going to run all of your lives, or because I'm Christian I'm going to run all of your lives according to my ideas, then I will attack. I'm just saying that I'm just as ferocious—ferocious is the word—in defense of my values as he is in defending his. I am a fundamentalist secularist. We have to defend (the pluralism at the foundation of) secularism, otherwise it becomes effete and thin.

DNJ: So, for you, the Warrior's way—of attacking or defending in protection of one's way of life—is essential. Almost all of the women I know express a deep horror about the US' use of violence to address the violence that took place here. I respect the vital role of the Warrior in protecting life, values, homeland. Yet it has looked to me as though the Warrior archetype itself is running our governmental priorities.

RB: No, I don't think that America is a warlike nation at all. I don't think that America likes war. America likes violence.

DNJ: And, please, what is the difference?

RB: War is not fundamentally about the destruction of civilians. War is warriors fighting warriors, taking equal risks. If you look at what's happening in Afghanistan, (or previously in Iraq) that's violence, that's not war. We're just bombing and bombing with such extreme violence, but there's no combat going on. War is much more disciplined. America has been set up in its Constitution to not be a warlike nation, so there is no warrior class here as there are in Europe and many other places. So I do agree with James Hillman that the United States will go to incredible lengths of violence to not have to do a war.

DNJ: Some women in my client practice and groups are asking, "Where are the women in this? Where is the

effect of the women in mediating this kind of a conflict at all?" Do you feel that there is a way or place that the feminine can come in?

RB: I think that the most important thing that was done was that there was this young British woman who made this film about women in Afghanistan. It inspired everybody to see that Taliban were inhuman. These women who helped make this movie, who filmed this execution, were incredibly brave. So these women have had enormous influence on our response. I think this whole notion of splitting the men and the women in this is—why?—useless.

DNJ: I don't know that it necessarily has to be split, Robbie, but I do feel that...

RB: But the question, "Where were the women in this?" There were women involved in this.

DNJ: Well, speaking as a woman, when I look at the process of the forces that are mobilized, they are basically dominated by men, by the masculine imperative, and that's a fact.

RB: Yeah, sure, it was a masculine attack, that got a masculine response.

DNJ: Right. I think it's different for men and the masculine to have institutions existing. I think women are moving into those and the feminine exists in men as well as women, so I don't mean to polarize, but I think there is a reality.

RB: But I think it's a war of ideas going on, and this battle has nothing to do with gender—zero, zilch.

DNJ: But what about oil? Our interference in the Mid-East, that's not a war of ideas, that's a survival tactic. That has to do with "we're gonna get what we need in order to survive."

RB: Right. But you know that there are as many women driving gas-guzzling SUVs as there are men driving them. So it has nothing to do with gender.

DNJ: I'm not saying the war has to do with gender, I'm just trying to find the place of the feminine to help mediate this kind of unmediated masculine response. Even diplomacy is built on the principle of some kind of exchange -- you know, you'd say, "What the hell caused this?"

RB: But what happens is - one of the most important things that has come out of this is that Syria is now a member of the Security Council. That's great! Bravo! But that doesn't mean that there are going to be more women involved. I think that the involvement of women in all these conflicts will be the same as the slow increase in the involvement of women in all levels of society. But the things at stake here have nothing to do with gender. The ideas have nothing to do with gender. The need for oil has nothing to do with gender.

DNJ: I just feel that there is something, yeah, it's a different relationship. Men and women respond differently.

RB: Yes, definitely, and I do think that if you would ask the women who lost their families in the World Trade Center bombing, then I think that they, that their reactions are just as violent and strong.

DNJ: That's a phase of the grief process, and the

difficulty is when the response from (governmental) leadership is not mediated, when it comes from that primal grief, the rage phase, where you want to strike out and do retribution, then you end up with the kind of mayhem that we had in Ireland, that we have in the Mid-East, where there's this endless eye-for-an-eye-tooth-for-a-tooth battle that resolves nothing.

RB: I'm just still sitting with this men and women thing. I don't believe that women are less violent than men. I think that when people come into power, it is power itself that is violent.

DNJ: Unmediated power, I agree. Again, what I hear from so many of the women whom I know—maybe I'm in a mini-cultural stream—is this capacity to see both sides, to hold both. You know, it's like it's horrendous what happened to us and it's horrendous what happened to them, and how do we not do to them what happened to us? How do we try to change that?

RB: I hear that here all the time just as much with men as with women. It is an ability to hold ambivalence and ambiguity. And that is a human trait, that's a trait of maturity, and it's not a trait of the Feminine or Masculine.

DNJ: Right.

RB: But if there's one thing I want to get across today it's that there is a very ferocious and vital war of ideas going on, a war between uniformity and pluriformity, and that will be going on for a long, long time.

DNJ: Okay. Thank you, Robbie. Do you feel that this nation, broadly speaking, has a sense of the sacred, of reverence for life, or is it splintered in some way?

RB: I think there's a very strong sense of the sacred here - it's what Martin Luther King's spirit was all about: the notion that people of different colors and backgrounds all have to live together somehow. The experiment here in heterogeneity is a spiritual experiment. It may not be a spirit that everybody likes. As a European, the die-hard American spirit is not one I like, but I love the American spirit proclaiming itself as a people made of many peoples. This land has incredible spirit in this regard.

DNJ: It's an extraordinary mandate or calling that America has in the way it was formed—to be a place for all people. This is an...

RB: Extraordinary...

DNJ: ...spiritual opportunity.

RB: And it's very striking that with the election of 2000, where almost any other country of this size would have gotten into a civil war, there was a peaceful transfer of power. It has been going on here for well over 200 years... that's spirit. That's amazing spirit! I'm willing to stand up for that.

DNJ: Thank you so much, Robbie.

RB: You're welcome.)

Ramsay Raymond, MA, MHC is a psychotherapist, artist, and educator in spiritual psychology, dreamwork, and creative process. She directs The Dreamwheel in Concord, MA. (978) 369-2634; Dreamwheel@compuserve.com.

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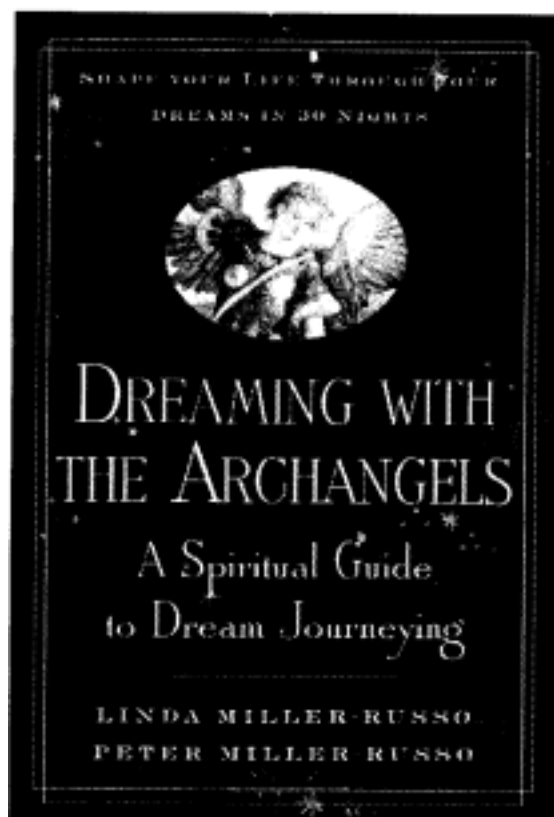
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DREAM FOR PEACE

One Group's Experience

©2002 By Rosemary Watts

At a time when the world is reacting to the events of 9-11, most of us wonder what we might do to make a positive difference. As a dream educator, I have been searching for clues to respond to these tragedies by focusing on the wisdom in dreams. Perhaps we can learn from our inner sources. Throughout the fall, I urged everyone I knew to begin intentionally dreaming for peace. Many important insights were gained and we seemed directed to dive deeper into the dreams for further guidance.

The next step was to move into the realm of lucid dreaming. Lucid dreaming is becoming consciously aware within the dream that you are dreaming. If we could “wake up” within the dream, perhaps this could translate to “waking up” within our conscious daily lives to experience greater peace in the world. A group of fifteen gathered to participate in this challenge.

These dreamers had taken most of my previous classes and are well versed in discovering great truths within dreams. I believe the power to lucid dream is enhanced if you have a dreaming partner.

The first week, we discussed the different ranges of lucidity, from noting in congruencies (such as a childhood neighbor whom you haven't seen in years showing up at your current work place); looking for specific, agreed upon lucid “cues” that would help trigger awareness in the dream (such as repeating themes that both dreamers might share—like dreams about cars or dogs or childhood homes—which would act as trigger cues); searching for each other in the dreamtime; and stepping through the “portals” of

lucidity, the doorways opening to greater consciousness in the dream.

