

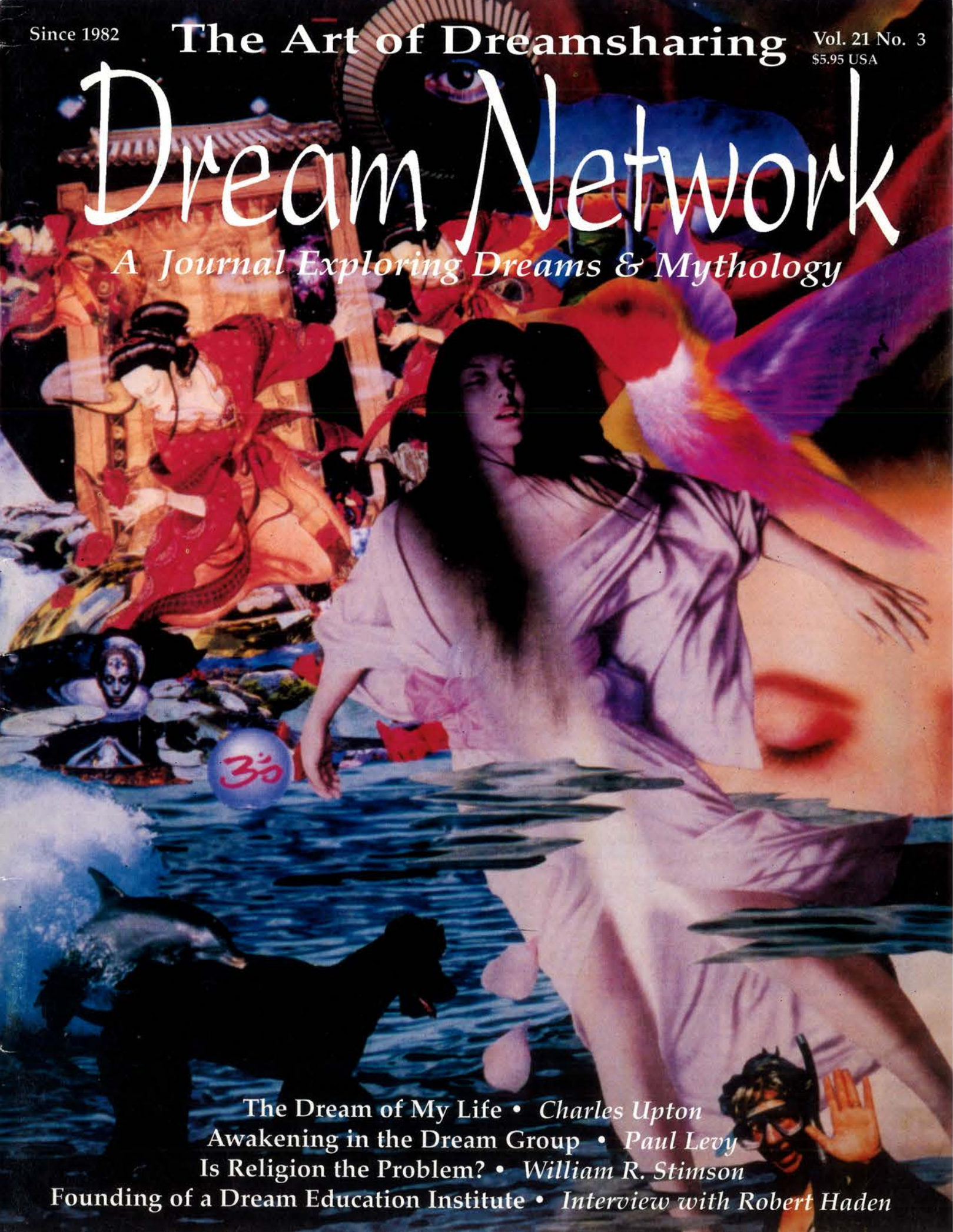
Since 1982

The Art of Dreamsharing

Vol. 21 No. 3  
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# Dream Network

*A Journal Exploring Dreams & Mythology*



The Dream of My Life • *Charles Upton*  
Awakening in the Dream Group • *Paul Levy*  
Is Religion the Problem? • *William R. Stimson*

Founding of a Dream Education Institute • *Interview with Robert Haden*

# Statement of Purpose

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## Dream Network

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1337 Powerhouse Lane, Ste 22

PO Box 1026

Moab, UT 84532-1026

Phone: 435/259-5936

www://DreamNetwork.net

e-publisher@dreamnetwork.net

### Founder

*William R. Stimson, Ph.D.*

### Council of Advisors

*Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.*

*Russell A. Lockhart, Ph. D.*

*Robert Moss, M. A.*

*Graywolf/Fred Swinney, M. A.*

*Rosemary Watts*

*Noreen Wessling*

### Editor/Publisher

*H. Roberta Ossana, M.A.*

### Copy Editor & Proofreader

*Lorraine Grassano*

### Advertising

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

PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532

### Front Cover Collage by Francis Ring

### Review Editors

*April Chase email: chasea@fosterfarms.com*

*Vicki Vlach email: rememberdreams@yahoo.com*

### Contributing Artists, Authors & Poets

*Janice Baylis, Ph.D.*

*Charles De Beer*

*Deborah Koff-Chapin, M.A.*

*Chris & Lorraine Grassano*

*Joy Gates*

*Marlene King, M.A.*

*Tony Macelli*

*Maureen Roberts, Ph.D.*

*Rosemary Watts*

*Noreen Wessling*

*Vicky Vlach*

### Editorial Assistance

*Amanda Domenick*

*Caroline Mackie*

*Lyn Shafer*

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Dream Network

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for Volume 21 No. 4

## **The 'Dream Movement:' Past, Present & Future 1960-**

**Lifeline: 4 Weeks**  
after you receive  
this issue.

## **\*NOTE Regarding Submissions:**

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

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

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

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

# Editorial



Those of you who are long-time readers of this publication may remember the first issue published under my stewardship, Volume 9 Number 1/Winter 1990. In that issue, I reported on an event that had taken place the previous summer entitled "Paddle to Seattle," (pgs. 10-13) in which I was very fortunate to participate. In essence, the Native Peoples of the Northwest were reviving an activity that had been an annual gathering of tribes in that area—but which had not been practiced for many decades—as their way of involvement in the Washington State Centennial program.

In the last issue's editorial, I was moved to share a dream—*Vertical Reality*—which I *knew* held great significance, though at that time, wasn't certain just what it was. Within a few days of having the dream, I received a call from a friend informing me that another 'Paddle' event would be happening and encouraged me to come. Hmm.. I thought... canoes, shells... this invite connects to my dream.

Even though I was in conflict until the moment I left—I did it, I went! Though virtually impossible to articulate, *everything* in the dream became manifest in its own way. There was even a brand new restaurant in La Push, so beautiful, called 'River's End.' The dream was in fact a calling to this event.

The photo on this page, though difficult to get good reproduction on as it's from newspaper, is a view for you of some of the canoes coming into Neah Bay, WA. At the final destination in Tahola, WA, the Quinalt tribe hosted over 5,000 people. These events have been gaining momentum over the years since 1989/summer and I am so happy to report that Native American culture is very, very healthy.



While there, though it was entirely unpremeditated on my part, I was moved to share a dream one of the (now deceased) Makah tribal elders had told me. The dream involved her great-grandson, who was sentenced to life in prison; in the dream, her deceased daughter revealed to my friend what had actually happened. It was clear that her great-grandson was innocent. Everyone I spoke to *listened* with great interest and agreed that they also doubted this young man's guilt. We agreed to do something about it and that is the most significant outcome for me of having made the Journey. We are working toward a retrial and his release as I speak. I ask your prayers and if anyone wishes to know more and/or make a contribution toward this worthy cause, please contact me at 435-259-5936.

So, while I deeply appreciate the perspective on my dream shared by Jeff Lewis (next page) and take his views into serious consideration, I believed it worth taking this space to share my experience.

This issue is a potpourri of articles, art and poetry that have been awaiting the 'right issue,' but which were not appropriate for 'themes' we've suggested over the past few months. Many of the writings are about Dream Groups, offering a wonderful array of suggestions, new tech-

niques and heartfelt experience. Thank you one and all for sharing the important and wonderful work you are doing.

Having interviewed the Culliphers in our last issue and Robert Haden in this issue has sparked enthusiasm for suggesting that—as we approach year's end, always a good time for evaluating and planning ahead—it would be a good time to take a look at the 'Dream Movement:' Past, Present and Future. There has been so much progress made over the past few decades, yet so much 'work' remains to be done in order to achieve our goal of 'Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture.' Consider Robert Haden's response to the last question in our interview (page 38). Very well said and one worthy blueprint for future directions the 'movement' can take.

Dream Network, I am confident, has made a significant contribution toward progress made, so it is here that *you* can voice *your* opinion of significant past and present milestones. This is also the place and time to share your fantasies about how the world will work when we re-create *The Kin of Ata*. Also, tell us what you like, or don't like about *Dream Network*.. Share your hopes and personal stories. Ask Questions. Suggest a topic or focus for an upcoming issue. The Field of Dreams is wide open to your creation and imagination. ∞

## Letters, Dreams & Responses



### Pleased Article Was Published

You don't know how happy I was to return to my school computer and find an email from one of your readers who had just read "The Stone Circle" in your recent issue. Surprised too! Though you had accepted it, I wasn't notified that you had decided to run the story, but I'm not complaining. I'm thrilled. Do you supply a contributor's copy? If so, please send it to my home address.

By the way, the reader loved my story and related a dream she had a year ago that connected very closely to events in the story. Thank you for networking dreamers!

*James Barnes, Crestone, CO*

*Yes, James, we provide several copies of the issue in which your contribution appears, along with a free one year subscription. Thanks again for honoring our pages with your story. (Ed.)*



### Congratulations

Gustav Gonzalez and Leon Van Leeuwen are to be congratulated on having a dream group twenty five years young. That is an accomplishment!

I want to call attention to the fact that they were using only one small (useful as it is) part of my method. I refer to the part they use—the group's projections onto the dream—as an exercise or game, a kind of pump-priming experience. There are several important stages that follow to fully liberate all that the dream has to say.

*Montague Ullman, Ardsley, NY*

### Vertical Reality

Dear Editor,

There's "tough love" and then there's "tough vision." I think several elements in your dream in the summer issue Editorial demand tough vision in order to be understood.

You ask a question in the dream, "how did sea shells from the sea get on the bottom of a fresh water stream?" which you do not answer. I am of the opinion that question demands tough vision to answer.

It is a geological fact that there are sea shells from the sea, ancient seas, imbedded in the geological strata of much of the planet. They came to be there in some sort of world flood which, apparently, is provable as a fact, through this sea shell evidence. So, in other words there is some "scientific" proof there was a world flood, deluge.

Isn't this what you are seeing evidence of down at the bottom of the stream? And aren't you, like Noah, after the Flood, perhaps, SO long after it you do not remember it, descending down into the dream memory of the flood from the Ark?

But, you are finding it "beautiful," when in fact such a world flood is nothing but. It means the annihilation of an entire population on a planet. In all the myths, stories of it, including Native American—Hopi, at least—the world flood wipes out an entire race or people, kind of person, mostly identified in world creation myths as "sinners," and in the Bible at least as sexual sinners.

Which brings me to another "tough vision" place. The sea shell, at least in my symbology, is representative of Aphrodite, her birth and arrival on shore (land path) in a sea shell. In fact your descent down is much like

Aphrodite's birth and your dream is one concerned with "beauty." I think the beauty of the sea shells is "blinding you" to the facts of the myth behind the birth of Aphrodite, from the semen resulting from the castration of Uranus, son and husband of Gaia, Mother Earth.

Which takes us down to the "bottom" where your shaman points to his eye with his index finger. That finger, of course, is the Finger of God, from the Sistine Ceiling, that painting way above the floor, also about the Flood, the Deluge, which destroys the world. It is also the "magic finger" of the magician. Isn't that "look" he is giving you about this?

About the "finger of God" as a euphemism for that other portion of the anatomy of Uranus cut off so that... "beauty" could be born? Isn't he, perhaps, saying that is what the "beauty" here is built upon? And who is the "dream maker" here anyway?

The word "vertical" means, interestingly, "the highest place." Funny you should find it by going down, descending!

Yes, you may "lose" Rose, the feather of Maat, lightness of vision, if you see through this blinding "beauty" to the fact, very tough facts, of the sea shells and why they are there in tough vision.

*Jeffrey Lewis, Minong, WI*



### Enjoyed Music Theme

I wanted to write you a note about the last issue of Dream Network. I enjoyed the music theme very much, in particular the article by Amy Mindell. Well done. A great issue! Kind regards,

*Harry Bosma hbosma@xs4all.nl*

## The Dream I Had Last Night

Last night I had a dream.

*I was at a bar on the corner of a street in a city that was unfamiliar to me. I wore a drab colored shirt, tucked into some drab colored pants. I stood at the bar counter talking to a couple of prostitutes and an older woman. The older woman may or may not have been a madam. She appeared to be the bar maid, but her close relationship with the prostitutes and her flashy clothing made me think otherwise. For she wore brightly colored clothing in contrast to my drab ones.*

The dream was very vivid and real. While standing there talking with the women, I suddenly became very frightened. It seemed that they were trying to impose their way of life on me. I was so much overcome with fear that I left the bar and began to run. It was a very dark night outside, pitch black. I ran with all my might, running and leaping over obstacles in my way, my heart pounding into the dark night, until eventually I escaped them.

Of course, I didn't literally have that dream last night. It's been several months to a year. It was very impressive and, as I said, very real to me. In the dream, I was able to run and jump to escape the prostitutes. I cannot run very fast or jump because I have a leg that is disabled and doesn't function to its fullest extent. To have accomplished what I did in the dream would have been next to impossible in real life.

The dream held significance also in that it was not the first time I had the dream. Previously, I had dreamed of the same street, the same dark night and I wore the same clothing. However, I walked on the sidewalk across from the bar under a street light. Nothing imposing or terrifying happened. I simply walked down the street.

When the dream occurred again and held so much more importance the next morning, I awakened and wrote a poem about it. This time, I was so emotionally tied to the dream that I had to somehow make it real. I felt that I had come to a realization of the meaning of the dream. The conclusion that most would come to was that I was personifying in the dream what I could not do in real life. It was certainly nice to experience the feeling of once again being able to run, jump and make my limbs do whatever I pleased. Yet, there was so much fear in the dream that any exhilaration I might have felt was overcome by the fear.

The poem I wrote would describe the dream as a dream of fear. Fear of something that was bad. Fear of something that I believed to be wrong and I was able to escape from in spite of my disability. It is very hard to be a good person and to do what I think is right. Often I am criticized or ridiculed for being honest or just trying to live decent. I'm sure others have experienced this as well. Just because I have a handicap doesn't mean I don't have to make real choices between what I believe to be right or wrong. Peer pressure is very often underestimated. It can be very powerful and even become violent. Sometimes, I cannot just say "no." I have to put some kind of barrier between myself and what I believe to be wrong. I may have to simply walk away or it may not be a physical battle, but rather a battle of wills. It becomes what I will for myself against what others will for me. What is really frustrating is often all I get in return or have left to rely on is my principles. Somehow that just doesn't seem quite fair.

So you see the dream had a great deal of meaning to it. It wasn't just a case of me living out in my dreams what I couldn't do in real life. I am a

spiritual person and I have a strong belief in Christ. But even if I were not and just had my principles—for I know it is possible for a person not to be a Christian and yet have strong values—there was lesson of encouragement to be taken from the dream. I cannot run, certainly not run and leap, but in the dream, I managed to accomplish the impossible. I was able to wage a war against impossible odds and win.

In the dream, I was afraid of being overcome by what I assumed to be evil or wrong. I was afraid that I would succumb to the force or will power of another. I managed to escape physically in the dream. In real life, there will be other ways to escape. I can walk away or I can avoid those type places or situations. After having had the dream, I do know that there are certain principles that I hold dear and are very real to me. I should not be afraid or shirk from adhering to them. Also, because the dream was a dream that was recurring, I should realize that the danger is always there. I should never let my guard down, because the moment that I do may be the moment that I lose.

Even though I may be handicapped and unable to do many things that I would like to do, there are so many things that I can do. There is absolutely no reason to lose hope or to think that I can't accomplish anything or to think that I am weak. Something just as simple as standing up for what I believe to be right or wrong is an amazing feat. For indeed it is not a simple task but a major battle.

If anyone has comments or suggestions to make about this dream or any of my associations, I would be most appreciative.

*Jeffica Barnes, 79 Bond Street, #D,  
Rochester, NY 14520*

# Awakening



## in the Dream Group



by Paul Levy

I'M NOT SURE WHETHER TO say that I've developed a new way of working with people's dreaming processes, or that I've discovered something. More accurately, I feel safe in saying that something has been revealed through my following my inner process. In any case, I feel strongly drawn to share what my friends and I are discovering in our "Awakening in the Dream Groups."

Let me start off by saying that these groups are certainly not for everyone, as they require a high degree of being able to self-reflect and a willingness to be vulnerable. They only work if enough people in the group are awake enough to realize what we are doing, as they act as so much yeast in the dough, so to speak, helping the bread to leaven. The groups are radically changing people's lives.

These "Awakening in the Dream" groups are based on our life being a dream. More specifically, they are based on how we are "dreaming up" our life moment by moment. In a sense, we are doing a radical experiment, as we are actually imagining that our situation is indeed a dream and following what this shows us. The groups are based on the projective tendencies of our mind, how we are in essence dreaming in and up our life in a way that's similar to dreaming at night, where our inner process is getting dreamed up into our waking life.

The same dreaming mind that is

dreaming our dreams at night is dreaming our life. In a sense, in the groups we are just doing real dreamwork, with the dream being what happens in the group.

We are discovering that we can inquire into who we are by following the process of our being together, without any agenda, structure or strategy about what we're going to do. I call this "following the dreaming." The groups and the relationships in the group themselves become the vehicle for realization, as over time our psyches intermingle, pushing each other's buttons, triggering projections, touching and effecting each other's unconscious. And we simply inquire into this process, by entering the same present moment together with the realization that we are merely dream characters in each others dream.

What this means is that we realize that we are all embodied reflections of one another and that every moment we are all dreaming up this mass shared dream together. This is a waking dream that is mutually, interdependently getting dreamed up by us together. We are all dreaming and picking up roles in one another's process. We are all dreaming up the deeper dreamfield, while concurrently, we are being dreamed up by it. This is not some sort of elaborate visualization practice, but is simply seeing the truth of our situation. When everyone is trained to see the dreamlike nature of

our situation, a certain energy field surfaces that is lubricated for healing.

Part of the process is the sharing of our imaginings, our projections, our hallucinations that we have onto each other's 'inkblots.' Imagine a dream where all of the dream characters are sharing their projections with one another. We are all in a position to see each other in a way that, by ourselves, we couldn't see. Of course, it is up to each of us—whenever we get the rest of the group's reflections—to discern if people are just projecting, or if they really seeing our blind spot? When a dream character in a dream shares their imaginings or projections of who you are—of what they imagine you are doing—it would be foolish not to consider what they are saying.

There is something about being *really seen* by other people. Imagine being in a dream and have your fellow dream characters actually see you where you are asleep, see your unconscious, your blind spot. If this is a dream, who are those fellow dream characters who are seeing your unconscious but the awakening parts of yourself? And how can this not have an effect on you?

By inquiring into the nature of our experiences together, we discover that we are not in a position to actually know what is happening "out there" in the group. There's always the possibility of us projecting, distorting, deluding ourselves. Someone might be

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doing something, for example, and everyone will have a different view of what that person is doing. It's not a question of who's right; this is pointing to something- that we are not in a position to know... what is "objectively" happening out there. But we are in a position to know what we are perceiving (what our particular hallucination is). By everyone in the group expressing themselves out of this realization, it cuts through blame, as well as allowing people to not take things personally. People can then openly share their projections, for we are taking responsibility for our experience.

