

Facing & Embracing Fear

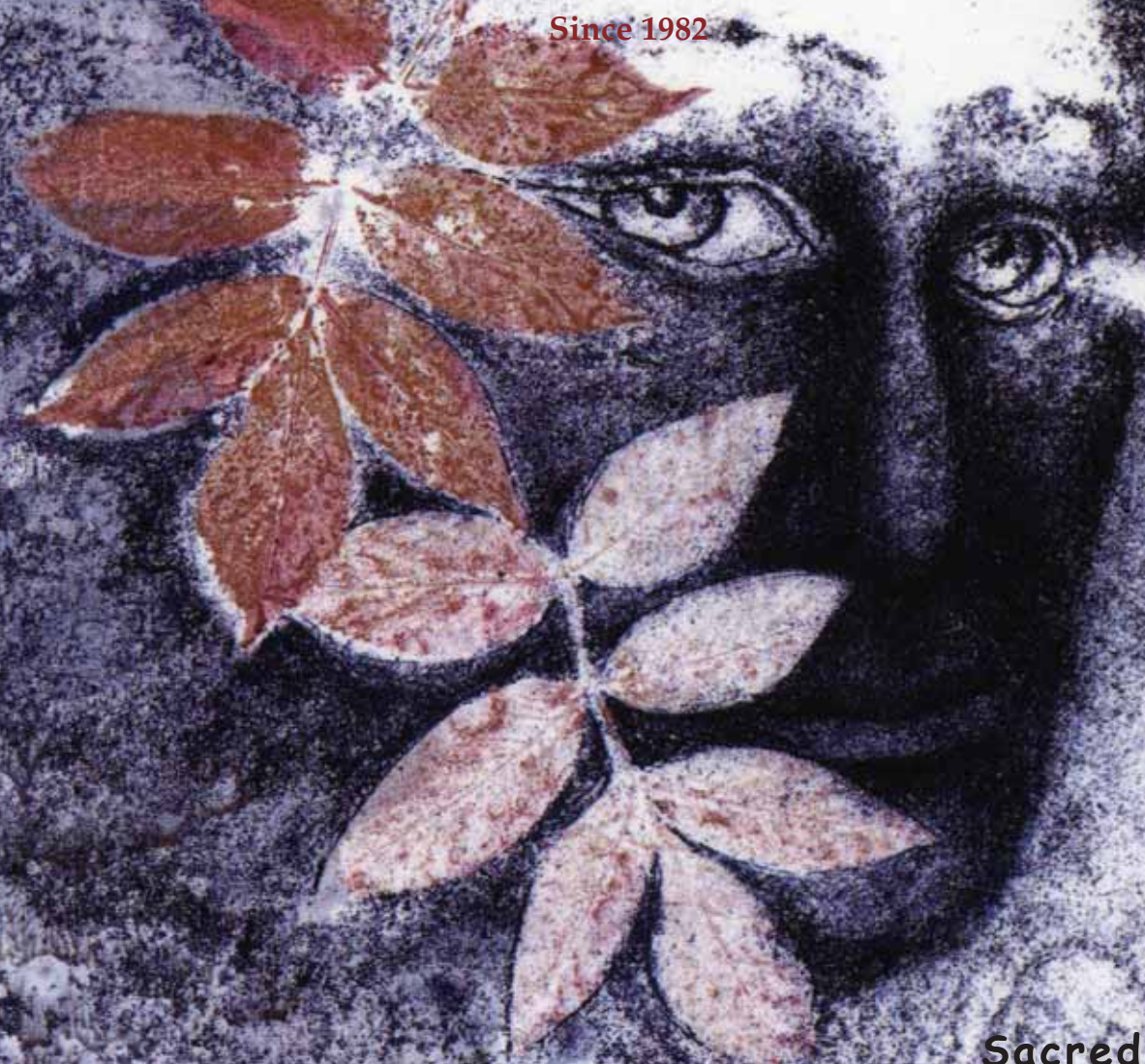
Vol. 24 No. 2

\$7.00 USA/\$8.50 Canada

Dream Network

Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture

Since 1982



Sacred Wounds
Kathy Martone Ed. D.

Dreams in the News
Russell A. Lockhart, Ph.D.

Embodied Dream Imagery
An Interview with Robert Bosnak

**On the Relevance of Quantum Concepts
to Dreaming Consciousness**
Montague Ullman, M.D.

"I'm still amazed with what I've learned and how much my dreams have been trying to tell me. I just didn't know!" —YourGuidingDreams.com Member

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Titanic

I'm on a cruise ship, one as big as the Titanic,
and as I look out the window
I see there is a big storm brewing.
I see water splashing at the windows.
I'm on the top deck so we must be in trouble!
I run down the corridor toward the stairs
but water is starting to flood up the stairs,
so I run to the other side of the corridor
where there are more stairs but it's flooded too.
So I return to the window where I see people jumping out
and I'm so scared that if I jump out
I will hit bottom and die...
and the bottom is no longer the ocean it is cement!
So I am debating whether to die drowning in the stair case
or jumping out the window and just as
I'm contemplating my death,
I hear a siren and the captain of the ship
announces over the loud speaker...



"This is just a test please... don't panic! This is just a test."

I believe that the captain of the ship symbolized God, reminding me that my fears may feel like death no matter what I choose, but in the end it is all an illusion. As long as I don't panic and trust that I will be shown, all will turn out right.

Statement of Purpose

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Dream Network

ISSN #1054-6707

SUMMER 2005 Vol. 24 No. 2

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Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture ~ Since 1982

Our purpose is to raise individual and cultural appreciation for the value of dreams by making available information that will assist and empower you in taking responsibility for your personal/physical, emotional, psychological and spiritual well-being, with the help of dreams.

Our goals are to unite and serve individuals who respect dreams, to empower dreamers in demystifying dreamwork and to assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our everyday lives and 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 on many levels: personal, cultural and global.

Recalling a dream is a signal that we are ready to understand the information that has been presented. Helping you to learn to understand the meaning of your dream—by journaling, studying, sharing your dreams with others one-on-one or in groups—is our primary mission and the purpose of membership in our esoteric organization. Enacting or manifesting the dream's hint can bring healing and personal empowerment.

We seek to provide a balance and to give all cultures/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 that which is surfacing and given the limited space in the print and Online Journal. The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of ideas, opinions and areas of interest to be explored and expressed. We invite you to indicate areas of interest and questions you would like to see explored on our website and in future issues.

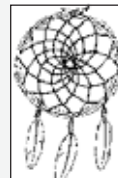
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Upcoming Focus

for AUTUMN—Volume 24 No. 3

Death & Rebirth:
*How have your
dreams informed
or warned you?*

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* (exploring 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

Honestly, I feel so humble, sitting before my computer preparing to send this issue to the printer. I've mentioned in the past that early on—while standing before a great stack of correspondence and tasks that begged attention, while feeling somewhat distraught about the 'nuts and bolts' detail aspect of the great gift I've been given in stewarding this publication—I heard a choir over my left shoulder sing loudly: "And Great Is Your Reward In Heaven!" Needless to say, I proceeded post haste... because, hey, this Earth is Heaven!

Over the years that have past since that event, the 'job' has become almost a dance. I just pay attention to the prompt-ings... and the pieces have, as demonstrated, always fallen into place. I feel so humble and grateful... to the Powers that Be guiding this Universe and to each of you. Thank YOU!

A few years ago, I attended a Richie Haven's concert in Telluride, CO. I've loved Richie for decades and, though I'd experienced his concerts live in the past, this time was able to stand right near the stage and see every movement. I was deeply impressed by the respect each musician had for the other. Richie actually bowed low before the drummer, as though he were a God.

Now, I bow before all of you, in this humble mood, and have the deep pleasure of introducing two new artists in these pages who will be contributing regularly: Russell Lockhart is introducing a column "Dreams in the News" and has identified an extraordinary dream-art exhibit to share with you;

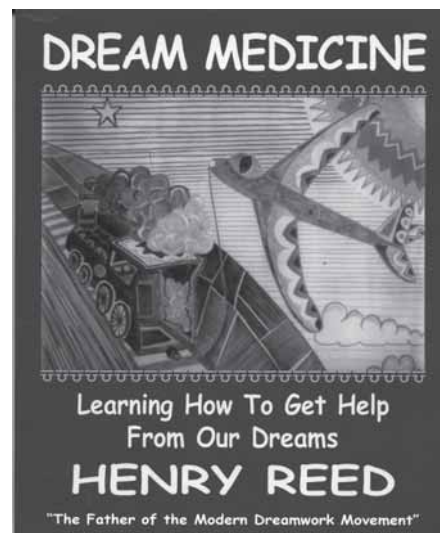
Brenda Ferrimani—an extraordinary dreamer-cum-artist introduces her column sharing a dream that helped her to transform the pain of raising a defiant teenage daughter... into love.

Humble. Montague Ullman, Bill Stimson (our founder), Kathy Martone, Robert Bosnak are all here as well. Handling their thoughts-in-words is sacred. Grateful.

Just as Richie Havens bowed to honor his fellow musicians, I had a dream recently in which the hero was a baldheaded Afro American. In the dream, he bowed before me and I saw that the crown of his head was embedded/inlaid with precious jewels. That image appeared time and again the following day, until.... quietly... surfaced one of my favorite Shakespearean quotes: "Sweet are the uses of adversity, for—like the toad, ugly and venomous—yet wears a precious jewel in its head." The dream itself was speaking to an adversarial situation in my life... Sweet.

Adversity breeds fear... face it, we're surrounded by it. We are challenged to transcend... and dig deep enough to '.. find the precious jewels.' in the world today. In this issue. Craig Chalquist, a new author to these pages, does just that for us. He looks back on Now, "forehistorically" (Craig's term) and provides glimpses in his excellent article *Looking Back on the Next World War: Fictionalized Futures as Dreams*.

I've elected to reprint two visions for our Dreaming Humanity's Path feature in this issue... as recurring dreams. Timelessly critical and informative warnings. Take heed.



From Henry Reed, one of *Dream Network's* former editors—thank you, Henry!—regarding his new, soulful book:

"I am very proud to announce the publication of DREAM MEDICINE: Learning How to Get Help From Our Dreams. This book, full of my art work, tells the story of my collaboration with people like you to create a new approach to dream research. It paid off big time with important results for all. The book also has some good techniques for dreamwork. If you go to www.henryreed.com/intuitivdream.pdf you can download a sample chapter, readable with Adobe Acrobat, on intuitive dream interpretation. Try it for yourself.

You can also order my book from Amazon.com by <<http://www.amazon.com/exec/obidos/ASIN/1929841183/creativespirit02>>clicking here!"

I am humbled. I bow—low and deep—to Dreams and to each of you. Cherish this issue.

Letters, Questions & Dreams

Praise for DreamNetwork.net

Dream Network's new website is a wonderful aspect of art itself. Visually stunning and user friendly, Dream Network is a portal directing us to the mysterious contours within our dreamscape. Here, we can learn and explore the nature of the dreamer's symbolic world. Dream Network is an excellent site to learn and participate in. Incorporating some very useful links and where one can even submit their dreams to be read by a very large audience. Dream Network is the source to explore and analyze the power, magic and mystery within our dreams.

Jude Forese, the Bronx/NYC, NY

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Comments on 'Becoming a Member' @ DreamNetwork.net

The description of "WHAT DOES BEING A MEMBER INVOLVE?" on the new website is wonderful! I hope this is the start of many dream groups and subscribers to Dream Network. I've been thinking about starting a group myself, hmmm....

The support available through Dream Network makes the prospect less intimidating and isolating. Bravo and good luck!

*Lorraine Grassano,
San Francisco, CA*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Website Connects the Visitor Directly to Dreams

A little note to let you know that I am becoming familiar with the new website you have created. It is absolutely beautiful! The background color of green and graphics are sooth-

ing to the reader. I also feel that it connects the reader directly to the theme of "dreams." The presentation of the text is orderly, clear, and simple to follow - very professional and appealing. I am slowly learning more about you, and other participants of Dream Network Journal.

As I continue to learn about Dream Network and its mission, I can't help but think that LIBRARIES all across the country would be interested in this publication, either in print or have it accessible in their electronic catalogs. You may have already explored this avenue of distribution, or perhaps, are thinking of exploring. Libraries are our life-long centers for education, and a very appropriate place for Dream Network Journal. I have a very special bond with libraries because I was an active professional librarian for many years.

I thank you again allowing me to be a part of the Dream Network. With Gratitude and Blessings,

*Maggie Leoncio Umscheid,
Oak Hill, FL*

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Imagery on Website: Cherries & Nuts on Top of a Chocolate Sundae!

Having just toured Dream Network for the latest updates, especially visual images, there is no doubt in my mind that we are birthing something into the practical, everyday world that will bring the great value of dreams to wider audiences than ever before. The continual update of visual images, to my mind, are the cherries and nuts on top of the chocolate sundae. Yum! This can only help make our world a better place. In case I'm being obscure here, I LOVE what you are creating with Dream Network and am honored more than you know to be made an Honorary Member of DN. Blessings,

Noreen Wessling, Milford, OH
*Norren's praise goes from here to
Deborah Koff-Chapin. (Ed.)*

From Our Founder, Bill Stimson

I found the Dream Network Store on the website and subscribed for two years. I feel the site is vastly improved over the old one because it's more toned down. I feel if the "look" of the site is too "new age" it'll turn away the many different constituencies you want who are of a deeper bent, more into myth, or a deeper more spiritual and less facile take on dreams.

I feel that for the Network to work there needs to be the whole spectrum, the whole mix, from the scientists, to the therapists, to the artists, to the bloke on the street, like you and me -- everything we know about dreams comes from doing our own dreams.

Really, we're the type that's been left out of all the other assemblages, and so we're the ones—it falls naturally to us, because we're the hub, the center—to bring all the others together under one rubric, which is to use dreams to build community, contact with our own depths and the mythic, mythopoetic, creative, divine dimensions... or what the physicist David Bohm so aptly terms "the implicate order."

And finally, I know I've thanked you before -- but I want to say again how grateful I am that you're doing the wonderful work that you're doing. Somehow or other, I'm going to find a way, some way or other, to strengthen the DNJ from Taiwan.

Bill Stimson, Taiwan, China

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From Monte Ullman

Thank you so much for your kindness in sending me copies of the current issue of Dream Network for my April workshop. You are making a great contribution to stimulating interest in dreams and are doing a magnificent job in reaching people with the message of how important dreams are in so many ways!

Monte Ullman, Ardsley, NY~ ~

What if?

Twenty years ago I approached a high school superintendent regarding an experiment involving the dreams of volunteer high school students. My purpose was to become aware of, and help students who were experiencing difficulty dealing with peer pressure, as well as any other important matters that would surface regarding their daily activities.

I would teach methods that would encourage dream recall, and how to keep a dream journal, log and dictionary. The understanding of dreams would be totally open; each student would be encouraged to bring forth their own thoughts concerning the understanding of their dreams.

Professionalism would be ruled out (Freud, Jung, and Adler) because it has a tendency to degenerate into fanaticism, a form of insanity. Top dog must not be allowed control.

I pointed out the recognition that would occur for the one who introduces a new concept in education standards, one that could be so beneficial for students, teachers and school officials.

The superintendent explained that my proposal may have merit but there were many reasons this could not be done. We live in the Bible belt; the churches would create a storm of protest. The parents of each student would have to give permission to take part in this experiment because they are minors. The school board would have to grant permission, for this is a radical approach to education that no one has heard of. For these and other reasons I was denied my request.

What if my proposal had been granted and I succeeded in proving the value of dreams and dream-working for high school students? Would this have become a part of the education agenda?

Could this have prevented the tragedy of Columbine and Red Lake Indian reservation high schools?

For what it is worth, I tried.

Dean McClanahan, Springfield, MO

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Awareness re: Dreams, Important In our Society

A friend of mine in prison has shared his copy of the Dream Network with me and I truly enjoy each issue. I read an article in it that I liked very much about dreaming up a better society. The writer was talking about being a dream guide and just sharing helpful insights and information without preaching this or that. This is what I like reading in any article.

Dreaming in prison is—as you would expect—full of confining and frightening imagery sometimes. Being in close proximity to so many people tends to intervene with dreaming in my opinion and it sure is challenging for me to project a positive aura, but I keep trying.

I think what you are doing is spectacular and much needed in our society. Thank you!

Michael Neilson, Draper, UT

I'm sure Michael would love to hear from you, readers. Write him at #26185, PO Box 250, LP, A-115, Draper, UT 84020 (Editor)

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Speaking to Art Funkhouser's Continued Pursuit of Deja Vu

My name is Rachel, and I just took Art Funkhouser's deja experience survey. I have had *many* such experiences in my life. I commend you, Art, on your obviously well thought-out and thorough survey. Thank you for doing research in this area; we will all benefit from gathering understanding of these phenomena. I was just wondering the past few days how many other people have similar experiences, or how I might be able to become more knowledgeable of deja-related information in general. How-

ever, I am not very interested in doing a deep and involved search for such information, so I am pleased to have found your website so quickly. Anyway, I wanted to share with you the detail of my deja-experiences, as I am most curious to find whether or not they are common.