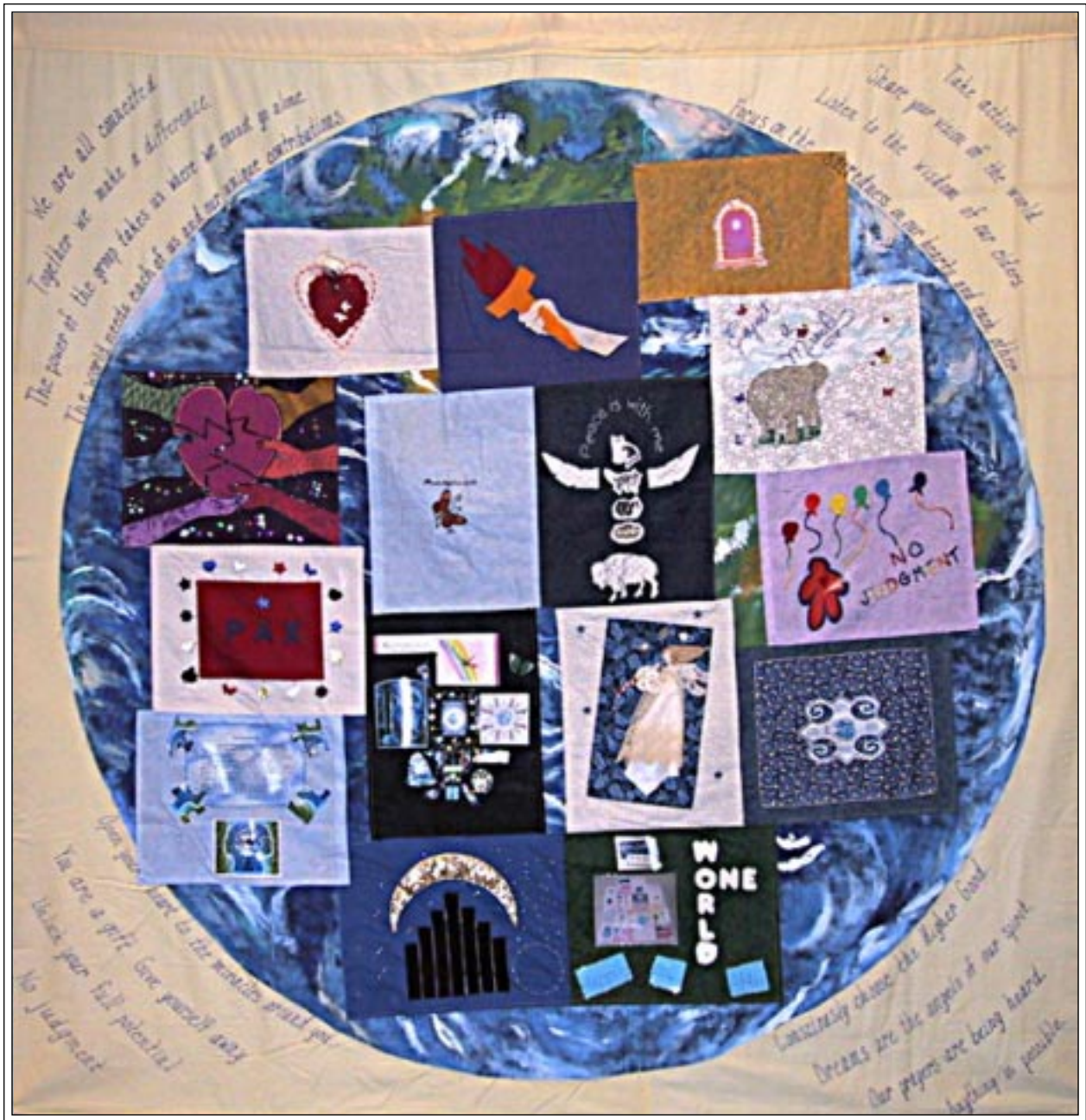
Each week built on the previous one and we continued to add new “portals” to access greater lucidity. Through our explorations of connecting “web” dream links among the group, we wanted to utilize this dream wisdom in a more tangible way. Two dreams inspired a group activity that we all agreed to create.

“A Tapestry for Peace” 12/27/2001

“I dream that dreams are collected from a year's time period. all focused on and for peace. Square quilt pieces of these peace dream images are put together on a tapestry. with the background being a picture of the earth. There is a border of colorful cloth with lessons learned from the dreams printed on them.”

“Lucid Dreaming Peace Quilt” 1/23/2002

“I hear ‘We Can Be Kind’ playing. {This is a beautiful song.} Hearing this makes me become slightly lucid. I see before me a shallow pool. It is night. There is a full moon. On the other side of this pool are steps leading up to a majestic temple. The pillars are white and glowing in the moonlight. I begin to walk across the water toward the pillars. barely skimming my feet on the water. I am barefoot



and in flowing, white priestess robes. It feels and looks like an ancient Greek temple. I seem to float up the stairs to the entrance of this mighty temple. I can see more light emanating from within. I walk through this portal entrance and become fully lucid. The temple is completely open –no walls, no ceiling. The radiant night sky filled with stars and the glowing moon shine down on me. I am in a dream temple! I look for my dreaming partners. They are there, smiling at me. I look around and see my whole lucid dreaming group, all in a circle, all in flowing, white robes. I sense there are many others I cannot

see, but who are also lucid dreamers. Are we all dreaming for peace? We light the candle of the one next to us until the whole circle is filled with glowing candlelight. We chant together: "Peace is in me. Peace is with me. Peace flows through me. I AM PEACE." It is powerful. I sense we are all just light bodies now, glowing and radiating in harmony. Something catches my eye and I turn to see hundreds of Peace Quilts hanging all around, suspended in air. These are waves of peace billowing out to the world. We are making a difference!"

After sharing these dreams, the group agreed to look to their own dreams for guidance for creating peace. We explored how that might be experienced and expressed on four different levels: internal personal peace (how we might be in conflict within ourselves); external personal peace (close family and friend relationships that might challenge us); collective peace (exploring peace and conflict in daily life); and global peace (what might we do as individuals to create greater harmony and resolution of conflict on the planet). With lucid dreaming intentions to dream for peace, each participant asked their dreams for wisdom and guidance on how to glean from their dreams something to be created into a dreaming quilt piece. Below are the statements from each dreamer on their part in this very special quilt for peace.

Comments from the Dreamers & Creators



1. The heart was woven with a single piece of ribbon representing the oneness of all creation. The doves of peace are at the heart level waiting to open the door. I shall keep asking, seeking and knocking. Peace begins with me.

Carol Nemeth



2. The Olympic torch came in a dream the first morning after our first class. It signifies all people coming together for a common goal and for healthy competition. It is also a reminder to "play fair."

Karen Coleman

3. Words from a billboard inspired my quilt square. The words spoke of possibilities, of love, and peace, continuing in a circle... no beginning and no end. Our Dream for Peace class exemplified the words: Open hearts, open minds, open doors. If we are open, anything is possible.

Kelly Carter Eisenhart



4. Hands are a powerful image in my dreams. I saw an image of the earth broken into pieces. I feel the brokenness of the earth's heart and all of our hearts,

in my dreams and in my waking life. We yearn for a peaceful, kinder world and yet fear the task is insurmountable. With all of our hands and hearts working together we can heal ourselves, one another, and the earth.

I knew that each hand must be from a unique color of cloth just as all of us on earth are unique. Many hands become millions of hands as we reach out to one another. The insurmountable work becomes a joy. We no longer feel overwhelmed but inspired.

Rose McClarren

5. I chose the blue material because it's my favorite color. The butterfly represents freedom. If you watch it fly, it's hard to tell where it's going, but it knows. We all should be free.

Bill Ross



6. I made my quilt piece as a totem pole, because during one of the first meditations we did I saw a totem pole for "Peace is with me." The White Buffalo was given to me in a dream. The White Buffalo represents abundance through right action and right prayer. I chose it for the base of the totem pole. The cats, a chicken, and the colors blue and white were also in my dreams.

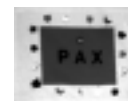
Dianne Rasponi

7. Night passes into day and the small can be as mighty as the large. The small, fragile butterfly is strong, endures, and travels far. The elephant large and strong, travels, lives long, and gains wisdom. We, too, can learn and then travel our own journey, absorbing the knowledge and expecting a miracle around each corner. Fairy dust will be sprinkled upon each and every one, if only we stop, listen, feel, and know that peace begins with us.

JoAnn Barnhart

8. The orange person represents my fun inner child, my soul. The purple surrounding the orange person represents the wisdom part of my soul. The rainbow colored balloons symbolizes the diversity of God's creation. When I can access the peace within myself, I can then extend this peace outward to all of God's creation. The words, "No Judgment," came to me in a dream. I feel that if we learn not to judge other people then "peace will truly begin with me."

Pat Sensa Huemmer



9. My white background is multiple little squares representing all the dreamers of the world standing shoulder to shoulder. Figures around the central figure

are the 15 members of our lucid dreaming class. The main color scheme is patriotic: red, white and blue, as peace begins at home.

Roberta Mathis

10. See my dream above, which inspired the quilt.

Rosemary Watts



11. The angel is the guardian of earth calling upon the vibration of peace.

Pat Pionke

12. My quilt piece is my dream of tapping into the white light and healing energy of the Universe. As an individual, a group, and the world, we can envision the white light and healing energy spiraling down, bringing peace and healing to the Earth and the Universe.