In the groups, we have the intention to awaken, to transduce light. What this, of course, means is that we will invariably evoke the unconscious, which will act itself out in and through the group. Like Jung says, when an unconscious content is ready to be integrated, it always appears physically, i.e.- it gets dreamed up into the dreamfield. The split-off, unconscious parts of ourselves get projected out and dreamed up by, through, and into the group. To again quote Jung, "everything unconscious, once it was activated, was projected into matter- that is to say, it approached people from outside." There's something about having fellow dream characters who are turned onto this realization that creates a net, or container, in which, instead of allowing the unconscious to vaporize, we can catch and anchor the unconscious content to consciousness, taking away its omnipotence and autonomy, as well as liberating the energy that was bound up in it for creative expression. This is true alchemy.

When someone steps into the unconscious, they are like psychic flypaper, or an out-of-phase inkblot that immediately attracts people's unconscious projections. For you cannot see the unconscious and remain a passive member of the audience. Once you see the unconscious you are a participant in the scene; it all depends on your ability to self-reflect and assimilate what has been triggered in you. Any one of us being able to metabolize what has become activated in us helps all of our fellow dream characters, as this realization registers in the collective consciousness of the group... not to mention the whole universe! In a sense, this is full-embodied, group dreamwork.

To the extent that we are disconnected and dis-associated from ourselves, we are incongruent, which will evoke and attract other people's projections and processes onto our out-of-phase inkblot, as we get dreamed into a role in their dream, and they in ours. We unconsciously react to and amplify in our waking dream exactly what needs to be played out so as to express in embodied form our inner process. We all project, or dream, onto the inkblot of life, connecting the dots in such a way so as to literally "dream up" into materialization our very inner process onto the seemingly outer universe. Then we become entranced by the manifestation, imagining it to be objectively existing and separate from us. In the group, we are helping each other to actually stay in and work through this very convincingly real and seductive situation, as this is the place where we can, in real time transmute this energy, dream the dream differently and assimilate this unconscious content.



At any one point, just like the pendulum with the strongest swing entrains the other pendulums, someone's (unconscious) dreaming process gets activated and everyone else gets dreamed into that person's dream, playing whatever roles are required for the unfoldment of that activated dreaming process. And of course, the role we get dreamed up into by the field is (magically) not only the role that others need us to play, but is at the same time the very role we need to step into and unfold for our own deepest healing. That is simply what is happening all the time with everyone. I am talking about getting a group of people who are awake to this process and creating a container where, instead of just acting it out unconsciously—thereby perpetuating our woundedness—we add one key ingredient: consciousness.

Let me say that it is not easy work. People could be studying with me for weeks, even months, and really "getting" the whole theory of how we are all dreaming one another up, and picking up roles in one another's process so as to actually incarnate, into materialized form, our very life itself. But once someone's unconscious is activated, and their projections fly out onto the 'inkblot' of the group, they are typically not aware that they are dreaming (that the boundary has collapsed between inner and outer; they are then "inside" of their mind). To the extent that people get absorbed into their own dreaming process, they will be unaware that what they are experiencing in embodied form as the actual process in the group, is itself nothing other than the materialization, the embodied expression, played out in real time on the screen of their waking consciousness. When this happens, it is like their inner wound or trauma has blossomed out of their psyche and spilled into actual reality and is playing itself out on the real-time stage of the group. People can become so entranced with the seeming "realness" of the experience they have dreamed up that they actually decide to leave at this point. It is so interesting to watch; right at the point someone has dreamed up into (seemingly) solid form the very inner process that they need to work through, they get freaked out, scared and leave. The group has birthed a saying: "You either change or you leave and blame the group."

It's those times when the person recognizes the deeper process that is happening and stays, that they literally—as well as symbolically—access it in a way that they can dream it through, actually metabolizing and assimilating part of their unconscious. It's like enacting on the stage of life an inner process that one just needed to play out. To actually incarnate and give physical form to it in the imagination alone just wouldn't work; one has to imagine it into being. There is something about where these two worlds coincide that is where the real healing happens.

In our groups, we see any sort of conflict as a doorway into the deeper process, such as when a shadow element manifests itself through someone and they embody and act out the unconscious. Friction creates light. In a typical group, any sort of conflict is marginalized ("We're about love and harmony here, we can't have any conflict."). This is just a reflection of how inwardly polarized we all are towards our

(Cont'd on page 43)

*"Being awake to the dream-like nature of our situation is to see that we are all infinite wave functions pulsating in and out of the void every nanosecond.*

*When someone sees you a certain way (based on their unconscious conditioning), they are—in terms of physics—"collapsing your wave function," i.e. dreaming you up. They are amplifying and evoking out of your full-spectrum hologram of infinite potentiality a particle-ized, limited aspect of who you are.*

*To be more accurate, when someone sees you this way they are just increasing the probability that this is how you will manifest."*



# Dream Space

## The Practical Application of a Vision Part II

by Victoria A. Vlach

**W**HEN WAS THE LAST TIME you simply talked about dreams with a friend or loved one? Just talked, just listened, without trying to interpret anything? When was the last time you shared a dream and it was just heard and held, as itself, for itself? Here's a simple exercise: with a friend or loved one, simply tell each other a dream. Try these questions, or one of your own, as a starting point: What is the first dream you remember? What are your flying (or falling) dreams like? Do you visit any place in your dreams that has changed over time? Do you dream in color? What was your most intriguing, confusing, or interesting dream? Have you awakened from a dream either laughing or crying? Share a dream in which you had a skill that you do not have in waking life, or a dream that had a machine not found in waking life. What was your most recent dream?

What did you discover? What was it like to just listen to a dream? Did you (or your friend) want to figure out what the dream meant? Was there space or silence to simply hold the dream? Was it comfortable or awkward? What was this experience like for you?

WHEN I FIRST SHARED THE IDEA of Dream Space (DN-Vol. 20 #

1&2), I described a vision of working with dreams in a qualitatively different way than is found in many groups and workshops. So many people ask, "What does it mean?" The vision needed a format which could hold these kinds of questions. A practical application of the vision was necessary.

Learning to understand dreams is something like learning a language. When we use dreamwork techniques with the intent of 'interpreting' a dream we are doing much the same thing as rote memorization of a language, approaching a dream \*from the outside\*, learning the nouns, verbs, syntax, spelling, grammar, etc. of the dream world, even diagramming dreams like so many sentences. This works to a large extent and people do find meaning, understanding, etc. Those who work with dreams on a regular basis also find that some techniques work better with certain kinds of dreams than with others. We learn how to use the tools and techniques most appropriate for the dream in question.

What happens when we just talk about and share dreams without trying to interpret them? What happens if we get inside of the dream world itself, become part of that world and let a dream just BE? What hap-

pens if there is space for dreams the same way there is space for friends? What if you and your dreams simply hang out together and just be with each other? It would be like learning a language from the inside, immersing oneself in the culture, living in it every day and getting to know it for itself (the way one comes to know a friend). When one is immersed in a culture—living and participating in the culture which the language describes—then one is \*inside\* the language, and so begins to see and understand the nuances, metaphors, references, jokes, asides, etc. embedded in that culture and expressed in the language of that culture.

Both techniques—rote memorization, and cultural immersion—are valuable ways of learning any language, including the language of dreams. But for me, dreams have embedded within them the very essence of our existence, and the physical world of more-or-less consensus reality is an external manifestation of the dream world, both individually and collectively. Dreams are not 'add-ons' to waking life reality or something separate from us to be 'interpreted;' they are a fundamental part of who we are and what we are doing here. As such, they are entitled to the same 'space' as other important aspects of

our lives. Consequently, the practical application of the Dream Space vision is more like entering into, participating with, and becoming immersed in the culture of our (personal and collective) dream world.

My intention, whenever I work with dreams, is to create and hold the space for participants and their dreams to simply BE, on their own terms, no interpretation needed. I desire to be present. To listen, actively and without judgement. To let there be silence. My intention is, simply, to be with any dream offered by a participant. Tools and techniques are secondary to just BEING WITH a dream.

#### THIS IS WHERE I START.

On the surface, the format I use looks very much like that of many groups or workshops. There are introductions and an opportunity for each person to talk about what they hope to get from that evening's group. There are books to peruse and a few handouts. There is time to share dreams, if anyone so desires. Dream tools and techniques are presented and explored. And there are final questions and wrapping up. But how I approach the dreamworld itself is very different, and that affects how I interact with participants and how the tools and techniques are presented and used.

As participants look through the books and dream-related articles, they receive a page of questions to generate conversation about dreams and dreaming (a few of the questions began this article). These questions have a wonderful effect! Sometimes we simply talk about dreams for the rest of the evening, sharing our experiences, themes, images, ideas, etc.! I also encourage people to continue talking about dreams with friends and family in everyday waking life. Talking about dreams and listening to the dream experiences of others is part of becoming actively immersed in the language and culture of the dream world and

getting to know it from the inside.

Usually, though, at least one person has a dream to share. So I talk about being present and noticing where we are in our own bodies. I talk about listening — not with the idea of trying to 'figure out' what the dream might 'mean', but listening with the idea of simply hearing the dreamer with one's whole attention. Notice any thoughts, feelings, sensations, ideas, associations which come up while listening, but don't put them 'on' the dream right away. Let the dreamer speak their dream and continue to listen without judging or trying to 'figure it out.' Give the dream space to simply be heard. Breathe. When the dreamer is finished, let there be silence to hold the dream. Listening includes silence, and it is the silence following a dream that gives both dream and dreamer the space to BE. Silence also enables us to hear a dream with our full selves. It is also one of the most uncomfortable things for many people to do, surrounded as we are by incessant 'filler' (when was the last time you went to a store, restaurant, etc. that did not have background music playing?).

Throughout the group's two-hour time frame, there are always opportunities to present a variety of dreamwork techniques. The focus, however, is never on 'interpreting' a dream. Rather, the focus is on exploring possibilities, feelings, and associations regarding a dream experience. In essence, techniques open us to the world of dreams. I tend to favor techniques which engage as many of the senses as possible. Techniques like: 'draw a picture/tell a story' (usually a story of someone else's picture); 'listen to your body' (where in your body do you feel [an image?]); describe the sensations; tell the dream in present tense; tell the dream from the point of view a another character or image; variations on role-playing the dream, etc.. I often offer several techniques even when working with a single

dream, actively engaging other participants in the process (imagine this dream is yours), and emphasizing the use of "I" statements when sharing thoughts and ideas regarding another person's dream.

IN EACH DREAM SPACE GROUP, I create and hold the space for dreams to be heard, using techniques to help dreamers open themselves to the language and culture of the dream world. I encourage people to experience a dream from the inside, using their whole self and not just head-logic or plug-and-play approaches. Always, there is room for silence, for not rushing in, for letting a dream simply be itself, and for the dreamer and the group to just be with that dream. This approach seems to be very different from what usually happens in groups or workshops, and it works. Understanding emerges as a dreamer is actively engaged with a dream, not 'trying' to 'interpret' the dream, but getting inside of it, exploring feelings, thoughts, associations, etc. while letting the dream just be itself.

As time runs out, we address any remaining loose ends as much as possible and wrap up the group by sharing 'highlights and lowlights' (what worked?, what did you like?, what didn't work?, what would you like to see done differently?). We close with final thoughts and comments, a handout of various techniques (some used that evening, others not used), and a short booklist.

My hope is that this practical application of the Dream Space vision provides a taste of being with dreams in a way that can become part of everyday waking life: Be present. Hold space for a dream to simply BE. Let go of 'interpreting.' Let dreamwork techniques open you. Notice where you are in yourself. Listen, and let there be silence. Breathe.

The world of dreams is all around us. Immerse yourself in it! ∞

# Dreamplaying Toward Personal Evolution

by Beth Fowler

**T**HE OLD MANSION hunkers at the edge of the village. Pigeons coo and a hay baler clanks. The mansion, virtually away from it all, provided the setting for a weekend of dreamplay. Six of us, ranging in age from 35 to 65, met here to share our night dreams. Some of us had never played with dreams before; others were members of dream groups.

Are dreams wish fulfillment, preparation for the underworld, predictions, soul code, practice for waking life, psychic mumbo-jumbo, entertainment or messages from gods and goddesses? Or all of those things? None of us knew for sure why we dream. But we did know dreams are important. Through dreamplay we hoped to experience feelings, learn about hidden aspects of ourselves and unwrap some of the gifts dreams offer us.

Dream scholars believe that we experience feelings in dreams that we normally block in waking life. During dreamplay, sometimes dream-tellers experience those buried emotions while awake. For this reason, the dream group environment must be safe enough to allow those emotions to bubble forth while awake. To create a safe, supportive, open environment in which dreams could be explored, our dreamplay facilitator provided and monitored several rules. By following the rules,

dreamplay allowed us to feel more open to emotions.

Dreams can be explored alone, with an informal dream group, or with a formal group led by a facilitator. If you'd like to dreamplay alone or with other people, consider honoring the rules we in the old mansion agreed upon:

- Create a sacred atmosphere where dreams can re-emerge and grow. No interruptions. No tedious meeting agendas.
- Light candles, burn incense, drape fabrics over hard-edged furniture. Hold a dream-teller's symbol (a seashell or marble, for example) and do whatever instills a sense of ritual or ceremony.
- Avoid interpreting one another's dreamsharing.
- Ask a person who is hesitant to tell a dream to talk about one particular aspect in their dream.
- Have the unequivocal option to decline to do or say something.
- Don't rescue dream-tellers with statements like, "Don't cry," or "That's not so bad," or "Everybody has dreams like that."
- Withhold judgements and labels.
- Support dream-tellers with comments like: "I see that's a powerful dream for you," and "What does the snake in the dream mean to you?" and "What feelings come up?" and

"What does that remind you of?"

- Allow moments of silence after a dream-teller has told a dream. It takes time to switch gears from telling one's dream to listening to another's dream. Also, because dreams have their own language, it takes a moment for listeners to absorb and respond (silently or aloud) to the images and events a dream-teller shared.
- Avoid the temptation to murder dreams in order to dissect them. Dreams are organic, fluid.
- Keep all dream group activities and conversations confidential.
- Don't use dreamplay as a substitute for therapy or counseling if professional help is needed.
- Don't try to "fix" or psychoanalyze anyone.

ONCE THE RULES WERE CLEAR, we were given a list from which to choose activities for dreamplay. Each dreamplay activity was written on a petal of a paper daisy. To decide which method of dreamplay to use, the dreamer twirled the daisy just like spin-the-bottle players do. A jar with each activity written on a slip of paper works also. The facilitator suggested we "Make a

commitment to use whatever method the dream daisy comes up with, however 'unlikely' it seems at first."

As a member of that dream group, I can tell you it was reassuring when others responded empathetically to a powerful dream that evoked feelings from me. Kindred feelings are proof of our shared humanity. It was also exciting to learn that someone else responded to a dream with completely different feelings. It showed how diverse we are. One dreamplayer who had said she didn't usually dream, had many dreams during those nights at the mansion. At the conclusion of the dreamplay weekend, one person—new to the idea of exploring dreams—said, "I've felt cared for and cherished here." Our Dreamplay was spontaneous, free, gentle and gave us a deeper sense of ourselves.

## IDEAS FOR DREAMPLAYERS

Here are several dreamplay activities from our dream daisy. Some are adaptable for use alone. Others are suitable to use with a partner or in a dream group. You'll probably dream up new activities, too.

- Each person tells a dream. After everyone has shared a dream, each member moves to the chair of the person whose dream touched him or her the deepest and tells what response the dream triggered.
- In turn, each dreamplayer tells a dream in the present tense. e.g., "I am." After each dream-telling, others respond by telling how the dream made them feel. "If this was my dream, I would feel..."
- Make a collage or mold clay shapes inspired by a dream. Don't glue the bits down or fire the clay immediately. Allow the piece to change as you play, for art is a dream in process.

- Write a poem, a skit, a slogan, or a song based on a dream.
- Create a dance based on a dream. Teach it to others.
- Role play different characters from a dream. Characters include shadowy figures as well as inanimate objects. One person can play all the parts or instruct others how to play selected roles.
- Make a card proclaiming an important or cryptic message from a dream. Go with the first thought that jumps into mind.
- Log recurring dreams. Look for a pattern.
- Compare dreams that occur during natural events: seasons, phases of the moon, holidays, visits to parents, bereavement, transitions and so on.
- Throw a dream party. Everyone dresses as dream characters.
- Draw an ocean. Put pleasant dream images above the ocean. Put unpleasant, disturbing dream images under the ocean. Use magazines as a source of pictures and symbols to illustrate your sea of dreams.
- Tell or write a dream as a myth or fairytale. "Once upon a time, there was a child..."
- Write a letter to or from a dream character.
- Pick a date from the past (if you keep a dream journal) and tell that dream to the dream group.
- Draw a comic strip with frames and dialogue balloons depicting a dream.
- Share dreams with common themes such as flying dreams, dreams with snow, water dreams, dreams of being chased and so on.
- Share dreams with common feelings such as disappoint-



ment, anger, fear, grief, joy, anticipation, peace, dread, intimacy.

- List all the colors in a dream or make something with the colors. What colors are missing? What colors do you like? Where are these colors present in your waking life?
- Draw a map of a place in your dream.
- In a relaxed, meditative state, continue a dream that ended or imagine what happened in the dream before it started.

Dreams convey guidance, hints, riddles and clues from a secret coach every night while we sleep. We can make the most of these mysterious teachings by tapping into dream images and feelings during the day. Unconscious dream aspects are there for us to weave into our conscious life. With dreamplay, we recruit our full repertoire of emotions and inner selves to our team and meet the opportunities and challenges life tosses on the road to personal evolution. ∞

*Dreams play integral roles in the protagonist's personal evolution in both of Beth Fowler's favorably-reviewed novels, [Dip Into The Universal Solvent](http://www.xlibris.com) at [www.xlibris.com](http://www.xlibris.com) and [The Dressmaker's Dummy](http://www.thebookden.com) at [www.thebookden.com](http://www.thebookden.com). Contact at [www.authorsden.com/bethfowler](http://www.authorsden.com/bethfowler)."*

# Integrative Dream Narration

by Jaye C. Beldo

"In order to see, you have to stop being in the middle of the picture."

*Sri Aurobindo*

In most of the groups that I've participated in throughout my life — whether involving school, work, home or even ones based on recreational activities such as sports—the undermining elements of factionalism, ego conflicts, and various other differences have interfered with achieving a lasting sense of genuine conspiracy or breathing together. Originating in the shadow sides of our psyches and hidden by our outer personas, these factors serve to discourage healthy and effective group functioning on many levels, in terms of achieving consensus, creating viable solutions to problems and gaining clarity of visionary goals/objectives for the group. Why, in spite of sharing common interests, political, socio-economic and humanitarian values, are we unconsciously antagonistic towards the groups we choose to be a part of? What kinds of subjective reluctance do we harbor in fully contributing ourselves to the group consciousness? What prevents us from experiencing truly universal communion with others?

My experiences with persistent group dysfunction, from Rock bands to working at the local food co-op prompted me to develop "Integrative Dream Narration" (IDN). IDN came quite spontaneously to me one day. I thought that combining dreams into a story in which each group member could participate would be quite effective in overcoming the blocks which inhibit group communications.

I first tried IDN in a class of art students who, along with myself, could not fully cooperate with one another in a way conducive to our spiritual and emotional well-being. I had each participant write a dream synopsis on a note card, emphasizing to use symbolic, transformative dreams concerning wholeness, i.e., getting in contact with the Self (meaning the ultimate core or nucleus of the psyche). I then combined the dreams to create a collective story in which all could listen to and participate in since each individual dream contributed to the cohesiveness of the narration. The inherent fluidity of dreams became much more apparent. I did not have to struggle to synthesize the dreams for they all seemed to combine on their own accord, much like tributaries flowing naturally into a river and then into the ocean.

Instead of assuming the role of an improviser or story teller, I was more like a mediator of the group mind that was being created through the merged dreams. When I finished the story, class members sat in peaceful silence. The narration had evoked a shared consciousness amongst us. We all seemed to be open to one another and breathing together in the true sense of conspiracy. We experienced what the Greeks meant by agreement: *symphonein*, meaning: to resonate together. No one was prompted to speak right away. The silence was not an uncomfortable one. We all en-

joyed this feeling of being fully present, instead of just pretending to be together under the guise of a shared interest. None of us, it seemed, needed to follow the impulses of our egos to rationalize and explain the experience away. During the rest of the class, we were able to come to a consensus as to how the remainder of the semester would be navigated and actually came up with a syllabus which all agreed upon.