With most—if not all—of my experiences, there is a sense of "distance." This feeling of "distance" is an intense sense of the *time-distance* that exists between when I initially dreamed or had a precognitive experience of the thing I find myself in NOW. While most have a (comparatively) mild sense of time-distance, some have a *very intense* feeling of time-distance... such that it feels like I am experiencing two time frames simultaneously.

This is how I would characterize what occurs in just a moment: I suddenly realize I am in a deja experience... I become very aware and all my attention shifts to observe the experience... I have an intense sense of the time distance... and I find myself internally seeing and feeling the "before" portion—the portion that pre-existed and looked ahead to this NOW experience—and for some time I am experiencing these two time-frames at once. These things cascade so very rapidly, it is like I really am in two places and times at once. Forgive me if that was hard to follow. 'Time shift' things are hard to describe in a linear way.

I've drawn a little diagram (pg. 9) like one I drew for myself after I had a new experience a couple months ago. In this particular experience, as I found myself in the dejamoment, I not only had a "flashback" to the prior precognitive experience that pointed to this moment, but I also sensed a future me having a deja moment that will flashback to this one. I'm sure this sounds strange! But that is OK. I could actually FEEL me in the future looking back at this experience... in that moment when they all link. It is really more than a "looking." It is truly experiencing them all simultaneously.

I can describe the future setting to some degree... what I felt like as I experienced two prior foresights catching up... what sort of a place I was in and what I was doing. When this happens, it is as though I am looking through two tunnels: *a view of the past looking ahead* to NOW, and a view of the *future looking back at NOW*. There is no great importance to these events other than the deja-whatever experiences that tie them together.

When my deja-whatever/precognitive experiences dramatically increased in frequency, intensity and duration around the age of 20 (I am 23 now), I was terrified for about a month because it was the first time such things had been happening... practically all day, every day. I had no idea what was going on, and it was upsetting to have my idea of time and life so rattled. Not all my experiences

are as intense as what I described above. Some are quite mild by comparison. I still have them very often (at some or other point every day) but I am far more comfortable with them now. I have been analyzing them closely for myself. How could one avoid doing so?

Here's just a little info about me: I do like *Star Trek*, but mainly because Patrick Stewart is so cute. I always thought shows like *Sliders* were asinine. I do not obsess over spacey things. I'm just trying to say that I am a fairly normal girl. One last thing: In the small amount of reading I've done today, it seems that people want to be very specific regarding *deja vecu*, *deja visite*, precognitive, clairvoyant, etc. But in my experience, these things are practically inseparable. Thanks for your time.

Rachel Stout rachel.stout@gmail.com

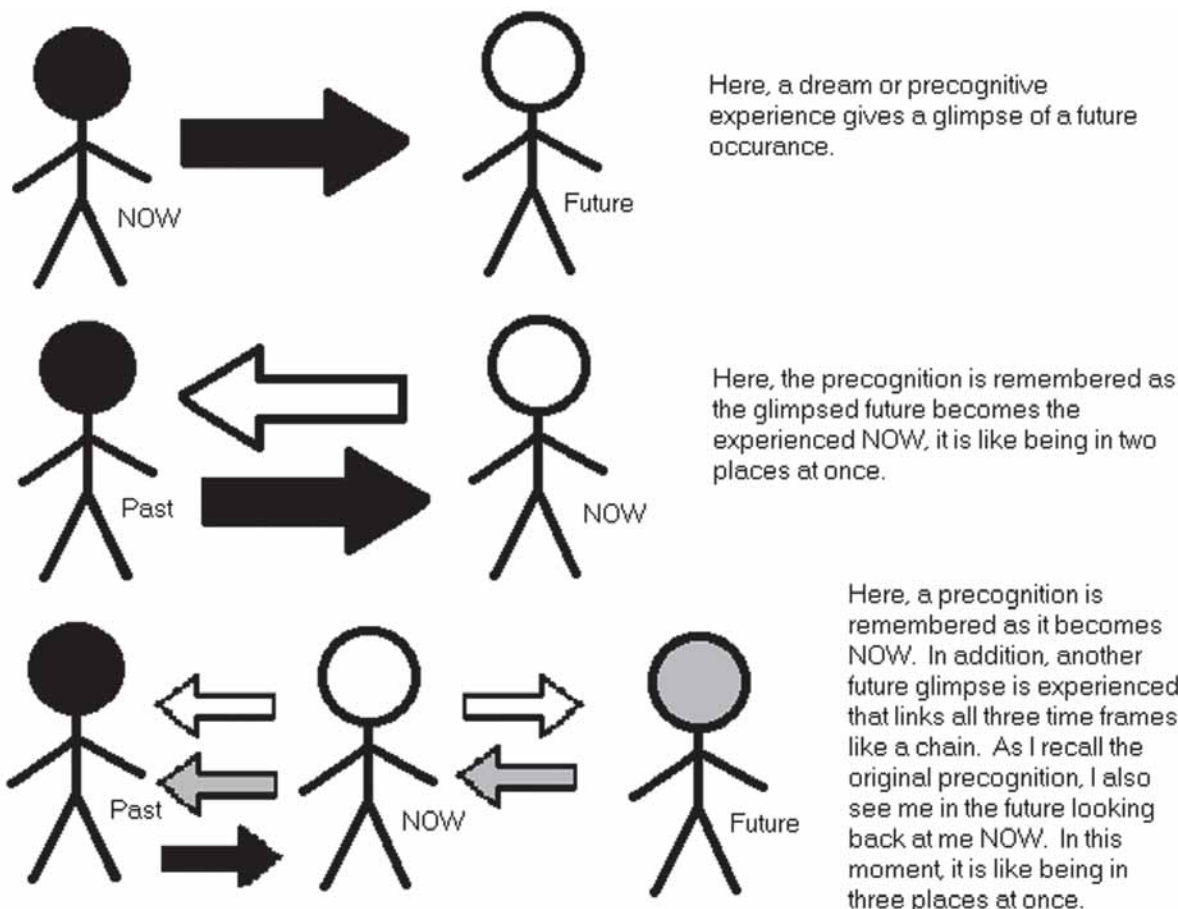
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**Our 'Letters' section
is the place for you to ask
Questions about dreams
—even your own dream—
and to share your
experience, inspirations,
criticism/critique—
even your dreams.
You may also choose to
initiate a controversy
or debate!**

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On the Relevance of Quantum Concepts to Dreaming Consciousness

by Montague Ullman, M.D.

$$hc = 6.63 \times 10^{-34} \text{ e} \times 3.0 \times 10^8$$

IN THE PAST TWO DECADES there has been considerable focus on the effort to reach a deeper insight into the nature of consciousness via quantum mechanics. There has been very little attention paid, however, to the fact that we are endowed with two naturally recurring forms of consciousness: one experienced in the waking state, the other in the course of sleep. Waking consciousness and dreaming consciousness are intimately related but quite different in the way they are experienced. What they share in common is the continuing mystery of their connection to their neurophysiological substrate. Fred Alan Wolf is one of the few physicists who have written extensively about this mystery (Wolf, 1994).

Despite Freud's classic volume on the interpretation of dreams and the further contributions of several generations of psychoanalysts since then, the fact remains that the true nature of dreaming consciousness still eludes us. At least it does to me and so I have had to look elsewhere for clues to the unique features of our dream life. It is always a risk for someone to express views outside his own ken. To minimize the risk I have worked only with several of the basic concepts

of quantum mechanics in their relevance to the unique features of dreaming. In what follows I will first consider the phenomenological features of these fascinating creatures of the night.

Associated with subcortical arousal mechanisms, dreams have an ancient phylogenetic origin, the physiological components of which we share with other mammals. They address two specific needs during sleep, both of which are served by the REM stage and associated imagery. One need points outward and is the need to build into the sleeping state periods of cortical arousal where, while ordinary stimuli remain dampened, there is a continuing alertness to certain external stimuli singled out for their special significance. A mother asleep keeps an auditory channel open to the slightest sound of her sleeping infant.

The other need points inward and calls for versatility and flexibility in response to the changing aspects of waking experience. In the case of other mammals, both Evans (1983) and Winson (1986) have suggested that the REM cycle provides the sleeping organism with the opportunity to review and revise its behavioral repertoire to meet changing circum-

stances. In meeting both of these needs the REM-imaging stage of sleep may be looked upon as a genetically driven survival mechanism.

Dreams differ from waking thought in both form and content.

Form

Dreaming is primarily a sensory experience, mostly visual but occasionally involving other sensory modalities. In the course of our evolution as a species we have retooled a primitive imaging system into a remarkably effective way of calling our attention to feelings and concerns surfacing during the REM and occasionally other stages of sleep. Freed from the waking constraints of time, space and causality, and calling upon our capacity for abstract thought, the imagery that results goes beyond a photographically literal representation to convey its message metaphorically. Dream images are fundamentally metaphors in motion. Other figurative modes may come into play, but the visual metaphor is the dream's most characteristic feature. Depending on the issue involved, the resulting imagery can be obvious in its metaphorical meaning or so elaborately crafted that it takes work to spark across the



Monte outside his home in Ardsley, NY

gap between image and waking reality. While the meaning may not be immediately apparent, the intent is not to disguise nor censor the feelings that are arising. In the absence of waking sensory input we revert to a primitive imaging mode and transform it, quite creatively, into an expressive rather than concealing mode of self-communication.

Content

The content of dreams is as broad as the range of issues that concerns us from day to day. They vary from the trivial to the awesome. The feeling residues that set the dreaming agenda are drawn from any of the four dimensions of our existence - the biological, the psychological, the social, and what have been variously referred to as the cosmic, transpersonal or spiritual.

The Biological: Bodily changes can make their presence felt in a dream. Their intensity, such as the need to urinate, may crowd out other concerns. More interesting, however, is the fact that while dreaming, our sensitivity to change is so great that incipient organ pathology may register in a dream before there is any awareness of it in the waking state. We seem to be in a change-detecting mode while dreaming regardless of whether a significant change is arising from within or without.

The Psychological: As adults we face the task of undoing developmental constraints while at the same time contending with ongoing social constraints. These limitations take their toll, a toll we are often unaware of until they surface in our dreams. They set in motion the most consistent features of our dream life, namely, the way memory, creativity and honesty come into play to surmount disorder. Recent feeling residues connect up with past residues in a way not easily accomplished while awake. More relevant information becomes immedi-

ately available. The search is not simply for origins but, equally important, is the uncovering of resources within us to cope with the situation. Our innate creativity crafts imagery that speaks so elegantly and directly to whatever it is that is coming into being at the time. It is as if there is within each of us an incorruptible core of being that displays our predicament in a profoundly honest way.

The kind of honesty I associate with dreaming consciousness is not meant in some abstract moral sense. It is contextual and rooted in the fundamental reality that truth is more enabling than self-deception. Our ability to see truth is contextual in the sense that at any given moment what is exposed to view in a dream is contingent on the individual developmental and social constraints that are still operative. These constraints limit but can never completely block our nocturnal ability to discern the authentic from the spurious. We possess a unique inner camera, one with an aperture that, like all cameras, opens more widely in the dark. This camera, however, is equipped with an ethical aperture that reveals a bit more of the truth about ourselves than we are aware of awake.

The Social: Our dreams have social referents as well as personal. The former point to unsolved tensions in society that have been internalized in one form or another. We have an inordinate ability to resort to self-deception rather than face up to certain painful social realities. The various issues that continue to pervade the social order seep into our unconscious despite conscious intent to the contrary. In the United States racism is still very much in evidence.

The Cosmic: The last dimension has no generally agreed upon designation. I prefer the term cosmic because this is the aspect of our being that goes beyond the biological, beyond the psychological, and beyond the social, to signify our relatedness to the mystery

of our existence in a still mysterious universe. Transcendental, transpersonal and spiritual are terms which would serve equally well. Organized religion has attempted to deal with these mysteries but in its evolution has added to the many lines of cleavage that continue to fragment the unity of our species. Our feelings and concerns in this dimension do at times come through in dreams that have a numinous quality of peace, transcendence, and an almost mystical feeling of connectedness. Such dreams are often ineffable in the beauty and wonder they convey.

The Function of Dreaming Consciousness

There are almost as many functions attributed to dreaming as there are writers on the subject. Their points of view include the clinical, neuro-cognitive, neurophysiological, and the transpersonal and the spiritual. Clinically, the movement has been away from Freud's emphasis on wish fulfillment and dreams as the guardian of sleep, toward a generally more adaptive view of the dream, beginning with Jung's compensatory function. Neuro-cognitive approaches emphasize information processing and the working through of recent experience in the interest of memory storage. Neurophysiological theorists, while contributing to our knowledge of the neural substrate, tend to be dismissive of the creativity and psychological richness of our dream life. The transpersonal and the spiritual take us into realms beyond ourselves.

The values of a society have much to do with the functional significance of dreams. Awake and facing outward, we live in a society where a given set of values are already in place. Facing inward while dreaming, we bring an evaluative process into play that reveals in a more consistently honest fashion the felt impact of the current realities impinging on us. The discrepancy between the waking view and



"What dreaming does is give us the fluidity to enter into other worlds by destroying our sense of knowing this world... Dreaming is a journey of unthinkable dimensions, a journey that, after making us perceive everything we can humanly perceive, makes the assemblage point jump outside the human domain and perceive the inconceivable."

Carlos Castenada American anthropologist

the metaphorical portrayal of the situation in the dream creates the opportunity for emotional growth. Dreaming, however, is a nighttime activity. The remembered dream has to be "socialized" for its full informative potential to be realized. That means work has to be done, often requiring collaborative help, to go beyond the ordinary waking view of the self. The technique of learning how to help a dreamer accomplish this task is available to anyone interested (Ullman, 1996). Dreams are useful tools in therapy but dreaming is universal and should be universally accessible. Truth is healing, however we come by it.

Despite the enormous amount of information about dreams we have gathered over the past century, our dream life is still enshrouded in mystery. Why do we have the ability to tell a story about our lives in a way that dispenses with our ordinary notions of time, space and causality? Current approaches to dream function take the unique features of dreaming consciousness as a given. Expressing dreams as a regressive way of thinking, for example, fails to do justice to their creative and healing potential. In seeking clues to this mystery I have had to go beyond my own field of psychiatry to learn more about this unique form of consciousness. In what follows I call attention to its analogy to some of the key concepts of quantum mechanics, namely,

complementarity, inter-connectedness, the linkage of the observer and observed, and non-locality. Speculative as this may be, this approach may have the virtue of opening up a different perspective on the still mysterious nature of dreaming.

Complementarity

We do not know what an electron is when it is not being measured. What we do know is that it has a dual nature depending on how we go about measuring it. Under one set of circumstances it becomes manifest as a particle. Under another set of circumstances it appears as a wave. This hidden unity of opposites is known as complementarity. It is also an apt term to describe the dual nature of consciousness. Awake we are in the particle mode facing a world of discrete objects. Asleep and dreaming we are coping with the internal resonant wave-like feelings seeking to embed themselves in symbolic imagery. Both states, while experienced in qualitatively different ways, are derivative of a unity. They are complementary. Both are necessary for a complete description of the individual at any given moment. To the extent that one is in focus the other is not.

More specifically, the two different forms of consciousness reflect the unique and paradoxical predicament we are in. We are one with the mate-

rial fabric of the world, and at the same time, capable of observing that world, reflecting on it and interacting with it. Awake we function in a world characterized by its discreteness and patterning. Asleep and dreaming we shift to a more diffuse imagistic portrayal of residual feeling tones. Awake, the feeling tones that later surface in dreaming consciousness are dimly felt in a manner akin to a Greek chorus. The latter registers the background dissonance between a particular conscious response to a given experience and the seeming unawareness of its actual felt impact. Asleep and dreaming, there is a figure-ground reversal highlighting the feelings involved while the waking ego is assigned to a more reactive role.

Interconnectedness

I regard dreaming consciousness as concerned with the state of our connection to our past and to others in the interest of our survival as a species (Ullman, 1990). Congenial to this with regard to consciousness generally is the view of the biologist Barlow (1980) who notes:

"Consciousness is not a property of a brain in isolation but is a property of a brain that is and has been in communication with other brains.... I shall suggest that consciousness ... is Nature's method of making humans behave cooperatively." (p. 82)

This implies and I believe correctly that consciousness, awake or dreaming, is contextual in nature and that we lose sight of this in our assumption that it is our unique gift to do with as we want. The capacity to love is the most coherent way of relating to the context. When that capacity is impaired, efforts at healing are set in motion in a way similar to the efforts at repair when our physical system is damaged in any way. It is in this sense that dreaming consciousness is a natural healing system. Healing occurs by exposing impediments to connectedness and the exploration of the coping resources available. Just as we are not in control of our own natural healing potential in response to trauma, infection or other sources of impairment, dreaming is an unconscious effort at healing, biologically enforced and spontaneously set in motion. The result is a deeper sense of connectivity to our own past and to others.

The Observer and the Observed

Quantum mechanics has brought to the fore the inter-relatedness of the observer to the phenomena under observation. This is known as the "measurement problem" and is still a very mysterious aspect of quantum theory.

