

Creativity & Crisis • Dream Inspired Music

Since 1982

Vol. 21 No. 2

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# Dream Network

*A Journal Exploring Dreams & Mythology*

Intelligent Design • *Jeffery Lewis*

Journeying • *An Interview with the Culliphers*

Dream Weaving With Music & Poetry • *Noreen Wessling*

Our Dream Group • *Leon van Leeuwen & Gustavo Gonzales*



*Handwritten signature and initials in the bottom right corner.*



# Statement of Purpose

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## Dream Network

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Dream Network

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## **Tony Macelli, Our Cover Artist**

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

His current interests include developing educational approaches that can attack poverty, as distinct from helping the poor, and he welcomes information and suggestions from anyone in this direction. He has made book-covers and other artwork, and would like to collaborate on dream-related or similar projects to illustrate articles or books. His art includes whimsical and dream-like pieces, spiritual-mystical inspirations, and colourful landscapes. Email Mr. Macelli: [tonynora@maltanet.net](mailto:tonynora@maltanet.net)

# Editorial



Forgive me for being personal in a place where objectivity is key but I'm excited to share a current dream with you. Come, take a ride!

*I'm standing on the bank of a waterway as a small boat comes by and I jump on board. There are other people whom I don't recognize here, along with my sweet Siamese cat, Rose LittleFeather. This waterway is a large creek or small river and the boat has no engine or oars; we are simply being carried—very rapidly—'with the flow.' No rapids, though. The water is crystal clear and I can see every detail at the bottom no matter how deep; the sights to behold are awesome and capture my total attention.*

*There is no verbal communication taking place among us by unspoken agreement. We are here to experience and witness the glory of Nature.*

*Soon, I begin to see beautiful displays—like art galleries—of seashells underwater, and wonder...*

*"How did seashells get in such an aesthetically pleasing, creative display in a freshwater river?"*

*As we flow downstream, there are evermore elaborate displays; in addition to the exquisite seashells, there is artwork and on bottom, rugs of beautiful design. Art Galleries.*

*At one point, I became concerned for Rose. She's never been on a boat or near a body of water to my knowledge. Will she jump? Fall? But then I remember how astute and independent she is, intuitively.*

*What a survivor...*

*and stop worrying.*

*Soon, we are in a restaurant! It is staffed by Native Americans and I ask one, 'Is this restaurant built under the water?' He said, "Yes!" Hmmm, unusual. I place an order 'to go,' and wonder, "Where is Rose"?*

*I am distracted by this question and begin walking an Earth path to find her. I see two cats playing/wrestling along the path; not her. I am soon aware that someone is walking slightly behind me and to my left. It is a shaman I know and his presence distracts me from the search. We don't speak and soon find ourselves near an exquisite and Crystal Clear pool of water. He jumps in; I can't resist and follow him, dress and all. When I've floated almost to the bottom—ZAP! In the blink of an eye—the water disappears, I drop gently to the bottom and we find ourselves in yet another Art Gallery. Exquisite Place.*

*He gives me this 'look,' index finger extended toward eye, hand curled about his face and says, "You have now entered Vertical Reality."*

Can you believe the genius of the 'dream-maker'! Believe me, I've been through he\_\_\_, high, low and muddy water to get here. **I LOVE DREAMS** and thank you for coming along.

Now, come sing, dance, smile and cry... go with the flow on the inspiring pages that follow. And don't worry. Rose is fine. I've got to go now and follow her! ♥

## News and Notes

• Sincere gratitude to Lorraine Grassano for coming in like "An Angel of a Skateboard" (pg. 20) and taking the reigns as copy editor and proofreader AND to Victoria Vlach—a longtime readers and frequent contributor—and April Chase, our new Review Editors. Thanks also to Curtis Hoffman

for being willing to 'pitch hit' with them on occasion.

• Thanks to my Advisors, Joan Garrabrant, Linda Anson, Chris Callen, Mary Flaten, Sally Burgin, to our contributors, artists, poets and advertisers. Simply not enough space to name you all! Please support their work and products! All are helping in so many ways to evolve a dream cherishing culture.

• A note from Monte Ullman re: his series on Dreams and Art said: "I have to ask you to withhold publication of any further articles in the series (Parts IV and V) as I do not have releases from the Actors Studio for the quote that are in them as yet."

Hopefully, that permission will come through soon as this is an outstanding series (as are ALL of Monte's thoughts and writings).

We owe Monte and Wendy Pannier an apology: In Vol. 21 No.1 Dream Network we neglected to mention that Part III of Monte's Dreams & Art series was published with their permission. Wendy publishes 'Dream Appreciation,' a newsletter focused on Monte's writings. For subscription information, contact her at 610/925-0758 or email [dreams@kennett.net](mailto:dreams@kennett.net). Monte's website is [www.pp.htv.fi/msiivola/monte](http://www.pp.htv.fi/msiivola/monte)

• Though we have resisted participating in this insane economic environment in which we live for over 12 years, I regret to inform you that subscription rates will increase come January 2003 to \$25 per year. Postal rates have recently increased again, as they have several times over the past decade, as have other publication related expenses. Renew and purchase Gift subscriptions now and save.

However, we will LOWER the annual cost of our ONLINE publication to \$16. If you are not aware, we publish an exact replica of the print publication on the internet which can be read online or downloaded/printed for your library. Dream Network ONLINE offers these benefits: saves trees, full color inside, no postage to those outside the USA, and more.



# Letters, Dreams & Responses



## Dreams Have Multiple Meanings

It is always gratifying when someone reads something I've written with the care and attention that Jeff Lewis gave to my Dreamwork & Collective Trauma article in the Winter 2001 issue of Dream Network. There are a few things I would like to say in response to Jeff's letter (DN/Spring 2002).

1) In my experience, ALL dreams come in the service of health and wholeness and speak a universal language of archetypal symbols and metaphors, and

2) ALL dreams have multiple meanings and levels of meaning—ranging from the intimately personal to the profoundly collective and transpersonal—all in the same dream.

This means, among other things, that 1) no dreamer ever remembers a dream that carries information and implications that he/she is unable to deal with creatively, positively and transformatively. 2) I believe that Jeff's interpretation is very likely to be 'correct' at the personal level it addresses.

I never asked or expected anyone to assume my understanding of the young woman's dream of the "clear-cut forest revealing spiral growth rings" as the exclusive interpretation. In my article, I was focusing on the level of the dream that I perceived to be collective and transpersonal, not the personal/psychological level to which Jeff's remarks point.

I would suggest that the timing of the young woman's dream—coming as it did on the very night of the day she witnessed the attack on twin towers from across the river in New Jersey—suggests pretty strongly that it is reflecting in part, at the very least, her immensely creative psycho-spiritual response to that traumatic event. The profound level of collective trauma and reconciliation that the dream em-

bodies is not in competition with the personal levels of meaning but, in all likelihood, is in harmony with them, and grows out of them. Which is to say, I believe that the "mystery story" to which Jeff alludes is, in all likelihood, a personal trauma, symbolically evoked by the trauma of witnessing the attack on the towers and that it is precisely because she has dealt/is dealing heroically with her personal/psychological traumas, that she is able to remember a dream that points to understanding/reconciliation of the collective traumas, as well as the personal ones.

Dreaming is not a "competitive sport," and with any luck, dreamwork methods of exploring dreams with an eye to their deeper meanings (plural!) will not become a competitive sport, either.

In closing, let me say that I deeply appreciate the fine work that Dream Network is doing to bring dreams and dreaming, and the many ways of discovering their gifts for healing and creative inspiration to a wider audience.

As Always,

*Jeremy Taylor, San Rafael, CA*

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## Dreaming for Peace Quilt

"We have been taking the Dreaming Peace Quilt into the community to inspire others to create their own version of a peace quilt or tapestry. At the first grade school in which we had the opportunity to display the Quilt and explain about its origins, we invited the children to draw pictures of how they envisioned peace. We also encouraged them to take these images and dream on them, affirming that they could also dream for peace, as did our adult group.

One first grader brought me her picture: it was a plain piece of paper with ruler lines drawn straight on three sides and a half of a line drawn on the final side. I asked her to tell me about her picture and in her sweet voice she said simply: "Peace is being open." The profound insights and wisdom that the children have is definitely part of this peace project. "Out of the mouths of

babes" has never impacted us in quite this way.

We were also invited to share our Quilt, our story and the song, "We Can Be Kind," at an Interfaith Meditation for Peace. There were many different faiths, philosophies, and spiritual approaches represented at this gathering.

As I took my turn sharing our group experience, I stated that "Dreams are a universal language, helping to connect the planet." Each of the different groups nodded and affirmed this. The power of dreaming is available to everyone, each night. Dreaming intentionally for peace and using the dreams as a source for some form of communal creativity, like our Peace Quilt, unites dreamers around the globe. We strongly believe the positive ripple effect can begin with a simple intention."

*For further information or to arrange for our Dreaming 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: dreamsunlmttd@cs.com*

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## Discernment & Conflict

The last Lamb & Lion newsletter was written in the aftermath of the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center towers and the Pentagon. The reflection offered at that time was related to spiritual discernment and conflict. Over the past five years I have been particularly focused in the study of Christians' traditions of spiritual discernment and their application to individual and community desires to seek God's direction. I have worked with a number of church governing boards and clergy in retreats designed to bring principles and practices in spiritual discernment to church planning and decision-making. In the past two years I had the privilege to be the consultant for a small Episcopal church, St. Clement's, in an economically distressed suburb of Chicago.

From that relationship with the people and leaders of the parish was

born a special project that provided church members with training related to individual and communal spiritual discernment; this relationship equipped the group for leadership in the church's discernment of God's directions for the common life, mission, and ministry of the parish.

That project became the basis of my doctoral thesis, which was completed this spring. Additionally, from last winter through early spring, I worked with the Illinois Ecumenical steering committee in a discernment retreat and two follow-up sessions as they sought God's direction in this time in Cursillo's life. In late spring I worked with church leaders who are beginning the process of addressing some conflicts. We explored how conflicts are normal and can produce new creativity, but they must be addressed in a way that is respectful, listens carefully for others' truths, and is spiritually grounded in a desire to seek God's creative direction. This way of approaching conflict as a spiritual practice can lead to discernment of God's direction for a community and its leaders. In pursuing this focus on spiritual discernment, I am offering you a model of the process of discernment that I call a "**Spiritual Discernment Cycle**." I hope you find it helpful in your own inner work and in your work with your families, churches, and organizations.

### The Spiritual Discernment Cycle

The "Spiritual Discernment Cycle" is the terrain that typically must be traversed when an individual or an organization is seeking God's direction for an issue or situation that has arisen which calls for making a spiritual discernment. The steps on the journey are not always sequentially followed. There can be movement back and forth between locations in the cycle, with an ultimate goal of making a discernment and testing the results. Reaching a discernment may result in the emergence of new issues or invitations from God for new direction. This journey with God is lifelong!

### Prayer, Meditation, Dreamwork: Awareness of Guiding Symbols

Located in the center of the cycle and permeating the whole of discernment work is the prayerful dimension of living. There is a contemplative dimension to discernment where receptivity to God's leading is valued and sought. We may move back and forth between the receptive silence, radical emptying and holy mystery of the apophatic dimension of prayer, as well as the images, thoughts, and relational truths of the kataphatic dimension of prayer. Awareness of words that have power for us, phrases from scripture, visual images, music and lyrics, dreams, events that catch our attention, the way the sacraments shape us: these all hold the potential for being ways that God whispers to us of divine desire. A prayerful life cultivates an appreciation for the potential of God to guide us through symbol-language. It also calls us to be discerning within the process of discernment by exploring such questions as: What is the source of this symbol that has emerged and holds power for me/us? Is it life-giving even while it might be challenging? Does it bring us beyond our selves alone? Does it speak to our deepest sense of truth? Does it seem consistent with our best understanding of God's great desires for humanity as revealed in scripture and in the wisdom of our spiritual teachings? Does it speak of the paschal mystery, the way of the cross and new life in Christ? By such questions we can test the symbol for its validity as a guide for us.

And so you have it... a journey into the terrain of spiritual discernment with God, your dreams and with your fellow companions. It takes you to questions that touch the deepest parts of yourself and your world, and to a way of living with those questions with a freedom and trust that is truly graced.

Daniel Prechtel, [dprechtel@earthlink.net](mailto:dprechtel@earthlink.net)

*[Congratulations, Rev. Prechtel, on the completion of your Doctoral Degree and for the exceptional work you do in the world. Ed.]*

### The US tragedy in the Mirror of the Earth Changes

The USA tragedy of September 11th has many faces. I would like to share some of my insights that are related to the process of the Earth Changes:

1. Twelve days before the event took place, I had a most dramatic dream telling me *that the distance between the mentally structured world civilization and the emotional quality of the world soul has become energetically unbearable*. The civilizational evolution runs rapidly away from the soul essence, endangering the human link with eternity that the soul level is standing for. We are more and more trapped in the mental structures. The emotional shock following the tragedy of September 11th has opened, for a moment, the hearts of millions of people through a deep astonishment on one hand, and compassion for each other on the other.

Reports from different people that I encountered in New York confirmed it.

2. While visiting the site of the destroyed W.T.C., I was very surprised to encounter no negative wave but a mighty presence of the Goddess of Compassion.

3. With this tragic event, the Earth's transformative process has definitively reached the civilizational level and cannot be overlooked any more. Both polarities of the civilizational body have crashed one into another; on one hand, the totalitarianism of the God-centered devotion and on the other, the limitless expansion of economic and military power. The Taliban regime stands for the first and the devastated buildings of **W.T.C.** and Pentagon for the second. My point is that these two symbols represent, also, the fallen apart polarities within the modern human being: the repressed emotional/intuitive/wholistic soul essence on the one hand and the

dominating mental power on the other hand.

4. My insight into the present phase of the Earth Changes, as presented in the book *Daughter of Gaia*, puts forward the image of the Black Virgin. Her dance of transmutation shows two simultaneous movements: on one hand, breaking off of the densest civilizational structures and on the other, building up the seeds of the newly constituted multi-dimensional Earth Cosmos (I usually describe them as "islands of light," finding them scattered along all possible places).

Since the process of the Earth Changes is a *Hologramic* process, it means that we are not victims of grand changes that we cannot meet but be consumed by them. On the contrary, the success of the self-healing process of the Earth can be secured only through many individuals performing their own transformations, and by this becoming grounded, connected and centered.

The hologramic principle says that what one does on the individual micro-level is decisively affecting the whole.

This is why "The Daughter of Gaia" and the previous book on Earth Changes ("*Earth Changes, Human Destiny*," Findhorn Press, 2000) give many examples of exercises that one can do or develop to co-create the process of transformation.

I propose following imagination to support the current Changes, through which the soul dimension on all different levels is about to reveal itself:

1. Imagine a pearl or a sphere of white as the core of the Earth. The sphere is emitting rainbow colors through the body of the Earth. After reaching the planet's surface, it rises through the atmosphere. After your imagination has reached the atmosphere's boundaries, then round up the Earth with a sphere of white

2. Then take this sphere into your hands and put it into the center of your heart as if it is its core. Imagine also this sphere is emitting

rainbow colors that spread through your body and aura to reach the limits of your energy field. Finally, round up your energy field with a sphere of white.

3. Being so enveloped into the sphere of white, imagine that you are standing at the core of the Earth. Now your sphere is the pearl that emits rainbow colors that spread through the body of the Earth...

4. Now is the time to release any imagination, to enter into silence and experience. Namaste'

Marko Pogacnik-Sempas  
%ziraat@olympus.net

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**G**reetings! Some time ago, I requested a copy of your Journal. I do not know who was responsible for sending me a free copy, but I wanted to say thank you. I really enjoyed it, learned from it and found it to be interesting and stimulating. I especially liked *The Genesis of Memory & Dream* by Marlene King and the article by Robert Moss concerning bin Laden's plan being exposed through dreams.

I have recently started getting serious about doing dreamwork. I would like to continue to receive the Journal you publish, however I am incarcerated and cannot afford to pay for it. I would like to know if you are willing to send me free copies when they are published until I can afford to subscribe. If you could, I would really appreciate it; if not, I understand.

Sincerely, Alejandra De La Maria,  
Atlanta, GA

Alejandra, we are happy to give you a gift subscription for one year. (Editor)

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**T**hank you for referring me to Bill Stimson. I've joined his dream group. It's similar to an old group that I helped found which used the techniques of Montague Ullman but better, in that Bill and others in the group have actually studied with Monty, while we had been working second-hand from his books.

Best, Tony Hoffman, Queens, NY

## Dream Network's Website is Expanding To Meet Your Dreaming Needs

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## *In A Large Field Singing*

*I'm in a large field, There are  
beautiful green rolling hills all around,  
It is like a large picnic with many people;  
we are all singing and dancing, There  
are no musical instruments, just people*

*If there needs to be accompaniment,  
we provide it by humming  
the sounds of the instrument required.*

*The music is lively and  
we are all dancing  
and enjoying the beautiful day.*

*Everyone is very happy and full of love for one another.*

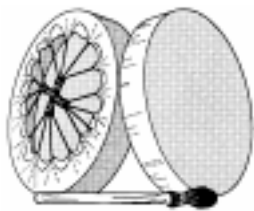
*Smiles, hugs and kisses abound!*

*Our souls seem to sing to one another.*





# Dream Weaving With Music and Poetry



by Noreen Wessling

**M**EMORIES OF DREAM SONGS and poems jingled in my mind as I read of Roberta's request to submit any musical or poetic creation inspired by my dreams (even a one-liner) and it need not be an original.

With piqued interest, I scrounged my voluminous dream journals which contain close to 4,000 dreams and that I knew were replete with such things. Thank goodness for my Dream Titles Book that helped me find the above mentioned in less time than it takes to have a veggie pizza delivered.