Linda Behlmann

13. In my dream, I am sitting at a computer opening my email. The first email is a picture of a bulldozer at Ground Zero in New York. The second email is the same picture, except there is an American Bald Eagle with open wings in front of the bulldozer. The eagle appears to be pushing it, as if it were fighting back. The picture this time is in the form of a puzzle that can be worked by pushing the correct keys. I woke up thinking about that puzzle when the idea came to me that in striving for peace we are all a part of the puzzle. My hope is that everyday when we wake up with the gift of life we are grateful. In return for that gift, we can do something nice for someone else. A small deed can pave the way for peace in our world, making us all a piece of the Peace Puzzle.

Janis Nemeth



14. In the center of my design is a healing symbol given to me in a dream about thirty years ago. Seven violet pillars stand under a gold, inverted crescent moon. All I have to do is reach toward the light and the nurturing, intuitive wisdom of the feminine light will pour down upon this earthbound spirit. Attacking silver bullets pass through the healing to be transformed into silver seeds. Fifteen silver seeds touch the ground and plant themselves in a perfect circle. This is our lucid dreaming circle, both planting the seeds of peace in the dreamtime and acting as the seeds of this new way of dreaming together.

Carol Oldani



15. The main focus of my square is the Peace Quilt my fourth graders made after a peace meditation I wrote and led for them during class. They were asked to focus on a peaceful symbol throughout the meditation and ask God for help in becoming a peacemaker, now, on Earth. The student's symbols varied; however, in the wake of 9.11, many students chose to focus on the American Flag. Students in 6th-8th grades sculpted "clay prayers." One of them had the words "One World." "Happily Ever After" is written on blue "wavy" paper because water is a repetitive symbol in my dreams. The saying came to me in a dream reflecting how we are all trying to live "Happily Ever After" in a peaceful world.

Kathie Eckelkamp

Our Dreaming Peace Quilt is a magnificent manifestation of the wisdom shared in the dreamtime. By bringing together the dreaming power of our group into a creative project, we feel we have begun a powerful peace project that is and will continue to have a positive impact. As we begin to share this quilt in our community, we would like to inspire you to create your own peace tapestry and dreaming quilts. This is a way in which we can dream for peace, talk and share about our own peace experiences and the areas of conflict with which we struggle. We can create a communal experience that focuses attention on creating greater peace in the world. Our experiences have been powerful and continue to generate great growth for each of us. We know and trust that this process can be equally powerful to others, and challenge you to tap into the unlimited guidance available to each of us through our dreams. Dreaming for peace is a wonderful avenue for exploring and expressing what we all would like to manifest: peace and harmony on the personal, collective and world levels.)

For further information or to arrange for this Peace Quilt to be shown in your area, please contact Rosemary Watts, Dreams Unlimited, P.O. Box 410140, St. Louis, MO, 63141, (314) 432- 7909, or email her at: dreamsunlmt@cs.com.

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(We apologize to those whose quilt piece does not appear independently. Quality would have been compromised *Editor*)

Bin Laden Feared That Dreamers Would Expose His Plot According to Video Released to the Public in December 2001

By Robert Moss © 2001

While in our society media and government people may have a hard time understanding that we dream the future and can derive vitally important messages from precognitive and early warning dreams, Usama bin Laden knew better. One of the most fascinating and chilling stories of 9-11 to emerge since the terror attacks is that the man allegedly behind the mass murders feared that dreamers would expose his plot before it was carried out.

On December 13, 2001, the Pentagon released a videotape in which Usama bin Laden and some of his followers discussed the 9-11 attacks on the United States with a visiting shaikh, believed to be an extremist Saudi cleric.

The tape was said to have been made in Kandahar on November 5, 2001. Though the quality of the recording was poor, many independent analysts agreed that the tape was probably genuine and that the English translation prepared by George Michaels and Dr. Kassem Wahba of Johns Hopkins University was substantially accurate.

The video segments in which Usama bin Laden boasted of how he had orchestrated the 9-11 terror attacks generated headlines throughout the world media. The media almost completely ignored the fact that about half of the video discussion is about dreams and visions. Bin Laden and the visiting shaikh talk about a series of dreams predating 9-11 in which members of the terror support network who were not privy to the details of the plot foresaw, sometimes with considerable accuracy, what was going to take place.

Bin Laden tells his guest that a man called Abu al-Hasan told him "a year ago."

"I saw in a dream *we were playing a soccer game against the Americans. When our team showed up on the field, they were all pilots! So I wondered if that was a soccer game or a pilot game? Our players*

were pilots."

Bin Laden specified that the dreamer knew nothing about the 9-11 operation until he heard it on the news. He said, "The game went on and we defeated them. That was a good omen for us."

One of Bin Laden's followers is next heard saying off-camera:

"Abd al-Rahman said he saw a vision before the operation. *A plane crashed into a building. He knew nothing about it.*"

The shaikh contributes another dream or vision, from one of the "religious people" who had come to Afghanistan to support the cause:

I saw a vision, *I was in a huge plane, long and wide. I was carrying it on my shoulders and I walked from the road to the desert for half a kilometer. I was dragging the plane.*

This dream may have anticipated the burden the kamikaze skyjackers would impose on the people of Afghanistan, and their own networks... ?

The shaikh quotes another man who told him that he "saw" in 2000 "*people who left for jihad, and they found themselves in New York, in Washington and New York.*" There was something about a plane crashing into a building that was not understood until 9-11.

I have another man—my god—he said and swore by Allah that his wife had seen the incident a week earlier. She had seen *the plane crashing into a building.*

Usama Bin Laden intervenes at this point to discuss operational security. He explains that the men tasked with the 9-11 attacks were kept in the dark about the specifics of the operation until the last moment. "All they knew was that they had a martyrdom operation. We did not reveal the operation to them until they were there and just before they boarded the planes." Someone in the group asked Bin Laden to tell the dream of one Abu Da'ud.

He responds: "We were at the camp

of one of the brother's guards in Kandahar. He came close and told me that he saw, in a dream, *a tall building in America, and in the same dream he saw Mukhtar teaching them how to play karate.*"

Next Bin Laden makes an extraordinary revelation:

"At that point, I was worried that maybe the secret would be revealed if everyone starts seeing it in their dream. So I closed the subject. I told him if he sees another dream, not to tell anybody, because people would be upset with him."

It is interesting to speculate whether the dreams discussed in the bin Laden tape are the result of telepathy (tuning in to the thoughts of others) or precognition (foreknowledge of a future event). Either way, it is fascinating that bin Laden recognized that dreamers had the power to expose his evil designs.

We know now that many people around the world were dreaming of the horror of 9-11 before it took place. I have posted just a few of the hundreds of apparently precognitive dream reports I have collected—some from my own journals—at my website. Will we learn how to screen and act on dream warnings before future disasters?

Our society urgently needs better education on all of this, and it is not going to come from the old fuddy-duddy approaches to dream interpretation that consist of chattering about symbols in terms of personal psychology and hand-me-down systems. We need to teach people the core techniques explained in Conscious Dreaming and Dreaming True: how to run a reality check on their dreams to identify possible messages about the future, how to go back inside their dreams (through the dream reentry technique) to clarify those messages, and how to create a safe space to share dreams and act on their guidance. In short, we need to help a lot more people discover how to dream true.)

Excerpts from the Bin Laden video

12/01

(...inaudible...) He told me a year ago: "I saw in a dream, we were playing a soccer game against the Americans. When our team showed up in the field, they were all pilots!" He said: "So I wondered if that was a soccer game or a pilot game? Our players were pilots." He (Abu-Al-Hasan) ... didn't know anything about the operation until he heard it on the radio. He said the game went on and we defeated them. That was a good omen for us.

SHAYKH: May Allah be blessed.

UNIDENTIFIED MAN: Abd Al Rahman Al-(Ghamri) said he saw a vision, before the operation, a plane crashed into a tall building. He knew nothing about it.

SHAYKH: May Allah be blessed!

SULAYMAN (ABU GUAITH): *I was sitting with the Shaykh in a room, then I left to go to another room where there was a TV set. The TV broadcasted the big event. The scene was showing an Egyptian family sitting in their living room, they exploded with joy. Do you know when there is a soccer game and your team wins, it was the same expression of joy. There was a subtitle that read: "In revenge for the children of Al Aqsa, Usama Bin Ladin executes an operation against America." So I went back to the Shaykh (meaning Usama Bin Laden) who was sitting in a room with 50 to 60 people. I tried to tell him about what I saw, but he made gesture with his hands, meaning: "I know, I know..."*

BIN LADEN: He did not know about the operation. Not everybody knew (...inaudible...). Muhammad (Atta) from the Egyptian family (meaning the Al Qa'ida Egyptian group) was in charge of the group.

SHAYKH: A plane crashing into a tall building was out of anyone's imagination. This was a great job. He was one of the pious men in the organization. He became a martyr. Allah bless his soul.