Awake, our observing egos, taking our discreteness as a given, interact in ways that are at times coherent with the underlying reality of our interconnectedness and at times are not. Asleep and dreaming, there is a radical shift in the observer role. The reality that now comes into view is spontaneous and unsummoned. We remain an observer but are now observing a scenario not of our own conscious making. There is, in effect, an actual merging of the observer and the observed as the dream context unfolds. Freed of temporal and spatial constraints, having a causality of

its own, the feeling residues of the waking context come into full view in a metaphorical narrative. By changing our focus asleep we have changed the "measurement" arrangement and arrive at different views of a unitary entity.

Non-Locality

The term non-locality refers to the instantaneous transfer of a signal from one place to another through no known physical means. Non-locality at the quantum level has been subject to experimental proof but still remains a baffling mystery. Non-locality at the macro-level as cited in dreams has been supported by the experimental work in parapsychology and also remains a quite mysterious happening. Whether we are catching glimpses of one mystery or two different ones remains to be determined.

My own interest in telepathy began in the course of psychoanalytic practice when a patient of mine would report a dream containing striking and non-inferential information of concordant events in my own life. This eventually led to experimentally controlled studies using the REM sleep-monitoring technique resulting in statistically significant findings with regard to both the occurrence of telepathic and precognitive dreaming (Ullman, Krippner, Vaughan, 2001).

Already noted, are the strange things we do with time and space in our dreams as we impress them into metaphorical service. In the case of time, the instantaneous condensation of past and present might be looked upon as a kind of subjective non-locality. The paranormal dream, on the other hand, suggests the possibility of an objective non-locality by spanning across space in the telepathic dream and across time in the precognitive dream. The information picked up has an objective source whether it is literally or symbolically depicted in the dream.

The work of the late David Bohm stimulated my interest in the connection between the mystery of dream-

ing consciousness and his approach to the still unsettled issues in quantum theory. His concept of the implicate order as a seamless whole out of which an explicate order of discreteness arises is relevant to the emphasis I am placing on inter-connectedness and dreaming (Ullman, 1987). With regard to dreaming, it is as if we become part of this implicate order as we take leave of the world of discreteness during sleep.

In sum: The unique features of dreaming consciousness deserve a bit more attention than they are currently receiving in the ongoing discourse on the nature of consciousness. Among these unique features are an intrinsic honesty providing the opportunity for moral growth in the individual and to interconnectedness in the interest of survival of the species.

The unique features of the dream were further considered in their analogy to certain key aspects of quantum mechanics, namely complementarity, inter-connectedness, the contextual linkage of observer and observed, and non-locality. ∞

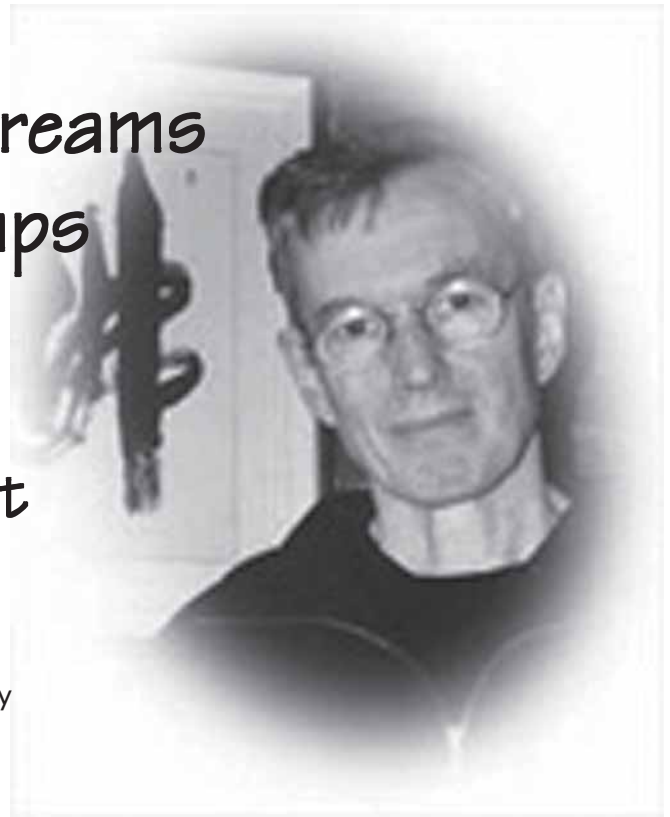
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The Usefulness of Dreams and Dream Groups in Taiwan: Working with a Dream Fragment

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Abstract

The importance of dreams and dream groups for purposes of creative self-realization in Taiwan is explored. An illustrative example is given where the Montague Ullman experiential dream group process was used with a dream fragment presented by a Taiwanese woman. The process proved highly useful even with only a fragment of a dream. The experiential dream group process might have an important place in addressing the human cost of Taiwan's overly competitive society.

Keywords: dreams; experiential dream group; Taiwan

Using Dreams & the Dream Group to Access Our Full Human Potential

SOME 2,500 YEARS AGO the Chinese sage Chuang Tzu awoke from a dream that he was a butterfly. He wondered whether he was a man who had just dreamed he was a butterfly, or a butterfly now dreaming he was a man. Which is the dream? Which is real? How can we know?

Years ago, I had a dream... *I sat at a table with my family members in the basement of a house — my mother, father, brother and sister. What amazed me was to see that each shone in flawless individual perfection. In a later scene of the dream... I walked upstairs to the ground floor of the same house. There I was surprised to encounter another version of my family. My mother, father, brother and sister again — only each now had their flawed character and neurotic twists. When I woke, I was confused. Each of my families in the*

dream, in its own way, seemed more real than the other.

It's not one thing or the other that we're dealing with in dreams. We see the whole picture. Not so in waking life. Like a prism can split light into its component colors, we have a consciousness when we're awake that is dualist. We look out at reality and don't realize that our consciousness separates things that are united and often only registers half the picture. We aren't immediately aware that every strength comes coupled with a weakness. For everything missed, there is something gained. Wealth is wedded with poverty, superiority with inferiority, in the most intimate fashion. All opposites are united. It's the way reality is constructed. But it's not the way our waking consciousness usually perceives reality. When awake, we don't see things the way they are.

I wake up from my dream and ask myself which is my family — the perfect one or the imperfect one? Only later, it begins to dawn on me that in a dream I've experienced the begin-

ning of compassion. I begin to see the damage the world has inflicted on these individuals. When I see how little of their real human nature has managed to get to the surface and into their daily behavior, my heart melts towards them. How much they've missed of life! How much of their fullness never got a chance to see the light of day! How sorry I am for any unkind thought I ever harbored about any of them when I see how they've suffered and what greatness and perfection each carries inside.

There's so much of value inside each and every one of us that never gets a chance to live! If we saw each other for who we really are, we would have to recognize that and bow down to one another, like religious monks do, in sheer reverence.

When we work with someone's dream, using Montague Ullman's experiential dream group process, we do get to see this. Always at the end of the process there is this feeling that runs the circle and swells the heart of every one of us until one by one members of the group break out and say to the dreamer "Thank you! Thank you so much!"

A beginner might think we're thanking the dreamer for sharing her dream or for being open about her life. After you've participated in many groups and done this work a while, you begin to realize it's a much bigger gratitude than that. You're thanking the dreamer for giving our dualistic mind a glimpse of the whole, which includes the other part that the dream brings in. For in doing so, the dreamer has given us a rush, an intoxication with the sense of our own deepest and fullest humanity. We walk away, even after working on someone else's dream, more alive and closer to who we really are.

Chuang Tzu raised the important question: What is real? What is not? What if we are dreaming when we think we're awake? What if what we

think is a dream is really true?

This is not some abstract philosophical quandary that's irrelevant to our day-to-day existence. As the following sample dream will show, it's at the root of our ability to find the real meaning in our lives and to become the fully realized creative human beings we have it in us to be — and that our culture needs us to be if it is not to stagnate and become poisonous and inhibiting of real life.

Vanda's Dream Fragment

Vanda is a lecturer in English at a university in a distant part of Taiwan. In December 2003 she read an article in the newspaper about the experiential dream groups Dr. Shuyuan Wang and I were conducting at Chaoyang University of Technology. She phoned immediately and wanted to come to the next one. It was three months away, in March, 2004.

Later she told us, as March rolled around all kinds of obstacles presented themselves. She had to get a colleague to cover her Friday class at the university. She had to arrange for someone to take care of her little girl. At the last minute there was a problem with the train reservation she'd made. Inexplicably, all record of it had vanished from the computer system. She overcame the hurdles one by one, managed to get a new reservation at the last minute and traveled four and a half hours by train to get here.

After her long journey, she stayed up half the night in the campus guesthouse talking with her two roommates, who'd also traveled from far away to attend the experiential dream group.

The following morning, on the first day of the weekend workshop, Vanda volunteered her dream in the very first session. She'd woken up with the dream that morning. She apologized because it was not the complete dream. She'd had a larger dream but

was too tired in the morning to remember it all. All she got down on paper was the tail-end fragment. It was only a single scene.

Vanda's Dream Fragment:

"That was like adults, they're grown-ups. They're talking about something. Seriously. Then children. They're playing games. It's sort of a jungle gym game but I'm not sure what it was. Then for some reason I was trying to figure out what is real or which one is real.

There were no definable characters in the dream fragment. Even the dreamer wasn't exactly a character in her own dream but was sort of looking on, struggling with a question in her head. There was no action. There was a group of adults talking seriously. A group of children played games on a jungle gym. That was it. There was no contact between the two groups or between either group and the dreamer.

Outwardly, nothing was happening. All we had was the picture. There didn't seem to be a lot to work with.

After the group worked for a while with feelings and metaphors, Vanda mentioned an additional detail: the children in the jungle gym weren't making any noise and they had no expressions on their faces. She hadn't thought to write this down, but it was part of the dream fragment.

Vanda's Dream Fragment

(Continued):

"Children play, doesn't seem making any sound or voice. Didn't even have too much facial expression."

This new information changed the whole picture because it didn't fit reality. Children in a playground make lots of noise and their faces are very expressive.

Whatever the image of children represents in Vanda has been omi-

nously silenced and deprived of self-expression. The only voice present is the adult one.

There is a story here. Occasionally we glimpse, in the person of the dreamer, some small trait that sheds light on a puzzling image in the dream. When a group member offered as a projection that the children in the jungle gym seemed happy, Vanda replied, "I didn't have that happy feeling in the dream." In the next breath she graciously added, "But maybe the feeling was there and I just wasn't aware of it."

She seemed overly compliant about admitting outside authority into the area of her feelings. The adult voices in the children's area came to mind.

Vanda told us as she lay in bed dozing off to sleep after her long conversation with her roommates, the last thoughts in her mind were: "I felt my roommates were so brave to do what they wanted and I asked myself 'What do I want?' They each made a really big decision. I'm not sure if I could do that. To me it seems they really followed their intuition. That would be a big challenge to me. Even when I figured out what I really want, it would be a challenge to me to make some changes if I want to."

Vanda told us that when people found out she was coming to this dream workshop they said, "Why are you going to waste your time doing something like that? You have so many more important things you need to be spending your time on right now."

Vanda said she almost decided against coming but at the last minute she did come.

"I don't want to be doing something just because [other people say] it's important," she said. "I thought the dream workshop would be really exciting [to me]."

"Is there anything more you'd care to say about doing things that are important vs. doing things that are exciting?" I asked.

*"I dreamed of myself in a dream
and told the dream, which was mine,
as if it were another person's
of whom I dreamed. Indeed what is life
when thinking of the past,
but dreaming of a dream dreamt by
another who seems to be oneself?"*

Stopford Brooke, 1899

"When I was a kid I loved dance," she said. "That's something I always wanted to do."

"When I was in third or fourth grade I told my mom, 'I want to do this. Let me take dance classes just a couple of months.' But after I started, she told me, 'You've got to quit. You have too much homework.'"

"During the day before the dream," Vanda said, "I watched Cloud Gate Dance Theatre perform on public TV." Her eyes became suddenly moist and her voice wavered, but she continued. "I watched the dance," she said, struggling to contain the emotion as tears streamed down her face, "and I cried." She broke into sobs as she told us this.

"I don't know why I cried when I watched the performance," she said when she recovered enough to go on. "I don't know whether it was because I wished I had become a dancer but I didn't, or whether it was just because of the beauty of the dance movements."

Vanda cried again. The group had to wait a long while before she was ready to go forward. "I had a chance in college to make dance my major. My mom wouldn't let me. She wanted me to major in English. I majored in English."

Now we begin to see where the image of the silenced children figures in.

"After college I went to America for a Masters degree," Vanda continued. "For the first time in my life I felt really free. To my dismay, when I returned to Taiwan with my degree I found I was expected to fit myself back into the same little box I'd been in before, and give up all my freedom."

"When I got a teaching job at the university I yearned to travel and to get away, at least for vacations. 'No,' people told me. 'It's more important to save and buy a house.'"

"I actually enjoy teaching at the university," Vanda said. "The students say I'm a good teacher. They like me. I love talking with my students about things that matter. The same things that matter to them matter to me. 'You shouldn't waste your time doing that,' people tell me. 'To get ahead in your career, you have to get your Ph.D. and concentrate on research and publishing academic papers.'"

I brought Vanda's attention back to the real-life events leading up to the dream. Then I said, "But when you went to sleep you dreamed a playground..."

"When I was a little girl," she said, "I loved the playground. I had so much fun in the playground that my mother had to pull me away when it was time to go."

“Our genius is not superfluous. It is essential. We need to live through it and let it live through us in order that we may do good and cause happiness all around us.”

Then she added, “Not the jungle gym, but the swing was my favorite.”

“But you didn’t dream a swing, you dreamed a jungle gym,” I pointed out.

“When my mother came to pull me away from the playground,” Vanda said, “I often took refuge in the jungle gym, where my mother couldn’t so easily catch me.”

One by one, the images of the dream, which had seemed so cryptic and impenetrable to begin with, were beginning to make perfect sense.

“Our Chinese culture...” Vanda then said, as if to sum everything up.

She was leaving something out, though — there’s more to Chinese culture. There’s more to her dream. There’s more to the picture of the playground. There’s the question she is struggling with. “This question,” she now told us, “was actually the loudest voice of all in the dream.”

Outwardly, Vanda’s dream is a static picture of personal defeat and invasion by external authority. Inwardly, it is not. There is a struggle in Vanda’s heart with a question. It is perhaps the most profound question a human being can ask — “What is real?” This is the kind of question you come across in the writings of enlightened Indian yogis, great Zen masters or Nobel Prize winning novelists. Chuang Tzu posed this question with his butterfly dream. It came to me in

the dream of my two families.

Vanda said that in the dream she didn’t know where the question came from, whether it was her question or whether it was a question the adults had presented her with. After a lifetime of other people telling her who she is, it’s not so easy to recognize her own voice when it appears.

Who would have suspected that Vanda’s voice would go to so deep a hiding place? And that it would busy itself with such profound things while it was there? Our waking mind looks at Vanda’s story in a dualistic way and sees only half of it: the maiming of the psyche. The dream shows the whole picture, including the powerful counterbalancing development from the unconscious depths bringing to the wound a healing, to the loss a gain, to the powerlessness, a power.

In that question that comes to her in the dream, what Vanda struggles with is the unknown — and unknowable — at the very core of her real self.

If you asked an enlightened Indian yogi or a great Zen master where the question “What is real?” comes from, they would say it comes from the part of you that’s real. The part that can’t be known, but that knows.

The various religions and philosophical systems have many names for this. Montague Ullman’s many years of experience with dreams have left him with the conviction that there

exists deep down inside each of us what he calls, for lack of a better term, an “incorruptible core of being.” In the dream of my two families, this is what I saw in the family members around the table in the basement. Many times I have heard Dr. Ullman say he was not a religious person and could never imagine what religious people meant by spirituality until he began working with dreams and started to witness, time and again, shining out from the very core of the dream a ray of purity, honesty and grace. Then, and only then, he understood what people might mean by a concept like “God.” There is something which we all have inside which cannot be tarnished or corrupted by the world in any way. It exists outside of time and space and connects us with eternity. It’s called various things by various traditions. Throughout the East it’s symbolized by the lotus flower which grows up through the filthy mud to open its unblemished petals to the sunlight.

Vanda’s little dream fragment contains the most momentous event that can happen to a human being — a realignment with one’s true self. The discovery of inner reality.

In her childhood and young adulthood, Vanda had no one to protect her because the one who was supposed to protect her was the one who did the harm. She had no one to go to for help because anybody listening to her case would assume her mother was doing the reasonable thing. (“The difference between you Americans and us Taiwanese,” a woman informed me, “is that you think about what the child wants, we think about what the parent wants.”)

Sadly, when outer authority failed her she had no recourse to her inner authority because it spoke to her through her passion — which was dance. Her mother forbade her to pursue that route and... silenced her

(Continued on page 47)

WARNING: The Power of the Dark Force

It is summer, a Saturday afternoon. It is a nice bright, sunny day and we live in a roomy downstairs flat, a 2-family dwelling. My husband is working and my two daughters, aged 13 and 11, are outdoors.

I busy myself with the lunch dishes.
The chore is lightened because I can look
out a window over my sink.

Suddenly, the view is different. I see the Earth. Its shape is as if cut in half and cratered in the center. I see it entirely, many places, people, nations and activity.