Finding these song/poem dreams, putting them together sequentially over time and reading them anew as one story' was magical. I saw relationships hitherto unnoticed and now, as I compile all this for an article, I see the gestalt, the pattern that does indeed become greater than the sum of the parts.

These dream song/poems span about 20 years. I started collecting these dreams on a practical note back in 1983, as I incubated dreams for financial abundance, and I woke one morning with a one-liner repetitive ditty running through my mind.

## FINANCIAL ABUNDANCE DREAM SONG (1983)

"I gotta do it like a man, not a woman.  
I gotta do it like a man, not a woman.  
I gotta do it like a man, not a woman."

I took this to mean I needed to be more confident and assertive in my quest for financial abundance. I chanted this ditty for weeks, even months, and I must say, looking back, that my financial situation has indeed become more abundant since that time. The dream actually spurred me to finally pay attention to investing and keeping a budget!

Then a couple of years later, I saved enough money (possibly accrued from the potency of singing my jingle!) to go back to Scotland—the primal, beautiful land of my birth—for a 3 week holiday... my first trip back since I immigrated to America as a teenager thirty-three years ago.

Just prior to making this trip, I awakened from a vivid dream which inspired me to write this poem:

## MAGICAL MEMORIES OF SCOTLAND (July 1, 1985)

Dream Inspired Poem

Long ago in ancient times  
By sea and windy bluff,  
There rose a wisdom pure like snow  
That taught you how to know.

Celtic memories awaken soon  
As this earth once more you touch  
To join again your ancient past  
And the wisdom you seek at last.

The purple heathered hills do call,  
The sea waves sing your name.  
Rocks and earth have memories stored  
Imbued with wisdom Escenes poured.

Nor of the Sun  
Ere of the Moon  
Your destiny is at hand,  
As you touch again your land

Looking back, I realize that the revisit to my birth land had great meaning for me. The timing of this conscious connection with my Celtic roots worked! The following year, 1986, both my parents died and I took their cremated remains back to Scotland, as I knew they would have wanted.

With no knowledge of my parents' impending death, however, I had this intriguing dream:

## SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME (Dream, Sept. 1985)

*I take Mum down to the ocean, but first I say, "This is my favorite of all symbols and places to go." I point first to the lovely, familiar sand dunes and we run up them and from the top we see the beautiful ocean. We walk along the edge of the water which is an iridescent green, somehow thick, mysterious and quiet. Further out it is blue and flowing endlessly in the rhythm of the waves. I love it here and so does Mum. A song hums through my head now and I finally recognize it as "I need somebody to watch over me."*

**Note:** I promptly went to the music store to find the words to this song, written, it turns out, by Cole Porter. About a year later, I truly felt lost in the woods for a while after my Mum and Dad died. I had the music with me then, thanks to the dream. It helped.

**SONG** by Cole Porter

There is a someone that I'm longing to see  
I hope that he turns out to be  
Someone to watch over me.

I'm a little lamb that's lost in the woods  
I know that I could always be good  
To someone who watched over me

My next musical dream occurred shortly after my parents died:

## DAVID AND THE CELESTIAL MUSIC

(Dream, Christmas, 1986)

*I ask my son, David, to play Mum and Dad's piano for me and although he's never played before, he starts to play. The music turns from just piano music into beautiful celestial music, which ends in a crescendo of more resonant glory; a thousand voices reaching ever upward.*

During the many agonizing months that Mum lay in the nursing home, David only went to see her once; it felt that Mum was waiting for him. I witnessed a heartfelt connection between them as David intuitively placed his strong hand on his Granny's head and remained immovable for many minutes, giving a kind of benediction. The next day Mum died.

David told me he talked with Grandpa after his death. As they talked, David could say these things he hadn't said before that he loved him and hoped some day to have a love as great as that between he and Granny. Then, in this dialogue, Grandpa gave David a message, "Get closer to your family."

Yes, death does seem to have a way of either separating families or bringing them closer. A few weeks later this dream came to brighten my spirits:

## HE WON THE HEART OF A LADY

(Dream, January 21, 1987)

*I inadvertently start singing this song right after I experience a heart opening vision:  
"He whistled and he sang  
Till the green woods rang  
And he won the heart  
Of a lady."*

So, it appeared that this particular Dark Night of the Soul had lifted for me and I found my heart opening wider. What a wonderful sign! Close on the heels of this dream came another with a most significant symbol for me: The number Seven.

**Dream:** *A black man sings for me and has an incredible, clear voice range, covering every octave  
... all seven.*

SINCE EXPERIENCING A MEMORABLE WEEKEND with Shirley McLaine at her first metaphysical weekend workshop at Virginia Beach, I started to become more interested in the concept of opening and balancing my 7 major Chakras. I had begun my spiritual questing, big time now, and wanted to understand more of these mysteries (symbolized by the black man) in my psyche.

This no doubt pointed, however obliquely, to the creation of my wonderful playhouse in the woods, 7 Arts Studio, built almost a decade later. By the way, the name of my studio and its creation came in still another dream.

No surprise that the next music dream I find was called:

## MOVING INTO MY LOVELY NEW HOUSE

(Dream, August 21, 1987)

*My new house is lovely, peaceful and surrounded by woods. I'm cooking up lots of things. Now the beautiful transcendent music starts to play, resounding through my new home and we all bask in it. Then I hear singing and many people are gathered here. We all sing and there is a feeling of rejoicing and great fun.*

Even though it took almost another ten years till I actually moved into my new 7 Arts Studio, I have no doubt this dream refers to that future.

More singing comes in a dreamlet a couple of months later:

### PEACE FOR ALL (October, 1987)

**Dream Song:** "Peace for all" is being sung in two parts, made to sound like a bell. One group sings "peace for," then the other group chimes in and sings "all." I join in the singing.

NOW my music dreams jump ahead to Christmas day three years later when I wake delighted to hear the Beatles sing:

### "LOVE, LOVE, LOVE"

(December 25, 1990)

**Dream Song:** My young daughter Diana is perturbed, so I rock her on my knee and hold her close while we sing our favorite Beatles song "Love, Love, Love." Diana is happy now.

Here are the words to this Beatles song in case you want to sing along:

### ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE

Love, love, love, love, love, love  
There's nothing you can do that can't  
be done Nothing you can sing that  
can't be sung  
Nothing you can say but you can  
learn how to play the game  
It's easy

All you need is love  
All you need is love  
All you need is love, love, love  
That is all you need.

There's nothing you can make that can't be made No one  
you can save that can't be saved  
Nothing you can do but you can learn how to be you in  
time It's easy.

All you need is love  
All you need is love  
All you need is love, love, love  
That is all you need.

ELEVEN YEARS PASSED before my next music dream:

## RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN BIKES TO LOURDES

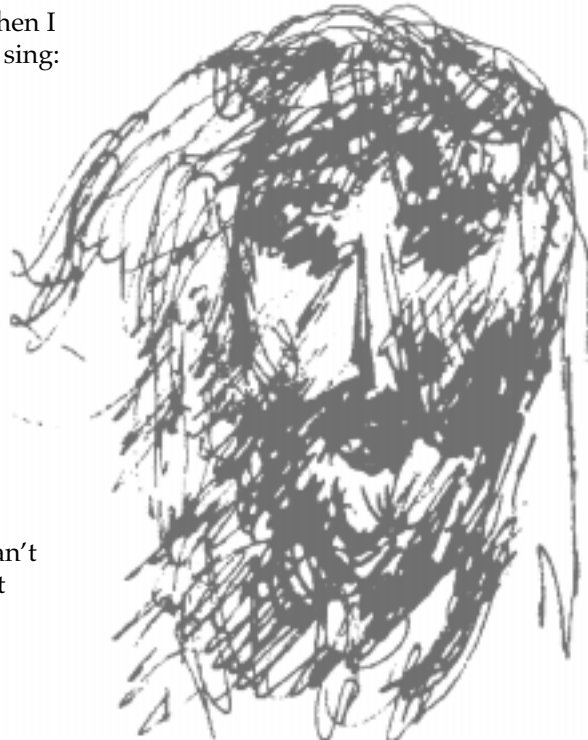
(January 6, 2001)

**Dream Song:** There is complete silence this day, the day before Christmas. Richard Chamberlain rides his bicycle, his priestly robes billowing in the wind, as he travels through the country roads and little villages on his way to Lourdes in France. Then at the stroke of midnight, as Christmas day enters, the Heavenly Chorus begins to sing and for a whole day this continues and the world is at peace. "Ah," I say to myself as I watch and listen to all of this unfolding. "It can be done."

This dream had a vivid and visionary nature, leaving me feeling a bit weak in the knees as I contemplated the awesome potential for peace these words held. And to have one of my favorite actors, Richard Chamberlain, there as well, makes the dream even more memorable!

As I sometimes do with BIG Dreams, I asked my Dream Treasure Cards to elaborate further. I asked, "Which card can best offer me more clarity on my Lourdes dream? Thanks."

My randomly picked card speaks for itself:



### FACE OF JESUS OFFERS DIVINE INTERVENTION

IT SEEMS TO ME that dreams enriched with music, song and poetry are perhaps more intimately and rhythmically woven, allowing a unique open portal for the Divine to dance into with ease. A gift of grace indeed. ☞





# The Drum

*In my dream  
I embraced a Wise Old Man  
& the song I, a young woMAN, sang  
reverberated  
from his breastbone.*

*His the drum  
that made my tone profound;  
what powers inhere  
in seasoned skin & bone  
to magnify the SpiriT.*

*Karen Etheldattar*



# The Stone Circle

## A Singing Story

By James W. Barnes



Where the violet river flows from the blue stone, far beneath the earth's surface, the elder Groundling sat listening. She had heard those voices from above the ground surface before but this time they were different. This time a child was with them. She stood up and touched the carved letters etched into the smooth stone walls of the underground river.

"They're coming, Elin," she said to her granddaughter who sat watching, helping prepare the singing stones as she always did during the moon's first quarter.

"Travelers?" Elin asked, smiling.

"Yes. And in time for the Stone Circle. We must alert the others."

Elin and her grandmother wore the garments of the Groundlings, a material woven from minerals and precious stones. Each Groundling wore a different color, reflecting aspects of the wearer's personality and purpose. Elin's was a creamy jade and her grandmother Gemlight's was sapphire. Around Gemlight's neck dangled tiny stones of every imaginable hue. Only one stone did not appear there and Elin hoped these were the Travelers who would return it.

As they walked the silver pathway along the silent, deep river where silver-leaved trees bent into the swift current, Gemlight and Elin began singing the Circle Song of the stone talkers. Their voices rose and fell like the rolling current and other Groundlings joined them from their homes carved into the rock and lit with phosphorous lanterns. Along the river pathway, the silver trees offered light to the walkers, as did shafts of moonlight, stored in stone channels cut into the ceiling.

"Gemlight, isn't it too early for the Stone Circle?" Ringfire, the bearded grandfather, said as he joined the procession toward the Great Cavern.

"Travelers are coming," she said simply.

Ringfire nodded. "I heard them two days ago."

"As did I. And I heard the Child with them." Her sapphire eyes flashed when struck by a moonlight shaft.

"Can you convince the Keepers that these are the ones, if they truly are?" Ringfire asked, his ruby robe gathered around him like the folds of an ancient cliff.

"The Keepers have served their purpose and they are strong, but it is time they released control." When the procession reached the Great Violet Falls at the entrance of the Cavern, Gemlight saw the Keepers in a smoky circle around the Gathering Hole. Many children were gathering and the translucent Vapor People hovered about, their whistling conversation creating a sound of above-ground birdsong on a spring morning.

Ringfire exchanged glances with Gemlight and Elin. "They know."

"What will you do, Grandmother, if they have already decided, as they have so many times before?" Elin placed her hand in her grandmother's.

"This time is different. These Travelers will not be stopped. I recognize their voices, Ringfire." They descended the curving stone steps to the base of the great falls, the silent spray washing their faces in violet mist. Three Vapor People rushed toward Gemlight, their creamy wings and thin arms creating a lilac-scented breeze.

"See, the Keepers sing of Travelers, Stone Talker,  
See, the elders hear the intruders,

Hear the talk of smoky winds and hiding shields,  
Hear the whispers of vapors in the cloud walkers."

Gemlight nodded her head. "Thank you, Sweet Ones, I can see they will not be happy to greet me. Have they sent the smoky shield yet?"

"See, it swirls from the hearts of the Keepers,

Hear its whispers but not its flames." And they fluttered back to the Keepers, their whistling songs still hovering

above the three procession leaders.

"We're not too late, then, Grandmother."

"No, Elin. Ringfire, lead the processioners in a ring around the Keepers. Blow the Stone Circle horn and call the bird singers to alert the singers above the surface." She put her fingers to the stones that hung about her neck. "Elin and I will speak to the Keepers."

"Should I not wait with the other children, Grandmother?" Elin asked.

Gemlight's sapphire eyes flashed again as she held her granddaughter's gaze. "You prepare singing stones, Elin. I have given you the secrets of the star language etched in these passageways and in the river's current. You are a child, but you are nearly a woman—a woman who will carry the secrets to the next Journey. You, above all people must stand with me against the Keepers, for it is you who must meet the Travelers and bring them to the secrets of the star language." Elin nodded and Gemlight kissed her granddaughter on the forehead. "Come, then."

Hands held, the two entered the circle where the Keepers sat on carved stone benches around the Hole. Gazing into the Hole which served as a window into the above ground, Elin saw sunlight on green tree branches and blue water. Red mesas shimmered in the desert sunlight and eagles soared in the updraft.

"The Stone Circle must wait for the next quarter moon, Gemlight. Travelers come." The Keeper who spoke spread his obsidian robe, shielding Elin's view of the Hole. His face was a smooth moonstone, his features hardly discernible.

"I have heard them, Keepers. And rather than quit the Circle, we must welcome the Travelers." Elin felt frightened when the Keeper turned his gaze on her grandmother and she saw an amethyst flame burning in his eyes.

"There will be travelers from above ground, always. They come to steal the language not to understand it. We know that you prepare the singing stones each new quarter, but it is we who must keep entry against Airwalkers, like these travelers who come now. This is our duty." He returned his gaze to the ever-changing scenes of the above ground.

Gemlight lifted her face and listened. A song of one constant tone filtered into the Great Cavern and even the Keepers looked upwards.

"The smoke must burn, now," the elder Keeper proclaimed as he rose to his full height, towering above Gemlight.

"Elin, take out your stones and make them sing," her grandmother whispered. Obeying as the Keepers extended their long arms over the Hole, Elin held out her hands where multi-colored polished stones rested. She brought them to her lips and whispered to them. The elder Keeper turned when he heard them begin to sing.

"Child, what do you do in the circle of the Keepers?" he bellowed, his fiery eyes flaring and flashing.

"She fulfills her calling to make the stones sing, Keepers. And if these Travelers are true—the ones who bring

Amethyst into our midst—then they will hear and they will come and they will meet us. If, however, these Travelers are false then they will be deaf to the song and they will, like all the others, be blinded by your smoky shield, and they will pass on."

"Keep the child quiet, Old One," another Keeper demanded as the smoke thickened and spiraled into the Hole, obscuring the above ground images in a gray haze.

"Join the song, Groundlings," Ringfire proclaimed and the encircling procession heard the sweet tone of Elin's stones and the increasing song of the Travelers and they linked their voices to the song until the entire Cavern reverberated.

"The smoke returns!" the Old Keeper shouted, pointing into the Great Hole. As the song continued, the Groundling gathering watched in awe as the smoky shield dissipated and there below them in the entrance to the above ground emerged six Airwalkers, dwellers from above ground, their voices singing, their eyes aflame with amethyst fire like the Keepers.

Elin gasped as the obsidian-clad Groundlings took on the translucent quality of the Vapor People and then, with a rush of wind, they disappeared into the Cavern walls.

"The Travelers are true, Elin." The two watched as the Airwalkers parted and moved in different directions into the cavern, seemingly unaware of the Groundlings' presence. Yet one remained stationary—a boy who held Elin's gaze.

"Can you guide us?" the boy asked. Elin stared, amazed at the boy's sand-colored hair and multi-colored clothing. His eyes shone as brightly as her grandmother's.

Stepping closer to the youth, she looked down at his hands hanging at his side and noticed his right hand was closed. "Did you bring something with you?" she asked him.

He smiled, held out his hand and opened it. A shaft of moonlight struck the amethyst crystal and its violet glimmer danced across the Cavern ceiling.

"Take him to the words, Elin," Gemlight said. Elin reached out, took the boy's outstretched hand and led him to the cavern wall near the roiling river. She lifted his hand to the etched letters and glyphs. For a moment, the human hand paused as if the touch itself was like a dying breath, then he held the amethyst against the letters and the Groundlings fell silent but the words came alive with a song as clear as the violet river's current.