I have since employed Integrative Dream Narration to enhance the integrity of many different collectives with very effective, although never predictable, results since there is little or no premeditation involved. Many of the resistances we have towards surrendering to a group consciousness, resistances deeply rooted in fear, loosen up and a new found integrity is created. The word "integrity" has its original meaning in: "entire, untouched, unmarred, an original state." What has so thwarted the success of many different groups, I feel, has been the inability to recognize such a sense of entirety and originality that is always present, if only subliminally. Alcheringa or dream time, for example, the Australian Aborigines considered to be the original state of the world prior to the arrival of human beings. The world in its unmarred entirety. IDN serves to facilitate a contact with primordial community, encouraging an experience of inter-relatedness that helps to diminish many anxi-



eties and isolating/alienating effects that are deliberately promoted in consumerist societies where the power of authority is abused. A holistic speaking, listening and feeling becomes possible once the collective dream matrix is brought into awareness and utilized, substantially grounded in the body politic, so to speak.

Since many illnesses—both somatic and psychic—are induced and prolonged by blockages, encouraging the opening up of communicative channels on all levels—both conscious and unconscious—allows mind, body and spirit to align themselves to a healing sensibility, not only from within oneself but from within others as well. IDN influences and heightens one's awareness of shared experiences, of the subtle body, that are for the most part rooted in unconsciousness and remain unrecognized by most of us, especially when we spend so much of our time maintaining our protective personas when we are amongst others outside of the comfortable circle of our families and friends.

Dreams in themselves have a fluid, autonomous quality to them. We are constantly astonished by what our unconscious minds can create. The word "influence" has its origins in the word "fluid." Directing the current of dreams towards communal integrity can greatly enhance the success and effectiveness of small group functioning and its influence upon our collec-

tive environment. The profound sense of inter-relatedness evoked by IDN has its basis in synchronicity, or the merging of outer and inner events to create meaning, to paraphrase Carl Jung. IDN evokes synchronicities as a result of the dreams being combined. On an intuitive level, awareness of synchronicity becomes heightened, in not only the narrator but the participants as well and influences the 'direction' the narration takes by sensing what is occurring when each individual integrates into the group dream dynamic. Imagine the possibilities of creating atmospheres where synchronicities occur like a much-needed rain storm through our combined dreams.

I once gave a demonstration of IDN to forty people at Unity Church in Minneapolis, MN. Six people volunteered to participate and contributed their chosen dreams. One dream concerned a woman who was led by three angels to what she called a "Wellness Spa," but she didn't know how to run the place. Another woman dreamed that her grandmother was pregnant. One participant dreamed that her ex-boyfriend appeared and told her how sad he was that they were no longer together. During the course of the spontaneous narration, everyone arrived at the wellness spa where there was a fountain in the center. I always emphasize communal places where all can gather in the narrations I conduct. The grandmother gave painless, underwater birth to a golden baby. The baby was then handed to the woman who came to the fountain with her ex-boy friend. I finished the narration, making sure all dreams offered were included in the story, and listened to the enthusiastic comments from the participants and the audience. Afterwards, the woman who dreamed about her ex-boyfriend came up to me and confided, "I didn't want to say this in front of everyone but the reason that my boyfriend and I broke up is because I want to have a child."

As I proceeded with the narration, something in me or, rather, in the Integrated Dream Community, intuited this and had the baby handed to the couple as some sort of reconcilia-

"My experience with persistent group dysfunction—from Rock bands to working at the local food co-op—prompted me to develop "Integrative Dream Narration" (IDN). IDN came quite spontaneously to me one day. I thought that combining dreams into a story in which each group member could participate would be quite effective in overcoming the blocks which typically inhibit group communications."

"Integrative Dream-work has not only promising therapeutic potentials but most importantly, political possibilities as well.

I sense that with each IDN, a revival of the original democratic spirit occurs.

Dream Democracy can be used to integrate the dreams of a dysfunctional family to create a harmonious dream consciousness. "

tion that I intuitively sensed was needed. The combination of these dreams created the matrix in which this synchronicity took place. As the narrator, my sense of individuality became less and less pronounced as all the dreams were combined. Perhaps synchronicities occur outside of the realm of the ego and it is only when we are not solely in ego's realm that we experience them.

The synchronicities that occurred during the narration manifest also in bodily response in both the narrator and participants. At first there is a considerable amount of tension, which is natural when strangers come together to form a group. The tension usually is born of the illusion of separation the participants sense in each other. Breathing becomes restricted (the antitheses of conspiracy or breathing together). But when all the dreams are integrated, the tension dissolves and what I sense as the collective heart begins to open up, the heart of understanding which transcends judgement, definition and ego-centered identity. Interiorizing the communal heart, in turn opens one's own heart, creating a reciprocal balance between self and group. As I proceed with the narration I feel blockages in my own body begin to open, for my body is but a microcosm of the collective dream macrocosm. I cannot emphasize enough for participants to pay attention to their bodies during the narration. The results of opening are beneficial in allowing a person to respond to their own dreams in a way devoid of the usual anxieties born of trying to interpret (as opposed to integrating) the dreams.

In another IDN session with two alternative health practitioners, I integrated the dreams but somehow felt compelled to "control" the atmosphere. I was the only man in the room and the other participants brought in some very powerful, archetypal figures. One in particular was the goddess Oya, the African Goddess of "Weather." My third chakra, the chakra of willpower, became tight. There was such resistance within me that I could hardly carry on with the

narration. I then felt it was safe to make myself a bit vulnerable and asked for help from the others, something I would probably never do under other circumstances. I then found myself surrounded by the other participants who began doing some energy work on me. I managed to trust it. The woman who brought Oya to the forum kept reminding me that the rocks of blockage and resistance she perceived in my gut would be worn away by some soothing water. She kept repeating this while circling her hand near my solar plexus. Suddenly, it started raining outside. As the drops hit the window panes I felt myself relaxing even more. I managed, with the help of the dream polis, to overcome some very deeply-fixed control issues through this atmospheric synchronicity.

Once awareness of the relation between one's body and the integrated dream body is heightened and then trusted, an interactive stage seems to set in, as cited in the above example. Participants are asked in many ways to contribute to the narration, instead of just one person creating what happens. The interaction takes place not only in oral articulation of dreams but in working with imagery, movement and energy as well, creating a foundation on which to base further involvement in collective dream work. In essence, a Dream Democracy is being created every time IDN is used.

Integrative Dream work has not only promising therapeutic potentials but, most importantly, political possibilities as well. I sense that with each IDN, a revival of the original democratic spirit occurs. Dream Democracy can be used to integrate the dreams of a dysfunctional family to create a harmonious dream consciousness. Consider the long-range benefits of democratizing the dreams of the board members of major corporations with its employees. Or consider integrating the dreams of a republican with those of a democrat. Consider the theoretical possibilities of integrating the dreams of quantum physicists. The collective dream body created from such integrations could hold the key to long-range





# Dream Prints

"LORETTA ANAWALT'S poems are like recollections of our own dreams, as are Robert Helm's paintings.

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## Dream Prints ~ Page 58

My Uncle M. and my Aunt E.  
are going off to bed  
to make love.

They've decided to live together  
from now on.

They're both widowed  
and they've been lonely.

My aunt has fat hips,  
but so did his wife.

He'll feel right at home  
having sex with her.

It'll be like old times.

solutions to some of our most immediate and seemingly intangible problems.

There are several ways IDN can be used. I suggest forming a group that meets once a week for at least eight weeks. Have each participant bring along a journal in which to record their experiences. In the appendix are additional guidelines in case there are issues that arise in the group. Dream Democracy is a powerful catalyst which can trigger powerful experiences ranging from telepathy to clairvoyance and synchronistic experiences. Here are some suggested guidelines for creating the initial forum:

### INTEGRATIVE DREAM NARRATION

1. HAVE EACH PARTICIPANT (there should be no more than five or six) sit in a circle and pass around note cards. The dream narrator should leave the room. Participants are instructed to write their dreams down legibly, particularly ones that are

highly symbolic and important to them. The dreams should not be read by other participants. A synopsis of the dream is adequate as long as a meaningful scene or symbol is included. Extended or complicated dreams do not work well. Always emphasize to write down an important scene in the dream, if the dream itself is too long but the participant wants to contribute it.

2. THE DREAM NARRATOR enters the room, sits down and reviews the note cards that have been gathered, by shuffling through them and imprinting images, sequences, even the tone of dreams, in her/his memory. Dream Narrators should go through the cards two or three times. Writing down clues as to how the dreams should be connected on a separate sheet of paper is helpful in making sure all dreams are integrated. I write the dreams down in a circle and leave the center open.

3. THE DREAM NARRATOR initiates the Integrative Dream Narration by using one of her/his dreams, one

that has been evoked by reviewing the note cards and/or a pre-chosen dream. Once a portion of the dream is conveyed, the narrator begins to integrate participants' dreams into the story. The narrator can pause and instruct the participants to pay attention to their bodies throughout the narration, i.e., changes in breathing, where they are holding tension, where they are relaxing, where they are resisting, where they are harmonizing.

4. MAKE SURE TO INCLUDE ALL DREAMS before continuing on. When all the participants' dreams have been integrated, the narrator pauses and allows the participants to sense the integral presence of the collective dream matrix evoked by incorporating all dreams into the narration. The participants are instructed to begin breathing deeply for a few moments, noting where they may be holding tension in their bodies and encouraging them to let go of the tensions.

(Cont'd on page 42)

# The Dream Poetry of Douglas Worth

## STEWPOOT

In my dream I saw a stewpot  
much like ours, bubbling  
with fish and vegetables and fragrant herbs,  
but around and below the rim  
were set seven sparkling stones  
each of a different color  
and each with a vision inside.

In the first stone I saw  
two lovers making love  
and through them one spirit  
of circling fire streamed.  
That stone was the bloodbird's color

In the second I saw  
two butterflies playfully  
spiraling, dancing in air  
who turned, as I watched  
into leaves and went whirling away.  
That stone was the sunbeam's color.

In the third I saw  
two feet deeply rooted  
in Mother Earth  
and two arms stretching  
into Father Sky.  
That stone was the hemlock's color.

In the fourth I saw  
a necklace of linked hands  
arching across the sky  
from East to West  
that crossed with another  
arching from North to South.  
That stone was the rose heart's color.

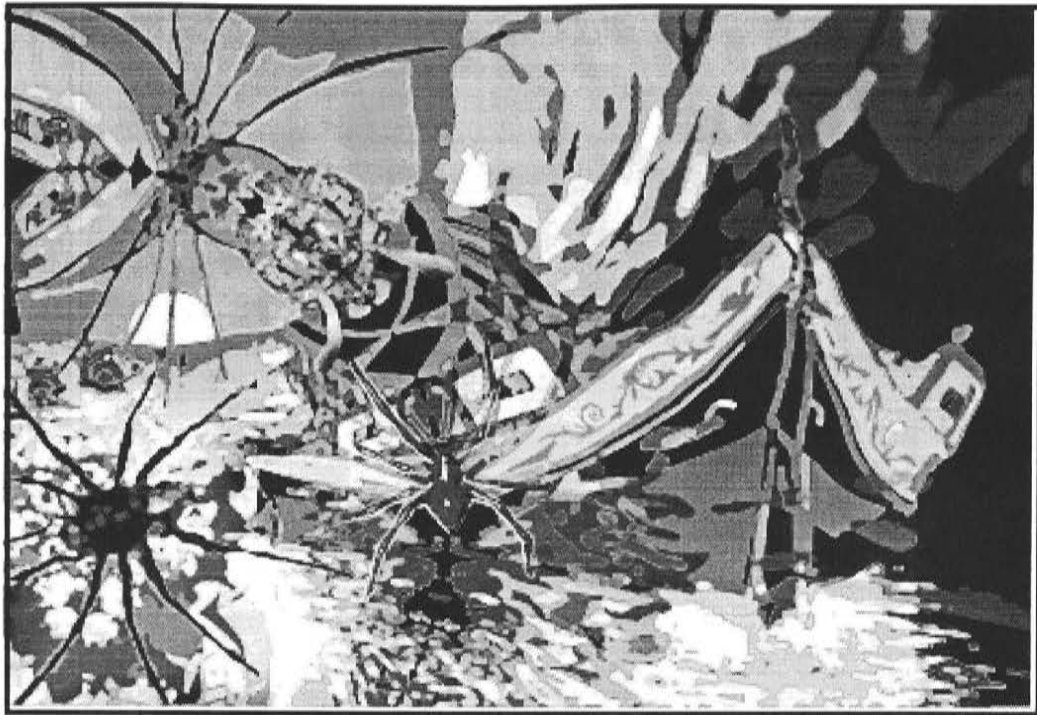
In the fifth I saw  
a throat dressed in gleaming feathers  
swelling with song  
till it burst into flames and flight.  
That stone was the ripe grape's color.

In the sixth I saw  
an eye that was dreaming  
flutter and slowly open  
into a nest of stars.  
That stone was the clear sky's color.

In the seventh I saw  
the endlessly changing, unchanging  
ocean of all that is.  
That stone was the iridescent  
seafoam's colors.

Then the stewpot grew big as a hill  
and I saw a ring of people  
redskins and lightskins  
and brown, black and yellowskins  
walking around the rim  
in a sacred manner  
and a voice rose out of the stewpot  
and said, "Eat!  
There's plenty for everyone.  
Sit down together and take your fill.  
It is good."

Reprinted from *Echoes in Hemlock Gorge: An American Sequence for the New Millennium* with the author/poet's permission.. "Stewpot is written from the point of view of Sits-on-a-Rock, a Native American woman of the 1600s who speaks a number of the poems in Douglas Worth's writings.



## Spider Bones: "When in a Dream, Follow the Beam"

Dreamt by Robert Jude Foresee

The river below me is rushing by as I begin to cross an old wooden walk-bridge.

I find myself midway, when the fear of falling into the river shifts my balance; I begin to wonder what I am doing here.

The roar of the river sounds like a voice cascading through my dream. I can feel an underlying, undulating message circulating throughout my veins and, as the river dares me to pass over it, the message becomes clear: 'crossing over' was a communiqué. "Your past lives," whispers from the other end of the bridge. I feel an intense sense of hesitancy. I am at first reluctant to cross this decaying bridge. When I notice a lighthouse in the distance, spinning its welcoming beam,

I say to myself, **"When in a dream follow the beam."**

Suddenly, I am beside the lighthouse, staring up to the top. It seems as tall as a skyscraper. I look around its circumference, for I have prearranged a dream-connection with someone I met on the web; we had agreed to say,

"The fog's not bad tonight." We would try to recall facial or body features...

As I step over the end, I am suddenly transformed on a beach, and out from the ocean, a swarm of spiders—some with human faces—surface, frantically scampering about. The sheer multitude of them begins to overwhelm me (I rarely become frightened in a dream). As I look about me, what I see is a sea of tombstones beside the lighthouse.

I run to them. There are bones scattered all over the dreamscape.

I look over my shoulder and see the spiders rapidly approaching.

I'm not frightened of spiders but, as I said, there is a pulsating swarm, growing larger and some begin speaking to me. I remember one saying, **"We are the chatter of past lives."**

One tombstone has inscribed on it "Can't Rest in Peace." Another said, "In Memory of Lives." I then think I see another shadow. As I turn, I see no one. At first I think I am dream-connecting but all I can see is a faint form, speechless and transitory. To make things worse, these spiders are growing and almost the size of horses.

I glance to the lighthouse and wish I was inside.

Then I am looking up a spiral staircase leading up to the top of the lighthouse.

The spiders are making these strange crunching sounds as they move about. They are crackling over unearthed bones in the bone yard. I begin to make my way up to the top of the lighthouse, where I feel I can take refuge and look through the fog to see what's happening.

As I get to the top of the lighthouse, I can feel the cool ocean breeze caressing me. As I look out from the top, I see a massive, partially-fleshed skeleton, devouring the spiders. Its' skull is wearing a strange grin and is winking at me.

# Personal Evolution & The Founding of a Dream Education Institute

## An Interview with Robert Haden

INTERVIEWED BY ROBERTA OSSANA

**DNJ:** Thank you for being willing to share of yourself and your time, Robert. I would like to begin the interview by introducing you to readers via your personal history. I'm deeply impressed-given the materials you've shared-with the evolution of your life: always curious, questing, growing, giving.

What were the initial stimuli? Could you share that evolution in overview. . . with an emphasis on how dreams have become such an integral part of your work?

**BOB HADEN:** I only remember two dreams before the age of 40, but over a thousand dreams since then. Forty was a pivotal year for me. Carl Jung says that "The first half of life is for success and the second is for meaning." By the age of 40 I was a success. I had won the top high school awards and was national, regional and local president of the Episcopal youth. I married a wonderful woman, Mary Anne, and we have three great sons. After graduating from college, I taught school and coached basketball. After graduating from seminary, I was a Vicar of two small parishes, on the staff of a large Cathedral, and at 35 was Rector of a large multi-staff Church. I completed an additional two years training in Pastoral Counseling and was trained in Transactional Analysis. I organized ten weekly seminars for 300 people at a Cathedral, revived Christian education for the National Episcopal Church with yearly conferences of 300 to 600 people, and was chair of program for a major conference center. In addition, I had a lot of friends and was having a lot of fun in life.

Then came the beginnings of the dark night of the soul. Like Dante, "in the middle of the journey of my life I came to myself in a dark wood where the straight way was lost." I was about to take the psychological and spiritual journey down into the hell (awareness), and the climb up Mount Purgatory (psychological and spiritual work), and off into

the heavenly spheres (the mystical world). As I began this second half of my journey, I felt spiritually dead inside. The communication with the Divine was not there. The "God is dead" syndrome of the 60's was catching up with me. At the suggestion of a friend, I went to the Jesuit Center for Spiritual Growth in Wernersville, PA for four days of silence. I had never been in one day of silence. I was climbing the walls and wanted to get out of there, but then a whole other world opened up to me. My inner spiritual connection with the Divine was reopened. That was a pivotal experience that has produced a lot of deep, good fruit in my life. I understand Matthew Fox saying that it was the initial work on his book on "Prayer" that produced all since then.

Coming out of that experience, I wanted a new spiritual discipline for myself. Dreams (and meditation) filled that void. At that time I was given a two-week fellowship at a Seminary where I studied Jung, started recording my dreams and had my first visit with a Jungian Analyst. I was hooked! I said to myself, "There is a whole other world that I did not even know existed." I called Morton Kelsey and asked him what I should do if I wanted to be a dreamworker to help others with their dreams. He said the first step was to work with an analyst on my own dreams. I did that for ten years. When I made the first appointment with the analyst, I asked her if I needed to prepare anything. She said, "No, the dream will tell us what to do." I said, "You are crazy, but I will come anyway."

In my 'initial dream,' the night before my appointment,

*I am going in the back (basement) door of a house on the other side of the Catawba river. In the basement is a couch, a refrigerator full of frozen food, a very young reverent priest and an old rigid priest.*

*There is a wise woman in the background.*

Initial dreams are so interesting. Many times they spell out the therapy or journey that is needed. I always ask people I am seeing if they had a dream the night before. This initial dream of mine said many things about the ten-year journey I was to take with my analyst. The Catawba river was the western boundary line of the Diocese where I worked. I wanted to go outside the diocese to do my inner work. I also went in by the back door. I said I wanted to help others with their dreams. In reality I wanted to work on my own dreams and myself. The sofa, of course, represents the therapy/therapist. It was an old sofa. It had held many people and now would hold me up. Our work consisted of taking one thing at a time out of the freezer and thawing it.