SHAYKH (Referring to dreams and visions): The plane that he saw crashing into the building was seen before by more than one person. One of the good religious people has left everything and come here. He told me, "I saw a vision, I was in a huge plane, long and wide. I was carrying it on my shoulders and I walked from the

road to the desert for half a kilometer. I was dragging the plane. I listened to him and I prayed to Allah to help him."

Another person told me that last year he saw, but I didn't understand and I told him I don't understand. He said, "I saw people who left for jihad... and they found themselves in New York... in Washington and New York." I said, "What is this?" He told me the plane hit the building. That was last year. We haven't thought much about it. But, when the incidents happened he came to me and said, "Did you see... this is strange."

I have another man... "My God," he said and swore by Allah that his wife had seen the incident a week earlier. "She saw the plane crashing into a building... that was unbelievable, my God."

BIN LADEN: The brothers, who conducted the operation, all they knew was that they had a martyrdom operation and we asked each of them to go to America. But they didn't know anything about the operation, not even one letter. But they were trained and we did not reveal the operation to them until they were there and just before they boarded the planes.

(...inaudible...) then he said: Those who were trained to fly didn't know the others. One group of people did not know the other group.

(Someone in the crowd asks Usama Bin Laden to tell the Shaykh about the dream of Abu-Da'ud.)

BIN LADEN: We were at a camp of one of the brother's guards in Qandahar. This brother belonged to the majority of the group. He came close and told me that he saw, in a dream, a tall building in America, and in the same dream he saw *Mukhtar teaching them how to play karate*. At that point, I was worried that maybe the secret would be revealed if everyone starts seeing it in their dream. So I closed the subject. I told him if he sees another dream, not to tell anybody, because people will be upset with him.

(Another person's voice can be heard recounting his dream about two planes hitting a big building).

Transcript provided by Kristena West, Walnut Creek, CA)

email: kristena@inspiritrixarts.com

Life is beautiful and dangerous.

Enjoy! Beware!

Songs in the Key of Dreams

There are songs
in the key of dreams,
sung by my soul,
singing secrets to me,
singing secrets of me.

Songs of my soul sung in key,
sung in secret, sung in dreams,
singing me, singing to me,
from where I've been,
of where I am,
of where I'll be and want to be
to where I'll be and want to be.

Dreaming a note song
written to me,
sung in a key given free,
Remember, they whisper.
Love is the key, they whisper.
I and we, I am we, am me,
they whisper,
singing each note of the key
in dreams.

Remember me.

And in dreams, I remember—
remember me—remember we.

I sing a song in the key of dreams,
in secret songs, in poetry,
in whispered song remembering,
in dreams of keys
and love unlocking
what can be.

A song.

A song.

In the dream, remembering.

A song.

A song.

Singing me remembered.

Singing me, and we,

and keys unlocking.

We have the dream, we are.

We have the songs, we are.

We have the key, we are.

Love, we are —

Remember.)

©Vicky Vlach 1999/ revised 2001

'The important thing is to love and be loved... Embrace life. Dive in. Fly!'
dream fragment - personal journal entry

On Dreams and Art

Part III

Play as Serious Pretense: Where Actors and Dreamers Meet

By Montague Ullman, M.D.

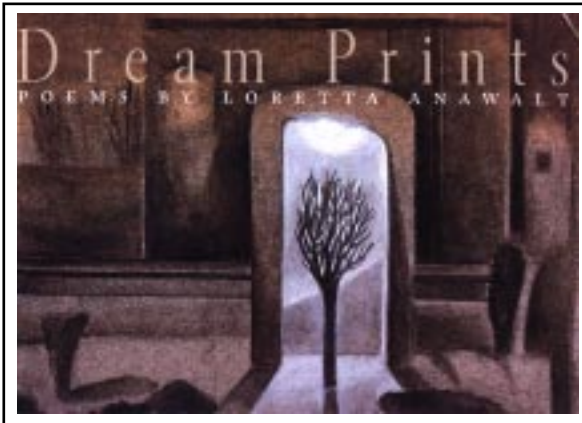


In the last article (Dream Network, Vol. 20 No. 2), I laid out the general framework for the analogy between the craft of the actor and that of the dreamer. I want to develop the analogy further based on the concept of PLAY. In what follows I have taken what the actors interviewed at the Actors Studio in New York were in general agreement about, summarized their comments and arranged them in clusters around what I consider to be the seven essential features of PLAY. In the commentary that follows each cluster I attempt to show how closely the contents of that cluster correlate with dreamwork.



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Prologue to Dream Prints

by Loretta Anawalt

This scrap I hold
in my hand is a mere
beginning, but as exciting
as if it were the whole play
I'm going to write.
I'm sure of it.

Will you take a look?
Will you publish it
to the world, you
who hold the power
in your hands to open
the way for me?

I see I've caught
your attention, despite
the crowds. Don't listen
to the woman sitting
beside you. I'm not like
the others who come
seeking your favor
I'm the real thing.
Take a chance on me.
You won't regret it.)

A Pre-Cluster Orientation to What Follows

The actor and the dreamer are making the same voyage but using different vehicles to get to the destination. The source of the energy that drives both vehicles is supplied by our capacity for PLAY. The central feature of acting is that it is a fascinating and rewarding form of adult PLAY. Like the play of children, it is pretense acted out with others in a way that goes beyond pretense. In both instances, the result is growth and self-realization. All PLAY, whether in childhood or adulthood, involves the elements of innocence, spontaneity, imagination, and purpose or meaning. Acting is serious pretense. So is dreaming.

Regardless of the content, light or heavy, only PLAY can bring us in contact with that content. The element of PLAY in acting will emerge as the clusters are developed by the actors. The element of PLAY in dreaming will emerge in the commentary. There is some overlap in the clusters, as there will be in my commentary on their relevance to dreamwork.

PLAY as Truth

Actors face the task of resolving the paradox of pretense as truth. Here are some of the words they have used to describe what they strive for in their work. It's speaking from one's heart and soul, not one's intellect. It's being totally honest. If it isn't, you can count on the camera to reveal it and for the audience to feel it. It's shaving down the performance to a level of absolute purity. It has innocence and total involvement, as in the play of children. You know when you have arrived at an authentic portrayal of the role.

Commentary

The dreamer is faced with the same paradox as the actor. Let's look at the dream itself as pretense. It is pretense with a message, a challenge to get at the underlying reality and make it a part of ourselves. We experience the dream as 'real' because the pretense embodies something true about ourselves that is there to be discovered.

Those two great geniuses that led us down the 'royal road' to the unconscious, Freud and Jung, were both after truths that were there to be revealed. They went about it in different ways with different ideas about where that truth came from. Freud, as a scientist, sought it in the play of opposing forces. Jung, as an artist, was more drawn to its revelatory nature. For one, the dream is a mask to be removed. For the other, the dream is every bit as directly expressive of feelings as the metaphorical imagery created by the poet.

The actor approaches the character to be portrayed with respect and a mastery of craft that enables the character to speak in a true and at times even unpredictable voice to the surprise of the actor. The dreamer also has to approach the dream in a respectful and non-judgmental way if it is to be allowed to speak in its own true voice. For both, craft is involved in giving full citizenship to a creature from another country. For the actor that creature is the character; for the dreamer it is the dream.

PLAY as Creative

The actor creates a character, irrespective of whether that character is or was real or is fictional. That involves not only the externals pertaining to the appearance of the character, but more important, what is going on in the inner world of that character. That is the more difficult task. It involves contacting an unconscious domain and retrieving from it 'chunks' from within the actor of what lies unseen in that domain but that has to be activated to bring effective depth to the portrayal.

There is no direct way of doing that. It involves the interplay of a number of difficult to define and elusive features such as talent, imagination, empathy and intuition. When they come together in the right proportion, something meaningfully new is created. Of course it's more complicated than this and requires the combined talents of many people to help prepare the setting in which all this can happen. The end point is a creative act that reaches out beyond the actors and touches the lives of others.

Commentary

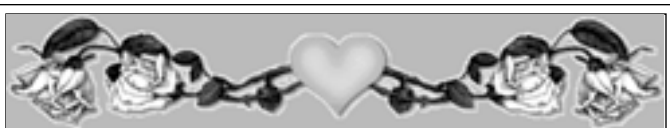
All of the above holds true for the dreamer. The dream is also pretense in the service of truth in the sense that it is both unreal in its display (it was only a dream!) but very real in what it has to say. A dream is a creatively crafted scenario that manages to focus so specifically and often quite elegantly on whatever emotional currents are surfacing at that moment in the life of the dreamer. That creativity is inherent in the way we have transformed a primitive imagistic ability that involved internally picturing into a highly versatile symbolic system so in tune with an unconscious domain that plays so important a role in our lives.

In our sleep, we are effortlessly doing what artists and poets struggle to do awake. Just as any art form transforms its subject matter, regardless of how seemingly banal, so can the dreamer. To dream is a kind of natural talent and is with us all our lives. We use that talent in combination with our imagination to bring something new and original into our lives.