The other five Travelers' eyes were opened and they gathered with the boy in front of the attentive throng of Groundlings. Hands joined, lips reading, Elin and her above ground companion touched the singing stone words that sent their song through the Hole, echoing from the distant canyons and telling a story long since hidden. ∅

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For reservations or more information contact **Tom Crockett**  
at 757-591-2322 or via email at [ancientwisdom1@cox.net](mailto:ancientwisdom1@cox.net)



## Dream Words    Dream Lines Dream Dancing    Over Time

by Caroline Kandler

*... gloating in a dream as if carried away  
in a sky that has scattered  
images passing by like puzzle pieces  
flying in a high wind.*

*The wind calms  
as I blow out of my breath  
like smoke rings,  
two cavorting white butterflies  
which become many butterflies  
become dense and cold,  
turn into snowflakes.*

*I plunge into wild snow  
inside an open plane.*

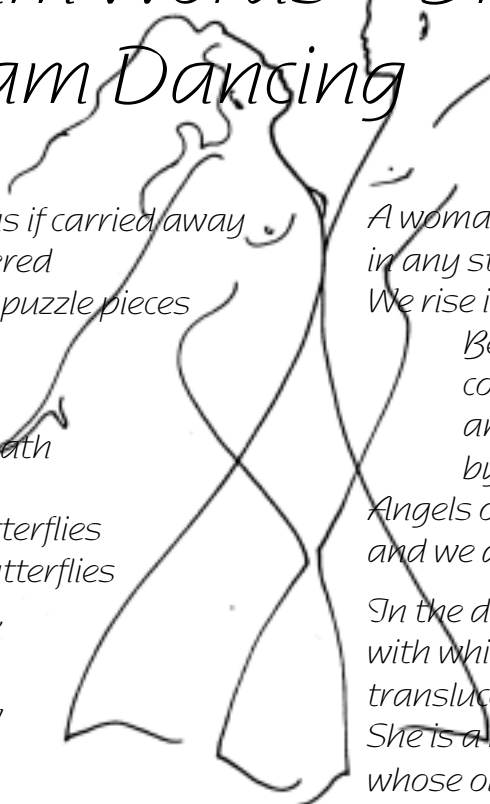
*A woman is my pilot. She says she can fly  
in any storm.*

*We rise in snow which is turning to white dust.*

*Before everything must  
come to dust  
angels must begin it  
by getting in it.*

*Angels on the airfoils as the plane dips  
and we disappear into the night.*

*In the distance, a young girl  
with white cloudy hair, sky whirling,  
translucent one on a tethered cord.  
She is a beam of light  
whose outlet is her dance.*



# Dream Song Stories

By Rosemary Watts

## Dream Song From Comrades

Rosemary Watts

The image shows two staves of musical notation for the song 'Dream Song From Comrades'. The first staff is in G minor, 3/4 time, and contains the melody. Above the staff are four chord symbols: Gm, Am7(b5), D7, and Gm. The second staff is in F major, 3/4 time, and contains the bass line. Above the staff are three chord symbols: F, Am7(b5), and D7. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass line features a simple harmonic accompaniment.

### DREAM CLASS STORIES

Several years ago I was teaching one of my regular classes called, "Understanding Your Dreams, Part Two." One of my students was a highly auditory dreamer who had a lot of music come to him in his dreams. When we got to the assignment of creating a dream shield and mandala, he was quite perplexed on how to incorporate all of this sound and music into his shield. He decided he would paint the common instruments onto his shield, to give the visual cue of all of this auditory material. He also went to a friend who had a synthesizer, and created his own sound/score to play while he shared his dream shield and incorporated this into our closing ritual. It was a very ingenious use of his experience of sounds and music, which helped the rest of the class more fully participate in his dream sharing and dream journeys.

This summer I taught a class called, "The Spiritual Dimensions of Dreams." As part of the course, we "hosted" not the usual one dream, but several dreams. There were auditory elements to all of them. The process of "hosting" a dream is allowing the dream to be experienced by the entire group, then inviting a dream element or elements to further share with each person. Each individual then invites the dream element(s) to share with her about this significance on a personal level, for the group as a whole, and the impact this might have on a global basis. The power of this type of dream sharing is quite remarkable, and sets up a chain reaction of synchronicities and shared, lucid dreaming experiences. The group is then encouraged to

bring to the next class any further material that might arise from this "hosting" process. The auditory reactions to our "hosting" were quite dramatic. One of the dreams we "hosted" included *singing stones*. My student had previously contacted me about this remarkable dream. Synchronistically, the client who arrived just after I had read this email with this dream description, also had an element of singing stones in her dream. She had done some research and found out there was an area for sacred ceremonies used by Native Americans in the southwest. As part of these sacred sites, they incorporated "singing stones."

With this information leading us, my student and I scanned the Internet to glean any information we could find on singing stones. It turns out Michael Stearns, a professional musician, researched, found, and then recorded the singing stones, with the help of Ron Sunsinger. Their CD, *Singing Stones*, includes the sounds of the stones themselves, capturing the beauty and mystery of these ringing rocks.

I also found an Irish account. The Hill of Tara was the site where the high king was crowned, hence its title as the Seat of the High Kings of Ireland. Legend has it that this mythical stone could determine the identity of the true high king. It would let out three loud roars once touched by the man fated to be the ruler.

Another Druid account, describes at Stonehenge and other circular stone sites, the Arch-Druidic priests and priestesses would hold hands, focusing their minds upon

## DREAM GROUP SONGS

When our dream group got together originally, almost seven years ago, we began experimenting with our dreams. Specifically, we were interested in connecting in the dreamtime, as a group, and helping dream for each other on specific personal issues. We would rotate the focus of our dreaming intention per group member, so that we would all be dreaming for one group member and their issue at a time. One group member is a highly auditory dreamer who would share many songs that came to her in her dreams. She knew that this music, mostly pre-recorded popular music, would be very appropriate for her waking life, giving her succinct dream messages through song. Two of the other group members had never had auditory elements in their dreams. When it came time to dream for this auditory dream group member, each one of us dreamt a song for her. The two who had never had this type of dream experience were amazed. These dream songs were definitely meant for this dreamer.

Over the last winter holiday, as a dream group we went on retreat at a lovely place in a nearby state. This same auditory dreamer had special gift surprises for each of us. She had dreamt songs for each of us, which she then painted on mugs. It was a delightful surprise.

### DREAMING SONGS FOR FRIENDS

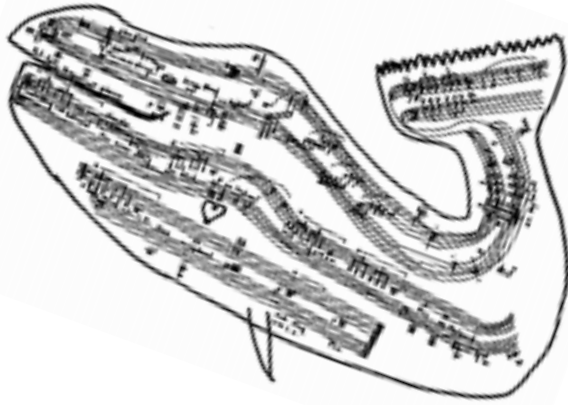
“Life is just a bowl of cherries” \_  
“There’s an angel looking over my shoulder” \_  
“Here comes the sun” \_  
“Dream a little dream of me” \_  
“I’m on the road to Shambala” \_

### MY DREAMING HUSBAND

My husband is a professional musician and, not surprisingly, an highly auditory dreamer. There are too many examples of how music has influenced and been a crucial part of his dreaming/waking life, to mention each one. However, several stories stand out. One time he was playing the piano for a Sondheim musical. Stephen Sondheim’s music is very complicated and my husband generally finds most of his music somewhat of a challenge. One night, I woke up in the middle of the night as he sat up singing, “Dum da da duh dum.” \_ He then rushed to the piano and played this piece over and over. He had mastered this difficult song in his dreams, and went to rehearsal feeling much more confident and accomplished.

He frequently writes personalized parody songs for special occasions. There are many examples of how he has found the perfect parody song, the right lyric, or fully written the song in his sleep, only to be easily accessed in waking time. He says he’d much rather sleep on a song than struggle with it in the daytime.

About eleven years ago, he was taking one of my classes called, “Finding Inner Inspiration and Creativity Through Dreams.” At the time, we were living in Los



the energetic center of the stone circles. As they would focus their combined energy, the stones would emit their own unique tone. It is said that with all these stones singing their particular song, it was a most beautiful, other-worldly, etheric symphony.

The next class, where we brought in any further “hosted” experiences and any shared and lucid dreams, there were many wonderful synchronicities. I had a very powerful lucid dream of and for the group about an incredible song I had found last fall (in waking time), had been singing at various performance venues, and was in the process of recording. In the dream, this song, “We Can Be Kind,” written by David Friedman, was being broadcast from a double rainbow in the sky that my class was outside observing. In waking time a couple of weeks before, after a heavy rain, the class, on break, had gone outside delightfully observing a double rainbow. Another student brought in a CD to share, *Discovering Spirit in Sound: Chanting*, by Robert Gass. On break, looking more carefully at the CD liner notes, I found a thank you reference to David Friedman. After break, another woman brought forth a CD to share, *Am Namah Shivaya*, also by Robert Gass. Amazing interconnections! We ended the class by chanting/singing along with this beautiful CD.

Yet another example of the power of music in dreams comes from another student. He told me he had always wanted to play an instrument. As an adult, he had been exploring various instruments; none of them seemed to fit him just right. He had several dreams where, in the dream, he was playing the saxophone with great expertise and enjoyment. He was so delighted and excited by these dreams, that, in waking time, he went out and bought a sax and has begun taking lessons.



## Dream-Dance

**"It's my turn," I say,  
as I tap Fred Astaire  
on the shoulder.**

**I whirl away,  
holding her close  
in my arms.**

**Our feet dance on  
fairy wings, glide  
in sparkling rapture.**

**Music slows to a waltz,  
I look at the beautiful  
girl in my arms.  
And ask myself,  
Am I really dancing  
with Ginger Rogers?**

Ronald MacKinnin Thompson

Angeles and both trying to figure out how to pay the bills and still pursue our passions. During the class, with the focus of his incubation for dreaming about the restlessness he was feeling about his "day" job, he had a great dream. The dream setting took place in the home of the Headmaster from his high school. Over dinner, the song, "Mountain Greenery," by Rodgers and Hart, was featured. In class, as he described the dream, I asked him to sing us the song. The verse begins, "On the first of May (in waking time it was the first part of May) it is moving day; Spring is here, so blow your job, throw your job away." We all burst out laughing at the obvious message in his dream.

### MY OWN DREAM MUSIC

As a dreamer, I tend to be most highly visual, with strong auditory elements, and highlighted with kinesthetic impressions. I have always had very frequent, intensely vivid dreams. Again, I have too many stories to share, but will describe a few highlight experiences.

A few years ago, I had a long, complicated "movie" dream—one that was presented like a movie, complete with

casting, film technique specifics, and the score. As I came out of my dream, I was humming the score piece. I called to my daughter to quickly get my handheld tape recorder so that I could capture the music before becoming fully conscious. Later, I played the piece for my husband, who then wrote out the score of what I had recorded. This is a dream/movie script I hope to fully write out at some point. All the details were already given in the dream.

Last year, I had another powerful "movie" dream that ended with the score, again, but this time it had a poem to accompany it, or the lyrics for the closing credits' song. The poem is:

— "In the quietness of  
sorrowful reflection  
The colors of laughter,  
energy and joyful personalities  
Breaks through,  
ripping my memories, my guilt.  
The waves of grief  
match the ocean  
As I watch the sunset  
of my project,  
my creation,  
my destruction." —

For several years in a row, a good friend of mine and I have conducted a weekend women's retreat. One year, as part of this weekend, we 'hosted' a dream. It was a powerful dream about a funeral procession. That evening before bed, we did specific rituals to enhance shared dreaming, hoping for lucid connections with each other. That night, I had a dream, complete with the funeral song. I woke up singing it and then shared the experience that morning. As part of the further "hosting" process, we actually enacted the dream, incorporating my song in the processional. After the retreat, my husband took the song and wrote out the chords.

*"No one can see or hear or feel my pain, my loss.*

*[Chorus — repeated]*

*Wait! Look and listen.*

*Something is stirring inside ... (this is repeated)*

*Recognize the gifts from within*

*Let them out*

*Let them shine.*

*[Chorus]*

*Now walk, walk*

*Walk into the Light.*

*Yes, walk, walk*

*Walk into the Light.*

*Walk, walk*

*Walk into the Light." ☺*

Rosemary Watts is a Dream Educator living in St. Louis, MO. She teaches a variety of dream classes for Forest Park Community College, Rockhaven Center for Holistic Living, and for many different corporations, companies, groups, and other gatherings.

# The Dance Instructor

By Thomas Eldridge

**I**t was Monday, midday. The newsletter had gone out the previous night as it always does. It was not unusual for some “Unsubscribe” e-mails to arrive on Monday. I have learned that personal responsibility or truth, or whatever it is that I write about in the newsletter, can be too much for some people, but this was an unusual number of them. By late afternoon, with more e-mails arriving, I was feeling a little deflated.

I decided to go to a swing dance class that evening for some relaxation. Dancing is a long time form of relaxation for me. I knew the instructor that night was not my favorite, but I wanted to simply go to class, maybe learn some new steps or leads, and maybe not. The instructor had other ideas. About one-half hour into the class, he had already come up behind me more than once to watch me make mistakes in my steps and leads. Now, here he was again. I could feel him behind me, watching ever so closely. Suddenly, he was beside me counting: one, two three, and, four, five, six; over and over he paced me through the steps.

I felt as if I was in a military boot camp or a high school gymnasium learning precision marching. I was steadily losing it. I could not concentrate. The intimidation was just too much, but I also could not walk off the dance floor or tell him to get lost. I was in sensitive freeze, big time. Then, he said, “Now, practice that.” He did not walk away to someone else as he normally would.

He stood watching me, from the side this time. It took about 15 seconds for me to lose my step again. He said, “You missed step five.” That was it. I felt my insides cave in and I was beginning to tremble. I turned to him and said, “I have to leave, I can’t keep up to your pace.” In that way that bullies have when they have been tormenting you he said, “Relax” and walked away. With that remark he had absolved himself of any responsibility. My dancing partner, a lovely understanding woman, said, “Don’t leave, stay.” I said I was sorry but I could not pull myself back together.

It was ironic in that there was this wonderful dance tune playing throughout the entire trauma. I walked out of the building with that tune in my head. I was an emotional mess for the rest of the night. Back home, I had a large piece of pumpkin pie, but that didn’t help. I went to bed thinking that this is going to be one of those nights full of anxiety dreams while my benevolent unconscious brings me back to balance.



The night was uneventful until sometime before dawn. Then, in my dream...

*...here I am, at a men’s gathering. All the men are sitting in a large circle. As my transformed eagle-self, I fly in with my huge eagle wings soaring over them in a slow, circular pattern.*

*A few of the men have their eyes open in wide-eyed astonishment at seeing me silently gliding over their heads.*

*I then fly outside and over to the entrance way to the underworld and the spirit- eagle left me as it soared down into its home.*

*I lay motionless on the ground at the entrance way, on my back with my eyes closed, as the men gather around me. They think I am dead until one of them notices my quiet breathing. I feel an ant crawl onto my face and I know that if I brush it off, I will come out of my peaceful, thankful state.*

*Then I feel a feather wing gently brush the ant to the ground. In that moment, I know I have felt God’s touch.*

I woke up from this dream thinking that the moment the ant was brushed away, was the most relevant moment of the preceding 24 hours. It was the counterpoint to the dancing instructor. I was healed from the wounds of humiliation from the previous evening on the dance floor and from the sense of rejection I had felt on the previous day. ☽

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For over twenty years Thomas Eldridge has been a Dreamworker, sensitive Counselor, and intuitive healer. Today he is expanding himself to include being a Metaphysical Mentor to highly sensitive, creative and spiritually oriented persons. Information is available at his Center for Highly Sensitive People web site at [www.thomaseldridge.com](http://www.thomaseldridge.com) Email: [thomas@thomaseldridge.com](mailto:thomas@thomaseldridge.com)

# Angel on a Skateboard

by Lorraine Grassano

This is Dennis' remarkable tale, which I can only call a Waking Dream. The story is short and simple, but speaks of a profoundly healing and life-affirming epiphany occurring on the threshold of death. I was sitting along on a stool in my favorite diner, reading The Tibetan Book of Living and Dying.

A man at the far end of the counter caught my attention by virtue of his shining eyes. He engaged me in conversation and then told me he wished to share with me a very important and personal experience. I will relay the story in the first person, present tense, as I do dreams:



"I leave the Health Center in a state of shock and despair. I am diagnosed with AIDS and am given only a short time to live. I walk with my head down, paying attention to nothing but the grim haze in my brain, when suddenly a young man on a skateboard zooms up in front of me, flips up the skateboard into his hands and stands inches from my face. He

commands my eyes to look into his, bangs his skateboard three times on the pavement and says '**How long will this be here?**' My reply is immediate and unforeseen: '**Not forever, but long enough.**'

The young man seems to just disappear, but suddenly I am fully present and alive and free of doom. I skip down the street planning all sorts of things that I want to accomplish in my life and I know there will be enough time."

Dennis lived a full, happy life for four years after the diagnosis and his encounter with the 'angel on a skateboard.' He passed away about a year after sharing his remarkable story with me.

Some time afterward, I had the following experience: I am once again in the throes of a terrible anxiety and depression, feeling worthless and despondent, doubting that I will ever be able to escape an unfortunate family legacy.

I am wandering the streets in a dissociative state, when suddenly I bump into somebody. I mumble, "I'm sorry," then look up to face a young man carrying a skateboard. He says, "**It's not always your fault, you know.**" The boy disappears, but somehow those simple words penetrate to my very soul and I feel liberated and lighthearted. Then, I remember Dennis' story and I *know* that I have been visited by the same young man, by that 'angel on a skateboard'!

Then, in October of last year, this same 'angel' appeared in a dream—a disturbing dream about family and childhood friends—entitled:

## THE STREAM IS SWELLING AND THE DINNER IS OVER WITHOUT ME

*We go back to Stelling Avenue to visit Jane, my childhood best friend. She is living with two siblings in a beautiful home with a huge backyard, a stream and woodlands. The stream is gushing. I am afraid the water will rise over the bank, causing a devastating flood. But nobody else is concerned about the situation. So I explore the area by myself, seeking a solution. I engage in a conversation with a young man on a skateboard to see if he has found a way to skateboard on the water. He has not, but is kindly and supportive. I have trouble climbing the banks and by the time I get to the dinner table, Jane, my younger sister, mother and godmother, are finished eating. I feel left out and disturbed. There is little food left, except for ham. Some special dish called "Birdseed" is completely gone and my sister attempts to explain what it was exactly... but I stop her. I make a plate for myself, although I have no appetite. I was not gone that long, so I can't understand how I missed the meal.*

Although this "Angel" from waking life who enters my dream has not found a way for me to "walk on water," his eagerness to communicate in an otherwise indifferent environment, provides a bridge between past wounds and present healing. I hope to see him soon again, skateboarding the sidewalks of my soul! ♪

*Illustration by Chris ♡ Grassano, Lorraine's ♡ Sister*

# Anthem

by Douglas Worth

In the dream  
I was somehow able  
through persistent focus and effort  
to raise the level of something  
to a threshold point  
where it transcended  
into something else—  
such as ice to water,  
stardust to life,  
unrest to revolution.