"Water" in dreams is often a symbol of the unconscious and "frozen water" then, is things frozen in the unconscious. I was aware of the "young, relevant priest" side of myself, but not the "old rigid priest" inside. My analyst was really a 'wise woman' who put me in touch with my own inner wise woman. Jung says that we have to see things in projected form before we can identify it within ourselves. I really appreciate the way Carl Jung affirms things like 'projection.' In many disciplines 'projection' is just seen as bad. I began to affirm both the good and the bad in myself and to see the gold in the shadow.

This was the beginning of a new journey that led me to New York and Zurich for additional training, culminating in the establishment of the Haden Institute to train people of all vocations in the art of the dream and others in Spiritual Direction and Guidance with a heavy emphasis on dreams, Jungian psychology and the mystics of all traditions. But of course there were waking and sleeping nightmares, warning dreams, prophetic dreams, numinous dreams, and healing dreams along the way.

**DNJ:** In the early stages of your soul's 'dark night,' you said: "Dreams and meditation filled that void. At that time I was given a two-week fellowship at a Seminary where I studied Jung, started recording my dreams and had my first visit with a Jungian Analyst. I was hooked! I said to myself "There is a whole other world that I did not even

know existed."Also, "I was hooked!"

In retrospect, and with your extensive background in religion prior to that time, why do you believe that your inner life was so dramatically unrepresented and under-nourished up to that point?

**BOB HADEN:** Both my inner and outer life had been deeply nourished in my early years, but all of a sudden it was gone. My earlier nourishment and connection with the divine was very genuine and real, full of grace and experience, not rules and distance. I was lucky. But like all humanity, it was given to me by my Mother. By "Mother" I mean "Mother Church," "Mother Culture," "Mother Society," "Mother Family" (parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles), "Mother School," etc. It was real, but it was Mother's.

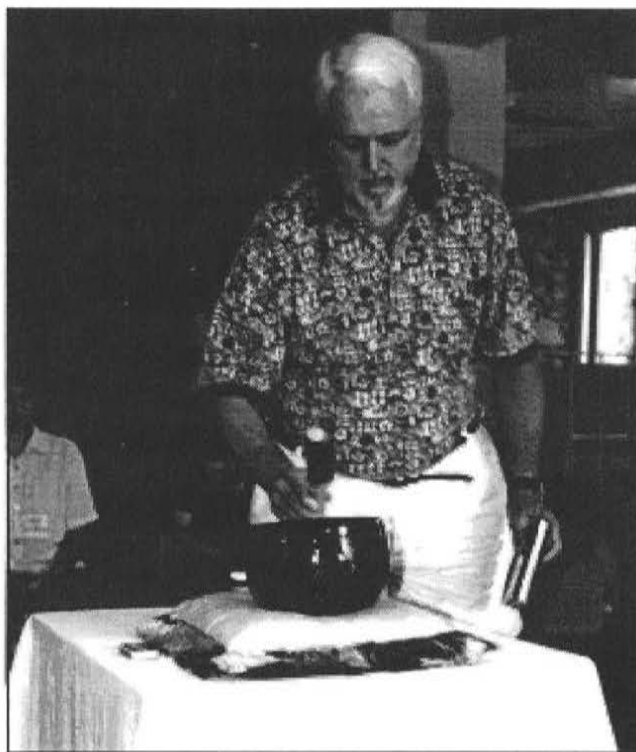
The old saying goes "God has no grandchildren."Every new generation (and person) has to finally establish its own relationship with God. I was a grandchild of God. The only way for me to become a child of God was for separation to happen. I had to first die to being a grandchild.

That's what "The Chaos Theory"—in politics, sociology, science and theology, as well as death/resurrection in spirituality—is all about. It is an archetype that is ingrained in the universe. This separation is also referred to as the "Orphan Archetype."

One of my separation dreams was a powerful one. In the dream...

*I am given a machine gun and told I can shoot anyone in my Parish and it would be OK. I am reminded that this is a dream and it is OK. I shoot a woman in the mouth because she talks too much. I shoot a man in the stomach because I can not "stomach him." One person isn't even worth shooting, so I spell SOB in the sand with the gun. After the shooting, the scene shifts to a Church service. I am dancing with a female liturgical dancer. There is a 40-male voice choir. My wife and three sons come and join the liturgical dance. My family dances down the Isle and out the front door, climbs on five camels, and travels up Interstate 85 to Kanuga (the conference center mentioned before).*

*Then to just beyond Kanuga.*



Haden Institute director, Bob Haden, rings the Buddha Bell to conclude the period of silence before a dreamwork session.



Director Bob Haden with three participants: Cindy Jordan, N.C. hospital chaplain and massage therapist, Pat Murray, Arkansas priest and Barbara Pendergrest, mother from Atlanta, GA

Many professionals and others in their jobs hold anger in, but especially the clergy who are supposed to be "nice" to everyone. This anger blocks much creativity and deeper relationships. That's why Julia Cameron in *The Artist Way* suggests "morning pages" (three written pages of whatever come out as soon as you wake up). Once these negative thoughts come out, the flood gates of the creative are opened. So, in the dream, once I shot everybody I was mad at (let my anger out), here came the dance. The scene change represents a transformation. I am led in the dance by the feminine. I am supported by the masculine which is whole and solid (40 men). Camels, for me, are associated with the desert. Once separation happens, we go into the spiritual desert. Once Jesus went and was baptized (separated from his family and knowing what his mission was) he went immediately into the desert for 40 days to deal with his demonic side. It was significant that the journey ended not at Kanuga, but just beyond Kanuga. That had a double meaning for me (as often happens in dreams). Our mountain cottage is just beyond Kanuga. It is for me what "The Tower" was for Jung. It was significant that I was not the only one going there, but my whole family. They truly have been on this journey with me. I was also going just beyond Kanuga in the sense that the kind of work I was now going to do was beyond the programming I did in the past at Kanuga.

To answer your question directly, the deeper inner life had not opened up to me because I had not separated. There

is also another part of me that wants to say that it was also because I did not grow up in a culture that honored the dream and the meditative world. We were totally under the grips of the scientific and rational revolution. It is significant that all cultures and all major religions honor the dream, except for western culture and religion. The Bible is full of dreams and Christians for centuries spoke of the dream as one of the primary ways that God spoke to God's people. It makes perfect sense to me because I believe that the Divine's major language is (like the dream) metaphorical and comes from a center of healing and wholeness. After the Enlightenment, western religion not only dropped the dream but many spiritual tools: the Jesus Prayer (a repetitious prayer where you relax your whole body, becomes aware of your breath, and you repeat a Jesus mantra); the Labyrinth (an archetypal three-part prayer walk where as you walk in, you are shedding everything on your mind, in the center you are still waiting on the sense of the presence of the Holy, and walking out feeling at one with God, nature, people and the world); Centering Prayer and the Celtic tradition of experiencing God through nature. All of these take you, of course, to the other world. Luckily, all of these practices are rising again. So, in summary, it was probably both: separation (the lack of) and the east/west split.

**DNJ:** What do you now see as the 'bridge' or relationship among religion, prayer, dreams and meditation?

*(Continued on Page 38)*

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**James Hollis**, is Director of the C.G. Jung Center of Houston, TX, Jungian Analyst in private practice, and a graduate of the C.G. Jung Institute of Zurich. He has authored 50 books and articles.



**Diana McKendree**, Jungian-oriented psychotherapist, Anamcara (soul friend and guide), process consultant, lecturer, working extensively in England, Canada, and the United States. Specializing in dream interpretation and executive coaching.



**Keith Parker** is an ordained Baptist minister and Jungian analyst in private practice in Switzerland and America trained at the C.G. Jung Institute in Zurich.



**Jeremy Taylor** is Past President of the Association for the Study of Dreams, a thirty-year teacher of the Dream in church and community, Unitarian minister, and author of *Where People Fly* and *Water Runs Uphill*.



**Ann Ulanov** is Professor of Psychiatry and Religion at Union Theological Seminary, New York, Training Analyst at the New York C.G. Jung Center, Analyst in private practice, and co-author of a multitude of books.



**Robert Bosnak** is a Jungian Analyst trained at The C.G. Jung Institute in Zurich. His book include *A Little Course on Dreams* and *Tracks in the Wilderness of Dreams*. He is founder of the *Cyberdreamwork Movement*.

See our Web site, **www.HADENINSTITUTE.com**, for spiritual direction training and Canadian programs.

# Daring Creativity

by Joy Gates

*This dream seems to feature my present process of emerging from my cocoon of careful containment.*

*I am in a funky San Francisco-style apartment, cobbled together from rooms in a large old building. I've done some of the work on the apartment myself as well as some decorating. Three young men are staying with Bill and me for a short while and they walk with a heavy step, causing objects to rattle. I will be glad when they're gone.*

*I walk lightly. I go outside into the night and enter the apartment building from another door, one on the right, which leads to a different set of apartments.*

*I am curious to see what these folks have done with their space. These residents are in a halfway house for mental patients. I see that they have painted the hallway and apartment doors in bright psychedelic colors and patterns which I really like. I am inspired by their daringness and when I walk out to return to the door leading to the apartments in my side of the building, I resolve to be more colorful and daring in my own creativity. From outside I look down into a basement window that glows with ruby-red light.*

*It is shining from the bathroom window of my apartment.*

*I am pleased with the energizing effect of this colorful glow.*

*I surely got that one right on target!*

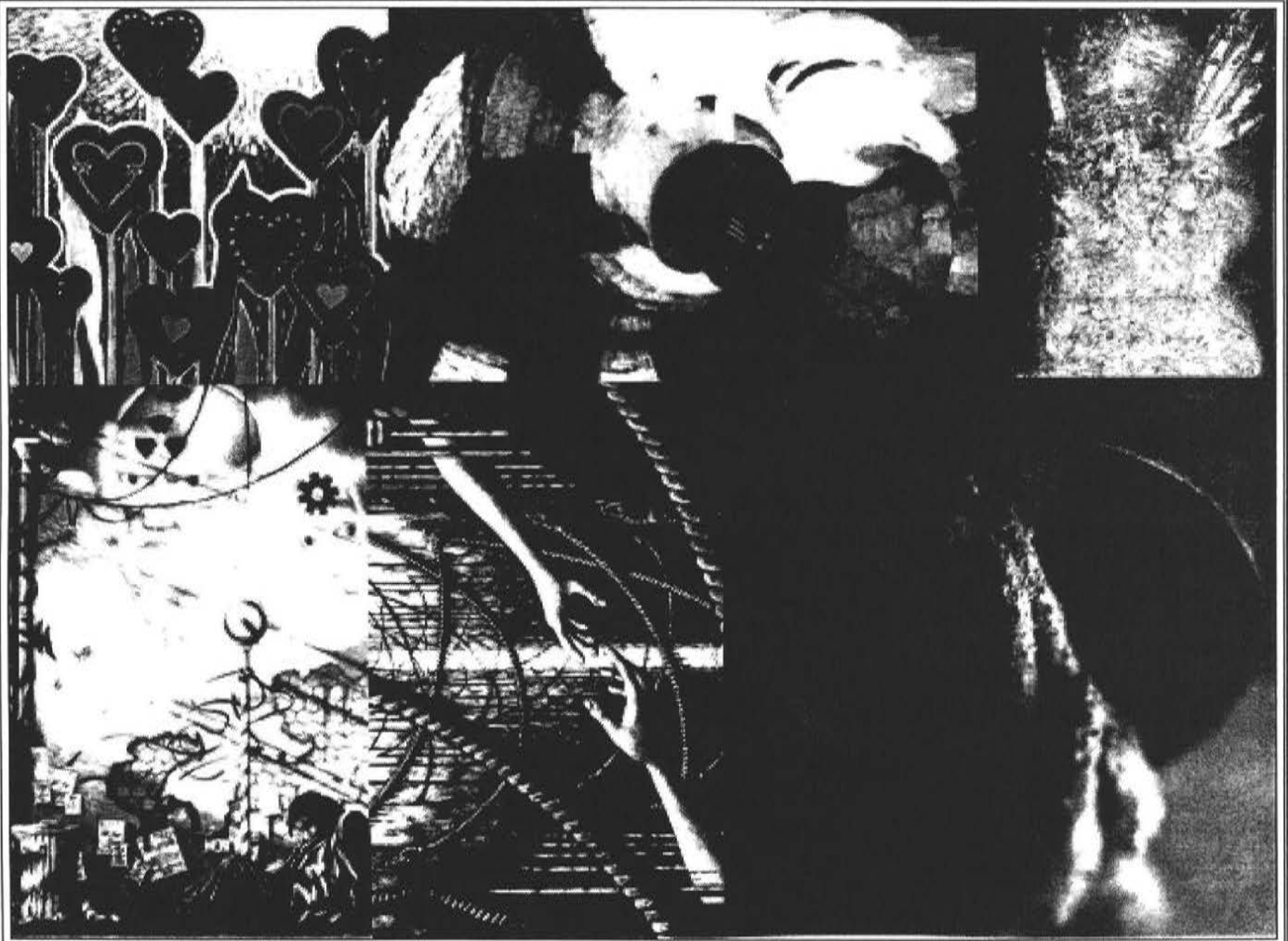
In my journal I write: 'This dream seems to intimate more of an integration of my conscious values with my unconscious or semi-conscious intentions. Probably when the heavy-footed tread of my mental goals, measurements and judgments has moved on to its own working realm, then I may feel more energized to loosen my hold on my protective goodness. I've got the ruby red of my sexual center glowing through — I've made a beginning in respecting the color and vital potential of my varied and contrasting aspects.

When I study the collage I create from images that feel expressive of the dream energy, I notice the linear quality of the bottom left resolving into a curving movement after the joining of the two hands into a prayerful gesture on the bottom right. The top of the collage seems to express a validation of color, playfulness and raw spiritual outpouring. I feel encouraged to dare greater freedom of my creative craziness and outrageousness, to let my light shine yet brighter. ∞





*"When I study the collage I create from images that feel expressive of the dream energy, I notice the linear quality of the bottom left resolving into a curving movement after the joining of the two hands into a prayerful gesture on the bottom right. The top of the collage seems to express a validation of color, playfulness and raw spiritual outpouring."*



"Daring Creativity" Collage by Joy Gates

## Book Review

by April Chase

### Swedenborg's Dream Diary

Edited by Lars Bergquist,  
Translated by Anders Hallengren  
Swedenborg Foundation Pbl.: 2001

Swedenborg's Dream Diary, edited by Lars Bergquist, has recently been published for the first time in English by Swedenborg Foundation Publishers. Although earlier translations of Swedenborg's dream diary have been published, Mr. Bergquist's version is one of the most in-depth commentaries available.

Emanuel Swedenborg (1688-1772) was the type of super-genius only rarely recorded by history. In fact, a Stanford University team, which estimated the IQ of various historical figures using the Terman Standard Intelligence Test, tied Swedenborg, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe and John Stuart Mill as the greatest intellects in history. Swedenborg formulated an atomic theory of matter, did extensive anatomical studies in which he identified the function of the cerebral cortex and the ductless glands, wrote mathematical textbooks, and founded the science of crystallography. He also wrote works on such diverse subjects as metallurgy, astronomy, chemistry, economics—and in his later years, biblical interpretation and topical theology. He spoke nine languages, made numerous inventions including a submarine, and was active in Swedish political life.

A series of spiritual experiences from 1743 to 1745 caused Swedenborg to believe he had been divinely selected to write and publish religious works. Some of these visions or 'ecstasies' are detailed in the dream diary he kept from 1743 to 1744. This rather short diary, with several pages torn out, was discovered and published in the 1850's.

Bergquist follows the diary from its beginning, mostly travel notes and social commentary on fellow travelers written during a journey to England, through a series of increasingly religious dreams which illuminate the

personal (political and health-related) and spiritual crises Swedenborg was going through. The religious dreams reflect Swedenborg's interest in the Moravian movement, then his gradual shift to his own unique religious perspective, flavored by the teachings of his Lutheran bishop father.

It has been suggested that Swedenborg's dream interpretations foreshadow Freud somewhat. As Bergquist states in the introduction:

"For a modern reader of the dream book, it soon becomes obvious that the well-known thesis of Freud's Interpretation of Dreams—dreams are absolutely egotistical—to some extent applies here. Likewise applicable is Freud's basic view that dreams are expressions of 'wish fulfillment' or that dream phenomena 'mean' just what they suggest to the dreamer."

However, Jungian interpretations and many others are possible. The significant point is Swedenborg's own belief that the dreams have meaning.

Swedenborg believed that dreams and visions were a part of Divine knowledge, inspired from above by God, or good or bad spirits. He realized that things in dreams could act as symbols with definite, consistent meanings, and since not all dreams came from God, he believed it was important to understand the symbolism, so as not to be misled by evil spirits. He felt his own dreams were divinely inspired and called him to a God-given mission. Although in this early stage of his religious conversion, he was not sure what that mission was, he began writing down his dreams to help him interpret their meaning.

Many of the symbols he describes in his Arcana Coelestia (Secrets of Heaven), a later work in which he analyzes the symbolism of Genesis and Exodus, are also found in his dream diary. The diary entries are the raw beginning of the multitude of religious texts Swedenborg produced over his last twenty-seven years. The themes first mentioned in the diary were developed and refined in his later writings.

Bergquist, drawing from Swedenborg's own interpretations, expands on

the symbols in Swedenborg's dreams and the meanings attached to them. Sexual themes, visions of friends and acquaintances after death, and themes dealing with denial of his physical/worldly past and the venality of Sweden's king and court abound. Bergquist explains the historical events that put these dream symbols in context. A universal and timeless yearning for a simpler life, free from material pressures, is also apparent. Religious significance is paramount, reflecting both Swedenborg's religious call and the typical phrasing of his background and era.

Swedenborg strongly felt that God was telling him something. He experiences delusions and doubts, dreaming one night that people will worship him as a saint for the work he will achieve, one indication out of many of the strength with which Swedenborg is absorbed by the idea of a divine calling. Then the next night, he repents his delusions of grandeur. Bergquist notes:

Swedenborg does not differ essentially from other Christian mystics. Most of them experienced a feeling of being 'called' or of being granted divine insight, followed by the demand for 'purity', clashing with the natural desire to cling to habits, customs, and old ways of thinking.

Despite his hesitance, Swedenborg followed his visions. He quit work on the encyclopedia of the animal kingdom he had been working on, and started writing the religious works that occupied the remainder of his life. The call was just too strong to ignore.

Was Swedenborg schizophrenic? Some scholars believe that would explain the visions Swedenborg experienced during trance-like ecstasies, and certain odd behaviors reported by his contemporaries. However, as Ernst Benz says in his work *Emanuel Swedenborg: Visionary Savant In the Age of Reason*, "The ingeniousness of a person and the spiritual value of intellectual achievement do not depend on whether the achievement sprang from a normal or abnormal mental state. By attempting to explain geniuses like Swedenborg in merely clinical terms,

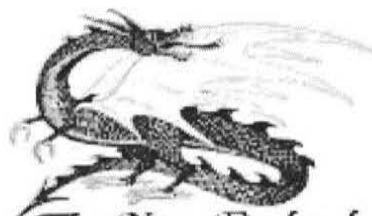
no insight into the value of the information stemming from their dreams, trances, raptures or ecstasies is gained. After all, history is full of 'crazy artists' whose works are sublime, regardless of the creator's mental state."

Bergquist attributes Swedenborg's oddities primarily to illness and overwork, as well as the intense passion he felt for his work of writing, more than mental illness - although he does acknowledge that theory.

Bergquist's commentary gives us a clear, although certainly very scholarly, analysis of the dreams. His generous notes on the political, social and personal events mentioned by Swedenborg clarify entries that would otherwise be rather cryptic. Since Swedenborg was writing the diary for his own personal reference, and not for publication, the original text is messy, full of misspellings and scribbled out portions, and without much detail. Bergquist fleshes it out admirably, referring to and quoting other works by Swedenborg extensively, which helps the reader get a feel for the mystic's remarkable intellectual accomplishments.

Many eminent artists, writers, musicians and scholars of the past were influenced by Swedenborg's works. William Blake, Charles Baudelaire, Honore de Balzac, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Thomas Carlyle, August Strindberg, William Butler Yeats, John 'Appleseed' Chapman, Helen Keller - and the list goes on—were all inspired by Swedenborg's philosophy. Clearly, he was one of the most influential thinkers of his era.