PLAY as Overcoming Obstacles

Given the opportunity to play, children have no difficulty with playfulness. It's not as easy for us as adults. We may make a fool of ourselves. Let's see what the actor whose work is PLAY is up against.

A danger signal goes up when PLAY is linked to truth. Changes in the status quo result in something new coming into the world. At a personal level change may shake up a carefully constructed social self image of who we think we are and who we think others think we are. Unlike children, adults are at risk when they indulge in the kind of PLAY we are talking about. At the social level truth may, as in the case of a whistle-blower, result in the loss of a job. We all resort to a variety of ways of shielding ourselves from certain truths about ourselves (what psychoanalysts refer to as mechanisms of defense).



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Actors face the risk of feeling vulnerable as they try to find a way of bypassing their own ego, their own waking sense of themselves, in order to remain in touch to the fullest degree possible with the character they were portraying. They have to do two things. They have to find a way to overcome their vulnerability and they have to trust their surroundings.

The first requires the courage to take risks. The actors spoke of this in many ways, as a leap of faith, as taking a chance, or just jumping in. The second comes with experience. It involves openness to trust, a trust in one's fellow actors, the director and the very many people involved in designing a set and creating an ambience that offered the necessary support. One can only make a dangerous jump if others are there with a safety net. That leap of faith becomes easier as one reaps the rewards. We will come to those in a moment.

Commentary

The dreamer volunteering to share a dream in a dream group is in precisely the same situation as the actor taking on a part. It involves the same feeling of vulnerability and the same openness to trust in others. In sharing a dream, the dreamer is mobilizing the courage to jump off a cliff into water without knowing how deep it is and having to rely on others to provide a life-preserver, if necessary.

The dreamer, in volunteering to share a dream, knows that to do so involves undressing psychically and standing naked before a group, the members of which remain more or less fully clothed. In addition, one has to recast one's thought processes from the linear, objective waking mode to the nonlinear subjective mode of the dreaming self. No easy task!

Two needs have to be met to accomplish it. The dreamer has to feel safe in disrobing before the others (the Safety Factor) and receive from them the stimulation and help needed (the Discovery Factor) to help the side of the self portrayed in the dream emerge into clear view.

The structure of the group process and the way it unfolds are designed to meet these two needs. Trust is generated through the respect the leader and the group members have for the basic fact that only the dreamer has the right key to his or her unconscious domain. All the others can do is to facilitate the search for that key. Substitute director as dream group leader, and co-actors as the co-dreamers in the group, and the parallel nature of the task becomes obvious. It takes others to support the actor or the dreamer in getting the job done. Actors have to master the craft of listening and reacting to the co-actors, and the dreamer has to learn how to be open to and react to the co-dreamers.

Acting and dreamwork are interactive affairs. A shared emotional field evolves until an end point is reached that feels right for the actor (who hears the word PRINT!) and for the dreamer when he or she experiences an inner 'A-HA.'

In both instances we are dealing with a field that is powerful yet subtle, a field that marks the successful end of a group effort, a field that is only disrupted by inappropriate intrusion of anyone's irrepressible ego. Since outside of acting and dreamwork we do not usually communicate with each other at this level of openness and intimacy, it takes time, talent and mastery of craft before the field comes effortlessly into being.

It is no easy matter to dislodge the obstacles our waking egos put in the path of meeting others in this way. Only when the actor or dreamer realizes that the onus of responsibility does not rest completely on his or her shoulders and that they are all engaged in a unique cooperative task does the feeling of vulnerability dissipate.

PLAY as Healing

What is the definition of healing? The term usually applies to someone who is sick and is in the process of getting well. There is a broader meaning derived from the root of the word itself, its reference to wholeness. In terms of the fullest realization of ourselves, none of us grows up perfect at this stage of our efforts to civilize ourselves. Healing in the sense of becoming more whole is an appropriate term to describe the effort to get in touch with the full range of our resources. It is not easy to dislodge some of them from their hiding place. That's what acting and psychotherapy are all about. Many of the actors interviewed made a point of emphasizing this sense of emotional growth. As Ron Howard put it, 'You touch parts of yourself you didn't know you had.' If dreams are the 'royal road to the unconscious,' as Freud put it, then acting is one way of traveling that road.

Commentary

Not much more needs to be said about the analogy of healing between dreamwork and acting. What Freud meant when he used the term 'royal road' was that dream interpretation was the most direct path from point A, where the dreamer was in the waking state, to point B, a deeper understanding of the emotional load we all are carrying as we tread that path. We can increase our pace once light is shed on both the good and the bad of what is going on within us (our capacity for good

and evil). As someone well-known once said a long time ago, 'The truth shall set you free.'

Truth, creativity and the overcoming of obstacles (resistances) are intrinsic to the act of healing through dreamwork. By giving voice to the characterization of the self we have created, we unload illusions and expediency and arrive at deeper truths about who we are.

PLAY as Work

I mentioned resistance. The word involves the obstacles that have to be removed in order to get on the right path. The biggest obstacle is our waking ego, our own sense of who we are or who we have to be in our relations with others. This is where craft comes in. Craft provides the tools for overcoming self-imposed obstacles.

Despite the differences between the craft of the actor and that of the dreamer, the end point for both is the same. Actors speak of the importance of:

- Listening and reacting to one's co-actor (or co-actors)
- Having total concentration
- Being in the moment
- Being open to the unpredictable
- Avoiding any judgmental approach to the character

Only with respect for the human essence of the character can the actor do justice to the role, take risks, and trust in oneself and others to come up with whatever is needed to get the job done. The closer one gets to a total involvement in the role, the more one is left with the feeling that the self simply becomes a channel that allows talent and imagination to do their thing. Actors frequently refer to it as a 'gift.' Their responsibility is simply to learn how to use it properly.

Commentary

What I have referred to as 'obstacles' are for the dreamer the 'resistances' I referred to earlier. It's hard to partially anesthetize the waking ego so that it is there, but no longer in control. That ego feels as comfortable and natural as our very skin. Both are what we allow others to see of ourselves. We can't shed our skins but we can modulate the ego to the point where it is no longer running the show. The dreamer faces the same work requirements as the actor. Let's look at them one by one.

Concentration: The dreamer has to maintain an unwavering focus on all that is going on within himself at a feeling level, some of which is extraordinarily subtle, as the group process plays itself out. To maintain that level of concentration on what is going on 'in the moment' requires recognizing and dismissing any irrelevant ego concerns, e.g., 'What I have to say will be too embarrassing,' 'What will they think of me?' or 'Am I doing whatever is expected of me?'

Openness to the Co-Dreamers: Just as the actor brings spontaneity and openness in reacting to a co-actor, the dreamer has to be open to the help being offered by the co-dreamers as they play out their part in their dialogue with the dreamer. That means using what is given by them, not as intrusive demands, but as possibly

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Give me a candle of the Spirit, O God,
as I go down into the deep of my own being.

Show me the hidden things.
Take me down to the spring of my life,
and tell me my nature and my name.

Give me freedom to grow so that I may become
my true self - the fulfillment of the seed
which You planted in me at my making.

Out of the deep I cry unto thee, O God. Amen.
George Appleton

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helpful instruments with which to explore their own psyche.

Non-judgmental Attitude: The dream is not to be judged from the waking state. It is not to be judged at all. It just is. If we recall a dream, we are ready to be confronted by it and learn a bit more about ourselves. In other words, regardless of how disturbing the content of a dream is, it has not been dreamt to make us feel worse but to call something to our attention, so it can be dealt with more effectively in the future.

Trust: There are two aspects to the kind of trust that has to be generated and maintained in dreamwork. The first is trust in the fact that the answer to the dream is there in oneself, ready to be found. The second is trust in one's co-dreamers to help one find it. The metaphor I used earlier of the dreamer being in a state of psychic nudity surrounded by others who are fully dressed illustrates the need for both aspects of trust. The dreamer can only see what's going on on the front part of his body. Others, however, can see that something is going on on the back of his body. The dreamer has to trust the fact that the answers are there from the beginning and to trust others in the search for them.

PLAY as Social

Both actors and dreamers need a hate-free zone for the kind of work they do. One can't do brain surgery with a hatchet nor can one venture into deep and sensitive unconscious domains without the cooperation and support of others. Actors talk about the closeness and family feeling that evolves in the course of the production.

Commentary

Dreamwork involves sharing at so profound a level as to evoke a deep sense of communion. There is a palpable sense of transcendence as one participates in what can best be described as a common unconscious field. It's the closest I have come to the meaning of the word spirituality.

In their own work, actors note this level of closeness and camaraderie and at least one actor used the term spiritual in describing this feeling. I hesitate to call it love, but that's actually what we are talking about. Love is a powerful force when the conditions are ripe for its appearance. Actors feel something akin to that when they are in a mutually respectful and helpful relation to all concerned. It takes the combined efforts of many talented people in addition to the actor to create a successful scene, and it takes the combined efforts of other dreamers to be there for the dreamer. Judgmental, authoritarian or controlling attitudes have no place in the kind of social milieu essential to either acting or dreamwork. One can't engage in satisfactory PLAY at any age without everyone enjoying it.