As I woke, this dynamic  
was attaching itself  
to the noise machine  
we use to blunt other sounds  
from the street and upstairs apartment  
and help us sleep.

Taking in the mechanical  
hoarse, throaty drone,  
as of sand or gravel  
rasping over itself,  
I began to hear faint  
overtones, threads of high humming  
that became more distinct  
as I concentrated, and slowly  
evolved into cosmic  
harmonics, angelic choirings  
tingling my head.

Several times recently  
I've half-risen from dreams  
in which I was working  
on some concept or image  
that seemed in some way related  
to these Hemlock Gorge poems,  
but, when I emerged far enough

to look at it closely  
and try to approach it in words,  
it seemed too abstract,  
absurd, or irrelevant,  
and melted away  
as I drifted back into sleep.

But this has kept happening  
as if some long-buried truth  
from my paved-over unconscious,  
or the species' collective one,  
were trying to find expression,  
and this morning I had the strong feeling  
this one was for real,  
so I got up at quarter-to-four  
to write something down  
before it slipped away,

And now, a few hours later, on Sitting Rock  
I can see how it might relate  
to this sequence of poems  
in which I keep trying  
to record and substantiate  
some sense I have  
of the sacredness and healing  
depths of the gorge,  
tucked away in the techno-buzz  
of America,  
so that others can hear,  
above the relentless  
grinding of our commercial  
and military machines,  
the delicate voices  
of intersecting spheres:  
an exquisite, polyphonic  
terrestrial anthem.





Jim and Annette Cullipher

*“There has definitely been a slow, subtle increase in interest within the church in the understandings offered us personally and in community by Jung. John Martin, Presbyterian minister in Elizabethton, TN, has commented of our work that ‘In the future, when Christianity in the South is studied, it will be seen that your contribution was a major influence.’”*

*Jim & Annette Cullipher*



Participants dining during a workshop

*“One thing that we have been doing at our events is the morning “Dream Gathering.” During this time, people are invited to share their dreams from the night before with the group. This is not a time for really working with an individual dream, but more a time for the community to hear the commentary from the individual and collective unconscious about the work being done in that setting.”*

*Sid & Nonnie Cullipner*



Sid and Nonnie Cullipher

# Journeying

WITH JIM, ANNETTE, SID & NONNIE CULLIPHER

INTERVIEWED BY ROBERTA OSSANA

## Journey Prayer

Give Me A Candle  
of the Spirit, O God  
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*

*Journey Into Wholeness' beginnings and evolution over the past 25 years is a fascinating story. Jim and Annette Cullipher are the founders of this ever growing 'movement,' which was prompted initially in 1976 when Annette-excited about the writings of Carl G. Jung—was accused by her parish priest of "... reducing others from Jesus with her talk of psychology."*

*Her husband, Jim, was at that time the associate rector for that parish. They decided to leave that parish for another where Jim was hired as rector and where they could continue exploring the questions and the Mystery.*

*Journey gatherings began when Annette arranged for John A. Sanford (Episcopal priest, Jungian analyst and author of Dreams: God's Forgotten Language) to speak to a group of fifty interested persons. His presentation resulted in annual gatherings and then, in 1986 the formation of a non-profit organization. The annual gathering soon became semi-annual and Journey continued to grow. Today there are several conferences and seminars being held around the world each year.*

*The purpose and design of their events is to provide a setting for all those on a spiritual path to explore the concepts of Carl Jung and what they have of value to offer participants in their spiritual journey.*

**DNJ:** Thank you for being willing to share your wisdom and time with Dream Network readers. Your organization holds a rather unique and critically important position among groups and individuals in the dream community.

This issue continues to be focused, in part, on 9/11 and repercussions thereof, particularly on soul-searching and creative responses. You did a special newsletter focused on that event which described much of the political, religious and mainstream reaction... as projections, projections, projections! To quote you, Sid, the sentiments expressed in the newsletter "... stand as a counterpoint to the unconscious projection of evil onto the other, to the accompanying inflation that causes our politicians to say that we will rid the world of evil, ... ." Yet, taking fully into account the horror or the event itself, the dangerous action/reaction we're still experiencing is apparently considered by the mainstream to be the patriotic—and Christian—course of action.

Given the work you've done thus far and your unusual beginnings, how would you evaluate your progress insofar as integrating an appreciation for Jung's psychology, and dreamwork, into the Christian community and do you perceive your influence to be reaching beyond the confines of the Episcopal Church and your workshops and seminars?

**SID & ANNETE:** There has definitely been a slow, subtle increase in interest within the church in the understandings offered us—personally and in community—by Jung. John Martin, Presbyterian minister in Elizabethton, TN, has commented of our work that "In the future, when Christianity in the South is studied, it will be seen that your contribution was a major influence." It has been the people that have participated in our workshops and who have found insights and a language in Jung's writings for their own spiritual process that have taken Jung's thought into their own local churches and communities. Thus, our influence has been the pebble that was dropped in the water and the ripples have spread outward. Participants are from many religious traditions, reaching far beyond the Episcopal Church and Christianity

We suggest to participants that an excellent entry way to Jung's thought for their church is the study of dreams and the use of the MBTI (Myers-Briggs Personality Inventory) which, of course, is based on Jung's Theory of Personality Types. This is a somewhat non-threatening approach, for everyone dreams - indeed, is fascinated by dreams - and we all value the affirmation of who we are that comes from the study of personality types. We have designed such workshops for individual churches, but folks have also taken the initiative to do so themselves.

What has energized so many of us is Jung's focus on the spiritual search for meaning as the primary drive within each person. Jung recognized that within each of us is the presence of God and it is the connection of the ego with this Presence that is the source of healing and wholeness. Sound familiar—like the gospel of Jesus?

**DNJ:** What are examples of creative responses in your experience and in the Christian community to this worldwide crisis—actions that are raising consciousness and making a difference since 9/11?

**SID & NONNIE:** After talking amongst ourselves about this question we realize that examples we might give of creative responses in the Christian community to the worldwide crisis are not from personal experience but from the media that you and others have also seen. Personally, we have been encouraged by the great outpouring of compassion not only for the victims of the terrorist acts, but everyone who is caught in this web. We are encouraged by so much emphasis being placed in educational programs in mainline churches about tolerance and the acceptance and valuing of our differences; and we are encouraged by the increasing numbers of people who are greatly disturbed by, and who are speaking out against, as you put it: "the dangerous action/reaction we're still experiencing is apparently considered by the mainstream to be the patriotic and Christian-course of action."

**DNJ:** I believe we all feel overwhelmed,

wondering what can I/we do? How are you—as individuals and dream education center—helping break through the projections of seeing the 'other' as 'evil' whether that be a conflict in your own community... or as it relates to the worldwide crisis in which we now find ourselves? I would like to request each of you participating in this interview to respond individually, please.

**ANNETTE:** Personally, I continually struggle with this issue. Whenever I find myself experiencing someone or a group as "Other," as opposed to me or to something I believe or value, I try to step back and see what in me is being threatened, what underlying unconscious parts of me are these "Others" giving voice to that need to be heard, why is it important for me to be right, where is my hubris in this, what fears underlie my responses, etc.? I continually find it most helpful to listen to all the figures in my dreams and to engage them in active imagination. Jim, as a retired Episcopal priest, still assists various churches where needed and does pastoral work for the local parish.

As an organization, we provide many opportunities to explore "the Other" in ourselves, in our culture and in the environment through lectures, experiential activities and tending the ritual space of our gatherings. For example, this fall Matthew Fox will focus on what a mature Christianity would look like and how to release powers of healing, celebration and healthy spiritual warriorhood that can combat evil instead of adding to it. Brewster Beach will be exploring the transformation of Christianity and how the form of Christianity to which a person adheres is a measure of one's own development and a stimulus to that development. Using story and myth, Erica Helm Meade will look at the questions in our fragmented society and what they have to teach us about intimacy, family, community and the world.

We feel very strongly that our gatherings should be more than lectures. You can listen to a lecture and never move to a deep level of soul work. We design our events to include ritual and community dream gather-

ing and tending to hear what the unconscious is saying in the midst of our experience together as a community. Through experiential activities, we come face to face with "the Other" in many forms and guises and are offered creative ways to make peace with these parts of ourselves that will hopefully move us to a more compassionate relationship—not only with our many selves—but will help us withdraw our projections and face the world around us with creative compassion and action.


**JIM:** John Sanford once remarked in commenting on Jesus' words, "If any want to become my followers, let them deny themselves and take up their cross daily and follow me," that to take up one's cross daily is to be willing to carry the burden of one's own psyche and not project it out for others to have to carry for us.

A number of years ago, Annette and I participated in a Gay Pride march in Asheville, North Carolina—the first one in that city. Being positioned at the front of the parade, we experienced the full impact of the protests from the large group of religious fundamentalists along the route of downtown Asheville. Shouts of hatred, preachers waving Bibles with words of condemnation, signs held high: "Faggots get AIDS and Die." I began experiencing a strong gut wrenching anger and rage at all those bigots that lined the streets.

Reflecting later upon this experience, I remembered other words of Jesus, "Why do you see the speck in your neighbor's eye, but do not notice the log in your own eye?" Yes, there was a reality in the hatred and condemnation from the protesters. BUT that was only the speck I observed in them that acted as a bait to hook the LOG in me. I was then forced to recognize that the bigot, the condemner, the "Other" with little love and compassion was alive within me and an integral part of myself that I must accept with compassion.

**NONNIE:** Perhaps it seems odd or even calloused, but individually, 9/11 reminds me of how lucky America has always been. The country will never be the same because of this tragedy, and the resulting memories and images, but it will also never be the same because we have caught a glimpse of what countless other cultures have withstood for so long. I don't understand what led these people to do what they have done but I know, when I sit deeply in the sorrow, disorientation and rage that this event has caused, that I can't view as "evil" those who regularly experience such feelings. I am struggling just as much to not view my own government as evil for its dismissive, arrogant and immature response. I realize that I have little understanding of what really occurs in other parts of the world. Americans are largely guilty of this isolated "us and them" mentality of detachment and superiority. But I also realize that I don't know enough about what my own government might be doing to precipitate events such as these. I want to understand more what the global repercussions are of my life of American plenty.

I don't know much about church so I just looked up  
(Continued on page 46)



## Journey into Wholeness

**E**nhance your ability to support the spiritual dimension of life through an understanding of Carl Jung's psychology.

*Journey is more than lectures...*

It is a sacred gathering that feeds the soul and enlivens the spirit. It is a community where dreams are taken seriously as a way the Divine enters our lives with the wisdom and the insights we need to live fully into the persons we were created to be.

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

**Upcoming Events**

**TEMAGAMI  
VISIONQUEST**

Aug. 23-31 Lake Temagami, Ontario

Robert Johnson • David Knudsen • Louise Mahdi  
Susan Olson • Barry Williams



**Kanuga Fall Conference**

Oct. 20-25 Kanuga, Hendersonville, NC

Brewster Beach • Matthew Fox  
Erica Helm Meade • Barry Williams

*The Word Salad Symphony*  
Walter Parks, James Navé, Elliot Wadopian


Oct 18-20 Pre-Conference Seminar  
**Introduction to Jung**  
John & Carolyn Martin

Dec 6-9  
Kanuga

**Sacred Intuition**  
*Embodied Wisdom and Dreams*

Rediscover the deep wisdom within  
your dreams and your body

Paula Reeves, Ph.D. • Barry Williams, Psy.D.



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# What if Jung Were Alive Today?



by Paul Levy

*"The psychological rule says that when an inner situation is not made conscious, it happens outside, as fate. That is to say, when the individual remains undivided and does not become conscious of his inner opposite, the world must perforce act out the conflict and be torn into opposing halves."*  
C. G. Jung

I am writing this article a day after another suicide bomber blew herself up in Israel. I can't help but notice the similarity to the events of September 11. To view these events symbolically, as if they are a dream, reveals a very profoundly deeper process at work. Whenever there is a recurring pattern such as this in a dream, be it a waking or sleeping dream, it should draw our attention.

Jung felt that what he called "Active Imagination," in which you actually dialogue with your fellow dream characters, was the most powerful form of dreamwork that he had ever encountered. In genuine active imagination, he points out, you will oftentimes be surprised at how your dream characters respond to you, as their response is not written by your ego. I find myself wondering, what if I was to do active imagination with the greatest psychologist of the twentieth century, Jung himself? What would he tell us, psychologically speaking, about our current apocalyptic situation, I wonder?

Upon imagining this, I immediately sense the presence of Jung, almost like he's relieved that he's been finally invited somewhere to share his realizations. He seems as if he's in the possession of a priceless gift, and he seems delighted at the opportunity to share it with someone who seems interested and open. Rather than ghostly, his presence seems quite substantial, actually quite huge, and very warm. When I ask him what he wants to share with me, he becomes a bit professorial, and starts stressing the importance of viewing our current world situation symbolically, as if it actually were a dream, and interpreting it as such. When I share with him that this is exactly what I teach people to do in my work, he seems quite pleased.

Jung reminds me that, psychologically speaking, apocalyptic dreams like these are symbolically expressing the emergence of what he calls the Self, or God-image. He points out, I imagine, that the Self is what is called an antinomy, an unconscious conjunction of opposites, containing both light and dark.

I immediately associate to the Christ event, in which God incarnated through one man 2000 years ago. When read symbolically, God's dark and light sides were totally split, completely polarized in the full-embodied figures of Christ and Satan. I imagine Jung pointing out quite excitedly, that, yes, this is showing us that there is a relationship between the incarnation of God and the opposites being totally polarized, that this situation is not merely coincidence. I remember that it was Jung himself who taught me, a Jew who was a practicing Buddhist, how to view the Christ event symbolically in the first place.

I immediately reflect on how the opposites are totally polarized in our current world situation. The Israelis and Palestinians want to kill each other. As do the Americans and the terrorists. How could this possibly have to do with the incarnation of God, I wonder? I immediately associate. I ask myself if maybe there's a deeper meaning to why our culture's myth of the incarnation of God 2000 years ago was an abuse drama. I mean, is there a difference between God, who is one with everything and all, putting nails through his own body 2000 years ago during the crucifixion, and propelling jet planes through skyscrapers on September 11? I share this with Jung, in my imagination, of course, and he seems happily surprised by my question.

I then imagine Jung passionately trying to make the point of how important it is for more of us to realize what the events in our current world situation are symbolically revealing to us. He reminds me of his quote "There are, and always have been, those who cannot help but see that the world and its experiences are in the nature of a symbol, and that it really reflects something that lies hidden in the subject himself."

As if teaching, he then explains that when an archetype such as the Self is incarnating, it is a very powerful energy that literally drafts people into its force-field, gripping them (he puts an emphasis on the word "gripping"), making them its unwitting agents and victims, like puppets on a string. I immediately remember what he writes in his

greatest work, Answer to Job, "The image of God pervades the whole human sphere and makes mankind its involuntary exponent."

If we are not in conscious relationship to what is happening, Jung continues, we literally become possessed by the archetype and act it out unconsciously, in a destructive way. Jung stresses the point that this is, in actual fact, what is getting played out in our current world situation, as if he really wants me to fully understand this. I imagine showing him the quote of his with which I started this article, and he says, "that is exactly right!"

Jung reminds me of the letter he wrote after he finished Answer to Job, in which he says "I have landed the great whale." His tone becomes more intimate, as he shares with me that he had made a huge discovery in this work that is profoundly relevant to our current world situation, and is still, to this day, little understood. I imagine Jung very enthusiastically (which he reminds me, comes from the word *en-theos*: to be filled with God), wanting to show me a particular quote from Answer to Job. The quote is

"Although (God) is already born in the pleroma (the eternal fullness), his birth in time can only be accomplished when it is perceived, recognized and declared by man."

I find myself becoming ecstatic as I take in his words and contemplate their meaning. He is pointing out that when we view our situation AS IF it's a dream, it both literally, as well as symbolically, reveals to us that God is already born in the collective unconscious of humankind. Not only this, but the act of recognizing this is the very act which accomplishes God's "birth in time," making it real.

I immediately associate to the saying of Christ "The kingdom is spread all over earth and people just don't see it." I then remember the teachings of Dzogchen, the highest teachings in Buddhism, which continually points out that we merely have to recognize the nature of our situation. This all seems to be pointing towards a deeper patterning inherent in our situation that we need to recognize, to see. This is what the deeper dreaming process is symbolically showing us and somehow, our seeing what is getting played out through us, is the very act that radically changes our entire situation. I was beginning to glimpse why Jung was so passionate

I remember the word apocalypse actually means that something is being revealed. Jung is saying that what is getting dreamed up on the real time stage of life in events such as September 11 and the current situation in Israel are themselves the unmediated, fully-embodied expression of the psychic reality that God is incarnating through, in and as this world of ours, and needs to be "perceived, recognized and declared" as such.

Jung seems quite delighted to be sharing something that is meaningful and precious to him personally with someone who really appreciates it. It makes me happy that he feels this way, as I myself feel appreciated, and not only honored at what he's transmitting to me, but practically blessed.

I imagine him, then, very animatedly sharing with me his realization that the Self was not just incarnating through one man, like it did 2000 years ago through Christ, but was incarnating itself through all of humanity. I hear Jung reminding me of his quote from Answer to Job, the "Christification of many," which he repeats over and over, as if he is enjoying the sound of the words. When he realized all this, he continues, as his mood immediately becomes more somber, "It was then that I ceased to belong to myself alone, ceased to have the right to do so. From then on, my life belonged to the generality."