For the modern reader, this book offers a fascinating glimpse both into the life of an important philosopher, and into how dreams were valued and interpreted in the mid-eighteenth century. The book's broader message, that dreams can change lives (and did in fact change Emanuel Swedenborg's life) will be of great interest to anyone seeking the message in their own dreams. ∞



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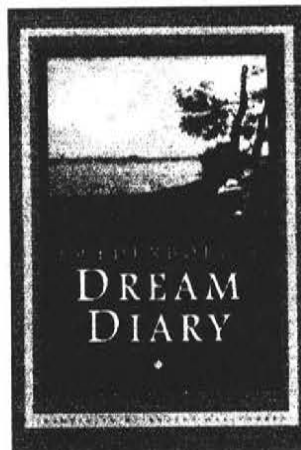
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SWEDENBORG'S DREAM DIARY

LARS BERGQUIST

*Anders Hallengren, translator*

Swedish man of letters Lars Bergquist explains the often enigmatic dream journal that Emanuel Swedenborg kept from 1743 to 1744 during a period of spiritual crisis. Swedenborg, then a scientist, recorded his dreams and visions and added his own interpretations, creating one of history's first and longest dream analyses. The diary, a key to understanding Swedenborg's later spiritual

works, reveals his daily life, particularly his struggle against temptation.

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## Dream Landscape

We were sitting in two chairs  
in the middle of a vast empty classroom  
where the twilight was coming irrevocably down  
like a sheet of rain  
or a violet wash of watercolor.  
You rose, saying "I must go."  
I said, "I just want to tell you..."  
& we had a moment, only a moment  
more together.

There was a deep sadness  
the sadness in the face of death  
as the twilight came down.  
As I woke, a train, a long train  
was wailing over & over again  
as it went its way  
through the night.  
Unspeakable ache. Unspeakable melancholy.  
Panic welled up in me,  
a tidal wave,  
& then subsided:  
this is not something that will happen now,  
all at once.

We have more work to do,  
more work to do together.  
You have taken my hands,  
you are holding them in yours,  
gently as baby birds.  
Nevertheless,  
Autumn, then Winter is coming  
Night is falling.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Getting the ball over the net

Woke from a dream about  
a bunch of us sitting there  
in a circle  
without stirring to accomplish  
something.

I was saying  
"Beauty really lies  
in getting the ball  
over the net  
& out into the world  
& engaging  
with that world."

\*\*\*\*\*

## Dreamt about war

Dreamt about war.  
Dreamt about shoes, battered empty shoes,  
men's & women's & children's.  
About mud-encrusted piles of clothing,  
rolls of shirts, of jackets, of trousers.  
Boxes of battered books & photographs.  
For some reason a box of  
John Lennon's family photographs.  
& herded hungry animals,  
lean, starved dogs.  
& hats, khaki hats, denim hats.

Bales of mud-encrusted used clothing.  
Bales of discarded newspapers,  
read & unread,  
words & headlines & photos with staring eyes.

Bodies; men taking guns that were still usable  
from bodies.

Teeth that would never chew again,  
arms without hands,  
legs without feet,  
heads with staring eyes.

Fields burnt to the ground, foodless fields.  
A book with pictures of a father & child.  
Empty staring eyes, dead eyes,  
horror-filled alive eyes.

& radios & TV's, battered,  
with voices coming out of them,  
standing there,  
not in anyone's room,  
anyone's living space.

Dreamt about war.

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Old Man with the Leaves

(Steve's Dream)

The old man comes up out of the subway  
to visit his old neighborhood.

He looks between the modern buildings  
for signs of the world he knew.

He walks between the steel & the glass  
to a small park,

seeing in his mind's eye  
the small buildings he knew.

By a bench where he used to play  
he sees the chestnut leaves, the yellow ones,  
newly fallen on the ground,  
bends down with difficulty  
& sweeps them with his hands  
into a shopping bag.

Filling it almost to overflowing  
he looks around him lingeringly,  
then goes down into the subway,  
white hair against the dark depths.

Coming up out of the subway  
in a new neighborhood  
by a river

he goes to the park bench  
where he now sits  
looking out on the river  
over rough hewn rocks,  
spreads the leaves out on the ground  
near the bench  
around his feet.

Then he sits on the bench  
& looks at the leaves  
wistfully, dreamy,  
& his head falls.

A voice says:

"Big changes, small changes,  
all change  
is the face of God."

# The Dream Poetry of Karen Ethelsdattar

## Dream after reading Starhawk's The Fifth Sacred Thing

I had been reading Starhawk's  
The Fifth Sacred Thing,  
staying up till nearly midnight,  
my heart & mind so engaged  
it took forever to let go to sleep.

I woke at 7:30 on the far edge of a dream.  
There were a woman & a man.  
The woman, slender, in a black leotard,  
was describing emptiness with her body,  
curving it into a circle.  
She moved with great economy.  
She became thinner & thinner.

The man, also slim, wore a white kimono.  
He was doing Japanese brush painting,  
inking strokes on one sheet of paper  
after another.  
He took up his brush,  
loaded with black ink,  
to inscribe the last gold-flecked paper  
with one broad stroke.  
The meaning of this stroke  
was fullness.

\*\*\*\*\*

### I've woven a new dream

I'll not return again for comfort  
to the very father who thrashes me  
with his razor strop  
with his hellfire & brimstone tongue.

I dreamed one night that I screamed at him:  
"You won't quit, will you  
till you've splattered my ego all over the floor  
& then you just stand there  
Trampling it  
Trampling it  
Trampling it."

Out of the dark of years of nights  
I've woven a new dream  
I create a new father  
I am bringing him into the light  
I speak to him & feed him words  
in a voice that is no longer a thin scream  
but rich with controlled power.  
His voice trembles, his hands shake  
but he is learning to say:  
"This is my beloved daughter  
In whom I am well pleased  
In whom I delight."

This dream is my talisman  
This dream is my power stone  
This dream is good medicine

*This poem appeared previously in the Winter 1977, Vol.12, #4 issue of  
Voices: Journal of the American Academy of Psychotherapists.*

## dream

a workhorse  
pulled  
on a long lumber wagon  
three tall pines  
the tallest of these  
with three deep gashes  
the driver flung  
into a muddy pond

a girl  
hiding inside a shut-up house  
looked on

the horse broke harness  
fell and floundered in the pond  
then leapt out and leap-frogged  
on solid ground  
thundered toward the house to  
blast it wide open to  
sun and air

but

the driver fetched the horse  
hitched him up  
drove off again

i woke  
in a sweat  
crying out  
where

am i?  
i am  
my own voice said  
i am the tree  
i am the muddy pond  
the horse  
the hidden girl

i am

\*\*\*\*\*

### dreamed i gave birth

dreamed i gave birth  
dreamed i thrust poems to my breasts  
spurting like geysers  
dreamed an unending stream  
to suckle them

dreamed i gave birth gave milk  
dreamed givinG givinG GIVING

\*\*\*\*\*

### I sip last night's dreams

I sip  
last night's dreams  
held cupped like a small mountain lake  
in my palm  
till they slip through my fingers  
melt into the soft clumps of moss  
on the ground



# The Song of Isha Ganeshha

Dreamed by Carl J. Schroeder

I synchronously received the Part I issue of Dream Network Journal about dream gifted music the day before I was to sing and act one of my greatest lucid dreams to an audience of about 70. My friends and I run mystical art and talent shows to help connect the diverse New England holistic community at our church in Cambridge Massachusetts. It's wonderfully inspiring and fun. The website for our shows is at [www.SoulStirring.org](http://www.SoulStirring.org) in hopes that we can encourage more artists, dreamers, healers, and mystics worldwide. The dream I presented was tremendously important for me on many levels, so I'm excited now to share again its story and chant.

*I am walking in my little hometown in Pine Plains, New York at night. I walk into the Post Office and it becomes my office in Boston. I thought to do a full day's work even though it is night. But when I try to turn on the light and sit at the computer, my head begins to spin. Dizzy and overcome, I lay on the floor in a kind of seizure all night long.*

I often have dreams in my hometown; it is my 'mental homebase.' But it was unusual to transition to my current job. I do have a kind of migraine condition that makes me dizzy sometimes; it used to be more of a problem. I got it diagnosed to the temporal lobes, which are said to be the gateways for other reality experiences.

*In the morning I pick myself up off the floor and walk out of the office. I am in my hometown again. I am disturbed that I haven't been able to do my work so I want to find a doctor and some answers. I go into the town library and it becomes my HMO in Boston. A male doctor says to make it quick, as they are about to have a meeting. Using my logical mind to maximize the visit, I ask how much time does my HMO plan give me? The doctor takes my plan card and consults other doctors. He comes back and says, "You get enough time to have asked that question.*

*Now you have to go."*

My masculine problem-solving mind often tries to help me in dreams, but often runs into paradoxes.

*Among the doctors gathering for the meeting I see a sympathetic-looking Indian woman. I ask her for help. She asks me to list my symptoms, so I do. She then gives me a label, some complicated word I can't remember, and tells me I have to go.*

Western medicine never did much for my condition except assure me that I wasn't in any danger. The best doctors were the ones who were sensitive enough to suggest that

many people have issues that go beyond the scope of medicine, so I should be self-aware and learn to take care of myself.

*Annoyed to be abandoned by the doctors, I tell them to step back, I will show them a thing or two. They clear back in alarm as I begin to spin in place. My head opened up and many people come pouring out! The room fills with teenagers, like a high school gym. I try to make friends, but cute girls turn away and cool guys don't want me on their team.*

I was awkward and considered odd in high school, and I related well to the outcasts. At that age my migraines began and I felt very spacey and in another world much of the time. Determined not to be intimidated, I keep increasing in lucidity. I say,

*"Hey, who's in charge here!?" There should be a teacher to enforce sportsmanship and niceness, but there is none. I go up to a sympathetic-looking blond girl I recognize and say, "Did you see how they treated me?" She said, "Yes, they weren't nice to you.*

The blond girl/woman is a recurring character in my dreams. She and I bond well, have lucid conversations, and sometimes I even am her. I am blond too, so I believe she is my feminine spirit energy, my anima.

*"Okay everyone listen up, I'm the teacher now!" I say boldly. "We're going to have some fun together!" I divide them into two teams for a kind of relay race. I have them take turns running a string back and forth, spinning it around each other, until everyone is connected. They are all laughing and being nice now. I can still see the doctors in the background, they are worried shadows. Feeling great, I next call the kids to form an arc in front of me. "Let's get to know each other. Call out your names!" They go down the row, something like Bob, Sue, Carl, John, Mary, Carl... I stop them, amazed. "Every third person is named Carl here, don't you think that's strange?" They look at me puzzled. "My name is Carl. There are only 2 other Carls in my high school. Do you know what this means?"*

*I have it now! "This is a dream! You are all in my dream!" I declare in triumph. The kids look at me scared, they know I am right. They didn't know what I would do to them next. "Don't worry, I won't hurt you," I said. "Let this be a lesson to you. Next time you find yourself in a dream, realize that you can do anything you want, and you always could all along. So be nice to each other, give the best for each other,*

## Alchera Dream Software, version 3.7

Created by Harry Bosma; Dream Dictionary by Tony Crisp  
Mythwell.com (<http://www.mythwell.com>)

*have fun, get along." They all like this and smile. I feel great and start to sing words that suddenly come to me. "You were born to be born. You were born to be born to be born." Puzzlement comes over us. They don't know what I mean, and neither do I. I wish for different words so that we can all have a good time. A great energy comes to me; now to the same melody I*

*sing "Isha Ganesha, Ganesha Isha,  
Isha Gansha, Ganesha Isha!"*

*I don't know what this means, either, but it sounds great.*

*I start to lead all the kids in a dance. We dance ecstatically, the energy building and building in me. I get in the center of the room and lay on the floor as they dance around me. I spin around my head, and my head opens up again. All the kids go inside my head, and still my head keeps expanding. My head soon encompasses the building, the town, the state, the planet. It keeps expanding until it contains the whole universe, and every living thing in the universe is singing softly with me.*

*"Isha Ganesha, Ganesha Isha,  
Isha Ganesha, Ganesha Isha."*

When I woke up I felt so wonderful! Then the doubts hit me like a ton of bricks. I ran to my religion dictionary to see if the dream chant meant anything, or was I just crazy? Ganesha was, as I suspected, Ganesh, the playful elephant-head Hindu God of wisdom. He is invoked to clear blockages for good new beginnings. Isha, I learned, was a popular Upanishad, a sacred teaching story. It was also the name given to Jesus. I have never much studied Hinduism, but I often have dreams of sanskrit words and gods that I look up upon awakening. So I treasure this dream as a bridge between a lifetime of good spiritual study in India, and my current lifetime of Christian mysticism. I have met Jesus in lucid dreams as well; being "born again" into a state of Christ consciousness seems perfectly analogous to becoming the Buddha for one's self and world.

The Buddha is said to be the one who awakened. Usually my lucid dream experiences are but moments, glimpses of what could be before I slip back into a dream. I treasure this one exceptionally long lucid dream for the fully realized role I got to play, that of the awakened community leader seeking to wake and teach others with love. I get to play this role too at the Cambridge Swedenborg Chapel, which I was led to by dreams and synchronicities. There my friends and I run mystical experience discussion groups and the mystical art and talent shows. It was a dream come true to tell and sing and dance my lucid dream on stage, in this our second year of the shows which we call SoulStirring Productions. ∞

Below is the Isha Ganesha chant, dreamt summer 2001, in simplified measure and notes notation, around middle C:

| (B) I-sha (G) Ga- (A) -ne- (B) -sha |  
| (B) Ga-ne- (G) -sha (A) I- (B) -sha |  
| (D) I-sha Ga- (C#) -ne-sha |  
| (B) Ga-ne- (G) -sha (A) I- (B) -sha |

Alchera Version 3.7 is dream journaling software designed to help serious dream journalers, as well as those who are simply curious about dreams, to accurately record and index their dreams. The name is derived from an Australian Aboriginal word for the concept of the Dreamtime. Users will need to have Windows 95 or above, and at least 15-20 MB of free disk space available to run this software.

Harry Bosma began developing Alchera in 1996, drawing on his enjoyment of journaling. He realized that dream software could eliminate certain disadvantages of paper journals—such as the difficulty of finding information from past dreams for review—but he did not really care for any of the products available at that time. Although some of this other dream software had desirable features, such as the in-depth symbol dictionary featured by DreamUp, there were many shortfalls, too. For example, many programs would not accept the European date format; for those outside the United States, this was a major problem.

The present version allows the user to enter text just like a word processor, then to refine and cross-reference that text using the program's various features. The dreams are sorted by date and time, and can be titled for easy look-up later. Picture or sound files can be attached, and characters, emotions, locations and interactions can be indexed. There are separate pages for description, analysis, symbol exploration and journaling for each dream. A variety of charts, ranging from moon phase and dream-per-month graphs to Hall and Van de Castle scales, can be created. There are several helpful demos built in, and throughout the process there are help menus and information boxes you can click on. There are also several options for customization.

The manual for the program is included on the disk. You can either read it on-screen or print out a copy; although on my system, it did not print terribly well. Copying the text into a Word document may yield better results. In addition to technical details and information about the software, Bosma includes a section on basic dream information for those unfamiliar with the concepts. This section covers dream recall, dream symbols and analysis, mutual dreams and lucid dreams. There are a few minor typos but the manual is well organized and easy to follow, overall. Additional support includes a newsletter and updates.

Alchera 3.7 is easy to work with. After trying it out for several weeks, I must say it does make the task of searching for key words or elements in past dreams much easier. I would definitely recommend this software. ∞

# THE DREAM OF MY LIFE

by Charles Upton

ACCORDING TO A HADITH TRADITION OF THE PROPHET MUHAMMAD, peace and blessings be upon him, true dreams—dreams sent by God—constitute “the forty-sixth part of prophecy.” The cycle of prophecy began with the prophet Adam and closed with the prophet Muhammad; after him, what remains of the prophetic function manifests only in dreams.

I dreamed this dream when I was maybe five years old. It shows the entire pattern of my life, and predicts my entry into Islam, which took place when I was forty. (I’m now 53.) Whenever my life enters a new phase I return to this dream and always see something in it that I never saw before. Here is the dream:

*I am in a large, luxurious cubical room, panelled in dark brown wood. On each wall is a square of red wallpaper, like cloth, as if it were made of red satin. Each square leaves only a foot or two of the wood panelling of each wall visible, surrounding it on all four sides.*

*This room is entered through glass doors on the right-hand wall, beyond which I have a vague sense of a traffic-filled street.*

*I have apparently come into the room through these doors.*

*In this room are all the people of my life. All my family, my friends, my acquaintances, and the suggestion also of all the people I am destined to meet in my future. A party is going on, with entertainment. Above us is a large, brilliant chandelier. In the far corner, to the left, is a big piano.*

*The entertainment is provided by two figures near the piano. They appear to be North African shaykhs or marabouts; they are dressed in white jellabahs; each has a white turban or burnoose which covers the head and is wrapped around the neck beneath the chin. Their faces are black.*

*The entertainment has to do with an animal which, in the dream, I think of as a “horse,” though clearly it is a dromedary, a one-humped camel. The marabouts, who are armed with rifles, kill the camel, who then comes back to life. That’s the entertainment. Anyone among the guests can request that the camel die in a certain way, after which it will again come back to life. I request, the next time they kill the camel, that it die with its legs buckling under it so that it twists to the left as it falls. I demonstrate this kind of death myself so that the marabouts will understand what I want, twisting to the left as I fall and making a “blaaaugh!” sound, like a camel, then standing up again. They proceed to shoot the camel so that it dies exactly as I have demonstrated.*

*Then it comes back to life, and stands up.*

*To the left of the large, red-papered cubical room is a doorway, which is reached by ascending perhaps two short steps. Beyond the doorway is a small, narrow room with plush, green-upholstered chairs, and a table upon which is a lamp with a yellow-green shade with yellow polkadots. Beyond this room is a darkened area of shabby, abandoned-looking halls with cracked and flaking plaster. The other two rooms are in vivid color, but this rear area is all in black-and-white. I enter the narrow room and pass into the rear area, then I return to the cubical room. I leave the cubical room and re-enter it for a second time, in exactly the same way. Then I leave it for a third time but, when I return for the third time to the cubical room, it is now pitch black, silent. Everyone is gone. I am alone. At this point the dream become “lucid;” within the dream, I realize that I am dreaming. In my fear of abandonment I cry out to my mother and father, who I realize are sleeping in the next room — in terms of this world. I want them to awaken me from this dream which has ended in such a frightening way.*

*They hear my cries, and do in fact awaken me.*

I HAD THIS DREAM BEFORE I KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT ISLAM, being only five years old. (I was a Catholic until I was sixteen.) I have had many thoughts about the meaning of this dream over the years, but none were definitive until I was initiated into a traditional Sufi order. In our majles (Sufi meeting), there is a point where the lights are extinguished, as in my dream; furthermore, the shaykh of our khaniqa (Sufi house) is a black man. It was only through my master’s books that I began to reach a level of understanding of the symbolism of this dream that years of personal study of Jungian dreamwork and world mythology had been unable to produce.

I have also noticed that, as I have pursued the Sufi path, I have tended to dream more in specifically Sufi symbolism, especially for really significant dreams; this is the rationale behind the common rule that after initiation a dervish is supposed to share his subsequent dreams only with his Master or spiritual adviser. Each spiritual path has its own “bank” of symbols which can be fairly accurate signposts, but only in terms of the path in question; of course, there is also a universal aspect to all true symbolism. These symbols occupy specific “sites” in what the Sufis call the *alam al-mithal*, the “imaginal plane” or “plane of image-exemplars,” where eternal truths appear as living symbols. The great master of this lore is the Shaykh al-Akbar, the “Greatest Sufi Shaykh,” Ibn al-‘Arabi, who divides the *alam al-mithal* into two areas, that of “contiguous imagination”—the realm of the personal psyche—and “noncontiguous imagination”—the realm where realities that transcend the psyche are exemplified on the psychic plane. The best introduction to the doctrines of Ibn al-‘Arabi is probably *Imaginal Worlds*, SUNY Press, 1994, by William C. Chittick.