Round the outer edge of the Earth moves a figure. The figure is tall and dark. Masculine. The garments on the figure are dark and shadowy.

The figure always faces the Earth and observes the activity of the people upon the Earth.

I am surprised at the clarity and diversity of what I see. I see the tallest skyscrapers hovering over countless buildings and streets and cities. I see villages, small and simple, as in Europe or Asia. I see people tending their land in many places. Some at peace with their task, others suddenly defending themselves against physical attack from strangers or neighbors.

In another place is desolation: poor suffering peoples with desperation their lot.

I see nation rise against nation.
I see factories, pollution pouring into the air.

My attention is directed to the figure on the rim of the Earth. I notice that as the figure raises his arm, he thrusts it out, hand pointed toward the Earth and trouble then erupts. His attitude is malicious and he is an evil power. Two men he pointed to are fighting hand to hand. Elsewhere, one man is stabbing another. A woman is being choked and children are fighting in houses and streets. I see crime and violence in the streets and beneath the streets.

I realize that this figure and the destructive activity are connected.

I identify this figure as [the] d/evil.

Thereafter, I am back to my dishwashing and my normal view out the kitchen window.



Looking Back On The Next World War: Fictionalized Futures as Dreams

Craig Chalquist, MS PhD



*We have taken the power of the gods into our hands, our fallible human hands.
The consequences are inconceivable. -- C. G. Jung*

*...Today the one thing we will not tolerate is history.
No; we are each Promethean with a bag of possibilities,
Pandoran hopes, open, unencumbered, the future before us,
so various, so beautiful, so new--new and liberated men and women
living forward into a science fiction. So history rumbles below,
continuing its work in our psychic complexes.
-- James Hillman*

THE YEAR IS 410,
and the Christian-Germanic army
of Alaric the Visigoth marches re-
lentlessly on Rome.

Furious at being passed
over for promotion into the Ro-
man legions, Alaric has seized the
opportunity presented by the ex-
ecution of Stilicho, Rome's great-
est general, whom the Emperor
has foolishly mistaken for a traitor.
Tucked safely away at
Ravenna, his foresight—as narrow
as Aurelius's had been wide.
Honorius does not yet compre-
hend that the 900-year-old West-
ern Empire is about to fall forever.

What you have just read usually
goes by the name of history, that
which has already occurred. This is
the history known to books and schol-
arship, the history of events that oc-
cupy intervals of linear time. A narra-
tive of the real.

But the psyche lives in a different
kind of reality. Situated between the
hardness of events and the softness
of spirit, the imaginal world of the un-
conscious unfolds according to circu-
lar narratives spun by mythic mean-

ings. In its inexhaustible springs, dis-
tinctions of time and space become
fictionalized. What holds sway there
instead are non-linear laws of meta-
phor and image, not of might or
matter.

Because of this slippery time/
space relativity, the unconscious
psyche anticipates. In many media,
including the privately arranged
screenings known as dreams, it loans
us snapshots of roads not yet taken,
possible futures. It tells us, not where

we will go, but where we might go if we won't change course.

That so many of today's science fiction books and films paint pictures of an oncoming apocalypse should not only give us pause, but prompt us to wonder: what is psyche trying to tell us? Might we interpret these broadcast daylight images as we would those carried to us in our sleep?

The History Of Things To Come

If films—like myths and folktales—are a culture's way of dreaming, let us interpret a particular dream series.

Although speculative films about the bomb go back to the Manhattan Project days, the 70's, 80's, and 90's saw the images shifting strangely forward from imminent nuclear annihilation to survival in a world already sickened by nuclear hell loosed on earth. Science fiction examples of this include *The Omega Man*, *The Planet Of The Apes*, *Mad Max*, *Blade Runner*, and, more recently, *The Terminator*, *Waterworld*, *The Postman*, *Star Trek: First Contact*, and *The Day After Tomorrow*. How can we explain this?

Were this dreamed at night, we would track the progression in terms of an unconscious development underway: from the risk of something destroyed to its destruction to the aftermath. We would see it as an imaginal death in progress, the termination of some significant inward structure: an aspect of self, an important relationship, an outmoded style of being. If the film—like the novel as Sartre understood it—takes as its subject the world, the apocalyptic progression suggests that the deep psyche has found it more meaningful to assume that the catastrophe it had been warning us about had already overtaken us.

“This capacity for looking “back” (time/space relativity!) on possibilities unlikely to be avoided, could be seen as the psyche’s forehistorical, precognitive capacity. “Fore” not as fortune or foreknowledge, but as foreboding and foreshadowing. They imagine rather than predict, for the future is not set. Some shadows precede rather than follow what casts them.”

What does this mean? It means that an existence of post-atomic survivorhood—while not inevitable—is now so likely that the collective unconscious has moved its field of interest from symbolic warnings to imaginal speculations about what we will make of what remains. And whether we realize it or not, you and I are its ragtag survivors in futures fictionally 'dreamed' if not yet in literal fact.

This capacity for looking “back” (time/space relativity!) on possibilities unlikely to be avoided could be seen as the psyche's forehistorical, precognitive capacity. “Fore” not as fortune or foreknowledge, but as foreboding and foreshadowing. They imagine rather than predict, for the future is not set. Some shadows precede rather than follow what casts them.

In Isaac Asimov's Foundation novels, a visionary named Hari Seldon founds the science of psychohistory (now an actual field), a branch of mathematics that calculates the movements—not of individuals, who have a measure of free will and therefore unpredictability—but of large groups. “Raven” Seldon becomes unpopular when his calculations show that the Galactic Empire is falling. Hauled before a secret court, Seldon is asked how an ancient Empire so powerful and prosperous could possibly be in danger of dissolution.

Seldon cites several factors: a ponderous bureaucracy, a freezing of caste (read: politico-hierarchical appointment system), a lack of creative initiative, etc. What chills me is the following observation—penned by an author who had studied history and whose science fiction ultimately car-

ried forth images from archetypal sources, as all works of the imagination do—

"...the rotten tree-trunk, until the very moment when the storm-blast breaks it in two, has all the appearance of might it ever had. The storm-blast whistles through the branches of the Empire even now. Listen with the ears of psychohistory and you will hear the creaking."

What are we to think about our well-armored and portable legions, our electronicized Coliseum, our Americanized and worldwide military outposts, our Roman-style aqueducts, our Imperial Eagle, our bureaucratic extravagances, our rampaging teens who describe exciting events as "the bomb" and refer to themselves as Goths?

Listen to this with ears sensitized to the voices from the depths and you will hear forehistory, the logical and predictable Santayanic result of historical (and psychological) lessons unlearned; and you will hear it in the making, not down the road, but in the present. Today, in tightening borders, vastly expanded surveillance, a global warming of the spirit as well as the Earth, the ascendancy of theocracy masked as democracy, the renewed push for "tactical" nuclear weapons, and a solidifying alliance of terrified nation-states banding together (the Eastern Coalition of Star Trek: First Contact) to stand up to superpower giantism.

Where else do we hear the thundering below this precipice? In the streets? In the halls of power? In secret bioweapon labs? In slumbering warheads?

In you and me.



The Mares Of Night

Although looking at what brought us to this brink of mutual self-destruction would take us beyond this paper (see my forthcoming book *Terrapsychology* for a more detailed discussion), we might sum things up in the shape of an axiom:

When the members of a culture that makes no room for the world of dream live in a state of partial slumber, their most unconscious leaders inflict on the world an endless series of nightmares. Psychically speaking, these serve to take down our Promethean/Faustian/ Frankensteinian idealism a peg or two.

Spurning the psyche and its unknown deities amounts to hubris. The true matrix of myth and meaning, the depths of what we like to call the unconscious have addressed us since before the written word. Why else the need for ritual, religion, folklore? Everywhere and always human beings have paid creative, pious, and imaginal heed to powers behind and beyond the limited ego... except today, when the "enlightened" ego takes credit for everything, with all things bent to the measure of man. Jung had a good word for this state of mind: inflation.

I will not soon forget a dream I had after a restless evening of cursing dreams for communicating in incomprehensible symbols:

I waded in a pool toward an Asian man who addressed me in French, a language I don't speak. When I shook my head in confusion, he chided me for being a typical American who expected the world to speak English. "But when you visit our country," he added, "you must speak **OUR** language," at which point he turned into a large tortoise, handed me a piece of paper, and closed his shell. I examined the paper.

It was the Declaration of Independence.

What a powerful reminder of the autonomy of the depths.

Think about the recent craze over the remaking of a film about the Titanic. Could there be a clearer example of hubris than a ship with that particular name sinking on its brazen maiden voyage?

In his paper "Re-Sink the Titanic," psychologist Glen Slater writes: "As architects of hubris—unmitigated pride and sacrilege—the Titans—a race of giants—fought and were defeated by the Olympian gods, then banished to the underworld... ." It is ironic that the Titanic's sister ship was named the Olympic, and, in spite of an almost identical build, sailed steadily past her sibling's fate without infamy. When these ships were named, someone failed to take their mythology seriously..

We are gripped by such tales because they are trying to warn us about the unconscious titanism made possible by the automaton satisfaction of being plugged into the mass mind. Disregarding the warning to unplug long enough to undertake a "psychological salvage," we remain obsessed as though with an open wound. "It is we who have not yet completed this voyage." (Glen Slater)

For six thousand years we have permitted exactly the wrong kind of people to have and hold power—namely, insecure boys pretending to be men—while being quiet accomplices to their brutally narcissistic and titanic imperialism. If the consequences are almost upon us, they force us to realize at last our kinship with the peoples and landscapes we have subjugated. In the end, everyone is crew, and there will never be enough lifeboats.

What, then, can be done?

From a standpoint equipped with

night vision, with dream vision (dreams are not about matters political: they are matters political), so much of what passes for reform or activism is actually reactivism: a shutting of the historical barn door after the mares of night have announced their intention to come home. "Consciousness-raising?" This very term is Promethean, a symptom of the verticality worship that brought us to this brink.

Perhaps instead we should take these forehistorical warnings at their word.

Out of the Ashes

Live as though the time had arrived," Nietzsche advised.

If from the deep psyche's standpoint we are already, in some sense, survivors of the war, how should we act? Perhaps with what could be called a 'post-apocalyptic aliveness,' the willingness to squeeze from each moment every last drop of its precious essence.

As in the war-ravaged deserts depicted in our films, survivors exercise many choices. Some do nothing and are passive victims of circumstance. Some spread the devastation, inwardly and outwardly, or hide away in denial like cowardly Honorius. Others create oases of decency and compassion, magic and foresight, wondrous adventure and love. We should have learned from patients who have survived terminal diagnosis by doctors that it's never too late for soul-making.

Or for a de-titanized humility informed by the graphics of destruction. It would never occur to a consciousness humbled by contact with its archetypal ground of being to play with bombs, lie to a constituency, monopolize resources, damage its environment, oppress an entire gender, marginalize minorities, turn teachings into dogmas, take guidelines for legalisms, or allow its brothers and

sisters to go hungry. Because such lapses of responsibility are less a matter of pathology than of immaturity. We are better served here by reflecting on initiation into responsible psychological adulthood, a taking of the caring self out into the world, rather than through vertical models of inward evolution. "It's time, past time,"—Six Nations chief Oren Lyons strongly advised in a lecture he gave in Santa Barbara recently—"for us to quit playing around and grow up."

Many people believe that Zeus chained Prometheus for bringing fire to humanity. But the real offense was in doing so without making a pious sacrifice to the gods. Like any egotistical inventor unaware of the powers he invokes, Prometheus faked the sacrifice—failed to give the daimones their due—and was punished for it by himself becoming the sacrifice. He learned from his predicament, however, and was released when he agreed to serve the rightful gods. "Only sacrifice to the deep"—Slater speaking—"keeps the culture afloat."

If the cinematic arts truly reflect roads not yet taken, then we are faced—not only with "the desert of the real," the fall of our Western Empire and the sinking societal ship whose apparent seaworthiness tempts fate and Poseidon—but also with images of regeneration that recollect those alchemical theories in which the blackening of decay comprised only the first phase in the distillation of the redemptive Elixir of Life.

Most of Kevin Costner's long film, *The Postman*, unfolds in townships devastated by a Third World War, townships visited by a raggy, hungry man carrying a bag of mail. He is, he believes, pretending to be a postman on a mission from "the Restored United States." But dreams have ways of willing themselves into being, and his is no different. The result is an awakening of culture and freedom connected by a widening band of idealistic young mail carriers. When

at last he restores a lasting peace and returns to Bridge City, his mate gives him the child born in his absence, telling him, "Her name is Hope." So the daughter of adversity is Hope... very fitting in that the feminine has remained so long at the top of the Promethean patriarchy's hit list. Fitting, also, in that what we exile turns out to be the banished verdancy for which we thirst in our arid after-disaster exile.

Hope, the last occupant of Pandora's famous box. But only if we keep on dreaming.

In the Star Trek universe, the Third World War destroyed most of the major cities, leaving bands of refugees flung across a world ruined almost beyond repair. It's significant, by the way, that the first and the last Next Generation television episodes bring the "dangerous, childlike race" of humanity to final judgment in a virtual post-atomic courtroom of the kind that dispensed summary justice during the years after the conflagration that killed countless millions.

And yet the spacecraft whose maiden voyage—so unlike the Titanic's—did so much to unify what remained of humanity was built, ironically, from the remains of a nuclear missile! Her name too is mythic, this dream with wings, the first ship to take us from the roaring fires of destruction to the silent fires of the stars:

Phoenix. ∞



Craig Chalquist, MS PhD is the ecopsychologist author of *The Tears of Llorona*, a look at coastal California as a landscape of dreams and nightmares, and the forthcoming *Terrapsychology: A New (and Ancient) Paradigm for Engaging the World's Soul*. Visit his Web site: <http://www.tearsofllorona.com>.

SACRED WOUNDS

by Kathy Martone Ed.D.

IT WAS SEPTEMBER 22, 1991 and I arrived promptly at Dr. Glenn's office for my Radix Bodywork session. I had no idea that the life I thought I had been living was about to crumble like so many pieces of stale bread.

In the course of my four year tenure with Drs. Linda and Austen Glenn, I began to experience a series of visions that disturbed and intrigued me. The images that revealed themselves to me had come flooding forth, unraveling in the most unexpected way. Each new insight brought its own unique cascade of terrifying emotions, but the nature of the work kept pulling me back.

Not unlike peeling succeeding layers of skin from an onion, I set about the task of looking deep within my own psyche. Other trips I had made to my inner landscape had always been fruitful, but none had led me to the place I was about to go.

As I dragged my feet slowly up the red brick steps to Linda and Austen's office in their suburban Conway home, I felt a deep sense of dread. I stopped for a moment on their front porch to take a deep breath as I remembered how painful my last session had been. I took a long look at the cascading ivy that tumbled off their porch and covered most of their lawn. I could smell the delicious fragrance of the thick white Gardenia blossoms that dotted the bushes next to their porch like so many clusters



of perfume drenched clouds, drunk on their own elixir. I opened their front door, listening to the familiar creak of the hinges as Linda met me with open arms and a warm, inviting embrace.

As I lay on my green mat in the middle of the hardwood floor, a series of cartoon-like figures unraveled inside my head. *A tall, dark man appeared first, etched in red. Initially, he seemed to carry a red cane. I could scarcely breathe as I watched this walking stick turn into an erect penis, which he rubbed over the naked body of a little girl. Then the image folded up like a paper fan, transformed into a vertical black line in my field of vision. A little girl's voice spoke out: "Bad boy! You were not supposed to come out." Next, I saw the chubby fingers of a child's right*

hand, holding a key. She reached over and locked the black line, as if it were a door.

In the years to come, I would embark on an odyssey of epic proportions, leaving my body and soul wracked in agony. I would journey even further inward, back through time and space, even past the dark holes of my personal past, and finally arriving face to face with spiritual ecstasy.

This story is a tale of redemption and renewal, death and rebirth, and triumph over darkness. But most importantly, this is a love story. Alone and utterly forsaken, adrift on treacherous waters, I was joined by a celestial figure of light whose name is simply Grandfather.

As a psychologist in practice for over 13 years when I began uncovering the secrets of my past, I was already well acquainted with much of the literature on childhood abuse. I knew that betrayal in the form of sexual abuse creates an opening—a sacred wound—through which the Divine may enter. It is no accident that abused children often have greater access to the world of the spirits; they have, after all, been penetrated.

I don't know for sure when I first encountered the black ravens of despair, but I strongly suspect they have been with me all my life. I do remember, however, hearing them at the age of four when I traveled by

train to St. Louis with my great aunt to see my grandparents. The ravens awoke when my grandmother said it was time for me to take a bath. When I realized that my grandmother and aunt planned to bathe me — naked — the haunting screams of the ravens reverberated inside my head. The flapping of their wings as they began to tear at my heart, sent me into a panic. No one, not even I, realized that the ravens had good reason to fear the vulnerability of a naked body.

Being the oldest of five children, I often spent long periods of time alone when I was very young, and I had a very rich and active relationship with an imaginary playmate named Jocko. I was emotionally troubled, always anxious and afraid, and I had a very difficult time making friends.