I realized that Jung was sharing with me his epochal, radical and evolutionary realization that humankind itself played a participatory and crucial role in the Divine incarnation process. It was as if his entire dialogue depended on me understanding that if we don't realize what is symbolically being shown to us, we will undoubtedly destroy ourselves, as the activated archetype will continue to get acted out by us unconsciously, as it has throughout human history.

He then shows me what he wrote in a letter about what he expressed in Answer to Job, "I have come to the conclusion that I had better risk my skin and do my worst or best to shake the unconsciousness of my contemporaries rather than allow my laxity to let things drift towards the impending world catastrophe." As he considers these words, he seems genuinely sad, and when I ask him about this, he expresses how frustrating it is for him that so few understand what he wrote about in Answer to Job. When he shares this with me, I immediately think he is a true hero, and I start to feel a sense of appreciating his genuine courage, his true greatness, and I feel an upsurge of emotion. I immediately am filled with gratitude for what he has brought forth.

Snapping out of his melancholy with a suddenness that is startling, Jung then says, as if receiving a revelation, that if we are able to realize that we have all gotten drafted into and are playing roles in a "divine drama," and "perceive, recognize and declare" what is in fact actually happening, that the Self is incarnating through all of humanity, then we incarnate this realization consciously, as individuation, both individually and collectively.

Now totally inspired, with a twinkle in his eye, Jung continues, saying that when we recognize that the archetype of the Self is incarnating, we are then able to consciously and creatively humanize and mediate these powerful archetypal energies in the service of individuation, which is nothing other than the incarnation of the Self in, as, and through humanity. I imagine Jung beaming, as he triumphantly declares, yes, humanity becomes the vehicle, the vessel, the medium through which the paradoxical God reconciles, resolves and reunites the opposites intrinsic to the totality of his and her nature, which includes both light and dark. He then quotes himself, saying "Man is no more an end in himself, but becomes an instrument of God, and this is really so."

I realize, to my astonishment, that Jung is articulating a whole new myth of who we are, as well as our place in the cosmos, and it is one that gives humanity incredible freedom and a great responsibility. I have the thought that I am in the presence of a living genius. I then remember that the word genius is related to the word "genie" (as in "I dream of"), which is related to the word daemon, which means the inner voice, the guiding spirit. Is Jung just a personification of my own guiding spirit, I find myself wondering? I feel Jung bemused by my contemplations, as he starts smiling, and then breaks out in a big laugh. I see why so many people have said he has an unforgettable laugh.

I spontaneously remember a dream I had years ago, where a dream character pushed me off an edge, and as I flew through the air, I became lucid, realized I was dreaming, and had a deep spiritual experience. Contemplating the dream later, I found it curious when I realized that I never would have jumped off that edge myself, so amazingly, I dreamed up the dreamfield to push me off. I wonder if that's similar to the nature of our current world situation? I practically feel in telepathic connection with Jung, by this point. He seems to be quite satisfied with our discussion.

I imagine Jung urging me to end this article with a beautiful quote of his. "But, in the end, the hero, the leader, the saviour, is one who discovers a new way to greater certainty. Everything could be left undisturbed did not the new way demand to be discovered, and did it not visit humanity with all the plagues of Egypt until it finally is discovered." I imagine him making sure I understand that the current apocalyptic events in our world are a modern day plague of Egypt. As he reminds me of this, his image starts to fade, just like a rainbow dissolving into the voidness of its own nature. I hear him over and over saying "It all depends on if humanity realizes what is symbolically being revealed." I feel like I am receiving a mystic revelation.

It is like the entire episode has been a dream. I feel deeply moved by my imaginary dialogue with Jung, in a way that is quite real. Even in my dreams that night, I feel genuinely affected by my encounter with Jung. I wake up the next morning feeling strangely refreshed. ☺

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*An innovator in the field of dreaming, Paul Levy is in private practice, helping other people who are also spiritually awakening to the dream-like nature of reality. A pioneer in the field of spiritual emergence, he is in the new book, Saints and Madmen: Psychiatry Opens Its Doors to Religion. Passionately interested in the work of C. G. Jung, he was the Book Service Manager of the C. G. Jung Foundation of New York in the late 1980s. He can be reached at (503) 234-6480, or at [rulucid@aol.com](mailto:rulucid@aol.com).*

## What If ...

what if this gross materialism was replaced with pure animality and possessing next to nothing but being nearly everything was all that really counted moving through vast territories diverse spaces and moving through histories diverse times ...making love to the world and the earth's colorful races with the red harp or the red violin of the heart and the taut skin of the body's drum and drumbones dancing to the sea and to the dust and dunes and to the wind the stars and the trees—the poplars the lindens the standing oaks the dipper and the dragon—and

what if

blowing the mind was freeing the soul and the soul's creative freedom and her emotional rock and rock was true salvation was global cosmic and

what if if

you could have had it all — what if if you could have eaten eaten eaten of the primal feast of eternity daily hourly moment upon moment—pierced but your hands those cared for hands of empty meaning where too filled with manmade things and numberings to draw the kiss of the gods and goddesses' winepress mouths and your (our) puckered lips those lips that lived and died and longed for nothing nothing but simplicity simple placement and delight in life shriveled bitterly and

what if ....ahhhh..... —ah!—

if you could have been in the dream always but you never never never woke up and you never awakened to smell the immortal scent and to hear your name when you name was whispered through creation's breath ...breath of roses breath of honeysuckle-dew breath, tasting of the blood of angels -ohhhh- beatitude ...breath... this!

what if

Pan -the All of nature—forever was inviting you but you were forever crazy crazy with deception crazy, not in love, not true worse than crazy: mad false dreamless deaf ...dead

David Sparenberg, [EarthArts2000@aol.com](mailto:EarthArts2000@aol.com)

# I died

(Lines written after the World Trade Center bombings, September 11, 2001)

I died. □I died. □I died.

I died with the couple who jumped out of the flaming tower holding hands.

I died with the husband who sent his wife climbing down hundreds of steps to safety & stayed in the doomed building to send others down to live.

I died with the child in the hijacked airplane whose Raggedy Ann doll survived.

I died with the hijacker who believed his hatred was holy.

I died with the thousands, one by one, whose photographs are plastered on lampposts & buildings.

I died with the firefighters & police & emergency workers, laying my life on the line.

Before that, I died inside.

I died with the innocents we bombed in Iraq & Bosnia.

I died with the men & the women & the children who lost their lives or their health through techniques of torture we taught at the School of the Americas.

I died with the good leaders of other countries we assassinated & replaced with dictators like Saddam Hussein, who was originally our man.

I died with all of us who believe our own hatred is holy.

I died inside.

I died.

*Karen Ethelsdattar*



# To Live Again... Poetry by Paul Campbell

## Between Lives

The midnight texture downy warm,  
in waiting ether to be reborn—  
in colors absent, in liquid form,  
in knowing nothing between lives torn—  
of feeling absent, being present,  
the new moon swallows its own crescent.

The spring is ready to be sprung,  
the air is ready to fill the lung.

The lyrics for the new score sung,  
the absent present newborn comes.

## Cast Party

I nod to the mailman, a bit part  
yet important to the story line.  
His words of encouragement  
meant a lot when I lost my job.

Lance greets me with a big hug.  
Our friendship ran hot and cold  
but he seems radiant now,  
free from the moody part he played.

I smile and wave at the soul  
who played my sister Betty.  
How much more pleasant now  
to meet her out of character.

Though called for by the script  
Betty's resentful attitude  
must have been as hard on her  
as it was on me.

My parents seated together now  
discuss the lessons learned  
from their divorce acted out  
on the human stage.

My lovely soul mate Carole  
greet me with a kiss.  
We've played husband and wife  
in many dramas across lifetimes

I turn to Steve  
whose outstanding performance  
in the roll of the enemy  
prompts me to make a toast—

To how we did to one another  
what needed to be done  
to bring out each other's worst  
that it might be healed.

## Waking Up

A floating bundle  
of sensations  
reassembles itself  
into a body.

Warm air  
fills the cheat,  
eyes open onto  
granular white ceiling.  
The who I am returns.

Pieces of problems  
held at bay  
during sleep  
start falling like plaster  
dislodging stones and boulders  
burying me in an avalanche.  
The story line reestablished,  
ready for another day.

## Lure

Ejecting from my body  
was exhilarating.  
The man in the white suit  
greet me warmly as always

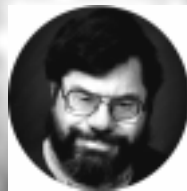
Welcome back.  
your mistakes were well done  
to maximize your growth,  
and your successes, well —  
they were important too.  
another life well lived.

Next time how about  
a more settled life,  
married with children,  
living on the land  
what do you think?

I'm not going back!  
It's hard over there.  
I did everything  
I wanted to do  
Besides, I just arrived.

After some well deserved R & R  
would you like to be born  
into a close family  
where the father stays?  
How about on a small farm  
growing lettuce, beans, and carrots?

Carrots...



## Book Review

by Douglas Bachman

### Extraordinary Dreams

#### and How to Work with Them

by Stanley Krippner, Fariba Bogzaran  
and Andre' Percia de Carvalho

Suny Press: 167 pages

Although the authors acknowledge that most dreams deal with events that have transpired within a few days, they focus this short book on a group of rare, 'extraordinary' dreams that help dreamers prepare for the future, generate new ideas, or gain insights to waking life. The goal of the book is to fill a perceived void in most dreamwork literature, by providing models and methods for accessing the wisdom of 'extraordinary' dreams.

The first chapter reviews basic, foundational concepts for dreamwork, and explores the range of 'extraordinary' dreams. The second chapter provides a snapshot view of Twentieth-Century dream theories from Freud, Jung, and Adler, through Boss, Ullman, and Globus.

Each of the next thirteen chapters deals with a different type of extraordinary dream creativity, lucidity, out-of-body experience, pregnancy, healing, dreams within dreams, collective dreams, telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition, past life, initiation, and spirituality. Within each of these chapters the authors define a type of dream and review the history of dreamwork relevant to it. The historical review concludes with an overview of current interdisciplinary research, examples, and practical methods for working with that type of dream.

The final chapter deals with dreams and mythology and addresses objections raised by researchers who conclude that dream content has no meaning. The authors enter into dialogue with the works of J. Allan Hobson, Gordon Globus, and David Foulkes as they attempt to formulate a scholarly paradigm for understanding the variety of 'extraordinary' dreams.

The footnotes function much like Internet web-links, in that they direct the reader to follow-up literature. This short, scholarly, and practical book provides a key for opening the vast literature on dreaming and dreamwork. §

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# Our Dream Group

(Twenty-Five Years Young!)

by Gustavo Gonzalez  
and Leon Van Leeuwen

*Edgar Cayce once declared,  
“Our dream life is our real life; and  
our real life is our dream life.”*

Our dream group, the oldest in New York, has met for over 25 years. Each month, a different member acts as group leader, whose job it is to keep members focused on the dream presented and not on the dreamer. This is done in order to keep meetings from becoming an encounter session. We meet to discuss the dream, not to advise the dreamer.

We have been using the method Dr. Montague Ullman developed of adopting the dream presented as if it were our own. We have found this to be a very safe way of approaching the dream's meaning, as it doesn't challenge the dreamer. Members only give their opinion of what the dream means to themselves, not what it should mean to the dreamer. Every member has an opportunity to participate and to give their impression of the dreams' meaning. The dreamer may, if they choose, make comments as to what they think the dreams means to them, but only after the dream has been presented for comment. This is done so as not to influence any member to approach the dream with a biased point of view.

It has often been our experience that the dreamer has no idea what their dream means. Through the group meeting, they gain greater insight. Dreamers are usually averse to seeing the core message in the dream and many times, skip over the most important parts. Several methods are used by dreamers to avoid dealing with the salient parts of the dream. A common misconception is that the dream has a psychic message that gives the dreamer a ready insight or answer, that they don't have to work

on to understand. Another misconception is that of projecting one's own shortcomings or characteristics onto the person dreamt of, instead of seeing it in our own person. Our usual response to the dreamer is to say "This isn't your mother's dream, or your girl or boy friend's dream, etc. We do not insist that they accept our comments.

Our approach is to look beyond the obvious and discover the hidden message in the dream. We look for symbols and metaphors to see if they might have a universal/archetypal.. or specific/personal meaning.

It has happened on many occasions that everyone in the group will have similar experiences in their dreams for that week—perhaps a train or subway ride, or a trip on the ocean. We have not found out for ourselves why this has happened, but, it has happened too often to be simply coincidental. Perhaps there is a group dynamic at work during those times.... ?

Our membership is an "open group" that may change from week to week, or longer. In general, a group of about three or four have met consistently over the 25 years. Many visitors come only once or twice, others only when they think their dream is important, not realizing that all dreams are important and interconnected, in that no one dream has a complete message. They are like a novel or movie that goes on for quite some time. Sometimes a "one sentence dream" can be more important than one that may fill three pages.

We feel that everyone in the group, for however long they are there, is there for a reason, even if members sometimes cause us to be less than patient or effective. Such members sometimes surprise us with an unusual viewpoint that no one else could see, and that is a gift.

To share some examples of how we work with dreams, we will share two dreams and comments elicited during a recent meeting:

*My wife, my three year old son and I are walking to a building, in which my wife and I are to attend a dance. The boy is blond-haired and wearing a blue jacket*

*with an attached hood. We are supposed to meet a baby sitter in front of the building where the dance is held. There is a scene shift and my wife and I are at the dance hall waiting at the entrance.*

*Suddenly, I am struck by the thought that the babysitter didn't show up and I panic at the thought of the child waiting alone. I immediately take the elevator down to the lobby but don't see the boy. I walk out of the entrance and see him at the curb, just on the street, waiting between two parked cars in a space large enough between them for him. I quickly pick him up and feel terrible that I'd left him alone. I hold him tight and kiss him while reproaching myself for my neglectful conduct.*

**Note from dreamer:** This isn't my wife and son in waking state. She isn't anyone I know, and I have no children.

## MEMBERS' COMMENTS:

A. "If this were my dream, I am celebrating and cementing my relationship with my wife and child. The number three, symbolized by the boy's age, represents an idea that is three years old. The blond hair represents something about thoughts awakening in my life. I am balancing the relation with my wife and nurturing her before I nurture myself."

B. "If this were my dream, the child represents creativity, the female in my dream, my creative art work. Picking the boy up is to do my best work instead of neglecting it. I have not been watching after my best features and have not been working on them."

C. "If this were my dream, since I don't know or recognize my wife nor my son in the dream, then they represent things symbolic. We are going to a social event. My wife represents my receptiveness and feeling wide; my son represents some of the ideas I had which I have not paid enough attention to, shown by my initial neglect in the dream.

While I am upstairs in the building, on a higher level, I realize how important my work is. I have to go down to street level—which means come down to earth—to nurture my work emotionally, which I do by picking up the child, hugging and kissing him."



*I am going to be married to my former supervisor, Rabbi Moshe Menachem. I have never had a sexual encounter with him! I am wondering what it would feel like to kiss him. He doesn't turn me on. Why would I ever want to marry him without amorous feelings toward him?*

**MEMBERS' COMMENTS:**

A. "If this were my dream, it points to the fact that I ought to re-examine my relations to Judaism and to men in general. Theream came in with good feelings and qualities, so why did I look into the background and what messages did I hear spoken and unspoken? If I would marry him, is there something there, something that would or could happen? I am disturbed, since he is a supervisor. It might put me in a subordinate position instead of being a partner. These qualities I have experienced. What do I do to make decisions in my life?"

B. "If this were my dream, the most important part is that I am going to be married. Everything that follows is to undo the first part of the dream, such as incorporating male values and principles into my life and sharing religions, etc."

C. "If this were my dream, I am finally uniting my male and female qualities through marriage. However, I immediately start undoing these by questioning the reasons why... ? Many are based on appearances rather than inner qualities and the pleasure of sharing one's life. It is impossible not to have negative thoughts, but let us replace them with positive ones, so we can grow instead of stagnate."

In summary, we have noticed over time that when a member makes a decision to take their dreams seriously and enter into a long-term relationship with them and with dream study, there is a definite improvement in how they approach lifes' challenges.

Anyone living in the New York City area is welcome to visit our group and to participate if they so choose. There is no charge but we do take a small donation which is passed on to the A.R.E., the Edgar Casey Foundation. ☺  
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# Dream Theater

## An Imaginal Approach



and Francesca Ferrentelli

By Martha Peacock



**A** myriad of dream theater techniques can be found across the country. Some amplify the dream's emotional content as a catharsis for the dreamer, some redirect the outcome of the dream in an attempt to problem solve, and some amplify the characteristics of a particular image to glean insight. As mythologists, however, we focus on the psychological and cultural representation of the dream. We approach the dream phenomenologically, reconstructing it precisely as the dreamer incurred it, recreating its mood for the actors and audience on an imaginal stage. Hence, the performance mirrors the dream. No added props, no extra lines, no heightened or diluted emotions. The dream's integrity remains intact, revealing its message emotionally and kinesthetically to the players and the viewers.

A small group of people can easily recreate a dream in a makeshift theater, simply by pushing aside the furniture within an office or living room, making enough room for the actors to move about freely. If the group is large, those without roles can observe as the audience. Much like a professional

theater performance, the audience readily receives the mood communicated by the actors. Props can be used if available, but often they are imaged—even played by the actors. A table, a gearshift, the night sky—any inanimate object that seems pertinent to the dreamer can be considered. The individual playing the night sky, for instance, might sensually imagine being a dark, empty void glimmering with dots of white, while simultaneously absorbing the dream's re-enactment from night's perspective.