The two black-faced marabouts, according to my Master’s books, seem to refer to the phrase “a blackened face in both worlds,” which is found, among other places, in Shabistari’s *Gulistan I-Raz*. It symbolizes complete and total annihilation: death to this world, death to the next.



The camel is a symbol of the self-at-peace [see below], which, in my Master's books, is also called "the sacrificial beast," referring to "a camel that is ritually slaughtered at Mena at the Feast of Sacrifice." The soul "once engaged upon the Path, [the Sufis] call the sacrificial beast." Furthermore, the unnatural way the beast falls after being killed, swiveling to the left so that its legs are twisted together, suggests to me that the camel was hamstringed and that the large tendons behind its knee joints were cut. This may relate to the story of the prophet Salih, sent by God to the tribe of Thamud, who failed to heed his message (Q. 7:73-83). Salih pointed to the She-camel as "a sign of God" and told the tribe to leave her in peace, but they hamstringed her instead and slaughtered her. In punishment for this they were destroyed in an earthquake. The death and resurrection of the camel, who is also me, symbolize fana (annihilation of selfhood) and baqa (subsistence in God). And the fact that the camel, in falling, turns to the left, represents turning to the side of the Heart. Ritual motions among Sufis, as in the case of the "turning" of the Mevlevis, are usually performed counterclockwise. [NOTE: On the Sufi path the soul goes through three, or four, or seven stages of development. In the simplest rendition, the first stage is the "commanding self," where the individual is happily at one with his impulses and desires, just as the addict is at one with his drug. The second state is the "accusing self," the troubled conscience, where the individual knows he is doing wrong and struggles to change. The final stage is the "self-at-peace," where the soul is perfectly submissive to the will of God, which is its own higher nature.]

I conjecture as follows: The red, cubical room is an image of the Heart; Sufis understand the Kaaba as a symbol for the Heart, and the Kaaba is a cube. The street outside the glass doors, filled with traffic, represents the mysteries of the higher worlds in pre-eternity; the traffic may indicate souls on their way to human birth. The shabby, abandoned halls symbolize this material world, or material consciousness.

The narrow room with the lamp is the barzakh between the spiritual and material worlds [see below]. It is another rendition of the Heart, not as it is in itself beyond this world, but insofar as it is connected to the individual human psyche, and functions as the center of that psyche. (Both the lamp in the Green Room and the chandelier in the Red Room relate to the Light Verse, Q.24:35: "God is the light of the heavens and the earth; the likeness of His Light is as a



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niche wherein is a lamp.") The motion from right to left therefore, as opposed to the meaning of turning to the left as I and the camel fall, represents the motion from the world of spiritual archetypes to the world of matter — the motion of being born. (If right is East and left West, then the direction I am facing while in the red room would be North, the direction of the Pole. Qutb. "Pole" is a title assumed by some Sufi masters; it also refers to the Holiest Man in any time period, often hidden from public view, "The Pole of the Age." The North Pole is, in T. S. Eliot's phrase, "the still point of the turning world," the visible point of Eternity in the created order.)

The color red, which predominates in the cubical room, represents, according to my Master's books, "strength in traveling the Path;" likewise the color green, which predominates in the narrow room, the barzakh, represents "absolute perfection." (Khidr, the Green One, appears in the Qur'ān to Moses at the barzakh or isthmus between the two seas, the sweet sea of the Spirit and the bitter sea of matter.) This perfection is compromised, however, by the yellow-green color of the lamp and its yellow polkadots: "Yellowness is said to represent weakness in the traveling of the Path." Since the color yellow appears in the lampshade, this may symbolize weakness of insight, or imperfect gnosis. So there is great potential strength which, however, is only weakly expressed in the actual incarnate psyche.

The three trips from the red room to the shabby, abandoned halls...

(Continued on page 47)

# Is Religion the Problem?

by William R. Stimson



**T**HE MEDITATION RETREAT was the first I'd attended since the Islamic terrorists piloted the passenger jets into the twin towers of the World Trade Center. I settled onto the cushion for the morning's very first meditation. My whole body was a knot of tension. "How to continue writing about the religious when this is what the masses distort religion into?" was my quandary. My writing had ground to a halt since the terrorist attack. As I sat there, I felt at a loss for a way to proceed. Suddenly, out of the blue, something a woman had told me years before sprang to mind: "It takes a long time to settle the body; then, even longer still to settle the mind." I'd seen that woman sit cross-legged through several meditation periods in a row without getting up to stretch in between. When the retreat ended, I'd marveled at her ability to do this. She'd given me that reply. It seemed strange the woman's words would so suddenly pop up now, years later. I realized this was my cue. I resolved to sit through the stretch period and on into the next meditation session.

Immediately I began. I was

startled to discover right off that this method didn't call for me to do anything. The doing came from some agency outside myself. I hadn't exactly ever meditated like this before. It didn't feel quite Buddhist, but almost Christian. I had a tightness in my jaw, my throat and my upper chest. I didn't concern myself with remedying the situation. I did nothing. I sat there quiet and immobile feeling like a Teresa of Avila doing her prayer of silence, faithfully awaiting the miracle. Attentively, I followed the patterns of tension in my body as they collapsed and flowed into new and different designs. I watched the tightnesses subside, gradually and of their own accord. I discovered how quickly a blockage can vanish and completely open up so that, moment by moment, I was not in the same condition anymore. A pain in my leg vanished by itself. After a time I was surprised to note the tightness in my chest and throat was gone. The bell rang, signaling the end of the meditation period. I didn't move as the others around me got up to stretch. I sat through into the next meditation period.

Well into the next period, it

dawned on me at one point: my whole body was calm and relaxed. I shifted attention to my mind. Hardly a moment passed before I found it overrun with a complicated train of thought about Islamic terrorists and the military operations against them. I didn't try to stop thinking or redirect my attention towards physical sensations or the breath. I did nothing. I sat absolutely still and observed the thinking. The rapid train of thoughts gradually flowed slower and slower. In the end, just one single thought remained in my mind, like a still frame in a reel of film that had stopped moving. Then, that last thought shattered and burst open. An almost hallucinatory aliveness broke through from within it or behind it and flooded me. I sat there totally and completely at peace. An exquisite repose filled the room. I felt at one with everything and everyone all around.


Religious experience is a direct and transformative encounter with the unconditional. Religion is conditional, the opposite. This one here, that one there; this one for us, that one for them; this one believes one

thing, that one something else. Every religion undertakes to condition its believers to hold certain things true, not others; to behave in one way, not another.

A religious realization is alive. A creature of the timeless instant. It comes like a lover's unexpected touch, informs us of something we could not possibly say, and then is gone. Each world religion is a failed attempt to say what cannot be said, understand what cannot be understood. Extending all around us in every direction is a terrain where we might at any moment find ourselves standing in the light. The religions are merely maps, pieces of paper in our hands, ridiculously antique; museum pieces. Useful? Yes, but in the way things in a museum are useful: to show us where we can go, what terrain great souls in the past have tread.

As often as religion delivers us into religious experience, it performs the opposite function. This is true of all the religions. Preaching peace, the Christian nations wage war. For divine love, Muslim diehards seethe with virulent hatred. In the name of the law, Jews shamelessly disregard other peoples. To impart wisdom, Zen Buddhists resort to indoctrination during their meditation retreats.

How a religious experience gets distorted into its opposite is not hard to imagine. A lone individual in the distant past is illumined with the religious dimension. He comes away with love, compassion, understanding, tolerance and a fervent desire to help others and protect and serve all living beings on earth. In an attempt to convey to others the inexpressible, he resorts to metaphor, much like a poet does. Those who write down his words and pass them on into history are hardly illumined to the same degree. They reify



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the metaphor into narrative. In doing so they turn divine truth on its head. The metaphor of a Promised Land, used to convey the way the world all around feels when one leads an enlightened life, is mistaken for a geographic locale. The metaphor of the 'Jihad' or Holy War, used to describe the relentless confrontation with the selfish ego necessary if one is to find his true nature, is mistaken for the butchering of innocent practitioners of a different religious tradition. The metaphor of walking on water, used to illustrate the ease, peace and repose with which the selfless one moves with such a light step, so unburdened of himself, wherever he goes, is taken literally as an example of a supernatural miracle that happened in the historical past.

Religion is all about belief. Yet so much of what we believe, especially about the unfathomable religious dimension, is a mistake, a mistranslation, a reification. In international New York, I see more and more evidence every day that this is being realized by people from all over the world. In America, in Europe, in the East and the West... the old thought constructs of the religions are falling away and out from underneath them is coming the light that gave rise to these traditions in the first place and caused them to touch people's hearts and spread across the globe. This illumination is real, more real than the religions themselves, and it unites all the traditions and all mankind into one single brotherhood. ∞



# Dreaming Awake

## Shamanic Diagnosis & Healing in Psyberspace

by Maureen B. Roberts, PhD

FOR MYSELF AS A PRACTICING SHAMAN, otherworldly vision has always been the core passion of a quintessential reality, a boundless sacred Circle about whose central axis I dance and limp the endless cycling of soul. Although shamans have traditionally recognized three levels of Otherworld—World, Underworld and celestial Overworld—I hereby add a Fourth: psyberspace. Note the spelling, a gesture in homage of ‘psyche’ as ‘soul’, which as all-pervasive is well able to encompass this latest addition to humanity’s shared realms of consciousness. Interesting, too, that the Internet employs the lateral, non-hierarchical metaphors of ‘web’ and ‘net’, which evoke its Dionysian quality as an interconnected, organically spreading whole.

I regularly offer shamanic distance healing work via the Internet for any who wish to receive it. Spacetime poses no barrier here, since folk who have focused on these healing journeys before or after I’ve embarked on them, have still correlated what happened for them with what I undertook on their behalf. This ability to move between time and timelessness arises from the shamanic power to access multiple selves, some of whom work in linear time, some of whom concentrate on work done in dreams (see my offering in DNJ Vol. 20 Nos 1 & 2), while others work both in and out of measured time, and still others transcend chronological time, existing in the atemporal sacred space-time of shamanic Otherworlds, vivid realms of mythic energy and navigable terrain which the shaman knows as well as—or better than—her own backyard.

Usually, I receive a particular healing request and before the actual journey, spend time in connecting and communing via trance-drumming with the soul-essence of the person concerned. I next establish his/her presence with me through journeying through psyberspace—often experienced as tunneling and changing direction rapidly through resonating wires and across flashing, colored circuits—until I meet up with the person’s soul-essence. I then soul-bond with him/her just before I begin the

session. My guide through psyberspace is usually my Trickster deity, Terragian, whose mercurial character is at home anywhere and who thrives on exploring new vistas and tunneling into parallel realities.

### SHAMANISM AS THE ‘LITERAL IMAGINAL’

Shamanism thrives on direct access to the living realms of the sacred and in this sense, makes no apology for its literalism through which imaginal vision reverts to practical application. Indeed, shamanic work involves a concretism redeemed by paradox; its context is what I call the ‘literal imaginal,’ or the realm of ‘visionary pragmatism.’ Lesson one in shamanic work is that you’re dealing with tangibly imaginal reality. Poison darts are seen, felt, heard poison darts; entangling webs are entangling webs, flowers have scent, boulders are heavy and lunar landscapes are treadable terrain.

Yet like the slippery, multifaceted reality of the vivid dream, the shamanic landscape shape-shifts with mercurial ambience, ambiguity and a seductive flow of living forms. Like the schizophrenia sufferer, the shaman dreams in a waking state and with a similarly symbolic mode of perception and articulation. Unlike the schizophrenia sufferer, the shaman has one foot firmly planted on the ground and is in control, just as the ‘lucid dreamer’ is. The difference between the latter and the shaman involves both intent and content: lucid dreaming usually ‘re-presents’ spacetime reality and the dreamer’s mission does not involve face-to-face encounters, often on behalf of others or the World, with incarnate Otherworld energies.

For in the end, shamanism comes down to intensely practical considerations; can the person do—with humility, authority, cunning and compassion—the work of a shaman: retrieve souls, extract harmful spirits, embody a healing vision for the community, diagnose and prescribe remedies for illness, distinguish between helpful darkness and destructive evil, dialogue intimately with Nature,

work closely with Guides, and journey to shamanic realms? And has s/he been clearly called and initiated?

## SHAMANIC INITIATION & VOCATION

Firstly, then, a bit about shamanism per se: shamans are an 'elect' who have access, using an archaic technique of drum-induced ecstatic trance and via direct communion with their personal gods and guides, to regions of the sacred inaccessible to other members of the community. ('Ecstasy' comes from the Greek 'ek-stasis', which means 'the ability to stand outside of oneself.') Shamans are thus relatively scarce individuals who not only have responded to a personal call received in dreams and/or by election of an elder shaman, but also have endured alone a psychologically shattering and wounding crisis of ritual death and rebirth in order to baptize, refine and verify their healing powers.

Survival of these initial brushes with death provides the shaman with wisdom and experience which strengthen his/her ability to empathize and work effectively with others in crisis or illness situations. Having experienced psychophysical trauma first-hand, a shaman is more likely to understand what must be done to correct an imbalance, debilitating conflict, or pathological condition. The shaman can consequently lead or escort another through these sometimes perilous soulscapes of vision and power.

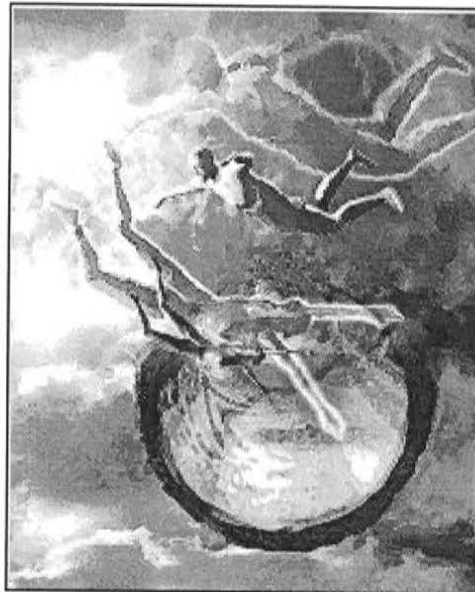
Shamanism in its most potent form is accordingly not chosen so much as it chooses an individual through election of the gods (as archetypal powers); during initiation, the shaman falls into the collective unconscious head-first, through the equivalent of a schizophrenic crack-up, or psychic disintegration. If s/he can rescue and heal herself from this, s/he has the makings of a shaman and her work is from thereon a kind of 'chosen madness'.

Shamans commune and work directly with their guides, gods and power animals, asking their advice and following their lead. They also journey through trance to find and retrieve lost souls, or split off fragments thereof. Shamanic drumming and chanting also heals through helping re-establish a harmonic resonance between physical and psycho-spiritual centers of the personality.

## THE SHAMAN AS SOUL-GUIDE

As healer and soul-guide, the shaman can venture far 'below' and 'above' normal states of consciousness, because s/he has already been there and so 'knows the road'. Hence, for instance, the shaman can reach down to someone in chronic depression (since depression is literally a 'descent'), help the person explore and work through their condition and perhaps return with a lost soul fragment, or forgotten treasure as a bridge to their frozen creativity, or trapped energy. Likewise, the shaman who has experienced psychosis can reach the schizophrenic person who, as a potential shaman, is still imprisoned in it.

Usually in my own soul retrieval work, captured soul parts, reclaimed energies and retrieved potential—sometimes personified as embryos, lost animals, babies,



various body organs, or unwanted children—are placed, or blown gently into stones, spiral shells, hollow 'wood wombs', or crystals, then later posted to those for whom the work has been done. Of course the real test of the efficacy of this mode of healing is in the results. Happily, I've received only positive feedback from this work, from folk all over the world. I'll toss in here an example (which I have permission to share) involving exploration, energy redistribution, diagnosis and the prescription of helpful natural remedies.

## A DISTANCE SHAMANIC HEALING

From Judy:

"The things I'm dealing with at the moment are mainly, short-term: I had breast cancer last year. Long-term: I'm very enmeshed with my parents on levels of guilt and responsibility, much as I've tried to resolve it. My father has died but my mother is still alive. 'Picking up my web and moving on.' I've lived in a very cluttered but charming house for the last ten years and feel the need to move on; my possessions are beautiful but now feel like a burden. I just can't pick up and go. Yet I feel the new can't begin until I've let go of the old."

This was an intriguing 'mixed issue,' which involved the twin areas of creativity (unborn potential), and heart entrapment and release. The journey involved, in the first instance, a contact with unborn ability that was trying to find a welcoming space in Judy's life; secondly, a freeing of the heart enmeshed and asleep in vampiric, maternal energies. (I have done similar 'warrior' work for other people in dreams).

The journey: In a drum-induced ek-stasis, I shrank to a tiny size and first visited the left breast area, which I had earlier seen (during a phone conversation, before Judy told me about the cancer) as inflamed with red (suppressed

*(Continued on page 41)*

**BOB HADEN:** It is interesting that you use the word "bridge" because "bridge" in the dream world often refers to the bridge between the ego and the Self. The ego/Self axis is a vital one. One of the things I appreciate about dreams is that they take one quickly to the psychological and spiritual world/truths. Psychology is only 200 years old. Before that the Priest or Rabbi or Mufti was therapist as well as minister. One of the Greek words that described Jesus was *theraputas*. That is where we get our word therapist. Those two disciplines split and we are finding they need each other. One of my dreams spoke to this.

*I am in Mrs. Jung's house. It is a three-room house. The first room has a cafeteria line where you get your food. It is full of analysts. I want to sit down there, but there is no room. So, I go to the middle room. There are only a few people there so I move on to the third room which is half full of theologians. I stay there for a good while and enjoy it. After a while I get bored and go back to the middle room. I sit down there and feel very comfortable.*

This dream was painting me a picture of how, once I get my feeding (spiritual nourishment) from the psychological (relational), I can then enter the world of theology (rational thinking about God), but my real place is the "bridge" between the two. The institute I now direct offers a crossover between Jungian psychology and the mystics. It is significant that the building that now houses the Haden Institute is very similar to Mrs. Jung's house in the dream.

Religion, prayer, dreams, meditation all take us to the same world. The Aborigines speak of this world as "dreamland." They see it as the world which we came from and the world to which we return after death. That makes sense to me. Becoming familiar with dreams enabled me not only to become familiar with that world, but also to feel very comfortable in it. In the past I would discount miracles, dreams, and supernatural happenings in the Bible, but now, experiencing the dream world myself, I see them in a

different, very meaningful light. Dreams (and the experience of silence) have reawakened my religion, my prayer, and my meditation.

**DNJ:** What you have done—and said here—takes a tremendous amount of courage; for this, I honor you.

Jung said it would be 200-300 years before the integration of dreamsharing and enactment deeply penetrates western culture.

From your own experience—teachings at the Haden Institute, your community and contacts—how would you evaluate our progress in terms of 'Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture'?

**BOB HADEN:** Jung may be correct, but we must remember that it was Jung who said "Thank God I am not a Jungian." Jung is not God. His wisdom needs to be updated, corrected, massaged from time to time. It was his hope that we would take what we learn from him and let it play itself out in our own unique and evolutionary selves. I really appreciate him saying this. That way Jung remains a channel to Divine Wisdom, not a Guru or the idol of a clique.

I also appreciate the fact that Jung had his own problems and difficulties. I am glad that he had a father complex and that he projected it onto Freud. Without the break with Freud, he would not have gone as deeply into his separation, his 'orphan archetype,' his dark night of the soul, his deep journey into the unconscious as he did. He lived as a hermit for a significant length of time. It is out of this gestation period that most of his later works evolved. When you look at the 20 volumes of his collected works, you realize that only the first five volumes were written before this dark night. The larger number of volumes—which one can sense come from a much deeper source—were written after his dark night of the soul.

It may still take 200-300 years; however, I believe it will be sooner. There is much less resistance to dreams now and many more people are taking the dream world seriously. The world situation is causing more people to

open up to the larger world and their inner resources. I believe the curve will, all of a sudden, take a sharp turn upwards. It is already increasing faster. It is important to keep focused on the fact that the journey is as important as reaching the goal. The journey includes deaths as well as resurrections. Certain deaths have to happen before certain resurrections occur.