I remember my grandmother as my guardian angel. She actually paid attention to me and often intervened in my defense; I knew clearly that she was an answer to my prayers. No one else did that. The ravens went mad when she died. The clawing and tearing, the awful screaming inside my head, seemed endless.

I did have one secret that was all mine, something no one could take from me. I discovered a world full of brightly colored fantasy creatures with whom I carried on many lengthy conversations. And, best of all, Jocko lived here! I delighted in my ability to escape to this other world where I could leave behind all the emptiness and misery of my real one. Until — one day when I tried to talk to my parents about my friend Jocko and the world he inhabited. "Crazy," they called me. "Evil," they said. And I believed them.

By the time I started school, I suffered from nightmares, eating problems, and behavior problems. I found out years later when my father inexplicably handed me my childhood medical files, that I had been diagnosed as emotionally disturbed in

grade school. And the doctor had discovered two outbreaks of vaginitis. The ravens were nowhere to be found.

After successfully battling major depression, a result of grief over my divorce in 1985, I found myself grappling with mysterious physical ailments. I sought medical advice from family doctors, chiropractors, and neurosurgeons. But no one could explain the unremitting insomnia, back pain, and chronic dis-ease and anxiety that plagued me. Psychotherapy and bodywork provided only minor relief.

Then the dreams began—strange images of a small hysterical child, hurling herself against the fiery red, burning walls of a pit, desperately wanting out of this "burning place".

And in 1988, there was this dream: A body of water stands surrounded by trees and flanked by mountains to the left. A large number of tribal chieftains march over the ridge of these mountains blowing their tribal horns. I am awe struck, thinking to myself within the dream state that this must be a very significant dream and one that I must share with my dream group.

I watch myself walking on the water towards the base of the mountain. I now realize these tribal elders are calling me. I am dressed in a thin white gown as I climb up the side of the mountain where I discover a younger Indian man.

I am now naked as we perform a ritual. White smoke billows all around us as he dances in a circle around me.

It is okay that I am naked because he and I will never marry. The elders watch as the ceremony proceeds.

The Indian man and I walk off arm in arm as we are now to be married.

ON SEPTEMBER 15, 1992 I began seeing a therapist named Anna. I knew very little about Anna except that she had an excellent reputation and that she was very interested in Buddhism. The day dawned bright and sunny as I dragged myself out of bed after another sleepless night. My heart felt heavy and the burning sensation in my stomach I had been living with for over a year, seemed worse than usual. How I managed to drag my listless body up those many steps to her office, I will never know.

With Anna's help and encouragement, I began paying close attention to the visions that had begun resurfacing earlier that same year, during daily meditations. During this time, I frequently meditated for 3 to 4 hours at a time. I began to record everything in painstaking detail and the visionary process intensified over the next three years. By early 1993, a spirit by the name of Lady in White (LIW) began confronting me with some unexpected and frightening material.

1/24/93

LIW stands off in the distance, on top of a purple mountain silhouetted against a celestial moon. She holds a tiny baby dressed in white garments and circles round a blazing fire, stopping at each of the four directions to elevate the child to the heavens. As she hands the infant to me, I notice a large amethyst crystal embedded in her forehead. "She has been called forth to do some important healing work on earth," the Lady explains. "Everything is about to come together for her but her soul will feel as if it is being ripped and torn into many pieces."

LIW places her hand over the purple stone that is beginning to take shape on my own forehead.

(Continued on page 44)

Dream

by Robert J

In my dream I am steering a sailboat
On a sea of blood

It is as if the entire world
Released its life source
From a deep gash
I cannot steer my way through

I feel lost upon a sea of unspeakable woe

I hear voices howling across the wind
Their horrid screams filling the torrid sails above
me

Melting and dripping down
Upon my worn and tired form

There are shadows scurrying across the deck
Only their eyes are seen aflame with teardrops
And their mouths wrenching in pain

I felt as though a fever was navigating
Through the bow of my perception

The sea of blood boiling

A vaporizing panorama of symbolic suffering
Spread out before me

Inside this wound
Within the psyche of man

Scenes

Jude Forese

In my dream I can feel a presence
 passing me by
Quickly, randomly moving at will
One second there another second gone
Like a blast of wind
Filtering through the core of my thoughts

I do not know where I am
Or where I am going
Except that I can see a light ahead

It feels warm
Almost blinding
Pulling me closer
Like a magnet of some awesome muse

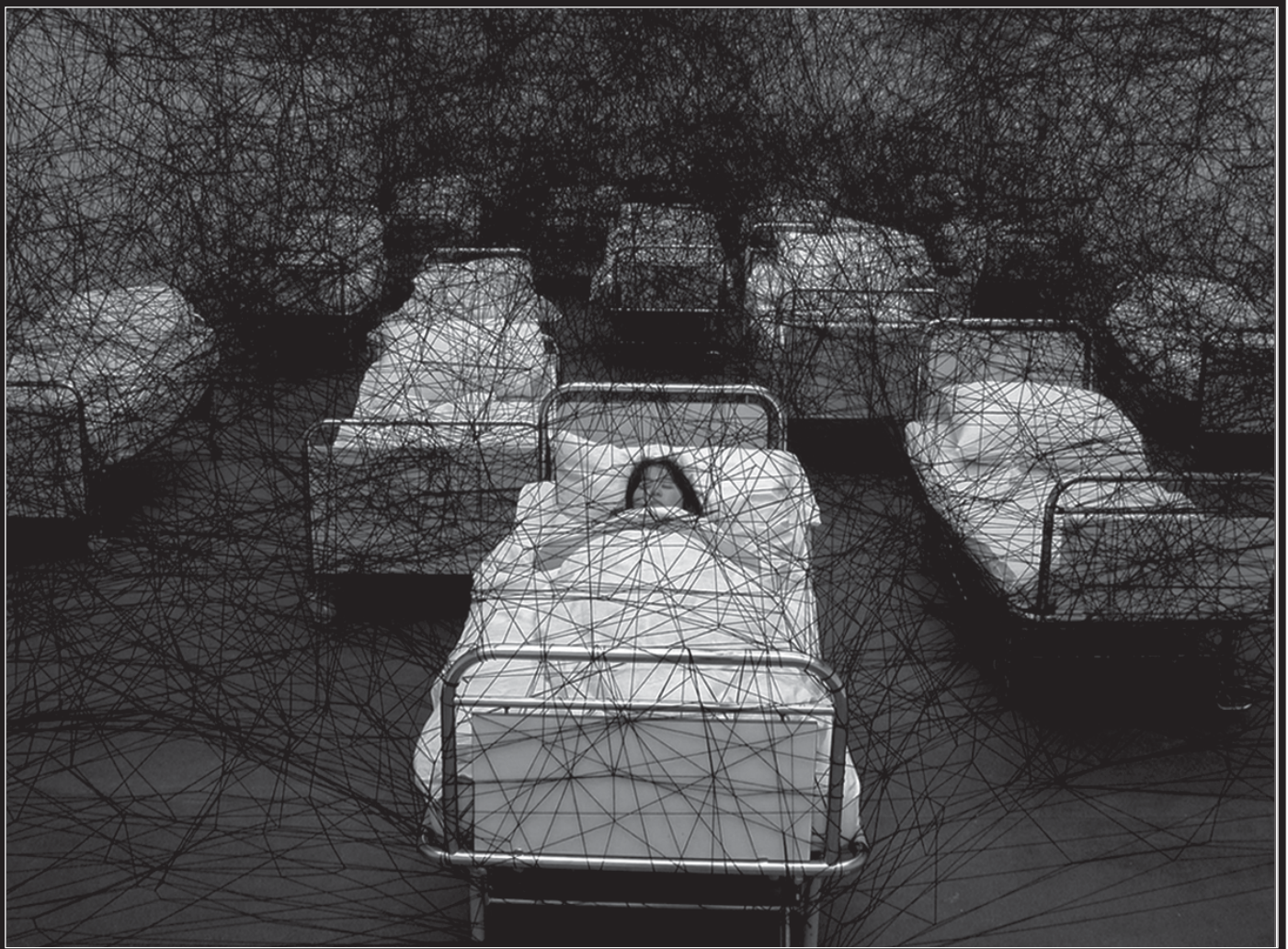
I begin to compose a poem
In the fabric of my wandering mood
And I can feel an elusive shadow
Beckoning from beyond the road ahead
Beyond the contours of waking dreams

I see a phantom poet
Reciting pure verses
And I start to wonder if perhaps
I am touching the quintessence
Of my self
In a creative dreamscape of lucid imagery

And out of nowhere
I awaken refreshed
And aroused

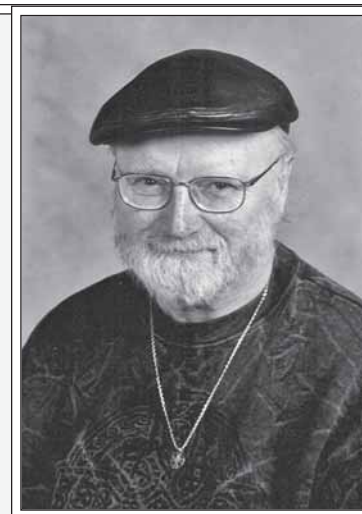
DREAMS

IN THE NEWS



“Dreaming Now”

*From an exhibit at the Rose Art Museum
of Brandeis University
(January 27 through April 24, 2005)*



by Russell A. Lockhart, Ph.D.

OK. SO YOU STEP INTO THE GALLERY and the artist invites you into her exhibit and hands you a contract to sign asking you to follow her instructions carefully. Why not? So the first thing you have to do is put on this “dream suit,” looking something like a huge yellow bunny outfit without a tail. It is cotton and silk and filled full with goose feathers. Magnets are sewn in at strategic places to create energy fields to facilitate dreaming. The parka-like hood begins to hide you and now no one can tell whether you are a man or woman, or Asian or African, or whatever. Anonymity seems to be the purposeful fashion effect of this dream outfit. Then you climb into the dream bed, a nicely made, yet still plain wooden box—very coffin-like. The bulk of the dream clothes fills the box as your head rests upon a pillow made of snowflake obsidian, thought to heighten the dream experience. Oh, yes, now you are to sleep for an hour, in this public place and to dream. And when you are awakened, to complete the contract, you are to record your dream in words and image in the public book laid out there for that purpose. Once you’ve done that, you receive a “certificate of completion” from the artist. In ten years, all the dream books, from all the artist’s exhibits will become a library of communal dreams.

What’s going on here?

Welcome to the work of Marina Abramovic and her eight fellow artists, brought together at The Rose Art Museum of Brandeis University, under the direction and inspiration of curator Raphaela Platow, in an exhibit entitled, *Dreaming Now* (January 27 through April 24, 2005). Readers of *Dream Network Journal*, who find the journal's purpose of raising individual and cultural appreciation for the value of dreams, of evolving a dream cherishing culture, of demystifying dream work, of freeing the dream from the dominion of professional analysis so it can play its part as an agent of change, not only in the life of the dreamer, but in the local and global community—you readers would find yourselves at home with the intentions of this exhibit and the spirit of these artists.

Since the exhibit has run its course, I heartily recommend you try and obtain a copy of the exhibit's catalog, as I have done. It will become a treasured part of my library because it articulates so well in the words of Joseph D. Ketner II, Raphaela Platow, Montague Ullman and Anthony Vidler, and in the extraordinary images of the installations by Marina Abramovic, Alfredo and Isabella Aquilizan, Sandra Cinto, Marai Magdalena Campos-Pons, Cai Guo-Qiang, Frans Jacobi, William Kentridge, Chiharu Shiota, and David Solow, what Platow describes as the "pressing contemporary issues: migration and dislocation, globalization, the distribution of political power, consumerism, media society, hierarchies of social structures, gender and identity politics." It forces us to consider deeply the proposition that dreams are not just about our individual isolated selves, but are about the world as well. And not just about the world, but a part of the conversation with the world that is so missing when the dream is kept confined, and hidden, invisible behind closed doors, secret, and all but culturally forgotten.

Look at this list of names and you can see at once that the artists are bringing the dream into view multi-culturally, certainly not confined to the white European codified consulting

rooms. Perhaps only the artist can help to permissively "let out" the dream to do its higher and deeper work in the culture at large. It is not that dreams are art (though as Bulkeley points out, Borges said that "dreams are an aesthetic work, perhaps the earliest aesthetic expression of our species"). It is not that art is a dream (although it often is and does!). It is that dreams have an inevitable communal purpose, desiring to be told and heard. As I have argued elsewhere, this is the eros function of dreams. And why do dreams want to be told? Because the intention of the dream is toward the future, the future we all make together in community. To deprive the community of this resource is to deprive the community of one of the things its members can truly give: dream as life blood. Earlier cultures and times knew this and here and there they still do. But our modern communities and the centers of power that determine much of our fate are "dream deprived," to use Ullman's wonderfully insightful expression.

As Bulkeley points out in her pungent essay, *"The Dreams We Dream for Each Other: Comments on Dreaming Now,"* the science of dream studies is leading to the conclusion that dreams "have no meaning, function or value whatsoever." This certainly will not foster individuals to become more attentive and cherishing of their dreams. But, it is precisely in this "modern" state that *Dreaming Now* is "a direct repudiation of the mainstream Western psychological belief that dreams are purely personal self-reflections or sheer neural activity." Bulkeley then speaks to the heart of the matter: "What is most interesting about the contributions to *Dreaming Now* is the way the installations evoke a vivid awareness of exactly that which is missing in the Western psychological approach—a deeper appreciation for dreaming as a source of collective meaning making." Bulkeley ends with this thought provoking assertion: "In a society that has become more sleep-deprived than perhaps any in human history, at a

time when the market is booming for pills that suppress the need for sleep, *Dreaming Now* is a necessary affirmation of the transformative power of dreaming."

I was eager to learn what the public's response to the exhibit was as well as what impact the exhibit had on the artists. In an interview, the curator Raphaela Platow told me in regard to Marina Abramovic's *Dream Bed*, "Many people expressed the fact that the work enhances their awareness of their own body as soon as they lie down in the bed. Participants were very aware of their breath, and the way their body and mind felt." In commenting on what struck me as the most compelling installation in the exhibit (Chiharu Shiota's *During Sleep*), Platow noted that "people's reactions were two-fold: either they expressed a feeling of comfort, calmness, being enveloped by the work, or extreme discomfort...eeriness." Indeed Bulkeley had noted this ambivalent quality of Shiota's white beds nestled within the innumerable black threads encompassing them by referring to the sense of dreamer as spider's prey. I asked Chiharu Shiota if the spider had played any part in her conception of the work and she responded, "No. It is more like creating a cocoon, a space for protection. It is the only space where I feel calm inside. It has nothing to do with a spider's prey." Then she added: "Some people find my work poetic, others find it frightening."

I hope you will get the catalogue or look at the images online <http://www.brandeis.edu/rose/> and see what your experience is of this most amazing work. When I asked how the exhibit had changed their relation to their own dreams, Platow said, "I have become much more aware of both my own dreams and the history of dream research and the fact that dreams have different meanings in different cultures." I asked Shiota if she does anything differently now in relation to her own dreams. She said, "Once someone told me that I could sleep without any fear if I put a burning candle next to my bed. But if I have no fear I would be more afraid that I

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couldn't do art any more." Such is the wisdom of the artist! She continued, "When I finish an installation I feel calmer inside and can sleep better. When I'm full of fear I become very insecure and have bad dreams. But when I'm lying in bed during a performance, I'm very calm inside and have no dreams." One might say in response, art becomes dream. Shiota told me that she is frequently asked how she gets into the bed when it is so cocooned in threads. Her answer truly was fitting of the mystery of her work: "It always stays a secret because it resembles my being—I don't know where I came from or where I will go."

It is of course Jung's view of the dream that has captured so the imagination of artists now exploring the edge of the dream, such as those featured in this exhibit. While the professional Jungian view of dreams seems to be undergoing a regression to the Freudian, the artists who have been inspired by Jung are pushing the boundaries of the collective signifi-

cance of the dream and may be forging channels or pathways for the dream to be "let free." In Ullman's essay, "*The Significance of Dreams in a Dream-Deprived Society*," he argues that "... dreaming is a universal phenomenon and should be universally accessible." I heartily agree. Dreams should not be the province of only professionals. Dreams come freely and they should not be yoked to an economic need of a few. In perhaps his most compelling plea, Ullman urges: "It is time for the dreamers of the world to unite and break the theoretical chains that bind them to the cult of the specialist and makes them passive participants in maintaining the mystique." Ullman is calling for a radical reintroduction of our dream life into our everyday life in all its dimensions. He notes the urgency of this when he says, "Our ability to endure as a species may depend on taking that fact more seriously than we have in the past." In a final comment, he asks: "Is it too much to hope that, as we move into a post-industrial soci-

ety, the intrinsic honesty of dreams can be harnessed to this effort?" I hope it's not!

What I found most intriguing from the words of these exciting essays was that one could experience the aliveness of these descriptions and pleadings in the artist's images. Looking at them, letting them seep into me, they began to stir the psyche in ways difficult to describe, but it's not difficult to know the intention: that in the claims of these images on the imagination, the imagination begins to move as response, the eros of the image begins to engender and in that spirit one can feel the urge to make, to tell, and to give the gift of psyche to another, to others, to the world.