Before the dream is enacted, however, the dreamer shares the dream, describing it in present tense and in as much detail as possible. If the dream took place in a forest, for instance, what type of trees composed the forest: Pines? Redwoods? Was the forest floor clear or brush laden? Was it dark or light? Were birds chirping and crickets clicking? What sort of smell was in the air? The idea is to talk the dream to life, to create a vivid image of the forest so every participant can clearly imagine her or himself in it. Other details are handled similarly: if the dreamer drives a car, what color and

model is the car? Does the car belong to the dreamer or a relative? Does it have a manual shift or an automatic? These fine points will be essential as the dream unfolds.

Perhaps the most difficult part of this type of dream theater technique is resisting the temptation to decipher the dreamer's relationship to an image. For example, questions like, "What memories do you have of the forest?" "What connection do you have to your sister's car?" or "How do you feel about your sister?" should be avoided. As a matter of fact, no attempt at interpretation is recommended. The dreamer's answers presume a certain relationship, possibly predicting a certain outcome or explanation that the dream may or may not be implying. If the performance is enacted properly, no interpretation will be necessary. Everyone will have experienced the dream personally, each leaving with an overall understanding of the dream's message, not only for the dreamer but for themselves.

Once each participant "sees" the dream in their mind's eye (or phenom-

enologically speaking, imagines that the images are alive and living in the room), the essence of the dream can be accessed and understood more easily. In a way, this small shift in awareness honors the integrity of the dream, reducing the distance between the dream and the participants. Now, the dreamer is ready to cast the characters and enact the play.

Here's an example: An old woman dressed in a lavender monk's robe—its hood pulled over her head and lined in pink—stands before the dreamer, expressing consternation and wrath. At arm's length, she holds out an old, well-worn cross.

By invoking the dream in its full detail—the wrinkled face of the old woman, the white-knuckled grip on the 12" x 6" cross, her tight, pursed lips, the satiny texture of the monk's robe belted with a rope around her thick waist—the participants "see" the image. Subtly, a somber mood settles upon the group. The imaginal presence of the old woman has been summoned. The dream is ready to be performed. For the first take and from a group of nine participants, the dreamer chooses a woman in her 60s to play the part of the old woman and a middle-aged man to play the cross. She plays herself. After a quick briefing of the characters' moves, the dream begins. The dreamer and the old woman make eye contact. The old woman holds the cross up to the dreamer, as if branding her from a distance. Without words, everyone in the room understands the intent. The woman's anger and self-righteousness sadly permeates the body of the dreamer.

Often actors want to embellish a part, pouring more emotion into a role or inserting lines, adding their spin to the dream and depleting the dream's significance for the dreamer. Or, after the performance, some participants have often reached a conclusion of the dream's message, bursting with eagerness to share it. Avoid these pitfalls. Stay within the confines of the dream. Rather, encourage each participant to express her or his reaction to the performance: "I felt a sense of vulnerability from the old woman," or "I felt as if the old woman wanted to teach you a lesson." The emotionality of the dream is often shared by many and

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needs little affirmation; evidence that indeed the dream's essence is present, bringing a collective understanding.

Recasting often brings the dream's intent into clearer focus. Usually, the actors play their parts with more certainty the second time around, heightening the mood and bringing a more insightful perspective. In "take two," the dreamer played the role of the old woman, sensing the rigidity of the woman's body and the narrow confines of her world. She used her cross as a weapon, protecting her from threatening influences that could destroy her. According to the dreamer, the woman's inflexibility mirrored the dissolution of a relationship with an older woman in waking life in which boundaries were being pushed to the breaking point. She faced losing the friendship.

Finally, when the dreamer enacted the cross, she was emotionally overwhelmed by the image of a medieval patriarch, holding out a cross to an alleged witch for self-protection and out-casting blame. Condemnation. Unworthiness. Sin. Exile. All repressed fears living at the edge of the dreamer's consciousness due to this strained friendship. Collectively, the dream symbolized her struggle with Christian theology that—according to the dreamer—preaches love and forgiveness and yet condemns those who step too far outside its narrow boundaries. The double edge of her religion—love and condemnation—was echoed in the dreamer's respect for her older friend who retracted her love and devotion

because of an irreconcilable difference. The dreamer was wrongly blamed.

Without interpretation, the dream revealed its intentions. The dreamer needed no further explanation. As the group members played their parts as actors or audience, with no prior knowledge of the dreamer's personal life, some reacted powerfully to the experience. Some sensed the intensity of the dreamer's reaction to the cross, calling it "gut wrenching" and "piercing." Another said that it seemed as if the dreamer's "soul wants to be cut loose." Some resonated immediately to the dreamer's sadness, another received an intuitive knowing that she was being falsely accused. The dreamer left the theater with a different and more fundamental understanding of the dream's message—a different message, perhaps, than other types of dream theater might offer, for the dream's essence was present, imaginably vivid and thriving on the stage.

Perhaps the major differences of this style of dream enactment is the intense focus on meticulously describing the dream so that it can be seen, smelled, heard, tasted and felt, the strict adherence to performing the dream's story without variation and the dream's ability to reveal its message without analysis. By consciously acknowledging the soul of the dream as it is expressed on the imaginal stage—among and through the actors and audience—we share in the story of psyche. After all, its story is our story. ☺

# Dream Speak

AN INTERVIEW WITH A LUCID DREAMER  
BY LUCY GILLIS

*Robert Waggoner has been lucid dreaming  
for the past 25 years.*

*Besides assisting with the LDE, he speaks at conferences and  
occasionally writes on lucid dreaming. When not dreaming, he  
lives in Ames, IA with his wife, Wendy, and two cats.*

**LUCY:** How long have you been lucid dreaming?

**ROBERT:** I began lucid dreaming in the spring of 1975 after reading *Journey to Ixtlan* by Carlos Castaneda. It seemed quite simple to use the method taught in the book to "set up dreaming". Carlos was told by his teacher don Juan that, "Tonight in your dreams you must look at your hands." He clarified it a bit and said, "But pick one thing in advance and find it in your dreams. I said your hands because they will always be there." Don Juan advised Carlos that when he saw his hands in his dreams, then he would naturally realize he was dreaming.

I interpreted all of this to mean that before going to sleep I should look at my hands and suggest to myself to see them in the dream state. In the dream, seeing one's hands would then be the cue to become conscious or lucid within the dream - just like some conditioned response, in which a stimulus elicits a certain response.

**LUCY:** How did that technique turn out?

**ROBERT:** Within a few days of trying this practice each night, I had my first actively sought lucid dream at age 17. It was incredible!

**LUCY:** What was your first lucid dream like?

**ROBERT:** The first lucid dream began simply enough: *I was walking in the hallways of my High School, at the junction of B and C halls. As I prepared to push the door open, I suddenly felt like the world had become brighter somehow. Suddenly my hands flew up in front of my face which made me realize, "This is a dream! This is a dream!" I walked a few feet towards the Administration Building with a great feeling of euphoria and energy, welling up inside. I decided to look back down at my hands and this time I became totally absorbed in them. I saw each fingerprint, each line, as if it were a giant flesh-toned canyon that I hovered above and within. I felt like the world was now my palmprint, and that I could spend eternity moving about its vast canyons and gullies and whorls. I no longer saw a hand, I saw cream colored canyon-like walls of varying undulations surround me, through which my perception seemed to float. I was ecstatic and joyous, filled with awe. I wondered how this could be. Then, my vision popped back to normal proportions and I saw again that I was standing in front of the Administration Building with my hands outstretched. I thought about what to do, and felt this*

*incredible urge to fly, to fly! I became airborne heading straight up for the sunny sky. At this point the overwhelming feelings of elation had reached their maximum pitch.*

The lucid dream ended and I awakened, astounded with my heart pounding.

**LUCY:** What did you think about that?

**ROBERT:** I had never felt such intense feelings of elation, energy and utter freedom. I was amazed to realize that my hands literally flew up to my face as if propelled by some magical force in the dream state. Still, it seemed so paradoxical - to become conscious when dreaming - to become conscious in the unconscious!? What a concept!

So each night before I went to sleep, I would look at my hands and remind myself that I wanted to see my hands in my dreams. I found it an extremely easy technique to follow. At the time (1975), it was the only technique that I was aware of. I think it was 1980 when I learned of LaBerge's MILD technique, and I had excellent success with it.

**LUCY:** Why do you think the Castaneda technique is not more popular?

**ROBERT:** Well, there are two reasons. First, some people think it is extraordinarily boring. That's true of course, but I think that is one reason the technique works. My belief is that when your "ego" gets bored and sleepy as you look at your hands before going to sleep, the lack of ego focus allows the intent of lucidity to reach your inner self. It's like the ego is a sentry at the gates to the unconscious, and only when it is bored or sleepy, can the idea of one's intent to lucid dream move over to the inner self.

The other reason for the lack of popularity is probably the concerns about Castaneda's veracity. The books have some incredible stories that defy rational explanations and some have suggested that Castaneda took eastern techniques and wove them into a shamanic fictional story. I don't know what the truth is, I just liked the practical technique.

**LUCY:** Do you still use the Castaneda technique to achieve lucidity?

**ROBERT:** No. Nowadays, I am much more likely to become lucid by simply noticing something odd in the dream - fish swimming in the air, my deceased father talking to me, a shimmering surface, etc. On those nights when I'm consciously trying to have a lucid dream, I am much more likely to use LaBerge's MILD technique, the CRAM technique (my self-created Constant Repetition - Affirming Message in which I clear my mind and constantly repeat my intention to become lucid), or wake up for 10 minutes in the early morning hours and concentrate on lucid dreaming before going back to sleep.

**LUCY:** How did your lucid dreaming progress?

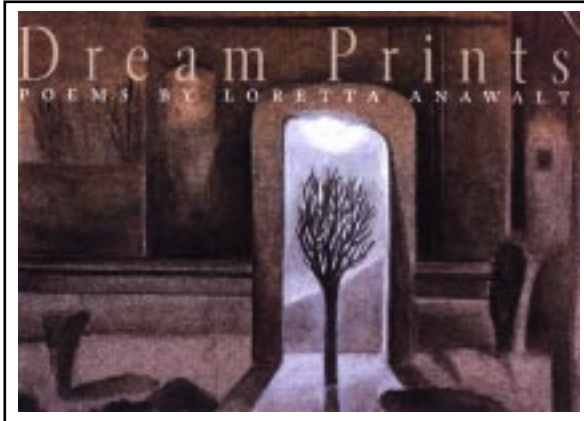
**ROBERT:** Like most people, I assume, I initially was caught up in the basics of prolonging the lucid dream, exploring the lucid environment and its verisimilitude to the waking state, flying and trying to interact with characters in the dream. Though on another level, one could say that I was



# Dream Prints

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## Dream Prints ~ Page 102

These cookies I'm holding  
will dissolve if I take them  
in this public pool  
where I've come to swim.

I don't want anyone to know  
I've stolen them.  
The way around it is to eat at  
least three and leave the last  
one on the rim.  
I've a bad habit of overeating.  
If I go on this way,  
I'll never lose weight.  
Still, I don't want to be caught.

I'm eating them, but it's no fun.  
I don't enjoy the too full feeling,  
yet I went right on;  
but the problem of  
having them in  
my hand is  
gone.

actually learning to use my "will" and "intent" and "expectation" in a psychological environment.

One of my fortunate encounters was getting an invitation to join Linda Magallon's "Lucidity Project," in which lucid dreamers were given a monthly goal to achieve in their lucid dreaming. For me, having a challenge was essential to progressing as a lucid dreamer.

**LUCY:** *What were some of the lucid dream challenges?*

**ROBERT:** They varied. One month it was to find out what the symbols in the dream meant, so I had a wonderful lucid dream of asking a dream character what he represented, whereupon a voice boomed out of the sky with a response, followed by me asking for a clarification and the voice booming out the clarified response. It was simultaneously hilarious and insightful. Other challenges were things like developing a self-affirmation in a lucid dream or getting precognitive information in a lucid dream.

The value of these challenges were twofold: first, I learned how to take a waking task into the lucid environment, experiment with it and retrieve the information; second, I learned that the realm of lucid dreaming was much deeper than I previously supposed and called into question many ordinary suppositions about one's daily (and often unquestioned) reality.

**LUCY:** *And since then, what lucid dream interests have you investigated?*

**ROBERT:** I got into various things. On one level, I was very interested in the apparent workings of the mind, while lucid in a dream. It seemed to me that if one became lucid and just observed, one could see the principles of the unconscious mind (assuming, of course, that dreaming and lucid dreaming take place in the unconscious). Personally, as I did this, I developed the idea that the detached lucid dreamer was seeing the unconscious in a state of Associational Entropy. Entropy is a term from physics that is defined as "the measure of a system to undergo spontaneous change." Association is a term used in psychology to suggest "a mental connection or relation between thoughts, feelings, ideas or sensations." As the dream events unfolded, there seemed to be associational linkages amongst the objects or symbols in the observed lucid dream.

When you stop in a lucid dream and simply observe, in my experience, things continue to happen. Cars move. People walk. All of this happens without the lucid dreamer "willing" it or "controlling" it (by the way, I really dislike people saying lucid dreaming is about "controlling" dreams; it is more accurate to say that lucid dreaming is about directing one's awareness in the dream). Since things continue to happen, it made me assume that there are underlying mental processes and that they likely follow certain principles. It reminded me of being in 8th grade science class, when we learned about "Brownian movement" or the continuing currents of movement in a "still"





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glass of liquid water. The unconscious seems to be involved in its own Brownian movement, and one would suppose that there are some basic underlying principles that account for that. It seems to me that lucid dreamers could shed light on these issues of psychology and psychological mechanisms - perhaps better than many other approaches that come to mind!

**LUCY:** *What else?*

**ROBERT:** Well, I also explored various things like precognition while lucid dreaming. On my first try with this, I ended up lucid and then thinking, "How can I precognate, when I am cognating now?" Upon waking, I could see that I would have to plan to have the precognitive information be "apart" from me. That is, I would have to get it from a dream character or suggest that it would appear somehow. I felt that my precognitive lucid dreaming experiences were quite successful. Yet, I learned that one often has to translate that lucid dream data or response, thus, if you screw up the translation or interpretation, then you may be disappointed.

I also worked on other issues like mutual lucid dreaming with some excellent lucid dreamers, like Ed Kellogg and Linda Magallon. Basically, we set up a scientific protocol in which each person randomly selected a code word from a group of 100 words and a gesture from a group of 10 gestures. On a predetermined night, we were to become lucid and find the other individual's words and pass on our code word and gesture and receive their code word and gesture while taking observations about the lucid dream environment, and then wake up and send all of this to a third party "fair witness" for analysis. Here again, I feel we had some success, and learned a lot about mutual dreaming and telepathy and all. It was quite amazing, actually. It also made me wonder why one doesn't hear more about experimentation with lucid dreaming.

**LUCY:** *Do you feel that lucid dreaming is a personal, subjective event or a larger, mutual event?*

**ROBERT:** Since I grew up in the Midwest and didn't have lucid dreamers to talk to, it surprised me that when I joined the Association for the Study of Dreams that other lucid dreamers and I had apparent commonalities of lucid experiences. These "commonalities" suggest that lucid dreaming may be less subjective or entirely intra-personal than normally supposed. While I could argue that there is an element of mutuality in some lucid dreams, it is a very complicated issue. For example, many of us lucid dreamers could talk about the common features of being in another's dream - how it differs and what it is like - and an objective observer would have a hard time denying the similarities but explaining the whys and hows boggles the mind.

**LUCY:** *What do you think is the future of lucid dreaming?*

**ROBERT:** I hope that lucid dreaming will become even better known, due to movies like "Vanilla Sky" and the work of lucid dreamer proponents and researchers. I hope that people will go beyond lucid dreaming as an interesting curiosity and see lucid dreaming's potential to explore consciousness and effect our understanding of psychology, and our subjective reality and larger world.

Also, I imagine that individuals will begin to go deeper into lucid dreams and try to find some boundaries to lucid dreaming's depths. About 8 or 9 years ago, I ultimately decided to try and go "beyond lucid dreaming" - beyond symbolism, beyond preconceptions, beyond expectations. At first, I didn't realize what was happening, and I began to have some very unusual and special experiences, which are actually hard to verbalize. To sum it up, I think lucid dreaming has a "bright" future. ☺

*Reprinted with permission from The Lucid Dream Exchange, Number 23, June 2002. For subscription information, contact Lucy Gillis at lucylde@yahoo.com*

*Robert Waggoner can be contacted at dreambob@aol.com*

## Mystical Place

I am going to a Mystical Place  
Where I see a Golden Light.  
There isn't anything to stop me,  
I am on a Magical Flight.  
I am my own Magician  
I can create my very own paradise.  
I am the soul controller of this  
Place, and this Place is my ward.  
I am it and it is me.  
It is my very essence.  
As well as my core.  
Change it and I have no where  
left to live.  
I am here in my Mystical Place.  
I am surrounded by this Golden Light.  
I can go anywhere I wish. I am the  
Magician of this Magical Flight.  
*Jeremy Medford*



"THE DREAMER" by Jeffery Lewis

# Intelligent Design

by Jeffery Lewis

## THE AHA!

WHILE LISTENING to the radio in my truck yesterday, I heard a discussion that caused one of those "aha!" moments. The show was NPR's "Talk of the Nation," and the discussion concerned a topic called "Intelligent Design." Intelligent design, which I had never heard of before this moment, is Creationism without a Creator.

It proposes that there are structures in nature—the speaker cited the design structures of a living cell, which he compared to Mt. Rushmore—that purely and simply demonstrate "intelligent design." By this he meant to suggest it seemed unlikely to him these design structures visible in a living cell could have been arrived at via the rather random processes of Darwinian

Natural Selection; to him the evidence of intelligent design in the structures of a cell was as blatantly obvious as those which differentiate Mt. Rushmore from your "average mountain." Erosion by wind, water, other natural processes simply could never produce the intelligently designed structures of the faces on Mt. Rushmore; the same applies for the cell.