PLAY as Passion

Why PLAY if you are not having fun at it? Actors love their profession. Jack Lemmon talked about passion. He went on to say that to be passionate about one's work and to make a living out of it was an unbeatable combination. In greater or lesser measure, these feelings

came through in all of the other actors. When James Lipton asked them, 'What work other than acting would you have chosen?' many had to think a bit before coming up with what might be second best. Others felt that there was none.

Commentary

Dreamwork has the same playful fun-like quality regardless of how heavy or painful the content of the dream. A dream is a puzzle that one has fun solving regardless of the message. After all, one enjoys a good detective story even though it might be about murder and mayhem. I conduct the dreamwork in the living room of my house. For those three hours, my wife Janet would read in the bedroom at the other end of the house. She was very aware of the peals of laughter periodically breaking through the otherwise quietness of the work. The issue may be grim, but dream work shouldn't be. It should be PLAY in the deepest and most regarding sense of the term.

There is one person I have thus far left out of the picture. In the case of acting it is the director. In the case of the dream group it is the leader.

The Director

Actors seemed almost unanimous in what they desired of a director. They wanted respect, help and confidence in the actor's ability to successfully play the role. In return they recognized their own responsibility to the director who was the only one with an overall sense of the movement and the aim of the story and how to get there. The general feeling was that with good casting, the director and actor should be able to collaborate in a way that would bring out the best in both of them. It isn't that criticism should be avoided, but it should occur in the framework of a supportive relationship. It should be one of mutual trust in which mutual creative energies flourish. As one actor put it, it comes close to love.

Commentary

All of the above apply to the leader of a dream group. Both the director and leader have the responsibility for framing the process so that in the case of the actor there is the freedom to experience the emotional range of the character, and for the dreamer to experience the felt meaning of the dream. Both are aware of the vulnerability of the actor-dreamer and both are responsible to provide the safety and trust needed to take risks and to be of help when the going gets rough. The only significant difference is that although a director may also be an actor in the film he is directing, he usually is not. However, the leader of a dream group participates in the process in exactly the same way as the other dreamers do. That means he or she has the same option to share a dream as the others do in which case he or she becomes, like Woody Allen, the script writer, director and actor.)

In Part IV, the actors will be speaking for themselves. Their remarks will liven up the analogy and I hope will provide a broader context in which to pursue dreamwork.

Song

of the Snake-skinned Shaman:

A Soul Opera Based on Trance Visions and Dreams

by Maureen B. Roberts, PhD [“The Dark” Nathair]

The following is a Blakean kind of ‘soul opera,’ a polytheistic blend of trance vision, oracle and dream, involving various voices, including my own, and several shamanic guides, including major deities Aaivan and Terragian, an Underworld Lady, Black Elk, power animals Merryth (Sea Eagle), Shakasta (Humpback Whale) and Daynar (Wolf), and principal celestial Goddess, Celendien. It also includes ventures into the three shamanic realms of Celestial Overworld, World, and the Underworld and refers to my two shamanic drums.

My own shamanic staff came to me in a dream in which *I was helping a large band of children safely cross a floor one by one - from one side of the room to the exit door opposite. Across the floor was strewn broken glass which I had to help them avoid. This seemed to be part of an initiation ritual, since after I’d safely seen them across, I was given a wooden staff which was alight at one end with red and white flames. I then had to face a hovering straight line of Seven Guardians, powerful-looking beings who stood (about 2 feet off the floor) before me and asked me (in chant-song) Seven Questions (which I’ve since answered). These were:*

Where is the Light that never shines?

What is the Treasure we never find?

Who is the Serpent that always turns?

Where is the Fire that always burns?

What is the Question that must be asked? What is the Limit that can’t be passed?

(The Seventh Question is not asked or answered in words.)

The Guardians then pointed to the staff I was wielding and its flames burst into red and white rose petals, which rained out over a large crowd of people.

Dream Chorus: “Wielding the wooden Dream Staff,

help the vast field of children safely cross one by one, from left to right across the path strewn with sharply broken stones. Holding the Staff, cut from the Axial Tree aloft, feel it burst ablaze with red and white flames.”

I use two round deerskin drums, Chelle-Verrain, a feminine drum (of the Moonlit Waterfall) of gentle strength, who energises upward through the spine using a left-hand spiral, and Ilistroi, drum of the Western Sunset, a masculine Spiritual Warrior drum, strong yet sensitive, who energises through right-hand spiralling. In healing and soul retrieval work, both follow the guidance and healing paths of my diagnostician and totem Serpent, Nathair (Gaelic for ‘the Serpent’).

Black Elk (to whom I was betrothed on a ship in a Dream) **speaks:** “Chelle-Verrain, sister Drum of the Moonlit Waterfall, empower upward through the left-hand spiral. Ilistroi, brother drum of the Western Sunset, gather strength from the Four Directions and follow the right-hand healing path of the sacred Serpent, Prana-Nathair.”

“The Dark” Nathair: “I am the alchemical Uniped, upwardly a separate King and Queen, fused in that part of me that hops, cavorts, and limps throughout the World. I am winged as was Icarus, yet never falling as I prance among the stars and tunnel through the dark maternal depths of Sea. For the chasm was opened and I fell into its endless depth, and in falling found freedom and courage to ascend the Pillar of Fire into the Void.”

Andemar is the name of my shamanic Cosmos. One of my passageways to the shamanic Underworld is to descend from within a downward-flowing pillar of light that takes the form of slow-flowing water. It is called the “Seynlight” and is similar to the Threefold Awen

Rays of Celtic lore. The other two pillars of the Seynlight are an upward-flowing pillar of fire-light (leading to the Overworld), and a clear space-time Gateway which leads to other Worlds.

Celendien, Central Overworld Goddess: “Descend in the down-flowing Pillar of light, slow-flowing Water, sister to the upward Pillar of fire-light at her left and the clear space-time Gateway of Air to her right. In Unio Mystica, wield the Threefold Seynlight of Andemar.”

Terragian, Trickster God & ‘Divinely Mad’ Sacred Fool: “Let Mercurius take central stage (by hiding); let both facets mirror shadow in their depths and draw you into even deeper seeing. Blessings on your journey from the peaks and the vale; blessings in decay and resurrection. Blessings in the soft worn shoe, in the steady drum-beat, and in the tympanic hat that resonates with solar radiation.”

“The Dark” Nathair: “I am the lone Wolf who follows my own drum-beat and has no rules, save the law of my errant pulse of life and inner song. I have trod the searing rocks of Venus and the violet sands of a world beyond the realm of Sol, where auroran skies flared verdant with delirious radiation. Absent-minded, having through ek-stasis left the confines of Earth, I am present to a multiverse of Otherworlds.”

Aaivan, Child Eternal [Celestial Shamanic Soul-guide and Deity]: “The snake-skinned one must die in order to live. Where there is no choice, there is no uncertainty. You must dance where the Red Shoes take you, even if it be alone through thorns and frosty rain, to be cursed and envied by the masses who shelter in the temples of belief.”

A Dream: *Overhead, a vast swarm of tiny crystal spheres come drifting across the sky, very high up. Suddenly they rain down and scatter all about. Some roll toward me, so I pick one up and inside is a tiny plant that I set free.*

“The Dark” Nathair: “I am at the Centre, as is everywhere else. To be centered is to be self-circling on one’s own teetering axis, to turn and twist in the uroboric dance at the pace of one’s own heart; harming none, hindering none, connected to all yet a Cosmos and a law to oneself; feeling, as did the Soul-making poet, the giant agony of the world, adding the ocean drop of one’s own compassion to help retrieve her sacred soul. Neither seeking nor needing the respect of others, I am driven by delightful demons, howling beasts, cavorting leviathans, elemental passions and fiery angels that have danced me down a razor-thin path, the perilous Rainbow Bridge of the Fool that arcs across chasms and is surrounded by the flutter and twitter of Otherworldly birds. As the Fool I have travelled lightly, sometimes with empty pockets but always with a soul brim full of the agony and ecstasy

of life and death entwined.”

Ainjanneth, Dark Lady of the Underworld: Once for the wounding that brings healing. Second for the darkness that leads to light. Third for the death that gives birth to life.

Dream Chorus: “As the day dies to embers, the clouds hover like slashes of wild red wings and the sun bleeds gold into the sea. At the top of a lonely cliff, white Eagle Merryth looks over the rippling sea at a sun-dancing swarm of exquisite gold. She tastes the sea-breeze ruffling her feathers. On her left leg she wears a band of gold on which is engraved a swimming circle of ancient Druidic salmon. Across her eyes, like miniature summer skies, white clouds, then storm clouds drift. Seeing through piercing, soul-deep gazing, she medicines a lack of focus and clear vision and destroys all fear of letting go. She is the courage to be alone and to bring shadow into light; she protects the wounded souls who have wandered in sleep to disturbing realms. She calls forth a mingled challenge and celebration of the skies, sees far to the horizon where Shakasta, her giant Sea sister, is puffing up spray on her way to the South. She hungers for fish and yearns for Sun to glare through the clouds so that she can meet Him eye to eye. She leaps forth, borne aloft on cushioning currents of air, along the shore sifting and drifting, seeking among seaweed for strange gifts from the sea. She shoots up in an arc toward a bank of grey cloud through which Sun’s rays are shooting down with intangible swords of light. Time dissolves in timelessness. We are Merryth. We are one.”