Take a look!

Dreams in the News will be a regular feature in coming issues of *Dream Network Journal*. Should you see an interesting item about dreams in the news that catches your attention, please e-mail me ral@ralockhart.com. Now we will have many eyes looking out for "dreams in the news." ∞



Brenda Ferrimani

Dream Inspired Artist

Introducing Myself & My New Column

My interest in painting dreams began years ago when night after night I was haunted by the same dreams. I had many different flying dreams which would always end with my being forced down, usually by people catching me, or by storms or even gravity's pull. In the dreams I felt that my very life depended on being able to sustain flight.

I did a series of sketches on this theme, caught up in this mystery constantly saying to myself, "I know this means something!" This led to reading about dreams and eventually finding the dream community.

Now, I have come to realize that these dreams came to me as a warning that a lack of opportunity for creative expression was killing me! I had a creative spirit that needed to be set free! This led to the start of a career in commercial art which I also found unfulfilling. Eventually I left my graphic design business and focused completely on painting my dreams.

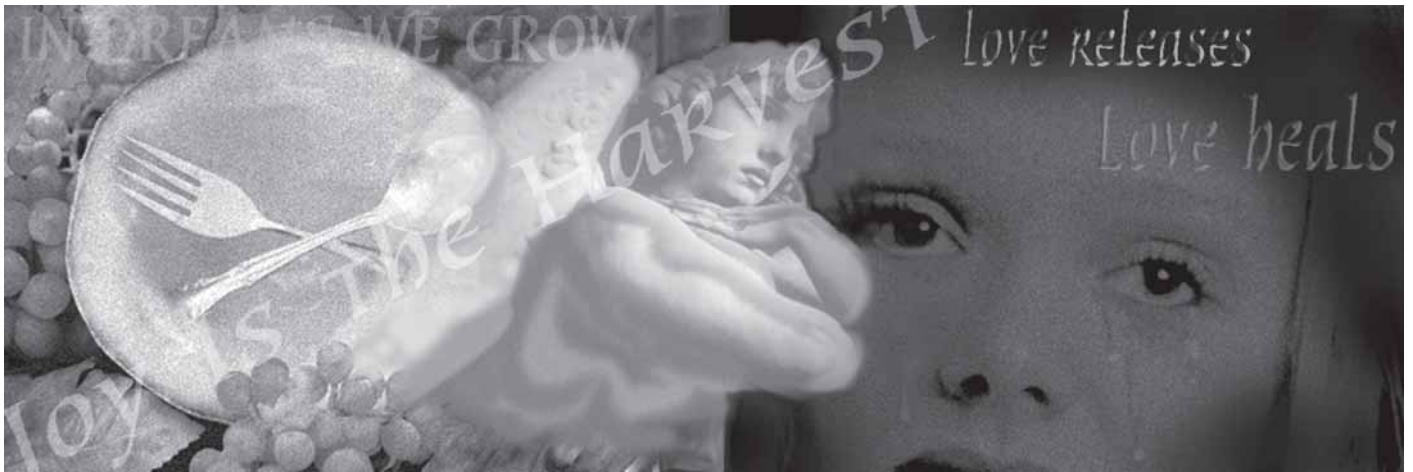
To me dreams provide an unending source of inspiration and a way to come to know myself very deeply. Painting dreams has become for me an intense form of dreamwork and as Jeremy Taylor calls it a "prayer practice," because unraveling the mysteries contained within my mind and soul feels very spiritual to me.

Now my work is expanding to include painting the dreams of others which you could say is an artist's form of projective dream work. I am following my heart and soul with this love and at last I feel free to fly!

Teenage Scavengers

(the dream)

I am transported to a place high above the clouds. The land here is arrayed with all the brilliant colors of autumn. The sun is shining brightly as a beautiful winged angel, guides me through the golden fields to a house. There's a porch on this old country house, where I am invited to have refreshment and stay a while. The angel offers me fruit from the harvest, but each piece of fruit she opens has been eaten from the inside. One piece of melon actually has teeth marks, a fork and a spoon left inside, proof that the devourer was in fact human! The angel says, "Oh, I'm sorry, but we have been having trouble with teenage scavengers." At that moment I am aware of a young woman—my daughter—behind the wall in a dark room, all alone crying.



(The Painting)

"Teenage Scavengers, a Lesson in Love"

by ©2005 Brenda Ferrimani

Dream Journal Entry

Dreams come like tender angelic messengers to guide us to a higher place of awareness, to heal and transform us. The dream *Teenage Scavengers* is a wonderful example of my being led to understand my own heart, and my final transcendence beyond the ordinary to sublime love which is limitless.

At the time I had this dream life was very difficult for me. My teenage daughter was out of control running away from home, endangering herself with drugs, sex and alcohol. Regardless of our efforts to help her, she seemed determined to destroy her life and everyone in it!

Having reached mid-life, I hoped it would soon be time to reap some good things from all my devoted service as a mother. I felt robbed! The dream, in a very obvious way seemed to mirror my feelings that my daughter had selfishly spoiled my harvest. Hadn't I given my all as a mother?

So many years of sacrifice... and this is my reward? Hadn't I sown anything good in all those years?

The dream imagery lingered with me for months. Even though I knew relatively little about dreamwork, instinctively I knew the dream had something more to tell me. Considering the words *teenage scavengers* and the sight of the silver spoon and fork inside the melon, made me chuckle! I detected humor in these dream symbols, which made me feel lighter. Yet, the sound of my daughter's weeping in the dark compelled me to seriously contemplate the meaning of the dream and break down the wall between us.

One day while feeling sorry for myself, ruminating over all the love I had given with only sad returns, I thought, "Well, at least I can love." The ability to love seemed like a gift in itself. Not only a gift, but something I *needed* to stay alive. I thought of the dream imagery again and how giving love is like plants bearing beau-

tiful, delicious fruits. The fruit is not only beneficial to the one eating, but vitally important to the life of the plants, for it spreads life-renewing seed.

Giving love had always brought me joy. I realized that joy was the reward and no one could ever rob me of that! It was the attached conditions and expectations that caused the heartache. Next, my eyes opened with a big Aha! as I saw that the *teenage scavenger* in the dream was me! My love was still immature, selfishly demanding to be honored and considered. It was a wonderful moment of realization and a great shift in my soul. The wall fell and allowed me to heal the young girl inside me who had never been shown unconditional love, but it also opened the door to heartfelt communication with my daughter and a closeness I thought never possible. Today instead of feeling empty, I am full of love. I feel blessed and most of all, grateful for having had this angelic visit. ∞



Embodied Dream Imagery

Kim Birdsong Interviews Robert Bosnak at the
Embodied Dream Imagery Conference
sponsored by Pacifica Graduate Institute
Santa Barbara, California
January 30, 2005

Kim Birdsong: Robert, could I begin by asking you to explain your theory of embodiment. It might be a bit different from what many of us assume as simply feeling sensations and being in our skin.

Robert Bosnak: I'm not just talking about embodiment, I'm talking about embodied imagery. So maybe I should begin with what I understand an image to be: I take an image to be a quasi-physical environment in which we find ourselves. Quasi-physical because it presents itself as physical. It is completely ambient. It is completely around us. It is also a place where events take place and one has the knowledge that one is awake. So it is not that we feel or think that we're awake, but that we know we're awake in the same way that we know we're awake when we read this article.

In this quasi-physical environment, a lot of sensations take place in the body... affects take place and affects always have a bodily aspect. Affects, as we know from neuroscience, are physically based—or at least provoke—physical responses. We also know from neuroscience that dreaming is organized around affect. Since affect always has a bodily aspect, what is important in working with dreams—because a dream is an environment—is that we somehow get back into the environment and that we begin to sense the emotions and the affects that take place in that environment.

What I call an embodied image, or embodiment as I use it, is the way that affect is carried in the body, the way that feelings are carried in the body. When one begins to focus on

those feelings, metaphors begin to arise. It's a coincidence of a sense of place, emotions, affects and then metaphor. That all comes together, and that is what I call embodiment. It is an embodied state. It carries metaphor as body. At that place, there is no difference between psyche and body. That is what the phenomenologists would call the body/subject. We are frequently thinking of the body as an object, the body/object, which is the body that can be operated on the operating table... but the body/subject that I am talking about is this sense of embodiment where metaphor, body, affect, emotion and cognition... all of that is coalesced in one single state.

KB: How did you develop the process that you are demonstrating during this workshop?

RB: My interest in dreams began with my own analysis, and I started into analysis because I had been severely physically ill. It was during my analysis that this illness finally cleared up, so I've always been interested in the relationship between body and dreaming. I began to read up on it, and in my training at the Jung Institute, I became even more interested in dreaming. I learned that the whole tradition of western medicine is based on the clinae that they had at the Aesklepion Temples of ~200 B.C., where people would make a pilgrimage to dream, and had dreams where the god would appear to prescribe the healing process or prescription. There, the physical body and dreaming were always seen as belonging together. This whole notion that we have that dreaming is about psyche only is very recent.

KB: When I took the tour of that site in Turkey, the guide said that part of the healing process was to come to the forum afterward and to discuss the images that had appeared.

RB: Yes, I think that was what they would do there. We don't know much about what those discussions were like. I personally think that it was the presence of the god that did the healing. What you would discuss with the priests was not so much what the god meant, but how the god was present and how s/he affected you. From that information, the priests would devise all sorts of medicine. But I think it was the presence of the god that really mattered.


KB: How do you work with your own dreams? Do you use the Embodied Imagery process?

RB: Yes, I work with my own dreams with someone else. I have a dream buddy. We swap dreams. One week I work on her dream, and the next, she works on mine. I have never been extremely successful with work-

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ing my own dreams over long periods of time, except for working on dream series. I describe that process in *Tracks in the Wilderness of Dreams*. You can work on a whole series of dreams and then find an infrastructure in it, and I do that when I go through periods of great transition. But on the individual dreams on a daily basis, I find I'm already very happy when I can get back into the dream, back into the hypnogogic state, and through the hypnogogic state enter into the dream and experience and feel it a bit. If I'm lucky, I can get into one other character and experience the dream from the point of view of a non-ego perspective. Then I'm already very happy. But I cannot get as far alone as I can when somebody helps me.

KB: So much of our personal work in this culture seems to be privatized. It's nice to have the support.

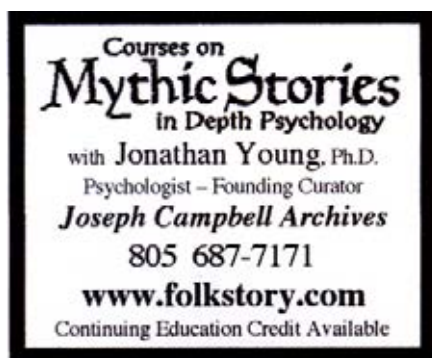
RB: It's also I think that dreaming—that dreamwork—has always been seen as a social thing. In many traditional cultures, you tell one another your dreams in the morning. It's a social event; it's not so much a private thing. It is something that is relational. It's something that you bring into a relationship. Families talk about their dreams together. The talking, hearing the others' perspective, having another ear listen is a very important thing. There are stories that Jung would tell his dreams to his gardener. I don't know if it's true.

KB: One portion of the practice of DreamTending that Stephen Aizenstat presents suggests an offering to the image, a sort of ritual honoring of the image. Is that a part of the Embodied Dream Imagery process, or is it anything that you practice personally?

RB: Not so much. What I believe is that the offering is the time that you spend and the change in consciousness that you allow the dream images. When something remarkable comes from a dream or when a gift comes in a dream, then I think it is a very good idea to make some kind of offering, but I don't do it as a matter of principle in every piece of work that I'm doing.

KB: Could you say a bit about alchemy and its influence on your work?

RB: I have found alchemy to be the best metaphor system to give a background to my work. The advantage of alchemy is that when you describe something in alchemical terms, you know that you're not describing something literally. You're always aware of metaphor. With other metaphor systems—developmental psychology, for instance—you could actually believe that what you're talking about is literal, that it is literally because of things that happened to you when you were three years old. We are led to believe, then, that there is a direct causal connection, and of course there is no causal connection. It is a pseudo-causality because we cannot follow



causal connections over long chains. We cannot pretend that we know what the casual connection is between something that happened when we were three and something that is happening right now. The danger of developmental imagery as a background to psychology is that you can take those images literally. You certainly cannot do that with alchemy.

Alchemy is very interesting to me because it takes psychological processes or embodiment processes as substances that get mixed and get refined. Alchemy is a study of the refining and the "essentializing" of embodied states. I interpret the metals that they're talking about in alchemy as embodied states, because what they were saying was that the metals had a body, soul and spirit. They were embodiments.

I find it very useful to look at what is happening right now, what is happening right here with the substances that are being brought in, like for instance, a dream. If we take the dream as the material, then working on the material, there are certain laws that govern working on that material.

In the material you'll find contrasts. When you work the material for a while, it will start heating up. When you work the material for a while longer, the pressure rises. All these alchemical terms are useful to us. The alchemists had respect for the material, but not for the outer form of the material. So they would start grinding the material until it revealed its prima material. The prima mate-

ria is the spark that is contained in matter.

When we work on a dream and we really focus, concentrate on the dream, we heat up the substance. As it heats up, we come closer and closer to the spark. The spark that reveals itself at that moment can start a transformation process. So all these notions are good metaphors to use when we are working practically on a dream, because when we work on a dream, we are frequently completely in a state of chaos, not knowing what to do and not knowing where we are. Therefore a metaphor system like this, like alchemy, is very helpful to stabilize us a bit.

KB: That lack of respect for the outer form also seems to allow for the narrative of the dream to fall away.

RB: Yes, I'm very interested in that part. I think this comes from the notion that we have two kinds of memory. We have a narrative memory and then we have a flashback memory. We have a memory that is purely states: one state after the other. You know how memory is state specific. Something that you don't remember now, but when you're in the same situation again, you remember it perfectly. So memory is state specific. Then there is a memory that is about an ongoing narrative. I'm very interested in the memory that is about states.

What I'm trying to do is: I'm working on the dream, and I'm getting into as many states as possible: states that are experienced by the ego in the dream, but also states that are experienced by other presences in the dream. I have developed a method in which you can then plant these states in different places in the body as a sense memory. I got that from Stanislavsky and from acting.

By the end of a dream one could experience maybe three or four different states, and in the end you take all these states together by feeling them simultaneously in your body.

You do that by focusing on the location where you deposited them.

The body becomes a memory theater, and as you experience all these states at the same time, then something very strange begins to happen. New states begin to emerge. A network of states comes into being that is able to have a variety of states present at the same time, and that has a transformational quality. That has a very creative element to it because it is a completely new network of states. It has a healing element to it, because it creates a new sense of body. I find it the most productive state that I have found.

KB: It sounds very much as if you're creating a new capacity.

RB: I think that's actually what happens. That's why, at the end of the work, you get into this network of states and we work together to devise a practice that person can do for a period of time to feel this network of states and to get it more robustly into the body. In that way it becomes an actual, new way of being in the body. This new way of being in the body creates a lot of new potential.

KB: It was intriguing to me in listening to the demonstrations in your workshop that it was actually rather difficult for participants to phrase questions to the dreamer that could elicit a sensate response. It was also difficult, in some cases, for the dreamer to state specifically whether he or she was hot or cold, tingling or tense. We go into metaphor so easily. It's hard to stay in our skins.

RB: Absolutely. I think that's a matter of training. The more you do it, the easier it becomes. What I want people to notice first is sensations. When you notice a sensation, it is very difficult to immediately start interpreting it. I want people to stay as far away from interpretation as possible. I'd like to do those things that use the mood in a more global sense—

like interpretation—after the work on the embodiment is done. After that is finished, one can go into all kinds of insights. As the work is happening, I want to stay away from interpretation as much as possible, because interpretation frequently halts the process.

Interpretation is useful, sometimes, during the process, but it is very specific. Interpretation can be useful when a person is becoming too moist to speak in alchemical terms, so that the feelings are running over each other. There's just all emotion; for instance, the person is sobbing wildly. In that case, interpretation can be very useful because it has an asstringent quality. It can dry the matter for a moment. Then you let that interpretation go.

KB: Could you also speak to the notion of "updraft?" I think there can be a general tendency to want a kind of cosmic union in dreamwork. It's as though we have got some goal up there and out there, away from our bodies, or that we're trying to transcend or elevate ourselves in some way with our work.

RB: The outcome of that kind of work is that everybody feels great, and nothing happens.

The alchemical model goes from the notion that it is from the poisons the remedy is made. If you have several body states in which there are some that feel better than others, and you feel that the person starts to tend towards the ones that feel better... that is what I call an updraft. The ones that feel worse begin to drop away, and then you can feel this urge in the whole group to make that updraft continue and feel better and better and better. At that moment you lose the poison. At that moment you know that you are moving away from any potential of remedying. We have to reconnect the poisonous substance to the sense of well being, because if the poison is not part of the network, you

will never, ever make the remedy. This work is not about feeling good. Feeling good is not necessarily good. Feeling good is just feeling good; one feeling among many. And it's a feeling we love, but it is not a goal.