The only difference being that in the case of Mt. Rushmore, we know the intelligent designer, the sculptor; in the case of the cell, we do not. Creationists, on the other hand claim they know that designer—he is God.

In his discussion of the intelligent design of a cell, the proponent of the theory, a biologist I believe, compared

the motile "flagellum" of a single-celled organism to the "outboard motor" of a motor boat in an effort to relate it to another structure featuring similar "intelligent design."

Up until this point I had been listening casually; the word "flagellum," however, caught and riveted my attention because I had just heard that unlikely word used in that most mysterious of places, a dream!

Dreamers have these moments when a word, a news event, a scene, a person, a TV show, a movie prompts the *deja vu* sensation, the "Aha!", the "I have seen that before," the "I dreamt about this last night or the night before." For some, this experience will be a vague sensation of *deja vu*; others

will recognize where the sense of connection comes from—"I saw that in a dream"—but then lack the interest to pursue the connection further. Some, like me, will have recorded and dated the source of the "flagellum" connection clearly enough to try to be able to investigate what it is and what it means. And very few will have made this mysterious connection one of the major focuses of their life work, and thus be able to make the claim I am going to now make.

My claim is this: I believe I can explain precisely what intelligence is behind the intelligent design of the flagellum of that motile cell described on my radio.

Further, if the source of the intelligent design visible in the living world is understood, this will explain Creationism, or eliminate the need for it, as that Creator-force proposed by Creationists will have been de-mystified, made simple.

In order to prove my claim, I am going to have to briefly describe several dreams. Before doing so, I must point out that all but one of the dreams predates my listening to the aforementioned radio show on Wednesday, February 13, with its flagellum "aha" that helped to explain the dreams via Epimethean hindsight.

## MATH CLASS

IN THE FIRST OF THESE DREAMS *I am in math class.* I am aware in the dream that it has been prompted, in part, by seeing the film *A Beautiful Mind*, about the schizophrenic mathematician, John Nash, the night before.

*I am sitting over on the right side of the class. Miss Bruce, my high school math teacher, is up front at the blackboard on the far left side of the class. She is presenting the class with a problem (in the sense Nash—in the movie—*

*presents his class at MIT a problem he figures none of them will be able to solve, or if they do it will take the entire semester.) In fact, according to Bruce, this problem is "unsolvable," no one has ever been able to figure it out.*

*She presents the problem as this "vast mathematical unknown" over on the left side of the board. I understand*

*the left side of the board to mean this is the "past" prior to the time of human consciousness, so part of the reason this unknown remains unknown is that it predates human existence. Over to the right of where the equals should be, or some form of interconnectedness between this unknown "something" to the left, are known things, known quantities, "intelligent designs."*

As this dream predates my knowledge of this concept, I do not refer to these known quantities or things as "intelligent designs," but it is what they are, they are known things, real numbers, rational integers with mathematically calculable patterns that have maddeningly derived from this vast, black unknown over to the left. Between them is this chasm of some kind of relatedness.

This is the math problem Miss Bruce proposes to the class. I don't even have to think about it to know that it is not a math problem. Not only is it not a math problem, it is not a scientific problem. Or, it is not a problem that either of those ways of looking at or understanding the world, can solve.

Math and science are inadequate to the problem. They are the wrong language of thought to solve it. But I do know what language is suited to solve this problem. Not only do I know what language can solve this problem, I know how to solve it and that is a problem because it will cause jealousy and resentment. Nevertheless, I will go ahead. This problem is one that can be better understood in and solved by the language of dreaming. In fact, dreaming is the solution to it. Or, perhaps it might be more accurate to say that the dreaming mind, that vast dark unknown, is the right portion of the human mind to use to grasp and solve this "insoluble problem."

## THE PELOPONNESE

I AM A PAINTER. I am currently working on a painting I call "The Dreamer." (see pg. 39) This painting depicts a beautiful, naked woman floating face up in water. The water in the painting is the Namakan Channel between Big Namakan and Sand Point Lakes in Voyageur's National Park in

northern Minnesota. Above my floating dreamer in her REM state consciousness, I have painted the fascinating cliffs that line this narrow, mile long channel.

The rocks dominate the top two thirds of the picture and I mean them to suggest the terrible, hard weight of concrete, awake reality any dreamer faces when attempting to communicate the importance of the dreaming portion of the mind. I mean these rocks to suggest, for instance, the hardness of the mathematical formulas on the blackboard in Miss Bruce's math class from the above dream, or the "hardness" of the need for scientific proof before knowledge can become verifiably real. I meant, in other words, to suggest that this kind of hard fact, MIT, scientific knowledge all but crushes dreaming as a means by which to know, understand and explore the world.

In recent days I have been re-working this painting, in large part because I have decided that I do not want to live the fate of the dreamer in it like that. I have added elements which are emerging up from the dreamer asleep in the waters of the unconscious below. These elements rising from the dreamer below are translucing the hardness of the rocky layer of the hard world of the awake, scientifically verifiable world above.

Among the elements I have put into the rock layer is a mountain range in luminous yellow-gold evening light. I based these mountains upon those across the Gulf of Corinth on the Peloponnese in Greece.

We just returned from a visit to Greece where we stayed in a house on the north shore of the Gulf of Corinth which strikes across most of the country from the west almost to Athens. The views of the mountains south across the Gulf in an infinite variety of lights were one of the high points of our trip.

It is worth mentioning at this point that the name Peloponnese derives from Greek myth and refers to Pelops, the son of Tantalus. Tantalus kills Pelops and attempts to feed him to the Gods to see if they can discern

human flesh. The Gods are not fooled by this feast of human sacrifice and Tantalus's famous punishment in Hades where he is waist deep in water but never able to drink results from this crime. The Gods resurrect Pelops and he goes on to sire a line of kings. (Greece, Athens & the Mainland, Eyewitness travel Guides, p.159.)

Another element I have added to the painting is an old fashioned three-masted sailboat sailing across my dream Gulf of Corinth below the blue mountains through the stone of the hard awake world reality. I describe this painting and what I am doing with it because it is necessary to the understanding of the next dream in the series, in which I go back into the past of Miss Bruce's unknown far on the left side of the black board. I also describe it because I want to begin to introduce it—the painting—as one of the tools of intelligent design, and further, to suggest human artistic creators as "intelligent designers."

## THROUGH THE MOUNTAIN

*IN THIS DREAM I go into the backyard of my childhood home in Chicago In order to do so, I have to pass my uncle, a psychiatrist, and then a kind of harpy birdman who is perched upon a dirty nest along the right side of the backyard. The bird man attempts to stop me but I do not allow him to. I then get on a merry-go-round, which spins backwards or counterclockwise in the backyard. I have the sense of traveling back in time as I am on the merry-go-round. It is not an unpleasant sensation. Finally my time trip ceases and I get off. Now, I am standing before the above-described scene in my painting, except here it is real and painted across a vast blackboard like the one in Miss Bruce's classroom! There are the mountains I just painted translucing the hard reality of the rocks. There is a doorway right into the heart of the mountains where I intend to place a large roseate vortex in the painting. I walk back through this door into a hallway. Along the left side of the hallway there is another door. Oh, there are other doors along it but I am aware I*

*need to go to the left to get back to something. I make the left turn and am then in an area further back into my own past, in fact to the garage apartment behind my grandfather, Big Sam's house, in another neighborhood in Chicago. I am behind that house plowing snow from the driveway back to the garage and the apartment above it where I lived as a baby. I plow the driveway here back to the garage where I intend to pick up our motorboat. I am aware, throughout the dream, that I am back in the painting, that portions of the reality here derive from that painting. I get in the boat, my motorboat with its twenty-five horse Mercury motor. Now, I am facing back out from that garage of my childhood home. I have the uncanny sense I have returned all the way back here to... get something right, that now the future can be faced and understood, the problem is solved.*

In order to "solve" Miss Bruce's math problem concerning the "great unknown" of the past from which elements of intelligent design—such as the flagellum of the single celled organism emerge—I have returned to the past. This is illustrated in the dream with the rather simple image of a counter-clockwise ride on a merry-go-round in the backyard of my childhood home. It would seem then, yes, one of the capabilities of the dreaming mind is time travel back into the personal past. But just as our biological being contains and repeats the entire memory of the evolution of life on this planet, manifests that biological memory in our current physical form, I would contend our minds—particularly those portions accessible in dreams, our Mnemosyne (the Muse of Memory) minds—contain the memory of the origins of that life on this planet, intelligent or not, and what, if any, designer, intelligent or not, was involved. Thus, in this dream I have accessed that portion of the mind accessible in dreaming which corresponds to Miss Bruce's unknown quantity to left on the black board.

What do I find going back into the vast black unknown? Why, I find my childhood house, I find my boat

and motor, I find elements of intelligent design in the landscape that stem from, yes, my own creativity, my own intelligent designing! I find that the source of this intelligent design is not in the past, but in a creative source point in the future, an eternal now. I find this creation point in the present is intimately and easily connected to the past, even the vastly distant past supposedly inaccessible from the other side of the scientific blackboard. And specifically, I find the precise metaphor that I will hear several days in the future, used to describe the intelligent design of the flagellum of the single celled organism, a motorboat! If you translate the word motorboat with all that word means in terms of intelligent design into the medium of the creative ground of being, then presto! You have a possible source for your intelligent design and a possible intelligent designer, just like you and me! Mind you I had this dream several days prior to the radio show, which will help me to explain what all this dream time traveling is about.

## FLAGELLUM

ON MONDAY, Feb. 11, I have the following funny little dream:

*I am in Skaloma, the small town on the Gulf of Corinth where we stayed in Greece. I am walking east through the town away from the seashore. As I get over toward the shore, the landscape becomes increasingly like that where the Hobbits live in the film Lord of the Rings, but somehow creepy. I can hear voices over here, voices plotting something, conspiratorial voices. I then see a pouch which looks like a medicine pouch, fading into the ground, and then mysteriously—but absolutely clearly—the single word "flagellum." My understanding is the pouch contains something stolen.*

This is one of those dreams that defies easy, immediate explanation. It was moody, evocative, creepy and poetic all at the same time. The single clear word, "flagellum," stuck out like the proverbial sore thumb. But why? Who knows? Your average dreamer would roll over and forget it—





JEFF LEWIS READING POETRY

blankety-blank silly dream!

I woke up with several feelings or impressions from this scant dream. One was the notion that the ring of fabulous evil power which Frodo Baggins must return to Mt. Doom somehow just "falls" into the hands of the Hobbits is a bunch of hooey! The Hobbits had the ring all along, used it, and were forced to return it when someone like an intrepid dreamer discovered they were using it in secret. Yeah, but what proof, what hard proof might I, intrepid dreamer though I might be, floating lightly in the gentle waters of the Namakan Channel, possess that could possibly have any weight in the hard, hard world of scientific factdom? It never occurred to me that the proof might be this single, silly, very unpoetic word, "flagellum," sticking out like a thumbprint for crime scene investigator to find. The other feeling or impression I had was the "medicine pouch" resembled a scrotum, testicles, containing the testes, the testament, the seeds, the... words. That this testament, this inheritance was being... stolen!

## THE THEFT OF MY BOAT

*I AM AT MIT. I have come clockwise by merry-go-round and then by boat, my motorboat, along the Charles River. I land the boat down by MIT and tie it*

*securely to a tree. I walk up toward campus looking, I think, for a book. (MIT is a very strange place in this dream.*

*It is a combination of MIT, strange greenish corridors that interconnect all the campus buildings and St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome!) I am over on the left side of the vast plaza in front of the Cathedral beside the left arm of the colonnade.*

*Some kind of Christmas or Nativity play is being performed down in the area at center of the plaza (where the huge creche was located when we were there.) MIT students dressed like poor shepherds from Amahl and the Night Visitors wearing medicine pouches come up from this area and sing. The music is very flat and toneless and the lyrics concern "Flatland" or "flatlining." I dislike the music, the play and the place and want desperately to get away, so I leave. When I get back to the shore where I left my boat, I discover it is gone! It is gone! The theft of my boat fills me with a kind of horror, opens this void of depression, of "unknowing" in my being that is horrible almost beyond comprehension, beyond bearing. I know there is no way to solve the theft of my boat. There is no way I will ever get it back. It does not matter if I go to the police.*

It does not matter if I go to the dream lab at Harvard either. They will just laugh and say, "Sorry you lost your dream, Nebuchadnezzar, but your problem is therapeutic, you need to see Daniel, the psychiatrist," or "John Nash, you are a schizophrenic. These dreams you believe are so real are not. You are sick and in need of hospitalization and a long series of insulin shock treatments, then a lifelong diet of the mind to wean you from belief in these hallucinations."

This dream illustrates how the "unknown" became the unknown. It became unknown because it was stolen. It was stolen and given to others who maintain its status as an "unknown" for their own benefit. If you don't have a boat with which to sail the waters of the night sea of dreaming, then you have no academic tool with which to possibly ever solve the problem of intelligent design in the uni-

verse but no intelligent designer. Except... guess who? The medicine pouch of dreaming, of the testament of the human creator has been stolen and given to "God," the Father, in order to raise spiritual capital up to the Godhead, to create the Creator!

## HANNIBAL THE CANNIBAL

*I am in a bare, white room. There is no furniture in the room but there are a few plants. My son, Jonah, is here as well as his friend, Sam. Jonah seems to want me to see something about Sam. Sam is in the center of the room sitting on a low table. I make a slow, counterclockwise half-circuit of the room, spiraling in toward the middle. Sam has his head lowered and I can look down on the top of it from behind. There is a piece of white gauze cloth covering the top of Sam's head which is... flattened. Horrifyingly, the whole top of Sam's skull has been taken off and his bare brain is immediately beneath this white veil. I understand that Sam thinks this is "good." This means "God" can have direct access to Sam's brain to inspire him with music.*

For a while Sam wanted to be a divinely inspired musician who could play healing music directly from God, sort of like a "channel." But I see this as a horrible mistake. Number one, God didn't do it, a psychiatrist did. Aside from that, this sort of direct access to the human brain—open door policy for inspiration—is double edged, terribly dangerous. If a "God" or Muse can reach in there and tweak Sam's musical genius, then that same God or Muse or psychiatrist can pour filth in, inspire madness, or any sort of criminal, murderous Son of Sam behavior. "God," could, for instance, order Sam to kill his son, like he does Abraham in the Bible, all the while tweaking Sam's emotions to "just do it." Abraham is the "father" of all the desert religions precisely because "God" has access to him like this. Is this how it was done? Is Sam here the example of the complete submission to God necessary to be a good Christian, Muslim or Jew? How horrible!

And then the ultimate horror floods in. Not only is Sam's brain com-

pletely open to any form of manipulation from "above," but the "Gods," like Hannibal Lecter, can dig in with their spoons and sup on Sam's sweetbreads as Hannibal does at the end of the recent film! They can do this because the brain does not, in itself, feel anything.

As this dream concludes I see the actor, Sean Penn, over on the side of the room with a plate! Penn, of course, is currently up on the silver screen across the nation in a possible Academy Award nomination role as "Sam," an "intellectually challenged" father! Does this dream suggest a positively monstrous source for such "feeble mindedness?"

I feel this dream is so clear it does not warrant comment or explication. It is worth noting, however, that the name, Samuel, means "His Name is God." (Name Your Baby, Larenia Rule, p. 183.)

## THE LAST SUPPER

*I am in a huge church. The place resembles St. Peter's but the feel is more El Greco, all this Mannerist distortion, everyone elongated with longing, gazing heavenward, up into the light.*

*There is a huge dinner table beneath the dome of the Cathedral and many diners are sitting at it. In the center is Christ.*

*He is dressed in white and looks here pretty much like he does in most representations, a black bearded, long-haired young man.*

*The others at the table, do not, however, resemble the Biblical Apostles. The diners to both the right and the left of Christ, as well as hundreds of others at tables all but filling the nave, are dressed in modern clothes. I recognize most of these modern day apostles as variously famous figures from the worlds of science, politics, religion, entertainment. One of the diners to Christ's immediate right, a young, Jewish-looking fellow is somehow familiar in a way I cannot quite place. Just then the waiters and waitresses pour in with platters of food to place before the diners. Sean Penn is one of the servers and as he puts the plate before the vaguely familiar Jewish fellow*

*he says in his best "Sam," the intellectually-challenged fellow voice, "here are your sweetbreads, sir."*

*"Aha! Flagellum!" exclaims the Jewish fellow paying no attention to Penn, "It's a perfect example of Intelligent Design!"*

*I see my boat on the plate! There is a perfect little miniature of my boat sitting there on the plate. "No," contradicts the burly Reverend Falwell fellow sitting next to him, fondling a familiar looking medicine pouch in his fat fingers, "it's Creationism! It's a perfect example of God's creation, His intelligent design. There is only one Creator, there is no other capable of putting such intelligence, such beauty and purpose into nature! "Hogwash!" squawks a bearded Darwinesque fellow from the other side of Christ. "The laws governing Natural Selection, sir, are all that is needed to explain your ghost in the machine, the Intelligent Designer!"*

*"But, but, it's my boat!" I blurt. "It's seed of my metaphor become real! It's my will and testament! I saw it, I was there, in the beginning." No one listens, no one hears. (I realize I am a ghost here.*

*Like Banquo's ghost at Macbeth's table, no one can see me. I am but a dream.) "I see you, Duncan." Startled,*

*I look up right into the eyes of Shakespeare. He is staring right at me, chewing a mouthful of "sweetbreads." "I see you, but none of the rest of them do... or ever will. Look at them, their eyes are wide shut! I looked, he was right.*

*Though the eyes were wide open, they weren't seeing a thing, particularly not the human flesh on their plates.*

## THE FLIGHT UP

ON WEDNESDAY, FEB. 13, I made the trip down to Spooner on which I listened to the radio show, The Talk of the Nation ; the word "flagellum" was mentioned as an example of intelligent design and compared to the motor on a motorboat. This single word said in the context of the discussion of Intelligent Design and Creationism was like the single hard fact an investigator needs to get his whole

theory about a crime to fall into place. Vast amounts of dreaming from various places in my adult life suddenly fit in like a magical fingerprint.