Trance Vision: Spoken by Ainjanneth, Dark Lady of Underworld:

Fire defend you
Earth sustain you
Water cleanse you
Air inspire you
Follow the Three Pillars
upward flowing
downward streaming
onward gleaming
to the Journey’s End

“The Dark” Nathair [Dreams and Ecstatic Trance Visions]: “In realms of World, I am Moon’s cool reflection till the solar arcs of great Sun in Dreams enfold me like a shielding arm. I am a leaping flare of Sun, while my cavorting dolphin helpers are the arched tendrils of their Mother sea. I have known the distillation into order of my riotous pain, the celebration of my rite of passion through initiation to freedom from attachment and desire. In the heart of the fire, I rest content yet ever restless, my eyes aglitter in the dark forest of the soul, waiting, watching, eager for the ambush of the known unknown. Ilistroi, Warrior Drum, beats with solar-hearted rhythm as Sun drips crimson into the sea. Linked to his old red Father Star,

Sun calls me deep within the Centre again. There the stars are dazzling and burn with an excess of life. In the Centre stellar, spheres condense into an agile yet tranquil sea of light. Their whirling circles fuse, overlap and edge out every shred of darkness. But their light is blinding; it is dark disguised.

“From the Centre stream forth braided paths of Fire, Air and Sea. Meeting the outer Worlds, they fade in on far horizons as the Three Pillars of axial ascending and descending. The Central song beats gently through Chelle-Verrain, drum of the Moonlit Waterfall, not in words, nor in voice, but as the vibrating hum of a slither of fine crystal, high and icy, disturbing yet reassuring, a music far and unreachable, heard within inner realms of sound and as piercing as great joy or pain. In a resonance of harmony, clear and tingling shine other stars; the youthful intensity of the blue-white spheres, the brilliant white stars, the autumnal yellow of the mature suns, the ruddy gleam of ageing orange stars, warm with ripeness and wise with age, and the great dying embers of the ancient Red Giants. The song draws to itself all shades and echoes, all sounds and sights of celestial night, sending them forth again heightened in clarity so that all light becomes dazzling and all darkness velvet with life.”

Celendien,

“The Dark” Nathair’s Central Celestial Goddess:

I am the first and the last,
 the beginning and the end,
 that which is and is to come.
 And I am the End of Desire,
 the beginning of wisdom.
 I am the sky beneath the earth
 and the sea
 beyond the heavens.
 I lose, therein I have,
 I move within my stillness.
 For I am the fourfold Union,
 earth, air, fire, water,
 birth, death, dreaming,
 and the Void

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91 *Bb* *Dm* *Gm* *Cm*
 And now I - kno - w where i want to g - o

99 *F* *Gm* *F*
 Not to the sea sk - y blue but to the in - fi - nite yo -

105 *Bb*

Vision Chorus: “Up from the realm of World by Seven Stairs climb from colour to colour, rhythm to rhythm, low tone to high, ascending by drum the axial Pillar of Fire, up beyond the thin air and midnight cloud to tall cathedrals and Celendien’s summit halls of marble, white beneath frozen swarms of a myriad stars. Filigreed with ice, on Aaivan’s adjacent Moon a north-bound stream winds hazily to dawn. Aaivan, crossing lone plains of snow, opens his hand and the Rainbow Bridge of illumination is revealed. In his tiny palm he holds the secrets of both stones and stars and counsels them from an airless world of transparent cliffs and iridescent seas. A Silver Globe darts to and fro before him in seeming mischief and delight, tracing out hovering pathways, exuberant yet warily deliberate in all its moves. And it is as if He dwells on the ageless floor of a measureless depth of Sea, a light to himself, while in the cool heights above the surge and swirl of life goes on unknowing of that deeper Mysterium.”

Aaivan, Child Eternal:

Vision of Discernment of the Heart:

I am Discernment of the Way,
 knowledge that doth ebb and flow
 and journey like the wind.

Trust me: though your heart grow weary
 let it have its way with thee,

listen not to voices that will clamour for its safety. I

will set a Point for thee upon a distant shore, many storms will bar you from it, seas uncrossed before, but from your sight it ne’er shall vanish and the light there ne’er shall wane, see the Point, for naught else matters - all that’s lost for it is gain . . .

“The Dark” Nathair: “The storm-raged weight of Ocean is falling; a baptism, a blanket, a breaking asunder, a Sea-change in the backward abysms of time. Those are pearls that were my eyes. The giant Sea falls hissing onto Underworldly rock and flame, where mighty dragons rage to and fro breathing quintessential sulphur. Bodiless

voices float in hissing waves from heat-miraged, gem-fruited tree to tree and the boom and shudder of a distant anvil focuses through flame into llistroi, my brother Drum. My blood pulses with the surge of the overhead Sea; the heated Earth is the living extension of my feet”

Daynar, Totem Wolf & Soul Guide:

The Rite of Purification by Fire:

I am the Flame Imperishable,
 the purging of the Way,
 the purifier from the dross
 of shadow and decay.

Trust me: I shall burn you brightly,
 fast consume what fears the fire,
 all that cannot last will perish,
 leaving the pure heart’s desire.

Let my searing light engulf you,
 shield your eyes from me, draw near,
 I will blind you into seeing,
 transform the opaque to clear.

Let the Dragon breathe the burning,
 forming unspelt words of flame,
 let its breath be drawn from places
 you alone can name.

I am the Flame Imperishable,
 the forging of the Way
 to the Centre through the doors
 of shadow and decay. . . .

Terragian, Mercurial Trickster and Soul Guide
 through the Four Worlds:

Flame to flame, flame to water,
 water to air, air to stars, stars to earth,
 Earth to Centre, Above to Below,
 anguish to ek-stasis

In Unio Mystica, Circle without end.)

*Extracted from *The Serpent’s Fire: A Shaman’s Guide to Dreamwork, Healing & Initiation* by Maureen B. Roberts c. 2001 Darknight Publications. Not to be reproduced whole or in part without the author’s permission.*

Dr. Maureen Roberts E-mail nathair@bigblue.net.au

Dolphins, Musical...

*I will go along here: it is a curious way.
And a man might meet his truth through
journeying.*

*Height of the stars; depth of the sea!
Someday the heart will stop.
Nobility to the workman who builds a
lighthouse-beacon*

on a shore of broken shells.

O candle under Venus' wings!

O conch of insular evolution!

I will walk my mortal way.

*For a man might meet himself
on the bridge of his intimacy.*

Eternity in a moment.

Like a message in bottle,

*bobbing on the waves of time,
the whispered jinni of a mythic name.*

Enraptured. Enchantment. Moist

and dark the deeps of earth.

*Someday the visions all will fade
and blindness will, beckoning, see.*

The heart will stop.

*Then the drama of meandering memories
will turn to osprey wings.*

*Silken glory; noble glory; to the warrior-
walker whose soul can fully, finally,
fledgling, fly.*

Ah: moment--tender, delicate, hushed.

It is not a midnight, lingering in the breath?

See! Dolphins--in the web of stars.

*I will go, go where goats have trotted,
go where wolves have roamed,
where only eagles shadows, silent,
brush the hems of quiet angels.*

*Accolades fall, like roses out of heaven,
burnished, thornless, timeless,
for the heart that has remained
most whole.*

*Wholeness is a fruit that feeds.
And somehow, someday, out there,
beyond this present length and touch,
a cupid with a virgin's smile
hands back as nourishment
to the naked soul.*

Ah: moment.

I will go this way, this.

*For it is what a man is
and is a destiny summoning to be--
a key to the rainbow over shipwrecks;
a jewel to the crown of victory-home.
Vulnerability of passage: rites.*

Courage: yes.

*Courage of footsteps
in the tide washed sands.*

*Say only this much:
the twinkling marks of pilgrimage.
And a dream: dolphins, musical--
lute, flute, pipes and hand held drums--
in the web of stars.*

*David Sparenberg
25 March 2002*



DREAMTIME 3: DREAM EXCHANGE

THE GENESIS OF MEMORY & DREAM

©2002 Marlene King, M.A.

From the inside out or the outside in? An eternal question regarding which came first: the experience resulting in memory or the dream.

Day residue. Do we sort and select and paste together a collage each night from the montage of experiences we have throughout the day and life? What makes us select the specific pieces that we do? Why? Or, do we have the dream first and experience the out-picturing of its content in the disguised form of a life experience? Or do we bring it with us from another realm. Or, are we just demonstrating the biological tics of DNA that define our human psyches?