It is only as we get dissatisfied with the old that we can embrace the new. I have an inner ease about when that will happen. Earlier in my life (in the first half of life), I would be pushing the world to be converted to dreams overnight. When we are new to the dream world we want to convert everybody else. As the numbers of people who take the dream world seriously increases, our world will be more in tune with the Self. That is exciting. I rejoice in it! But we must remember that dreams are only one way to be in touch with the Self within, albeit a royal way. Freud said "Dreams are a royal road to the unconscious." I would affirm that and also say that, for me, it has been a royal road to once again experience the Divine within.

**DNJ:** Given our dreams tell the truth about ourselves and our world—and how critical it is that we face the truth individually and collectively—what would be your recommendation for accelerating Jung's long term projection?

**BOB HADEN:** Truth is important. And accelerating Jung's long term projection is in my blood. But, for me, the more important thing is that we develop a relationship with the Divine within. John Newton, the author of *Amazing Grace* understood this. The line in the hymn about "a wretch like me" is not lightly said because John was the captain of a slave ship. He was later ordained an Anglican Priest and wrote the famous hymn *Amazing Grace*. Someone asked him how that personal transformation happened. He said it was a dream.

*I am on a ship in the Mediterranean sea when a man appears to me and says that if I wear this ring I will always be doing the most important thing. I say thank*

you and put the ring on. A second man appears and asks about the ring and I tell him. He says that is superstition, there is nothing to it. I agree and throw the ring in the sea. As the ring is going down, I have the sinking sensation that I am always throwing the good things in life away. About that time, a third man appears, not unlike the first man. When he hears my troubles he dives into the sea, recovers the ring and brings it back on shipboard. I say thank you and ask for the ring. The man says

"No, I will keep it in safekeeping and whenever you need it, call on me."

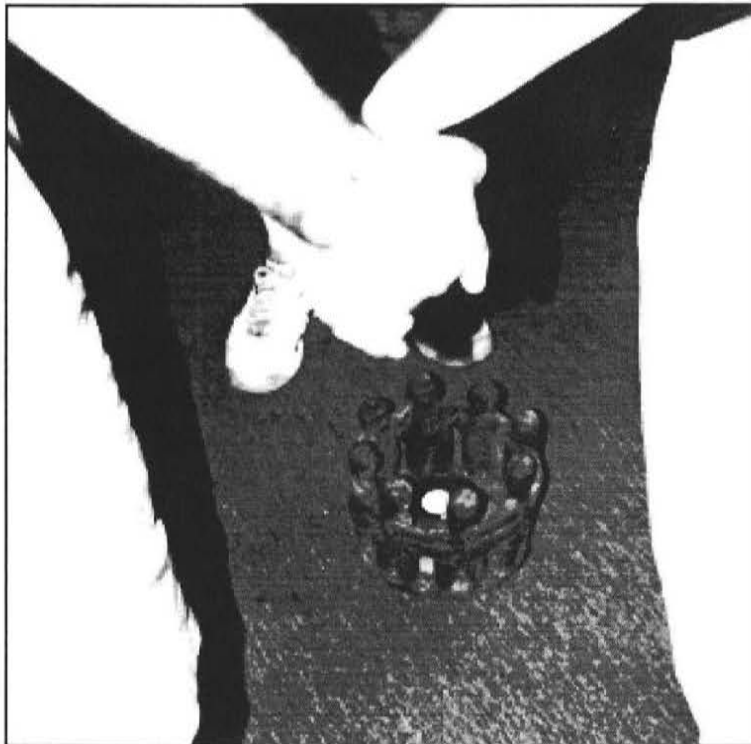
For me that was God saying "When I want to do the most important thing in life, call on me and two things will happen. You will be doing the most important thing, but, more importantly, you will develop a relationship with me."

Having said that, I would like to now speak to accelerating Jung's long term projection, which I feel is vital for this world in which we live. The seeds have already been planted with a significant number of individuals. Now it is time to influence institutions. Institutions already exist. They have massive influence. That is one of the major purposes of the Haden Institute. We train clergy, doctors, nurses, hospice workers, business executives, counselors, alcoholics anonymous workers, retreat leaders, consultants, coaches, government workers, prison workers, teachers, poets, writers and others. The next step beyond what we here and others are doing is for the art of the dream to be taught in schools of higher learning like seminaries, medical schools, MBA schools, etc. Let me speak to all of this.

The youth Minister comes in the door and says a 17 year old girl was

having nightmares, screaming and yelling and frightening the other youth on their beach trip and he did not know what to do. I asked him to bring her in and let's all three talk about it. I asked the 17 year old girl to tell me the nightmare. She said,

*I am holding a very large bolder on my shoulders. There is a person right below me. The boulder is getting heavier and I can no longer hold it. It is going to fall on the person below me.*



"All dreamwork is done in the container of the spiritual for its safety and deeper wisdom." Bob Haden

After empathizing with her nightmare, I asked, "Who is the person on the ground below you?" "It looks a little bit like my sister and a little bit like me." "Tell me about your sister." "She has been retarded since birth. I am her primary caretaker, because my parents do not care for her very much. And I am going to college next year." I said "I want you to go home and tell your parents to become the primary caretakers now. If you don't, the boulder will not only fall on your sister but you also." The 17-year-old followed through with the message of the dream. The Youth Minister no longer

questioned the spiritual wisdom of the dream. Without the help of the dream, it would have taken many sessions to get at this material in a health-producing way.

Now the sad fact is that when people bring dreams, visions, nightmares to their ministers, they frequently dismiss them because they are unfamiliar with the dreamworld and don't know what to do or say, much less sense that there is usually gold in this metaphorical message from the Divine. The art of the dream needs to be taught in Theological Seminaries.

Three years into the establishment of the our Institute, I had a warning dream.

*There are six of us and two small planes ready to take off. The suggestion is to go three and three. But, my son, Robert, who is an extroverted intuitive type is the pilot of one of the planes. We all want to go with him, so, all six of us crowd into one small plane. Robert decides to take off from the beach rather than the solid runway. There are boats out in the water and a voice says,*

*"Somebody tried that last week and crashed."*

When, upon awaking, I heard the word "CRASHED," I knew I'd better pay attention. I am now convinced that if I had not paid attention to this dream, I would be broke, the Haden Institution would have gone down the drain and my health would be diminished. Pondering this dream, it suddenly hit me that I was trying to launch six major projects at the Institute all at once. The dream was telling me that if I continued with that, I would crash. I already had one work-related car accident (the unconscious was now speaking in my waking life because

I was not hearing it through my dreams) and been to the hospital because of all of the tension. Extroverted intuitive types, like me, tend to have great ideas coming out of the unconscious (water) and they want to launch them all right away.

The dream not only diagnosed the problem, but offered a solution: Divide the six projects into threes and take off on solid ground. Because of that warning dream, I put three projects on the back burner until the other three were solidly launched. I also called in a CPA to look at my business from a financial point of view and give me advise. She said "Are you enjoying the 15 intown seminars you sponsor? You are losing money on them and expend a lot of energy, but if you enjoy them..." I got the message, dropped all intown seminars and many other projects and concentrated on three things: The Dream/Spiritual National Training, The Labyrinth Events and Counseling. I became a much more focused person, the programs blossomed, and the financial situation improved.

This incident also brought to mind all the times churches I had worked for wanted to bring in CPAs and I resisted because I knew that would put a damper on all the plans I had for the church. But when the dream encourages me to do something against my extroverted intuitive nature, I listen and, more times than not, take action. This dream of mine needs to be told in every MBA school, not because it is mine, but because it will help business people catch a glimpse of the wisdom that is there every night for them and their businesses. Additionally, how they can use the dream-focusing technique to help resolve any given business problem.

Any government official who saw the Osama bin Laden tape where he said his fear was that their secret plans to crash planes into the world trade center would get out through dreams, should take note how familiar much of the non-western world is with the dream world. It behooves our government—if for protective purposes only—to have persons who are experts in the dream world and to train the

rank and file.

All physicians need to hear Jeremy Taylor's story of the lady who dreamed she had raw meat in her pocket book. Her dream group said "If that were my dream I would get my uterus checked." She, unlike most people at that juncture, went to the Doctor. She reported back that all the tests were negative, but the group said "If it were my dream I would get my uterus checked further." With deeper testing the Doctors discovered that she did have the very beginnings of cancer and that they could treat it much better with this early diagnosis.

Dreams tend to diagnose things earlier than most of our instruments, but the medical level of dreams takes a lot of discernment. One of the six projects I put on the back burner was to go down the street to the medical clinic (which honors alternative medicine) and ask if I could be a part of the diagnostic team charting the dreams of clients before, during, and after medical treatment. The Art of dreamwork needs to be taught in Medical schools, just like they are finally teaching sexuality, alternative medicines, and the benefits of meditation.

I teach Hospice Workers from the two Carolinas about dreams before, during, and after death. I teach Parish Nurses from across the southeast how to talk with patients about their dreams. One of our graduates leads an established dream group in a cancer clinic. Nurse and Hospice training needs to include the Art of dreamwork.

There is a school on the west coast that trains hospital Chaplains. A large percentage of their curriculum is work with dreams because hospital Chaplains deal with people of many denominations and religions, and the dream can cross the lines of liberal/conservative theology, diverse cultures and belief systems.

Another of our graduates, a university professor, reports that many more students corner him after class to talk since he mentioned he was being trained in dreamwork.

Vocational and guidance counselors need to be trained as well. A therapist friend of mine was going to do some

additional education at a very prestigious northern university. She had a dream of the gothic arch entryway to the university. She noticed at the entryway a little flower that was withering. She knew enough about dreams that if she went to that university she would wither. She decided to go to a less prestigious college and study what she really wanted to learn. She blossomed. Dreams can be a real boon to vocational and guidance counselors and should be a part of their training.

Well, enough said. You get the point. Now is the time to influence the well-established institutions. Not only will it be of great aid to the violent and dangerous world in which we live, but it will also be health-producing to the institutions. When I teach the Labyrinth and dream education to churches, it not only opens the doors for more people to come in, but some of its members find another tool to go deeper to find the God within. One of our Dream graduates—whose daytime job is playing the trumpet in the Symphony—was asked to teach a class on spirituality at his church. Someone in the class said "I don't ever hear God speaking to me or answering my prayers. Does God speak to you?" He answered "Yes. God often speaks to me in my dreams." A significant number of individuals are now exposed to the importance of their dreams.

There are many organizations and institutes training professionals on how to use the dream in their vocation. It is now time for Seminaries, Medical Schools, MBA Schools, and other professional training institutions to have as a regular part of their curriculum "The Art, Wisdom, and Healing Properties of The Dream."

When that begins to happen in the near future, Jung's 200-300 year projection will be accelerated considerably.

**DNJ:** As my own Jungian mentor once said to me: "We are mapping out the plan of a lifetime." Let's do it! As an (invisible) choir of Angels once sang to me: "And great is your reward in Heaven." Thank you! ∞



emotion) and dark yellow (trapped ambition and self-esteem). These energies were siphoned off with the help of Wolf totem Daynar, who dug a hole in the 'floor' of the breast so that the red and yellow could flow down in liquid form, thence out into the Underworld sea. These colors were then replaced with pink and green, siphoned off from my own heart and directed in a flowing braid to the breast region, with the help of Child deity Aaivan, who formed an energy bridge from me to the breast area.

### EMBRYONIC & TRAPPED SOUL

Led by Aaivan, I then visited the core of the cancerous area and found there a hard black egg covered all over with glowing points of stars. This immediately suggested unborn creative potential and untapped imaginative powers. I went inside the egg and found there an embryo being, half-formed like a fetus and crouched over a writing desk atop an Overworld mountain. She was writing with a golden quill pen: "When I was born, part of me remained on the Mountain."

Aaivan asked her if she was ready to come down and be with Judy. She replied that she wasn't yet, because there was as yet no room for her, no special place in which she was free to create and reflect in simplicity, quietude, and open-aired tranquility. She seemed tired and alone, and full of longing for a home and friend. Aaivan and I left her in peace after Aaivan with his Shepherd's Staff had anointed her with a protective blessing. Sea Eagle power animal Merryth offered to remain behind to stand guard atop the Mountain and fly around it while surveying the land below, thus generating needed energy and creating a circular \*temenos\*, or protected sacred space.

I next journeyed to a realm of World, where I found a giant spider web, home of a maternal red-back. Trapped in her web was Judy's heart, sound asleep as though having been drugged. The spider energy wasn't

malevolent, or even primarily conscious; it was more like a powerful intoxicant, or sleep-inducing drug which tried to lower resistance and willpower. I felt this strongly when approaching the web and had to ward it off with a readiness to fight to free the trapped heart. At this point, the spider became aroused and defensive and tried to keep hold of the heart, but a powerful Underworld Guide, Ainjanneth, helped me here. She disempowered the spider with a stunning lightning strike, cut free the heart, and handed it to me. I sensed that this spider energy was Judy's mother's and that the redness—which included a lot of unexpressed anger and pain—was what had inflamed the cancerous breast region. So that Judy could forgive, I let her know that most of this spider energy was not intentional, or meaning to cause harm, even though it had disempowered her and made her heart weak and numb. I also suggested that the clutter in her life had to do with being '(s)mothered' in this entangling web.

The heart was retrieved safely and blown gently into a protective rose quartz crystal. The embryo was soul-bonded to a pebble, which looked like a hybrid of fetus and crouched Tibetan monk. I felt it was important that Judy have tangible contact with concrete symbols of these two healing areas and so posted them to her. She needed to do more work with this embryo and invite her into her life—once she had made room for her. The heart released a lot of emotional pain once it was freed from the web, but it was now at peace.

### HEALING REMEDIES & FEEDBACK

During the journey, I also 'saw' that Judy's father had wounded her at the level of the knees, as though he'd swept her legs from under her and had made her unable to move, or stand on her own feet without support, or emotional crutches. Totem Serpent and diagnostician Nathair also suggested that Judy regularly rub the breast region with warm olive oil to which she was to add a few drops of lemon

(aromatherapy) oil, applied with lemon skins. This cool, pale-yellow energy would replace the negative, dark-yellow energy that was siphoned off.

Judy's Feedback: "I am full of tears and gratitude. You and the Guides have helped me beyond measure. I'm going to sit down now and reflect on everything you've said. Last night I read your amazing notes amid tears of recognition. The insights and revelations were truly meaningful. I sat on the floor and rubbed with olive oil and lemon and had the intention of allowing this healing to really happen. Then I felt so overwhelmed with it all that I fell asleep; I couldn't think or feel about it any more. I slept till this morning and later today I'm going to do some work with the embryo. I felt such gratitude to you for your willingness to do this work and to life generally, knowing there is this love available that finds me and wants me to heal into my wholeness. Love, Judy."

As a postscript, people often write to me saying, "Well, I'm not sure if I'm called to shamanism or not," to which my reply is often along the lines of: is a germinating seed called to sprout, or a ripe egg called to hatch? The bird hatches, or the egg goes cold, stale and eventually rots. The gods speak the shamanic \*vocation\* to and through the heart like a sword and they cannot be denied. You obey them—ultimately out of compassion for the Cosmos—or you go mad, or get sick, or die. Obey and you remain prone to madness, sickness and death in a more helpful way—as the Holy Fool, Waking Dream-dancer and Wounded Healer. ∞

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Text c. 2002. Dr Maureen Roberts [shamanic name "The Dark" Nathair] is an initiated Celtic shaman who practices in South Australia. Home Page: <http://members.nbci.com/jungcircle> E-mail <nathair@bigblue.net.au> International Phone 61 8 8362 0980

5. THE INTEGRATIVE DREAM NARRATION is resumed and then brought to some "completion," i.e., a sense of wholeness and/or resolve. A dream polis has thus been created, a Dream Democracy, where real life problems can be brought into the dream forum and discussed in truly egalitarian fashion without the usual resistances and ego differences.

After practicing IDN a few times and becoming familiar with the energies of group consciousness, it will then be time to start bringing real-life, "three dimensional" problems, ranging from the personal to the galactic, into the forum you have evoked. It is important to have other members try their hand at IDN and creating a forum, so that all will be comfortable with the group consciousness that has been created. You will begin to notice different styles of narration between group members. For example, some will choose a narrative based on the symbols in the dreams. Others will choose the characters in the dreams or emphasize the locations and passages, or emphasize direction. Still others will focus on the feeling tones (atmospheres) in the dreams. No two narrations are ever the same. Often there will be members of the group who are very resistant to the idea of assuming the position of dream narrator. It may take a few sessions before they feel comfortable with the psychique. I emphasize psychique over technique, for we are using our psyches when we employ IDN.

#### **SOME IMPORTANT POINTS TO CONSIDER BEFORE PROCEEDING**

In the initial phase of IDN, the very first time dreams are integrated, there are often very powerful releases of emotions. Sometimes the tension grows to a somewhat uncomfortable level but once all the dreams are integrated and the collective finds itself in a safe place, a feeling of peace and wholeness usually then emerges. There may be feelings of spaciness and disorientation at first. This often occurs when new ways of being and perceiving arise within us and seek ex-

pression. Hence the notion of "fixing" such a shared consciousness. In essence, by focusing on what I call "political" problems, whether it be a difficult spouse or child, problems with City Hall or even the United Nations, our dream body is then grounded in three dimensional reality.

I often hear from participants how powerful the first Integrative Dream Narration experience was for them. I must remind the reader that the word power comes from the same Latin root as the Spanish "poder," meaning "to be able." Perhaps these participants were able to trust the group — somehow settling into the group mind more comfortably. As an Integrative Dream Narrator you will frequently watch other group members begin to trust the group mind. You will then learn how to creatively encourage others to settle into the group mind. Other participants may not experience the "connection" that most do during IDN. Somehow they feel "left out" and/or feel they are inadequately prepared for the experience. Such is not the case. It usually is that they are more resistant than others to surrendering to, and/or integrating into, the group consciousness. Or the dream they provided for the narration wasn't one that was particularly important to them.

Often, participants will claim that they cannot remember their dreams. If this is the case, have them contribute an unusual "real life" experience they have had to the forum. They will usually then integrate themselves more freely into the dream forum!

At the end of each IDN session, I recommend that you do a grounding/centering exercise described below.

#### **GROUNDING EXERCISE**

1. SIT WITH YOUR BACK STRAIGHT and make sure your feet are placed firmly on the floor. It is best to ground with your shoes off. Flick the arches of your feet with two fingers of what is called your receiving hand (the hand you receive energy with the most). Gather your energies back from wherever you have left them behind, separate yourself from other energies. Be

explicit that you call your energies in only

2. FIND THE GROUNDING CORD at the base of the spine, a kind of silver-colored cord, and begin to lower it through the chair you are sitting in... through the floor... through the foundation of the building... through the earth's crust... through the granite layer... through the first fire layer... through the conglomerate layer... through the second fire layer... and into the earth's core. Ask for a place that is meant for you to attach and anchor the cord about one fourth of the way in.

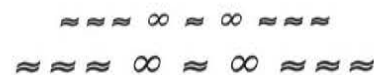
3. NOTE THE STATE OF THE EARTH core and sense its energies. You can greet the earth core if you like.

4. WHEN YOU ARE READY, bring the earth core energy up through your feet... ankles... calves... knees... thighs... and into the first chakra at the base of the spine. Let the earth energy pool in the first chakra.

5. NOW CALL YOUR SOUL in through the crown chakra at the top of the head (say your full name to yourself). Breathe your soul in very gently... past the sixth chakra above and between the eyebrows... past the fifth chakra in the throat. Call your soul into the heart chakra. There are two pouches in the back of the heart chakra which are the home of the soul. Listen for a clairaudient (psychic hearing) click.