The dream about MIT and St. Peters where I lost the boat comes from months ago. The dream of the Last Supper comes from last night . There are scores of others I could include here that come from as far back as a decade ago, but I think I have presented enough proof to make my case. What is my case?

It is simply this. The unknown on Miss Bruce's blackboard—this memory lapse in the past from which intelligent design emerges, but no evidence of an intelligent designer—is not, I repeat not, a math problem, a scientific problem or a theological dilemma; it is a crime scene, it is a murder mystery, and worst of all, it is a cannibal feast covered up, erased into an amnesia, an "unknown," to protect those involved: the guilty parties, the participants.

Oh, how convenient! A vast black Unknown which science leaves blank and the religious fill with God! Oh, how convenient: the theft of the dreaming mind, capable of penetrating back into that vast black pit of amnesia! How convenient its exclusion as a serious tool of inquiry from every single modern university, but mostly from those institutions, like MIT, that most benefit from the unknown remaining an unknown, the murder of sleep unsolved.

The flight up into "higher, abstract thought," into the "pure realms of physics and higher mathematics," into "spirit" is in part a guilt-driven, fear inspired flight up and away from a crime scene at which the body of the "intelligent designer," the human creator-artist in all of us lies dead with most of his or her brains scooped out. Until we turn and face this crime scene in our past and recognize it for what it is, there will be no way to solve the problem on Miss Bruce's blackboard in your dreams. ☺

Contact Jeffery Lewis via email at llewis@spacestar.net or W8169 Nancy Lake Rd. Minong, WI. 54859



## DREAMTIME 3: DREAM EXCHANGE

# LIP CLOSE AND PRECOGNITIVE

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The most often asked dream questions I receive have to do with precognitive dream phenomena, especially in the light of recent world events. This led me to look more closely at the term, "precognitive," and what it really meant. A dictionary definition, "The ability to know what is going to happen in the future, especially if based on extra sensory perception" would leave the impression that dreams fall into that category, since it is often through dreams that forward events are revealed.

However, precognition in the dream world may also have its closest connection to us as it affects the dreamer at a personal level vs. the global one. After all, we are our closest ally and our precognition may be tied to our core survival instincts that have served us from our most primitive beginnings.

Dreams come to us as a collage of selected symbols, settings, people, animals, events, circumstances, emotions... all plucked from the pool of the unconscious which has been 100% operational 100% of the time since our birth. Given the vast array this sea of potential dream material harbors, it is likely our dream drama selection has to do not only with pleasurable or fearful ideation, but also is reflective of our instinctual nature that is wired to ensure and preserve our safety and well being.

The following dream was submitted by a woman who has been a single parent for many years. With her last child about to graduate and leave the familial nest, she dreamed:

*I am with this man who is medium-height, gray haired and who is joyous and dedicated to making me happy; we laugh and pure joy of being with this man fills me with love and awe, and when I awaken, the feeling remains and has remained for days! " ~MJG, Portland, OR*

The dreamer stated that this man was a "dream stranger," but that he created such a sense of happiness in her, she was convinced she would recognize him when she met him, and fully believed she would; that this person and feeling would definitely manifest in her life.

Several things are possible surrounding this dream event. First, it may be that the dreamer is expressing wish fulfillment through her dream. And, from a Jungian point of view, the male stranger would be interpreted as the animus, the masculine aspect of her psyche which is entertaining, loving, accepting and ready to make her happy and integrate into her waking ego consciousness. Her change in life status will free her from her perceived dual parental role, and the dream may foretell a relationship with her animus, or may be a psychic event that foretells an actual person she will meet.

Since our unconscious is a sensory camera constantly picking up auditory and visual cues in our environment, the dream may have provided an awareness of what to look for, since she might otherwise miss it in the waking world. It is difficult to translate the exact meaning of a dream (as with all dreams), because it stems from the abstract and upon waking, we tend to fit it into a linear concrete mold made that way by the very nature of our thought.

In Psychic Dreaming, Loyd Auerbach says that we are faced with the dilemma of "What exactly is the future?" He further states that, "Psychic information seems to be best utilized if you see it as pointing to probabilities, to events likely to happen, where you as participant have some power to cause the event to happen or not to happen." One common element people who have precognitive dreams report is that the dream feels different from other dreams; its imagery is stronger

and there is usually an intense feeling attached that is brought into the waking state.

It is possible that the residual feeling is the fuel needed to give manifestation to the event in the waking world. David Engle relates in Divine Dreams that, "A particular feature of many precognitive dreams is the sense of a personal communication being conveyed, along with a focus on, or an interest in, the theme of personal relationships and critical life junctures." Certainly, this would fit the profile of the reported dreamer's life situation.

Whether dream material is viewed from an up close and personal perspective where its content manifests in some concrete way, or is a universal/archetypal internal reference to the internal individuation process, it is a matter of interpreting, observing and noting accuracy in the unfolding future of the phenomenal world. Dr. James Hall reminds us that, "As a general rule, if you already know what the dream seems to be saying, then you have missed its meaning. [that] The meaning of a dream is never exhausted, even if it seems completely understood."

To the extent we are creating our futures now, it is always important to look to our dreams and their rich tapestry of information sent to us from many perspectives to best utilize them as our most precious gift from ourselves. Be alert and chart the progress of your waking life outcomes, as a way to measure when your dreams contain those personal precognitive elements you can recognize as signposts in your future. ☺

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Hall, M.D., James A.: Jungian Dream Interpretation, 1983.

# BOOK & MOVIE REVIEWS

by Victoria A. Vlach

## Earth Dreams

Finding Light in the Shadow

Elizabeth Brensinger

Published by Red Road Press



At 154 pages, with very short chapters and an easy-to-read, personable style, *Earth Dreams* seems to be the sort of book one could read in a week-end. But like a Vision Quest, it takes time to unfold into one's life. On more than one occasion, I found myself having to set *Earth Dreams* aside to attend to 'more pressing matters.' Funny thing, though... when I'd pick up the book again, I found I had stopped within a page or two of something synchronistically apropos to what had been happening around and between those external 'more pressing matters.'

*Earth Dreams* is the story of a Vision Quest. Or, more accurately, the unfolding of the teachings of that Quest in daily life over the weeks and months post-quest (P-Q). It is no accident that the author's chosen 'power spot' is a literal metaphor, a spot which appears light and sunny but turns out to be in shadow most of the day. Consequently, the unfolding of the Quest is not all fun and light. And, of course, it is after the Vision Quest itself that the real journey begins, as Shadow comes forward and Brensinger comes to know her Shadow up close and personal, and consciously. There is more in Shadow than simply 'unacceptable' aspects of one's current self-image. There is also gold within Shadow.

And there are dreams. Yes, there are dreams. Not so much during the Vision Quest, but after, as the Quest moves from the external canyons of the physical world to the inner canyons of

the spirit. This movement unfolds in its own way—it cannot be rushed. But the dreams, like the quotes beginning each chapter (Richard Bach, Carl Jung, Jan Garrett, Robert Johnson, Paula Underwood, etc.), speak to the deep levels and the process of unfolding in which Brensinger finds herself; they are encouragement to keep going, keep moving through the Shadow, and they are a kind of 'calling forth' of the gold with the Shadow.

The Quest and post-quest (P-Q) portion of the book end at day 144. It is easy to forget how many actual days accumulate following any significant event. The 'P-Q' notation served as a reminder that we live each day one at a time, not skipping forward weeks or months as it appears when only the month and date is given. (144 days is just over 4 and 1/2 months, counting 31 days/month).

For all its simplicity of style, *Earth Dreams* is a full and rich book. The fullness comes from the author's willingness to share herself openly, warts and all. The richness comes from the gold found within the Shadow—facing & embracing those part denied, gone cold, unwanted, or even too precious to own. The Shadow is not just the Shadow of an individual. There are cultural Shadows as well, those portions of ethnic, racial, and cultural identities denied and projected onto other ethnic, racial, and cultural identities. As Brensinger points out in the afterward, cultures, like individuals, are neither all good nor all bad, and just as one culture cannot carry the whole of an idealized or demonized image, the whole burden of wrongs (or rights) done by one culture or race to another cannot be carried by an individual. Recognizing those cultural Shadows and projections within one's self is also part of working with the Shadow. The Gold is there, too.

## Waking Life

Director: Richard Linklater

Running time: 97 minutes

Rated 'R'- available on VHS and DVD

Spoken words transforming into visual images; people becoming clouds; a man driving a boat down a city street; scenes change suddenly, not just in location, but in visual style as well—yet it all makes sense. Sound bizarre? Like a dream, perhaps? It's actually *Waking Life*, a wonderfully surreal, see-it-more-than-once movie that looks, sounds, and feels like a dream.

Done entirely with off-the-shelf digital equipment and Mac G4s, this is not so much a film as an experience. Using a kind of modern rotoscoping technique, live action becomes animation and a team of 30 animators, each following a single character, give each segment a unique style.

There is no traditionally recognizable plot, or conflict in *Waking Life*. It is 'about' the nature of reality -- are we awake or are we dreaming? How do we know? The 'story' is the ongoing philosophical, metaphysical, esoteric and down to earth conversations between the main character and those he encounters, as well as conversations and scenes that we, as viewers, are drawn into, as if we are seeing these scenes from the perspective of this main character. But it is the film itself that most expresses the words and ideas.

Don't try to 'understand' *Waking Life* with the usual logic of every day waking life. There is far more going on visually than can be followed in one sitting. And don't try to follow the dialogue word-for-word. Just let the images and words carry you like a river. This movie is, like a dream, many layered and best absorbed by the spirit rather than analyzed by the brain.

See it at least twice. On a large screen. With friends who will discuss with you the meaning of life and whether or not this is all, in fact, just a dream. And if there are any lights turned on, every once in a while... well, just try to switch them off. ☺



the word: "A body of religious believers." Then I had to look up religious and saw something about "scrupulous conformity" and slammed the book shut. What I do know is that the work we do offers the warmest, most open community for the spiritual journey I have seen. In our special edition newsletter, Mary Watkins, of Pacifica Graduate Institute, talks about what happens in times of crisis. We turn to our families and other groups so we are not alone in the face of tragedy. But standing in a group puts us in danger of pointing at other groups with accusations. We work to offer a feeling of solidarity without "naming" others in our work. Our participants are from many spiritual and cultural backgrounds and we work to remember the relatedness of ourselves with all things. We had a Muslim woman and an Israeli woman doing Utopic Imagining and Creative Restoration (dialogue exercises introduced by Mary Watkins and Helene Lorenz, also from Pacifica Graduate Institute) in the same small dialogue group at a recent gathering. So many people talked about how healing it was to have this rare experience.

The U.S. clearly has a problem with its shadow. As a person who claims the same issue, I know how important the images in my dreams are. When I look at the uglier images in my dreams and remember that they are as much a part of me as the pretty face I try to put forward, it makes it more difficult to focus on the "evil" of others. Looking at images of anger, sorrow or violence in a setting of love, with others brave enough to do so, reminds us of how related we really are.

**SID:** From our beginnings, we have been all about encouraging and facilitating the process of authentically facing the "Other" through engaging the contents of the unconscious. You can't get much more "Other" on an individual level than those aspects of ourselves that the conscious mind has repressed and sent into exile. The beauty of Jung's work is its clarity on this subject. Individuation, and its attendant spiritual growth, cannot take place without our egos coming into relation-

ship with those parts of ourselves that frighten, disgust or embarrass us... our shadow.

I firmly believe that a person doing this individual work and relating to his or her own unconscious and shadow through dreams, active imagination, creative expression, and ritual is less likely to fall into the collective projections that inevitably take place in times such as these. However, there is another step in the process of becoming a positive source of influence and energy for the world. That step requires us to allow the interpenetration of our inner world with the outer world around us. It requires us to live our lives ecologically. When I say ecologically, I am speaking not specifically environmentally, but about a way of looking at ourselves in relation to the physical, cultural, spiritual, and psychic systems in which we are embedded.

Whenever I think of this, I am reminded of a snippet of verse from the Bob Marley tune, "One Love." The words are, "Is there a place for the hopeless sinner who has hurt all mankind just to save his soul." I believe the potential of psychotherapy to focus exclusively on my individual psyche and soul—and of some forms of Christianity, with their emphasis on my individual relationship with Christ—is described in that line of the song. I cannot be whole and healthy in a system that creates so much destruction: destruction of the environment, destruction of other people and cultures, destruction of soul. And to attempt to cut myself off from the world around me—physically, psychologically, or spiritually—in order to reach some sort of pristine individual growth is unrealistic at best and ultimately hurts all mankind.

Last year, we began the ongoing process of explicitly incorporating this belief in the permeability of our individual psyches with the Anima Mundi, the soul of the world. Then came September 11, 2001. It is difficult to imagine something so horrible as a synchronistic event. We like to think synchronicities come in pretty packages, like "I was just thinking of my old college

friend, and she called me up out of the blue." But synchronicities are not always pretty. They are outside events that have a connection to and correspond in some way to the psychic process of an individual or group. Under that definition, 9/11 was incredibly synchronistic for our organization. It completely reinforced our belief in the necessity of embedding the individual psychological and spiritual growth process within the messy, dirty, sometimes dangerous, and always awe-inspiring world around us.

**DNJ:** *What are the Dreams saying about all of this? Are there any outstanding dreams any of you, or the participants in your workshops have reported that provide guidance for us?*

**SID & NONNIE:** We decided to go to an expert on this one. Barry Williams is a Jungian Analyst in Taos, New Mexico. He is a regular workshop leader at our seminars. He is also, in our opinion, one of the finest dreamworkers we've ever encountered. The image Barry always keeps in mind while he is working with a dream is that of "Tracking the Deer." His belief is that you do not bring the dream to your conscious ego to figure it out. Instead, you must enter into the world of the dream and follow the signs and symbols to wherever they lead. After talking to Barry about your question he sent this response:

"Perhaps the most useful way to answer the question about the current cultural shifts taking place, as viewed from the dreaming world, is to imagine the purpose and consciousness of the fairy tale ants that come in their multitudes to sort the impossible pile of grain that the hero figure must-but cannot possibly-accomplish from his or her own personal power. To fail at that very task, however, means death.

Dreams I am hearing-with some notable exceptions-are not commenting directly on the outer cultural shifts, even as we struggle for our new place in it.

They come more as the ants, individually sorting that which cannot be imagined or differentiated, using the intelligence of nature to gift us with continued life, the great forces of nature that have to be reckoned with, but for which we have few tools of understanding or coping anymore."

One thing that we have been doing at our events is the morning "Dream Gathering." During this time, people are invited to share their dreams from the night before with the group. This is not a time for really working with an individual dream, but more a time for the community to hear the commentary from the individual and collective unconscious about the work being done in that setting. It is also a time when those truly collective dreams—those that have information about the world around us—can be heard.

We agree with Barry that so many individual dreams seem to carry "a bit of the apocalypse, a piece of a new structure that is seeking to become conscious." This was especially apparent at our April 2002 Conference, The Ecology of the Psyche. One of the evenings was devoted to Dream Theatre, in which each dialogue group decided among themselves on a dream from one of the people in their small group to act out in front of the larger group. They were encouraged to pick a dream that they believed was speaking to the larger collective, as well as the individual dreamer. Images of destruction and darkness that moved into individual and collective transformation abounded. During one dream, I (Sid) remember thinking, "*That which shakes the ground under our feet will ultimately protect us.*" The apocalyptic image is such an important one during these times. But more important is the necessity to integrate these images and visions consciously within the psyche, where they rightfully belong. Otherwise—and the events of 9/11 are a tragic example of this—they MUST be experienced literally. Barry and his wife, Renata Ritzman, wrote a beautiful

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piece for the 9/11 special edition of our newsletter in which they viewed the attacks as shadow dream images:

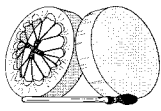
"... a powerful shadow energy has emerged from the unconscious to damage and confront our collective attitude, stability, history, and national and personal identity. The shudder we feel is the presence, at the core of the shadow, of the archetype of evil, the principle of all that is split off, cast out into darkness, and morally disqualified from the light. Psychologically, the most helpful and therapeutic, though most difficult, approach to take is to courageously find a way to begin a dialogue with this discarded, voiceless, enraged, dark and untransformed part of

ourselves by defining and owning those aspects similar to us, but unknown to us.... Blindly and self-righteously reasserting control and stamping out such a manifestation risks a further empowering of the shadow."

Collectively we must go through the same process that the individual undertakes in working with disturbing shadow dream images: courageous dialogue and a conscious owning of those exiled parts. Any other path leads to greater destruction and also greater uncertainty about whether we will make it to the other side.

**DNJ:** That is a profound and truthful statement and, I believe, an auspicious note on which to come to closure. Thank you, again, one and all for sharing your wisdom and time. ☺

**"The age of leaders has come and gone.  
Every person must be  
their own leader now.  
We must remove our  
projection and contain the spirit of our time  
in our own life and our own nature,  
because to go the old way and follow  
a leader is a form of  
psychological imprisonment."  
Sir Laurens Van Der Post**



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[InnerKid2@aol.com](mailto:InnerKid2@aol.com) or  
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## NEW ENGLAND Contact

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PO Box 92 **Greenfield, MA** 01302  
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Egalitarian dream study & interpretation group meets monthly on Sun. afternoon in my home. 112 Minot Rd., **Concord, MA** 01742 Ph: 978/371-1619

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Defenseless under the night, our world in stupor lies:  
Yet, dotted everywhere, ironic points of light,  
Flash out wherever the just exchange their messages:  
May I, composed like them, of Eros and of Dust,  
Beleaguered by the same negation and despair,  
Show an affirming flame. *Auden*