Recently, a dream about my husband became a curious precursor to an idea I had been formulating about writing this article. Which came first? And what is the genesis of memory from which we draw for our dreams? As I thought about this, the following dream occurred:

My husband was wearing large sweaters and layered clothing that I found curious and I wondered if he was putting on some weight. I moved closer to him and could see that his stomach was large and filling out his garments, He looked pregnant! I asked him if he was, and he answered yes and I was immediately struck with what the repercussions would be from this regarding the media and how it would affect our lives as an unprecedented event such as this would cause. I felt some anxiety, fear and elation all rolled into a powerful emotion.

The symbolic implications of this dream are obvious to me, but I believe that because this was my dream, it had to do with me. I was thinking about internal experience and bringing it out into the open by writing about the dream and our experience of it.

So, we know that infants dream; do fetuses, too? According to David B. Chamberlain, Ph.D. in his article, "*The Fetal Senses*," they do. "Researchers have discovered that babies are dreaming as early as 23 weeks g.a., when rapid eye [R.E.M.] movement sleep is first observed (Birnholtz, 1981). Studies of premature babies have revealed intense dreaming activity, occupying 100% of sleep time at 30 weeks g.a., and gradually diminishing to around 50%

by term."¹ What experiences are they choosing to outpicture in a dream? Is consciousness gathering from a garden of memories to shape the unconscious dream or the conscious experience? Chamberlain states, "Dreaming is also an endogenous activity, neither reactive or evoked, expressing inner mental or emotional condition."²

If the experience comes first, and we simply pluck the information out of its vast array of sensate material impressed upon us from the moment of our births, it would be easy to answer these questions. If we dream first and the images of our dreams fit in the environment in which we find ourselves, it is equally as curious and unfathomable. However, Chamberlain claims there is "mounting evidence for learning in utero and for precocious communication before the stage of language."³

Pushing further into possibilities of the genesis of consciousness, Graywolf Swinney in his DNJ article, "Remembering R.E.M.," alludes to memories being formed around the time of conception: "return[ing] to fetal sensory memories, and in fact to the even earlier pre-fetal consciousness memories of conception in order to find the fundamental consciousness structure that held the disease state. R.E.M. consciousness was crucial to attaining these memories, and to the subsequent healing dynamics."

According to research by Elizabeth Carmen and Neil Carmen, Ph.D., the possibility of consciousness forming several years before conception is explored in their book (*Cosmic Cradle*, 2001). They examine the Aboriginal stories of communication about the stage preceding conception, and point out that dreams about spirit children who will be born to them "are primarily the province of the men." But, they also conclude that in every culture and in every era, pre-birth communication has been recorded.

In Elisabeth Hallett's article, "*How I stumbled Across a New Frontier*," she explores similar patterns she uncovered about pre-birth phenomena while she was gathering data about postpartum bonding time which resulted in the publication of her book, *Soul Trek: Meeting Our Children on the Way to Birth*. Through recording parents' personal stories, she discovered,

"Quite a few parents emphasized their connection with their baby long before the actual birth. They told of sensing contact and communication during pregnancy, and in some of the most spine-tingling accounts, even before conception itself."

This concept raises another interesting point about consciousness. Could the fetus be experiencing the mother's dreams? Could the ancestral memories contained at a cellular level be activated, i.e., transmitted from mother to fetus or visa-versa? Another theory about the function and phenomena of the dreaming fetus, according to Harvard's J. Allan Hobson in "*Dreaming as Delirium*," has to do with dreaming being a key component for survival in the post-birth environment. He posits:

A fascinating possibility is these fetal dreams are trial runs for behaviors to come, as brain circuits are laid out and blueprinted in utero. So it's likely your first smiles were fetal smiles, or if not there, while you were REMing away in your bassinet, unseen by loving eyes.

The human fetus spends most of its last uterine days in a REM-like state, mentally rehearsing for the world ahead. Not only smiles of happiness but frowns of displeasure, grimaces of pain, thumb-suckings to fine-tune the act of swallowing are among the many instinctual acts preprogrammed by the self-activated brain, in REM, long before they are put to the service of survival.

In other words, R.E.M. observed behaviors are pre-programmed cranial components which have nothing to do with experience, i.e., memory-based expressions. Or do they? Do we rise like ethereal wisps out of the Aboriginal Dream Pool and carry memories across to this waking dimension from some parallel realm? The mystery of the roots of consciousness and memory and resulting dreams contain limitless speculation and in fact raise more questions than answers.)

1 Chamberlain, David B., *The Fetal Senses*.
2 Ibid.

3 Chamberlain, David B., *Introduction: Life Before Birth*.

DREAMING INSIGHTS INTO RELATIONSHIPS: PAYCHECKS & BALANCES

©2002 by Janice Baylis, Ph.D.



Do employees dream about their bosses? Oh yes, even from Biblical times. The story of Jacob and his Uncle Laban is told in Genesis, Chapter 31. Jacob served his Uncle Laban seven years for Rachel, Laban tricked him and Jacob got Leah instead. Jacob stayed and served another seven years for Rachel. Then he served six years to earn all the cattle which were ring-straked, speckled and grisled. That's when Jacob had this dream.

"...And the angel of God spake unto me in a dream, saying, 'Jacob'; and I said, 'Here am I.' And He said, 'Lift up now thine eyes and see, all the rams which leap upon the cattle are ring-straked, speckled and grisled; for I have seen all that Laban doeth unto thee. ...now arise, get thee out from this land, and return unto the land of thy kindred.'" Genesis 31: 10-13

"And it was told Laban on the third day that Jacob was fled. And he took his brethren with him and pursued after him seven days' journey...

"And God came to Laban the Syrian in a dream by night, and said unto him, 'Take heed that thou speak not to Jacob either good or bad.'" Genesis 31: 22-25

Laban was one of those not very nice bosses that exist in life.

Secretaries have a uniquely close working relationship with their bosses, and their dreams reflect that.

This secretary friend often complained about her boss's conceit. He name-dropped, barked orders and generally acted like a "Big Shot." She did most of the work and knew he wasn't really so great. One day she caught him in a really big faux pax. Here's the dream she had that night.

"I open the door to the boss's inner office without buzzing first. I am embarrassed because his pants are down. Then I'm not embarrassed anymore. I burst out laughing because his penis is a peanut. I think, 'peanuts are "small stuff." He isn't such a big man after all."

Peanuts sounds like penis and there is a senseful connection; therefore, we have

a pun. The dream shows the degree to which she has lost respect for her boss. Of course, the pictured idiom is obvious, she "caught him with his pants down."

This secretary had a seriously problematic boss. Her dream gave her the nudge she needed to quit that job before it was too late.

"I dreamed I was climbing a dangerous oil rig with my boss. It was wobbly up there. I looked down and saw a man watching us. I recognized him as one of my father's friends, a long forgotten friend. I haven't thought of him since my childhood."

In associating to this man on my "People Meaning List," under the category of job, she remembered he owned a concession stand at the beach. Then she realized the dream was about the concessions she'd been making to her boss at the oil company where she worked. Her boss had been rigging things illegally. Wanting to keep her job, she had said nothing. After this dream warning that the situation was getting wobbly, she quit that job. A short time later the boss was indicted.

The night after she spent her first day working for a new boss, this secretary had a dream she thought was strange. He'd seemed like a nice guy, someone who would be great to work for. Her intuition gave a different picture in this dream.

"Look Carol, there's the new boss out in front of the office. What do you suppose he's doing that for, having batting practice with some kids. Doesn't he look ridiculous in that Mickey Mouse sweatshirt! And look, the Mickey Mouse face keeps changing its expression."

Time proved the dream to be correct. Everything he did was "Mickey Mouse," a cultural symbol for comically inefficient. He batted things around a lot, changing the way things were expressed, but it was all "Mickey Mouse." Not that he was hard to work for, but hard to have respect for.

The dream-mind can bring to waking mind information about a worker's boss.

The reverse is also true, bosses dream about their employees. One teacher who had turned in a very fair and honest performance evaluation of her instructional aide dreamed this warning of the aide's over reaction to the one suggestion for improvement.

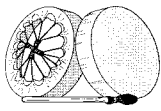
"Phyllis, my aide, had taken my Scott Foresman worksheets and filed them in the front office filing cabinet. I asked her, 'Why did you do such a dumb thing? We need them here, accessible to us.'" She was coming out of the front office wearing a red, white and blue dress with a very wide ruffle at the bottom. When she saw how angry I was she began to cry. I felt she was acting like a baby. I told her if she didn't want to keep MY papers in MY place she should buy her own set. She stormed away.

When I got to our room I found a bunch of rocking chairs that Phyllis had told the office they could store there until the end of the school year. It was very awkward trying to maneuver around the rocking chairs."

When the teacher got to work that morning she learned that the aide had taken her evaluation (the teacher's foreman type duty) to the principal. She was making a (red, white and blue) federal case out of her ruffled feelings. She was being a "cry baby". It made the rest of their school year together rocky and awkward!)

Watch your dreams for performance evaluations of your bosses, your employees AND yourself. For a free copy of the Baylis "People Meaning List" to help determine why So-and-So was in your dream, e-mail jbaylis@earthlink.net; or write to Box 2914; Seal Beach, CA 90740.

Janice is the author of Sex, Symbol and Dreams available at www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ISBN=0917738055



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