KB: Speaking of goals, a lot of dreamwork—especially some of the more basic texts—seems to have as the goal to try to come to a moment of "Aha!", a feeling that, "I've got it now;" very goal specific. I see your work as more of an opening, more of an open-ended process.

RB: I see there is a moment that is similar to this "aha," but very different. The problem of "aha" is that it is a moment of capturing. In an "aha," the moment gets captured in an understanding. Understanding is frequently a closed system. Something that was open and chaotic before now becomes a closed system in the "aha." I'm not after the "aha" at all because I want at all times chaos to be part of the system. Because my notion of working is complexity theory, I want to stay between order and chaos and I never want to move too closely to order because the process starts to ossify and quiet down. The creative process is when order and chaos are very closely together. I think "aha" is anti-chaos.

KB: You've mentioned that this is very different from having a foot in this world and a foot in the other world.

RB: I think that is a misunderstanding of dual consciousness. Dual consciousness is actually something that William James brought up in the 1880's -1890's. He was talking about how there are two states of consciousness that are there in parallel, that are there simultaneously. You are fully in the image. The image is surrounding you completely. You are engrossed in the image and at the same time, you are sitting in a chair being engrossed by an image. That is dual

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consciousness. The observed and the observer. So there are two states that are fully present at the same time, and that is very different from a single state in which you have one foot in and one foot out. Actually, it's two feet in and two feet out.

KB: Do your personal dreams differ from location to location? You work all over the world. Do you feel the landscape is dreaming?

RB: Yes. It does, but less so than I have experienced with other people. There are people who are much more sensitive to place than I am. I did notice when we were working last summer near the volcano in Hawaii, I did have a disproportional amount of dreams that had heat and anger and rage in them than I have had in other places. When we were in the paleolithic caves, I had more of a sense of the ancient. So aspects of place do influence me. There are people who are enormously influenced by place, but I am not one of them.

KB: You also mentioned that the dreams that come in the night, while we are asleep, seem to come from a different source, or have a different sense to them than perhaps something that we conjure in a waking, imaginal state.

RB: This is a belief that I have. I believe dreaming is further removed from habitual consciousness than is, for instance, active imagination or meditation. A few weeks ago, we worked on a meditation with someone where an image that presented itself was actually called up. The person then began to have a whole unfolding of that place, so we decided to work on that. It didn't give half as much information as a dream. I think that dreams are the most alien psychological material we have, if we want to call it that. You can work with a dream. The sheer alien nature of dreaming is what is important.

KB: Yet as humans, we seem to want something familiar and comfortable.

RB: The familiar is what keeps us bound to the ego. The familiar is what expands the ego. The familiar cannot get us out of ego traps, it just expands them.

The ego by its nature has a colonialist attitude, and an imperial attitude, which is best expressed in Freud's saying, "Where id was, shall ego be." It is the desire of ego to possess. So my work is the opposite of "becoming possessed by ego." It is becoming possessed by the images while we are fully aware that we are becoming possessed by them that is important.

KB: Is there anything else you'd like to share?

RB: One of the things that is very important for us is realizing that we can work on our own dreams, but we can't get as far working alone.

Because dreamers are scattered all over the globe and all over the map, we started www.cyberdreamwork.com and found that you can actually do this work very well through a voice and video program on the internet. You can communicate in real time with people from different locations. The interesting thing we found through working on the internet is that we can get into very deeply embodied states... so the notion that the internet is disembodied is not true. It's what you do with it. The relationships in these cyber-dreamgroups can be very intimate. That way of forming a group is a very useful way for people to work on their dreams with others because frequently people don't always have others with whom to share their dreams in their direct environment. ∞

NEARING DEATH MESSAGES

©2005 by Marlene King, M.A.



Within the same week, I received two dreams that reported identical symbols which appeared attached to people who were seriously ill. This led me to ask, "Do we make contact in our dreams with loved ones who are close to transitioning from their earthly forms?"

Much has been written about the netherworld where souls linger between life and death. Maggie Callanan and Patricia Kelley in their book, *Final Gifts*, describe this place as, *Nearing Death Awareness*. Experienced hospice nurses, they relate stories about people who are approaching death, sending messages to loved ones through dreams. The recipient of the dream is responsible for decoding the significance of them, which is as simple sometimes as just saying good-bye.

It is a well-known fact that terminally ill people may 'wake up' or suddenly appear to rally before they die. This waking up may generate energy enough for the dying person to appear symbolically in the dreams of their loved ones and communicate in some way.

The following excerpts were submitted by two different dreamers to illustrate this point:

Dream #1

"... the group was breaking up from Dr. _____ (a healer) teaching us something. I looked over at my dad, facing away from me sitting in a wooden straight backed chair that was floating about a foot off the

ground. I looked up and noticed four pastel colored balloons tied to the chair and wondered about it. I then began pushing him around and he was quite light."

FL ~ Hillsboro, OR

The dreamer stated the next morning her father was hospitalized, and that she couldn't remember dreaming of him before, although he is 92.

Dream #2

"A large yellow balloon in the shape of an inverted teardrop floated in the living room - it had lasted several months after some event. Taking it upstairs to my bedroom, there I found an alcove where five or six pastel colored smaller balloons hovered filled with helium. I placed the yellow balloon among them, but it floated to a light fixture and popped, bursting into flames, dropping into a chamber below. The chamber changed into a sink which I filled with water and the balloon's rubbery skin floated to the surface. I drained the sink and discarded the balloon, feeling relief, remorse and grief."

Anon. ~ Palo Alto, CA

This dreamer had been attending to a young woman who was dying of a terminal illness.

Much of the symbolism in these two dreams is obvious ^ In Dream #1, the doctor as healer/teacher and in Dream #2, the teardrop shape and water and feeling of grief experienced

by the dreamer; the basic elements of water, fire, air in a drama that took place on the first floor (consciousness) and second floor (super conscious or spiritual realm). However, the pastel floating balloon constitutes the thread that ties these dream experiences together.

In the first dream, the dreamer's father was raised into the air by balloons over the ground (i.e., earth) vs. floor, a man-made construct. Was he indicating he was pulling away from his connections to the earth and 'going light'? Loss of weight is a common phenomenon of people nearing death.

In the second dream, the large yellow balloon appears as the symbol of the dying friend — it burst into flames, then 'died'... the air gone out of it after being 'alive' and/or surviving after several months. The water in the basin is symbolic of baptism — the balloon transformed by the fireball (i.e., illness), leaving the remnants (body/skin of balloon) behind to emerge in some other form.

Tuning in to the messages others send us in our dreams, may be a phenomenon of 'nearing death awareness,' which can enrich the time we have with those who are in the last stages of dying. As a hospice worker for many years, I believe it's possible for relatives and friends to be the recipients of good-bye attempts from loved ones in order that we might know death is imminent.

And so, these pastel colored balloons, floating into these two dreams may have symbolized the preparation of two souls readying to ascend past the veil of death. ∞



AUDIO & BOOK REVIEWS

by Kim Birdsong & Bambi Corso

The Mastery of Love:

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Based on the Toltec tradition of the guidance of the fundamental three masteries, Don Miguel Ruiz guides us through the third of these which is the Mastery of Love. If we can master love, we master life itself. One anonymous reviewer on Amazon.com called this book "a courageous exploration of what it takes to experience being human in all its fullness," and I completely agree. It cuts to the chase with simple easy language and clear and concise reasoning. This is not so much a book about dreams as it is a book about self love.

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Dreamways of the Iroquois:

Honoring the Secret Wishes of the Soul

by Robert Moss

©2005 Destiny Books, Rochester, Vermont ISBN: 159477034-4
Price \$16.95 www.innertraditions.com

Some books I tend to fall right into. The author is immediately credible, my heart is engaged. The message is genuine. In reviewing these books, I almost don't have to read every word; I just do because I am enriched by the author's contribution. I savor and value every word. With Moss' latest contribution to the dream literature, *Dreamways of the Iroquois*, I wanted to feel that way. I wanted to believe in his work, his writings, his message and his vision and hopes, his true and deep belief in the possibility and potential of dreaming, but his ego kept getting in the way. I kept reading, hoping the information would be new, that depth would creep in, and that the writing would begin to click the way it does in a good book. I continued to hope that the author's egocentricity would fall away and allow the messages from the dreamtime to speak on their own behalf. Despite his best efforts, Moss failed

to accomplish these tasks. I believe that this failure clouded the message of this book. This is quite a sad thing indeed. Who else but Moss would conduct a workshop and use his own dreams to illustrate the technique he is trying to teach?!

Perhaps I am cynical, though. Had I encountered Island Woman or had the amazing visitations and dreams, both sleeping and waking, that Moss did; if those synchronicities had occurred in my life; and if I began dreaming in an ancient language that turned out to be Iroquois, I might feel chosen and special too. I might well have been puffed with self importance. Yet these pathways do exist, and I applaud his efforts and diligence in transmitting this information, these vital dreamways to other worlds and other times, so that they are not irretrievably lost. Whether he chose the Iroquois path, that of the Santeria, or of the Kogi or other indigenous peoples, Moss has traveled and learned a lot.

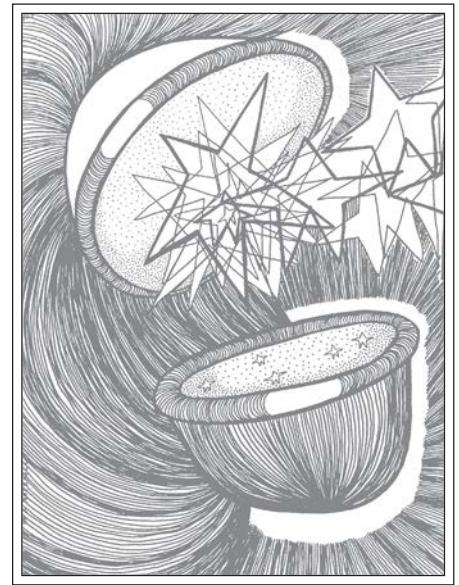
The book is an odd mixture in four parts. Part one consists of Moss's personal story of leaving his success-filled life and the spontaneous dreaming that seemed to spring from the land itself. Mythistory comprises part 2, dreamed, not channeled, information from various time travels and shamanic journeys, retelling the creation myth, the stories of Sky Woman, Hiawatha and the battling light and dark Twins. Moss states that he has lived and dreamed these stories, but omits what that means exactly. As with most of this book, we take it on faith, believing in the power and truth of dreams. Part 3 delivers the wisdom of Island Woman in her own voice. She reminds us that we have souls and how desperately important that is in today's often apathetic world. She tells us that dreams require action and that we can travel forward or back in time in our dreams. We are reminded that we have power animals and of the potential for power to be used in service to either the dark or the light. Part 4 brings the ancient dreamways to our daily lives, Moss's Shaman at the breakfast table, so to speak. In this section of the book, he outlines what he terms *Lightning Dreamwork*, a quick and easy way to extract essence from a dream. Soul loss, dreaming for others, dream journals, dream theater, creating dream talismans and dream poetry are all discussed. We are shown ways to bring the images and messages contained in our dreams into full use, as medicine for us individually and as a troubled culture.

If you love dreams and dreaming, if you already or are ready to believe in their power, potential, and possibility to transport you across time and space, to be precognitive, to demonstrate pathways to healing and other worlds; if you have ever wanted to shed the corporate shuffle and live from your heart, and if you can compassionately forgive and read through an author's egoist inflation, then this book is certainly for you. Moss's desire to "help rebirth a dreaming culture" is important. His passion for using dreams for healing both personally and collectively is an intent worth holding and nurturing. As global consciousness is brought to higher levels and we choose to listen and learn from our dreams, we must remember that they are a divine language that we share, not only between human beings, but with the animal and natural worlds as well.

Dream Themes:

Crashing Teacups

by Kellie Meisl



IN MAY OF 2004 A SERIES OF EVENTS THAT CAUSED significant impact in my life occurred. I wrote the following letter to my friends to share what I describe as a dream:

Dearest Friends,

What follows is a waking dream I'd like to share with you. Please read it when you have a chance. I welcome your comments.

Teacups

A week ago Saturday, I am sitting with my Mother at her dining room table. Among other topics, we discuss the family china she passed on to me; it dates back to at least her great grandmother on her mother's side. She expresses her regret that four of the twelve teacups have been broken; she tells me that except for the teacups, the service for twelve is complete. She laughs about finding the lone sugar bowl top at an antiques store years ago and being happy to replace the only other missing piece besides the teacups. I ask her to write a note about the set so I can place it with the set for posterity.

On Sunday, the next day, I am sitting with my mother-in-law in her home. We discuss among many other things, china dish sets. She has just been to her eldest daughter's former home packing—packing and packing, she tells me, many sets of china dishes—literally hundreds of pieces among many sets which span the seasons decoratively. I mention I have but one set, a wedding gift from my mother, a gift to her from her mother which spans the generations.

Monday, I came home from a day of teaching first-graders. As is typical for me, I decide to organize my stress away. I open my china cabinet of ten years to place a miniature tea set on the top shelf with some

other collectible miniature tea sets. The top shelf tips forward, the china from my great-great grandmother that is on the first and second shelves smashes to pieces before me. I am shocked; I have never had a problem with the shelves in this cabinet in the eleven years I've had it. I bend to pick the pieces up; the crash has claimed the remaining eight teacups of the set, as well as two dinner plates and a salad plate... and has left the mark of a few chips elsewhere. I am so disappointed. One relief is that most of the serving pieces—soup tureen, odd shaped bowls, gravy boat etc.—have survived. I search the internet for replacements, to no avail.

I begin to ponder the meaning of this waking-dream, fascinated by the chain of events that brought me here. I bring up some associations I have for teacups. I note that Connie will soon get a teacup-sized poodle. I realize having tea is my way of socializing with friends. I wonder if there is a message here from my ancestors. I also note Mother's Day is nearing.

Switch to Friday, I write this an hour after my most recent development. Prior to this, I was organizing again—this time more relaxed—just the usual surface anxiety, or so I reason. I go into my china cabinet (please note, after 'the fall,' I made sure all shelves were stabilized, all brackets in place) and the *second* shelf now gives way, smashing many more pieces, including most of my serving pieces. Amazingly, my mother's found sugar bowl cover survives. I am beginning to feel like the world is crashing in on me!

I would be grateful for any intuitive input any of you would like to give regarding possible meanings to this disastrous dream-event! I look forward to hearing from you.

Love,
Kellie

I send this dream off to my closest friends. I feel very alarmed by the abrupt crashing nature of the experience. Nine days later, I write to my friend Cathy: "... when I do get a glimpse of a feeling, it feels like [the destruction of the china] is a mini-death; then I have to remind myself it's only china. I'm afraid for the other shoe to drop. Yesterday I came across two car crashes on my travels that had each just occurred; police weren't yet on the scene. This is one of those times when I don't feel like I have the full picture yet."

Indeed, I have been left with an unnerving feeling. Having inherited my belief in and fascination of superstition from my paternal grandmother, I fear a third thing will happen in this series of events: two shelves, two crashes, what is number three?

Cathy wrote back to me with a list of possibilities that "popped into her head." She shares with me that she looked up fragile in her dictionary. (This is a technique we often use for dream analysis: looking up a dream theme in a regular—not dream—dictionary; it is always astonishing to me how the literal definitions merge with the symbolic meanings of the dream.) She writes: "My dictionary lists under fragile: 'That which cannot withstand even mild shocks or jars—e.g. a fragile teacup!' The synchronicities just kept occurring.

A week or so later, my friend Kathleen and I have our usual morning chat on the phone. After we hang up, the phone rings again... not five minutes later. It is Kathleen again. "You're not going to believe this," she says. "The top glass shelf in my china cabinet just cracked in half, my teapot collection is suspended inside resting on the second shelf of china!" I ask her if there are any casualties. She tells me she is unsure and will call me back. She later confirms that all pieces have survived with the exception of the top of one pot, the one I recently gave her for a gift.

I then share my dream-like experiences in the dream circle that I co-facilitate. Isabelle, who is a guest of

our circle, has just flown over from Germany for a visit. The input she gave was very interesting. She shared that she has been reading Excuse Me Your Life Is Waiting, by Lynn Grabhorn and therefore was in touch with the concept of energetic resonance. Her intuition was telling her that the crash part of the dream had significant energy around it. Having read several books on the topic of energetic resonance including Grabhorn's, I understood exactly what she was saying and felt her hunch was correct.

However, all of the analysis I did with the help of so many intuitive friends could not have fully prepared me for the third event that occurred. Just two weeks after my original two crashes, a third crash would take the life of one of my contemporaries, a fellow teacher. In many ways, we had led parallel lives. We had both gone back for our teaching degrees as a second career and we graduated from the same college. We had both discovered early on that our true love was teaching and had insisted our siblings play school with us. She was Irish and her Dad was an Irish police officer. I am Irish and my Dad is Irish and was a police officer. We met only a year prior when she was my son's teacher. We wound up having philosophical debates about education, sometimes labored, but we had worked on reaching common ground, some of which came from the mutuality in our life stories. We gained a mutual respect for one another that wound up transcending what I now realize were petty differences. I can say I felt a love for her, one I can only state honestly as I write now.