6. OPEN YOUR EYES gently and clasp your hands together.

I recommend doing this grounding exercise before and after Integral Tarot sessions, Integrative Dream Narration and other intuitive endeavors. Grounding also works wonders prior to job interviews, auditions, performances as well. ∞



Jaye Beldo has conducted workshops at the Institute of Noetic Science, Pathways, and elsewhere. He can be reached at: [Netnous@aol.com](mailto:Netnous@aol.com) or 612-827-6835

own darkness. Like an alchemical container, there needs to be enough “pressure” for the “prima materia” to transform. To the extent that these shadow energies are consciously seen, worked with and embraced, they become integrated and literally flesh out our full-spectrum (both light and dark) holograms, which is what genuine incarnation is all about.

Being awake to the dreamlike nature of our situation is to see that we are all infinite wave functions pulsating in and out of the void every nanosecond. When someone sees you a certain way (based on their unconscious conditioning), they are—in terms of physics—“collapsing your wave function,” (i.e.-dreaming you up), amplifying and evoking out of your full-spectrum hologram of infinite potentiality a particle-ized, limited aspect of who you are. To be more accurate, when someone sees you this way they are just increasing the probability that this is how you will manifest.

In this waking dream of ours we are, as I’ve suggested, mutually collapsing each others wave function—dreaming each other up (or down)—but in a nonlinear, acausal way, where I am dreaming you up, but you are dreaming me up to dream you up, ad infinitum as well as visa versa. In a process with no beginning in time—or rather a process that happens outside of time itself, in no time, faster than the twinkling of an eye—we dream each other up to unconsciously act out, in embodied form our incomplete processes. To the extent that I’m asleep to your intrinsic multi-dimensionality (as well as my own), I will solidify your convincingly real manifestation, making it more probable that this will be how you will continue to incarnate in my waking dream. Once you manifest in this way, it confirms to me even more my solidified view of you. So I will “dream you up” this way even more, ad infinitum, and visa versa (you are doing the same thing to me).

In addition, once you experience me as a dream character in your dream

who is solidifying you in this way, to the extent you fall asleep and get hooked by my manifestation, you will not only be more likely to manifest in exactly that way, but you will solidify me as someone who solidifies you, which will even more increase the probability that I will dream you up in that very way, ad infinitum, as well as visa versa. I am trying to get across a sense of how the dreaming up process is collaborative, circular, what Buddhism calls “interdependent co-origination.” I am merely mapping and describing what is happening all of the time with everyone, only it’s happening unconsciously.

In the groups we are gaining insight into the times when someone manifests their limited, problematic identity pattern (what I call their Halloween costume). The habitual tendency is to become entranced—as if under a spell—and imagine that this is who they actually are. Their manifestation is certainly convincing, in a full-embodied way, thereby solidifying and concretizing their infinitely fluid multi-dimensional hologram—not to mention, solidifying ourselves in the process—which increases the probability even more that this is how they will continue to manifest. When we don’t get hooked by their impermanent display, however, not solidifying them as being how we are momentarily experiencing them, and then reacting to our solidified image of who we imagine them to be as if it’s objectively who they are, we discover that they have much more space to step out of the concretized role that they themselves were caught in, which not only helps them but helps ourselves as well. This can potentially snap us out of an infinitely self-perpetuating, closed feedback loop, an infinite regression that we were co-laboratively co-dreaming, as we are both able to step out of and transcend a role each of us had been caught up in.

We continually re-discover that we are all mutually, interdependently, dreaming up our dreaming processes together to a point where they synchro-

nistically co-incide and co-relate, actually materializing and incarnating into and through us as our waking dream itself. Simply recognizing the dream-up-able nature of our situation and following what this is showing us offers us an opportunity for healing and integration that simply isn’t available to us by our seemingly alienated selves.

In the groups we give each other permission to step over our edge and speak the marginalized voice, to step into a role that the deeper dreamfield is thirsting for: someone to pick up and play. If this is indeed a mass shared dream that we are all dreaming up, then whenever someone picks up a role in the dream, falls into their unconscious, pushes our buttons, gets into a conflict, etc., they are just getting dreamed up by the deeper dreamfield to play this out for all of us. And if this is truly a dream—if we view what is happening in this way—then this dreamlike reality of ours has no choice but to spontaneously shape-shift and manifest in this way.

I am not in the normal role of facilitator, as I, as much as anyone, go over my edge sharing my struggles and step into my unconscious, becoming vulnerable and open for reflections. When I step into my unconscious, the role of facilitator needs to get picked up by someone else in the group, as not only can I not play both these roles at once, but the facilitator is clearly just a role in the field that need not be monopolized. When an unconscious content is in the process of getting integrated, that particular role starts to fluidly switch between members in the group, as it is literally getting metabolized by the group (instead of just one person all the time getting dreamed up into the same role). This is all dreamwork, with the dream being what happens in the group. I’d love to hear your response to what I’ve shared here. I want to get the word out about these groups, as they can be of great benefit to many people. ∞

## DREAMING INSIGHTS INTO RELATIONSHIPS: WHAT A FRIEND I HAVE IN MY DREAMS

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Having looked at family relationships - spouses, parents, children, siblings and even lovers - this column will move on to dreams about friends. The people's names have been changed to reflect their character.

To have a friend you need to BE a friend. When a good friend needs our help, we may get the first clue in a dream. Ms. Kind had a precognitive dream about Ms. Shy, who would soon be her new friend at the women's group.

*"We were at a meeting of the women's group. Ms. Overbearing was wearing a puffed up bra and a black and white blouse. She kept getting between Ms. Shy and the rest of the women. I reached over and deflated Ms. Overbearing's left boob. I felt glad I'd done it because it showed her obviously falsefront. Ms. Overbearing stormed out of the meeting. Ms. Shy smiled at me and the other women. She seemed to sort of glow."*

The opportunity to put the dream into action came at the next meeting when a shy new member joined. The dreamer, Ms. Kind, and Ms. Shy became good friends after she put Ms. Overbearing in her place.

Mr. Advisor had just learned that his friend Ms. Flounderer was having trouble with a project. He was knowledgeable in the field. That night he dreamed.

*"Ms. Flounderer is my sister-in-law and she has died. It is necessary for me to go to the mortuary for the autopsy. I feel embarrassed when I see her laid out nude, but I knew I had to help with the investigation into her death."*

Ms. Flounderer had not asked for his advice even though she was having serious trouble. The dream gave Mr. Advisor the courage to offer her some helpful information about the death of this phase of her project. Pointing out her mistakes was a bit embarrassing, but in the end it made their friendship stronger.

In another case, Listener and Sue were already close friends. When Sue was having a difficult time and needed a friend's support, Listener had this dream.

*"I go into an appliance store. I've come to sue them. I am waiting to talk to the service repair manager."*

The next week Listener and Sue talked about Sue's problem. They discovered the need for Sue to apply herself if she expected to manage the repair of the problem. That's what friends are for.

When we forget to be a good friend, dreams may send a reprimand. After gossiping about a high-school girlfriend, Gossip had this dream.

*"We're in the 'girl's room' at school. I'm gossiping to Cindy. I'm facing the mirror and see my reflection. To my horror I have bloody fangs like a vampire! I cover my mouth with my hands and stop talking. Cindy looks at me like she's horrified too."*

The dream led Gossip to reflect on those bloody cutting remarks she'd made about the other girl. She realized they reflected badly on her, and didn't endear her to anyone. In fact they made her look horrible.

With Friends Like These Who Needs Enemies?

This potent dream was presented to my dream study class as a meaningless fragment.

*"Something about a TV rerun of the show by the rock and roll group, The Monkees. I was on the kitchen table and they were putting ice cream on my stomach."*

I asked the dreamer, "What 'monkey business' is being rerun in your life? Something that at a gut level makes you want to scream. (Ice cream/I scream). What a reaction that got.

"Oh! I know WHO that is. One of my friends did me dirt before and she's doing it again."

The dreamer had her "Ah-ha!" The meaningless fragment was now a powerful message.

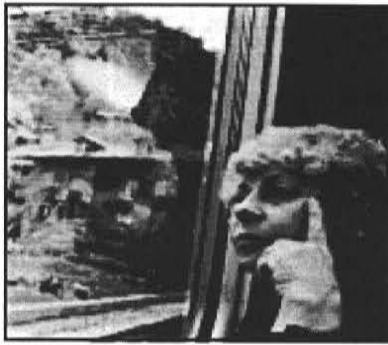
Each dream has its own way of picturing life's situations. Often the words behind the pictures tell the tale. Here is another friendship going awry, but with a very different dream.

*"I dreamed I went into a jewelry store to pick up a diamond ring (engagement ring). I put it on my finger and hurried out. Then I noticed the ring wasn't the way I had ordered it. The diamond was in a rectangular shape but mounted crosswise instead of lengthwise. Also, the diamond was flush with the mounting so no light could get under it. There was no beautiful light refraction. I felt disgusted - the jeweler should have known better."*

Here again, the dreamer knew which friend was bungling the set-up of a project they were engaged in together. The potential was being wrecked and tangled. The dream slowed her down to take notice of what was happening.

The idiom, "curl your hair" means to shock, frighten, horrify or amaze. Ms. Shocked, Ms. Pointer and Ms. Curler were mutual friends. Ms. Shocked had this dream.

*"Ms. Pointer brought me an envelope containing some of her curlers. These were curlers I had used to curl my hair while at Ms. Curler's house."*



The dream came after Ms. Curler had told Ms. Pointer and Ms. Shocked about a shoddy business in which Ms. Curler was enveloped / wrapped up / Ms. Shocked said she felt the news had "curled her hair", shocking and frightening her.

Messy misunderstandings between friends can lead to out of control emotions. By association of location, the floor can represent understanding. (See Sex, Symbols and Dreams for more on location association) A bra confines a feminine feature, an unhooked bra can represent a feminine quality unconfined or uncontrolled. Often the feminine quality associated is emotionality. This next dream seems to suggest a way for the dreamer to work it out. Namely to follow her own inner course before seeking redress of the misunderstanding.

*"I'm in a room with my friend. Lots of papers and stuff are scattered all over the floor. It is very messy. We go out. I'm driving my car trying to hook my bra at the same time. We're back in the same messy room. She is in a larger messy room and I go into a closet and decide to masturbate before I finish redressing. I did and I reached a climax."*

Of course messy misunderstandings can happen between friends. How one reacts is crucial. The dreamer was in charge, driving her own car. By masturbating, doing her own inner course, she gets redressed, relieved from injury. She reaches a climax - the end.

This male dreamer, after having an argument with a woman friend, isn't feeling too happy. This was not a sexual relationship, it was a friendship. However, the dream used imagery of a sexual situation with similar feelings to depict his feeling after the argument.

*"I'm in Arizona at a New Age meeting. A psychic shows me a vision (his intuitive dream). I see a man and a woman having sex (intercourse/discussion) in my bedroom. The woman is on top and very excited. She has an orgasm. I feel sorry for the man because she quits before he is satisfied."*

In the discussion / verbal intercourse with his friend she had "come out on top". He was feeling dissatisfied, arid and maybe even deserted (Arizona).

Relationships on a friendship basis are of all kinds, watch your dreams for comments and hidden feelings about your friendships. ∞

The dream examples used here are from my books, Sleep On It! The Practical Side of Dreaming and Sex, Symbols and Dreams. Both are available from Amazon.com

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

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

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

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

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Have you ever noticed how intense your feelings can be either during or after you awaken from a dream? They can linger for days long after the images have faded, and can often be called up from memory months and sometimes years later. This often occurs when re-reading dream journal entries and associating the descriptions to the accompanying feelings experienced with the dreams.

It might be interesting to imagine that dreams exist in order for us to get in touch with feelings; that this phenomenon is the primary reason for the dream. With the significant amount of research and emphasis on dream symbology and the psychological interpretation of dream images, the feelings the dreamer experiences are often overlooked, or at least not the focus of what the dream may have meant to the dreamer.

In *Dreaming & Waking*, the authors approach dreamwork from this point of view: that a dream is a picture of a feeling; that we can use the feelings derived from dreams to function more effectively in waking life. They believe the question is not to ask what the dream means, but to ask how the dreamer felt in the dream and how effectively did s/he express feelings. They also propose that every image, no matter how complicated, contains within it some unexpressed feeling. They further go on to explain that feelings that have been incompletely expressed during the day are presented at night [through our dreams].

Their concepts intrigued me. I think their 'feeling framework' complements the traditional tools of interpreting dreams from a visual or

symbolic point of view only. The following dream is an example of how the dreamer's feeling/emotional state is woven into the fabric of the dream material.

*I was having my blood tested [as I have regularly since 1998 when I had surgery for cancer], and something was not as it should be. The doctor decided to send the test to the U.S., and I was also going to go, along with the Bishop of Iceland! I did not have the feeling that something was seriously wrong - only different.*

I am always afraid when I have these tests that the cancer may recur, even though there has never been a problem.

~Anon., Reykjavik, Iceland

Certainly, this dream reflects that the dreamer's anxiety about the dream is both a feeling and a picture of a feeling. Viewing your dreams from these perspectives gives fresh, liberating approaches toward evaluating the import of your dreams and translating them into waking life. Identify the feelings with which you waken, and also those in your dream state. See the dream as a feeling and let it empower you to experience a whole new dimension of your waking and dreaming self. ∞

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### 1 *Dreaming & Waking*

Corriere, R., Werner, K.,

Woldenberg, L. and Hart, J., p. 24.

2 *Ibid.*, p. 32.

3 *Ibid.*, p. 30.

4 *Ibid.*, p. 26.

Please submit your dream questions for future discussion to Marlene King, P.O. Box 477, Murphy, OR 97533 or e-mail: [marlene@chatlink.com](mailto:marlene@chatlink.com)

*Dream of My Life*, cont'd from page 33

done halls, and back again, probably have to do with three adventures into worldliness which would predominate in my life. The blackness of the cubical room after the final trip would seem to represent fana, annihilation. Here the room, now blackened, becomes the Kaaba dressed in its black veil. The fear I feel at the end is the fear of spiritual annihilation, which is greater even than the fear of death. And certainly fear has been a big part of my life.

According to my Master's books, blackness or darkness represent either "the determined forms of knowledge and the realm of contingency" or "the light of the Absolute Essence" which "appears as darkness to the wayfarer because of his extreme nearness to the Light." The following is the citation for THE SUPREME BLACKNESS:

In Sufi terminology, the supreme blackness signifies spiritual poverty, as indicated by the Prophet: "Poverty is blackness of face in both worlds." Everything in its most developed form on the level of phenomena is epitomized at this level, as is the tree within the seed.

Kashshaf estelahat al-fonun 647:

*To be covered by the blackness of spiritual poverty  
Is the supreme blackness in our creed.*

Lama'at 39:

(The heart has also been referred to as the supreme blackness)

*All around the eye of clay,  
All that is observed is God's design,  
For the supreme blackness of the heart,  
there is only that  
Unique One.  
Sabazwari*

The richness of the Red Room is like the fascination of spiritual states, unveilings, raptures, theophanies, visionary disclosures. At this station, death and resurrection, fana and baqa, are enacted as a symbolic drama. But when the Red Room goes Black, the spiritual glamour simply goes dead; it is reduced to nothing. In Rumi's words, "Welcome to this pitiful death."

## The following is an interpretation of this dream by a British Muslim, along with two dreams of his own:

"Some thoughts on your remarkable dream. Returning to the cubical room three times: there is a tradition (it may be a Sufi one) that if you ask God for something three times with total sincerity it will be given to you. There is also the Sufi tradition of the one who knocks on the door three times: twice, when asked who was knocking, he says "It is me;" but the third time he says, "It is you," and the door is opened. This reflects your own interpretation of the blackness of the cubical room on the third return as fana, annihilation.

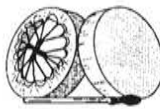
"The colour Green... I was talking recently to Ahmed, and he points out the simple fact that green arises from the mixing of blue and yellow, which can be associated with many pairs of opposites (i.e. green represents the union of opposites, or at least the barzakh between the opposites, Khidr residing between the two seas). [Note: Barzakh means 'isthmus,' the intermediary point or stage between two extremes; it is perhaps related to the Tibetan word *bardo*. Khidr is the hidden guide of the Sufis, an immortal prophet, whose name means "Green Man." He is usually identified with the spiritual master, shocking and incomprehensible in his actions, whom Moses encounters in the Qur'an, in the Surat al-Khaf. He is the Guardian of the Fountain of Life. The dream which led me to Islam centered around the opening page of the Qur'an in exquisite blue and gold calligraphy sent to me as a secret message from a mysterious woman who lives in the Gulf and who was to be my bride. [Note: The ancient Mesopotamian paradise of Dilmun was located on an island in the Persian Gulf, perhaps to be identified with Bahrain.] I associate blue and gold with the polarity of water and fire, the two astrological elemental extremities, and with coolness and heat. [Note: The

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heraldic colors of my Sufi order are gold within blue, representing the Sun in the depths of the Sea.]

"Yes, I too read the cubical room as the Heart. [Note: In both Sufi and Eastern Orthodox Christian terminology, the Heart is the center of the psyche, where it is intersected by the vertical ray of the Spirit.] I met Ahmed through a dream of a cubical box I had before I became a Muslim. *Within the box (which I was holding as a gift for someone) was only a vast empty space. It was lined with black satin, which expressed the dazzling darkness of fana. I knew that this empty space was a far greater gift than the most precious jewel on earth.*

The dream woke me and I went downstairs. I switched on the TV and there was a program called 'Ramadan Journeys' about prominent Muslims in the field of creative arts. It had been delayed because a football match had gone into extra time. At the time it should have been on I was dreaming my dream of the box. At the moment I switched it on, there was Ahmed opening his box of the 99 Names [a mathematical art object Ahmed created to illustrate the 99 Names of God with which the heart of the Sufi becomes adorned]. I immediately realized that the attributes can only be embodied in the one who has a pure and empty heart; as the hadith says, only the Heart of my faithful servant can encompass Me. This is also a matter of simple mathematics: a cubical box of side 10 units, when opened along a diagonal, has 99 inner cubes in accordance with the hadith, 'God has ninety-nine names, one hundred minus one.' " ∞



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We are grateful to be able to assist in making quality dream-related information and resources available to you via the willingness of these knowledgeable individuals. All are committed to the value of dreams; each has her/his own area of interest and/or expertise and can help point the way to the most appropriate resources to meet your needs. Most are available to answer questions from any caller, regardless of location. **If you would like to serve in this way, please contact us!**

Please respect each individual's requests insofar as time availability. **If no specific time is indicated, assume that you can call at anytime;** you may get an answering machine. When leaving a message on a toll call, expect a collect call in return.

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**Charles de Beer** PO Box 598  
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## ALASKA

**Susan Fredericks**  
907/983-2324  
Jungian, Dream Groups, Info  
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**Bay Area Dreamworkers**  
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We would appreciate the following information from you, though this is entirely optional:

- The date you had the dream
- The place you dreamed it
- Your age • Your sex
- Your religion, if any
- Your national background

We would also appreciate your responses to the following two questions, also optional:

- 1) Do you think this dream might relate to something in your personal life, for example a recent event, a not-so recent event, or a present feeling?
- 2) What, if any, is your own interpretation of this dream?

Texts of dreams, personal information and answers to our two questions may be sent by e-mail to [uptonjenny@hotmail.com](mailto:uptonjenny@hotmail.com), or by regular mail to Charles Upton, 28 Marine Drive, San Rafael, CA 94901-2511/ U.S.A. Or visit our website at [www.dreamgate.com/dreamsofislam](http://www.dreamgate.com/dreamsofislam)

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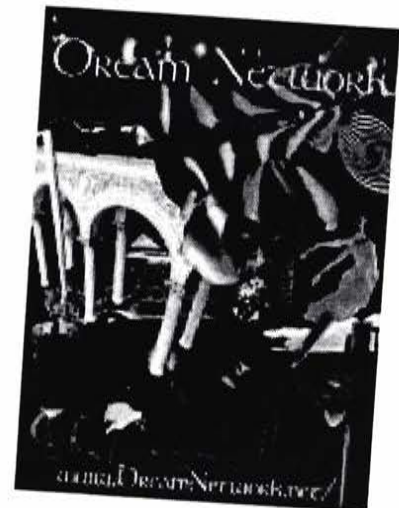
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