I saw her the last time on a Friday afternoon, when she dropped a couple of her students off to play-practice at the end of the school day. She drove her car to the edge of the grass, very close to where I sat on a blanket with a group of other students and my son. We made eye contact as she rolled down her window and we wished one another a good weekend. We would have seen each other the next night at the school play... but that never happened. She was struck

head on, on route 22 only twenty minutes later and died instantly from a severe blow to the heart.

Blows to the heart can come in many ways. Life can sometimes seem so unreasonable and unfair. Like when your son has a rough year in kindergarten. Or, when the family china that has been touched by the hands of the generations of your ancestors crashes before you. But those things really do pale in comparison to the seemingly unfairness of a valued human being's life cut short. I realize it's all about perspective. That is one of the big lessons I have taken from this.

There is another way that my dream-like experiences were linked to the teacher I would now call my soul-sister. Though she and I had difficult times the year she taught my son, we had some high points as well. She had put me in charge of classroom parties. At years' end, I helped host a tea party, in honor of the children reaching the letter T in the alphabet curriculum. The tea party was also held as a Mother's Day event. We dressed up and she wore the scarf I had given her as a gift and a straw hat. We drank from real china teacups. Everyone and everything looked so beautiful that day! We all had a wonderful time. We never forgot that day and she would bring it up regularly when we passed in the halls the following school year. This reminds me that sometimes things that are broken can be mended, no matter how hard the lesson may be.

Now several months after the *Broken Teacups* dream, I dream of the departed teacher, Grace.

We meet in the parking lot of the school at which she formerly taught. We embrace and she tells me simply: "I am thinking everything you are thinking."

Is this confirmation that on some level we are all One? I believe it is. ∞

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Antediluvian

Suspecting the soul
of carrying more
historical lore
than ever I had in the past

I laid myself down
under moon after moon
asking for passage
through the unknowing clouds
seeking categorical
self-understanding

Until one morning
before the flood
of consciousness
of time and place brought back
in stifling detail
the word awoke me
like an arcane alarm
its voice a clear herald
of the unbosomed day:

Antediluvian was all it had to say.

Constance Campbell
Founder & Editor of the poetry journal
WILD PLUM

Word of the Day June 30, 2003 From <http://dictionary.reference.com/wordoftheday> -

antediluvian \an-tih-duh-LOO-vee-uhn\, adjective:

1. Of or relating to the period before the Biblical flood.
2. Antiquated; from or belonging to a much earlier time.

noun:

1. One who lived before the Biblical flood.
2. A very old (or old-fashioned) person.

The other thing that almost always goes with these myths is the notion of an antediluvian civilisation -
- something which existed before the flood and was destroyed by it.

--Graham Hancock, quoted in "Castles in the sea," *The Guardian*, February 6, 2002



"This is the mark we have given her. It is designed to provide an opening. She will be illuminated from within and without and she will know. She is meant to illuminate the earth, to shine light upon all she encounters. She must know the burning nature of this light."

1/25/93

LIW dances joyously on top of the purple mountain, arms outstretched to the sky. The brilliant moon stands as silent witness to her supplications as the stars wink in appreciation.

The baby, ashen in color and barely breathing, lies prostrate on the ground in a coffin-like pit. The amethyst in her forehead barely flickers and her skin is bluish-gray. I am worried that she is close to death, but the Lady explains that she is just awaiting rebirth.

I watch in horror as LIW dumps mounds of dirt on top of the baby. Thin blades of light stab at the air from beneath the soil and a roaring fire explodes from the slivers of light. The fire burns itself out, leaving the little pit looking whitewashed. The baby is nowhere in sight. A tiny amethyst stone is all that

remains of her. A bolt of lightning crashes down from the heavens, striking the purple stone. A liquid begins to sizzle and bubble around the crystal. From this liquid, white smoke appears forming a solid cloud over the pit.

The smoke clears to reveal a very small frozen infant.

I was seeing Anna twice a week for individual sessions and meeting with my dream group weekly, while working with my analyst three times a year during four day retreats.

Amazingly enough, I managed to maintain a successful private practice and continued to meditate daily.

However, I found it almost impossible to socialize with people and found myself living a sort of hermit lifestyle.

Other than going to work, taking care of household chores, and visiting with my family on special occasions, I rarely left my home. Most of my friends eventually drifted away.

The visions continued as I grew increasingly ambivalent about the intensifying connection I felt with Anna. Even though she was very good about letting me know how to get in touch with her whenever she was out of town, the closer I felt to her, the more frightened I became that she would abandon me. I remember calling her multiple times one day, first canceling all my appointments and then calling back to reschedule. I marveled at the patience and compassion she showed me during all the years I worked with her. I know now that I owe her my life.

2/7/93

As I stare into a blazing fire, I make out a dark face with golden eyes wavering in and out of the flames. Mesmerized, I continue to stare as the flames die down. A huge man wearing a long white robe with golden threads now stands before me, towering miles

above the earth. In the encounters to come with this mysterious and compelling man, I would come to know him as the Master.

2/8/93

The Master and I stare silently at each other through the flames of a roaring fire. His eyes are definitely golden and without pupils, with black lines etched across their surface, giving him the appearance of some wild, alien creature. Still he seems Oriental, with white hair, a white goatee, and thinning hair. When the fire dies down, his eyes flash beams of light that illuminate the darkness all around me.

As if by magic, my body begins to levitate as a table appears, suspended in mid-air over the embers of the fire.

The Master maneuvers my body onto this table, removes my clothing, and cuts me open from neck to groin. He reaches inside the cavity and pulls out a tiny crystal clock that reads close to midnight. "It is almost time for the soul work to begin, he says." After examining my heart, he probes deep into my uterus and discovers a baby.

As he touches her lovingly, a smoky white mist begins to materialize. The Master sighs with apparent pleasure and then breathes upon the little white cloud. It immediately shudders in response and bright lights dance through its transparent form. He closes up the opening in my body and I retire to the opposite side of the fire.

Silence descends upon us. I plead with him to tell me who he is. He paces back and forth, then sits back down. A large tear rolls out of his left eye. I

reach over and gently wipe it away. "You do not recognize me yet, do you?" he says.

"Not yet, Master, but you told me the last time we talked that Anna would know who you are. Is this true? Do you want me to ask her?" He says that I should talk with Anna, that he and Anna know each other very well. "How will she recognize you, Master?"

As I look up at him, a brilliant blue, round light forms in front of his face. Then it changes to white, outlined in blue. The Master says: "Tell her about the blue light fading into white, so brilliant there is nothing else and she will know."

As he prepares to leave, I run up to him, calling out and addressing him as Grandfather.

These words fly out of my mouth, as if uttered by someone else from some other place. He is as surprised as I am. "Is Grandfather right?" I ask. "Grandfather, I do know you. I do know you, Grandfather!"

Both in tears, we embrace. When I open my eyes, he is gone. I catch a glimpse of him disappearing behind a golden door. The blue light reappears, and again fades away into white. And I hear these words: "Blue light fading away into white—so brilliant there is nothing."

2/14/93

I am in a strange land. White curtains hang everywhere.

The winds howl and the mists are on the rise. Voices echo all around me but I see no one.

The curtains form a maze through which I cannot see my way clear.

A very old man appears from

within the billowing white fabric columns.

He wears a long brocade gown similar to the Master's, only weighted down by heavier ornamentation and golden threads. He has very long fingernails, long hair, and a long pointed beard. He looks Oriental like Grandfather — only much older. Both his hair and beard are pure white. His long jeweled fingers beckon me to follow him and he leads me into a lavishly decorated room, embellished with gold.

An ornate, golden, glass-topped case sits high on a pedestal. As I get closer, I can tell it is a casket. There is a body inside. I am overtaken with grief as I recognize my beloved Grandfather!

I crawl up on top of the casket, weeping and crying out to him.

Miraculously, I find myself once again outside amidst the maze of white curtains. The winds continue to howl as the mists gather all around me.

Voices echo everywhere; shadowy forms float past me.

Grandfather's golden visage appears in the sky, and he speaks to me. "This is the land of the seen and the unseen, the known and the unknown, the land of reality and unreality, of death, rebirth and reincarnation.

I will be with you always."

From underneath one of the curtains crawls a little boy, pulling a red-headed little girl in a white gown. A strange light surrounds them.

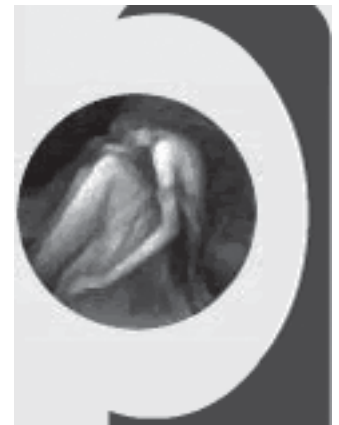
2/16/93

I saw Anna yesterday and told her about my meditations, as Grandfather had asked. Anna wore an Oriental looking silk jacket, navy blue

in color with brightly colored silk flowers embroidered onto the front.

I kept my eyes locked onto that jacket as I was so afraid of her reaction. What if she told me I was out of my mind? or delusional? No sane person would admit to seeing ghosts now, would they? I held my breath and traced the toe of my foot around the design on her rug as I read the entry dated 2/8/93. When I finished with the passage, I looked up to see Anna smiling at me. She indicated that I should stop reading and then she just stared at me for what seemed like an eternity. I can still remember the loud ticking of the small mahogany clock on her desk as I waited for her response. Then she took a deep breath and told me that she indeed recognized Grandfather! "His name is Medicine Buddha," she said. She pointed to the lapis lazuli ring she wears. "I wear this stone because of my relationship with him."

Chills ran up and down my body as she spoke. As I left her office, my legs felt like rubber bands and I was overcome with emotion. My journey had begun. I felt totally confused, dazed and... strangely elated. ∞



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Vanda's final words were, "I feel really safe. He [the group leader] is trying to protect me. I don't know whether the feeling of being protected has something to do with the dream. It [Montague Ullman's experiential dream group process] feels secure."

After the workshop, she sends us an e-mail: "This was a wonderful and beautiful dream journey. And here is something I would like to share with you. Well, the night right after sharing my dream I was exhausted and it has lasted till yesterday. But as what I said in my next day reflection, the feeling of being exhausted was nice. It may sound weird, but, really, first time in my life, I felt that I enjoyed the feeling of exhaustion. It's like I could empty out myself and be ready to be filled up again. Well, but very important, only with my "permission," not his, not her, not anyone. I mean, I get to choose what can be in and what should be out of my mind. I don't know how long this feeling can last but at least I still feel this way. And I am sure I will remember this feeling and it will shine again down the road, somewhere in my life.

The feeling of being in charge and in control of my own very little yet very important dream happened during the time while I was sharing my

dream with other dreamers, a group of strangers. This feeling made me feel safe and more willing to open myself. I think the feeling of being totally respected and protected is very important."

She had needed just for once to feel it was safe to be herself in front of a group of other people, to be who she really was and not who other people wanted her to be; she needed to feel she could do this and still be safe. The experiential dream group supplied that need.

It couldn't have happened if Vanda hadn't already reached a point in her life where crucial energies in her were poised and ready to spontaneously heal her lifelong trauma. Compliant and submissive like a good girl, Vanda did as was demanded of her. At each stage of her development she repeated this same strategy. She interjected the outside voice more deeply and deeply into herself until it was down so close inside of her that her own authentic voice was silenced and stripped of expressive power.

What perhaps changed the equation for her was to reach a position of authority herself as a university lecturer and to be accepted so warmly by students who see her for the free spirit she is and seek her opinion on questions that they can see are as real to her as to them. The assistance she affords her students is seen by them and by herself to be of a remarkable high quality. Vanda has been made ready to know something that she has long had evidence for, but the evidence got buried under layer after layer of other people's designs for her. The dream group gave her a chance to see what deep inside her she already knew. It let her dream fragment speak to her. It brought her to realize that in her own experience lay the key to understanding the imagery of her own dream fragment.

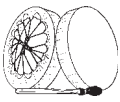
Conclusions

We have worked with a great many dreams in the last year or so since we brought Montague Ullman's experiential dream group process to Taiwan. Of them all, Vanda's dream strikes me as uncannily in line with what I sense happening in Taiwan today. This nation has experienced great material success, but at a high human cost. We see a shallowing of human life and a maiming of the spirit in many of the dreams we work with here but, like in Vanda's dream, we also detect a powerful compensatory upwelling of deeper awareness poised to enter into the lives of the people here. The practical usefulness of the experiential dream group in utilitarian Taiwan today is that it can throw light on areas of the inner life that have fallen badly out of balance, redress that imbalance with awareness from the unconscious, and initiate the processes of inner healing and growth necessary to transform the surface glitter of Taiwan's economic miracle into real human gold. ∞



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Vicky Vlach

rememberdreams@yahoo.com

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I would like to locate as many people as possible who believe they may have had such premonitions, and to record their stories. Anyone with material that might be useful is asked to contact me by e-mail Dr. Felser at JFelser@Kingsborough.edu

Thank you! Joseph M. Felser, Ph.D.
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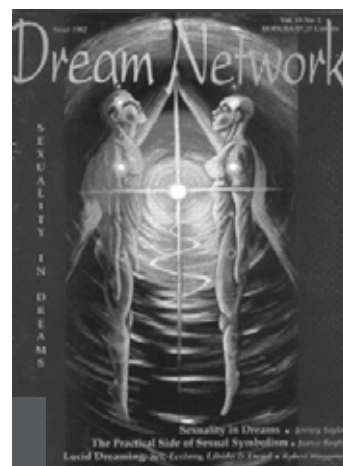
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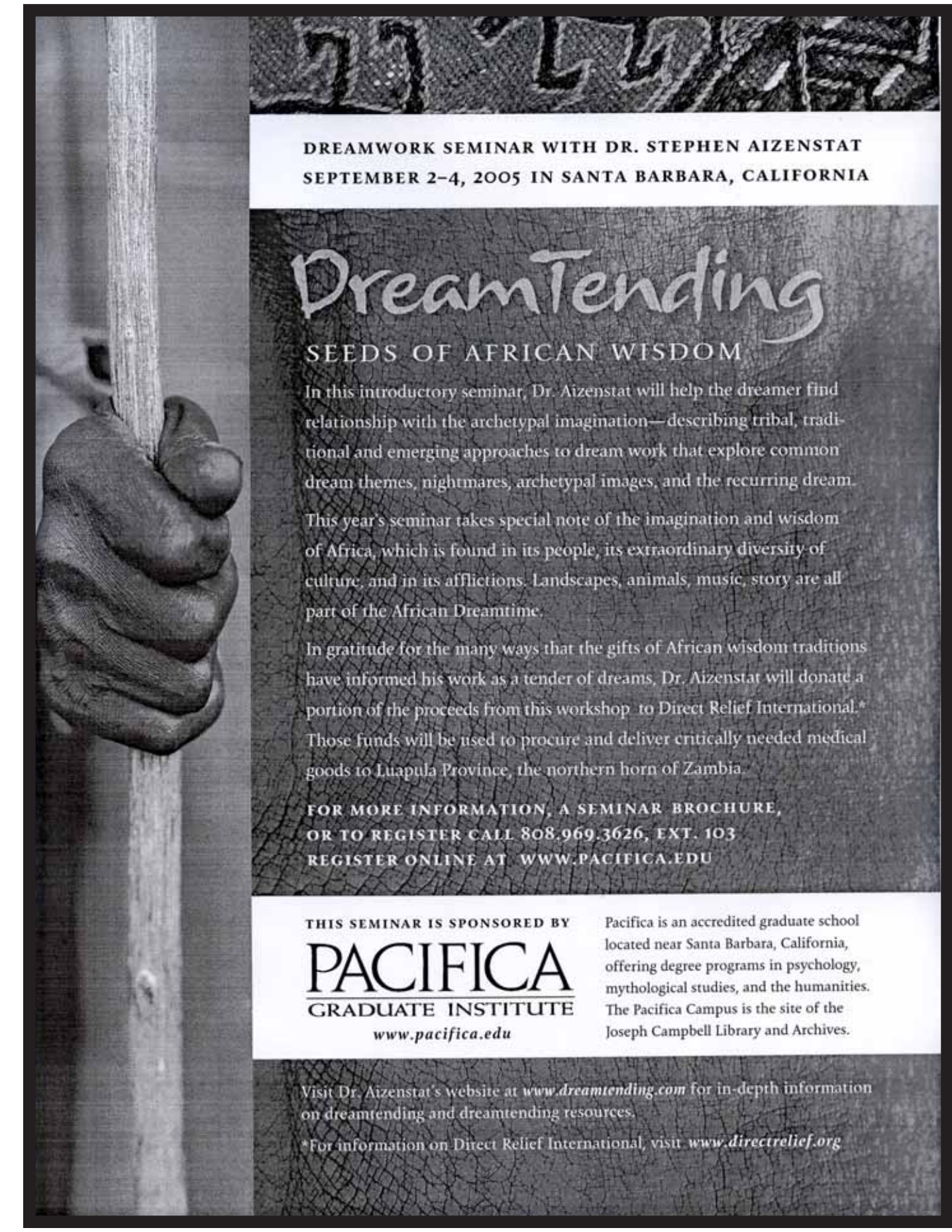
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