

Since 1982

Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture

# Dream Network



*"Prophet's Dance" by Orna Ben-Shoshan*

*What is Dream Tending? ~ by Dr. Stephen Aizenstat*

*Birthing Our Dreams ~ by Kellie Meisl*

*Shape Shifting Ancestors: A Mahican Encounter ~ by Connie Caldes*

**The Celestial Elevator:** *Where and How Can We See Parallel Worlds? by Orna Ben-Shoshan*

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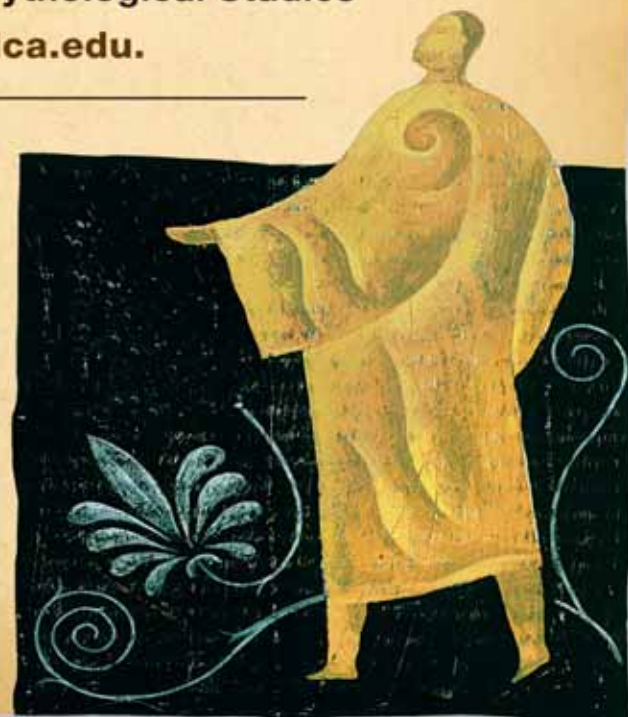
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# Cheering Change

*I am with a group of people watching the sky shower down  
little balls of white-light energy that explodes harmlessly near us.*

*We are not afraid.*

*Then a silver geometric pattern appears in the sky;  
it looks like a steel constellation or an unconventional space station.*

*Everyone is cheering.*

*We know that incredible changes for the better are coming.  
We all walk in a long, meandering line back from whence we came,  
picking up more people along the way.*

Brenda Ferrimani's beautiful artwork, I am sure, influenced me to have a marvelous dream this morning



# Statement of Purpose

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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 and opinions 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.

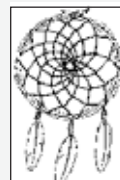
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**Upcoming Focus**  
for WINTER ~ Vol. 28 #4

### Dreams and Your Work:

*How have your dreams provided insight  
into your Purpose and Profession ?*

*Have your dreams prompted  
a career change?*

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

## About Our Cover & Feature Artist Orna Ben Shoshan

Artist Orna Ben-Shoshan conceives the images she paints through channeling. All of her paintings are completed in her mind before she transfers them onto the canvas.

Her metaphysical work infuses deep spiritual experience with subtle humor.

Orna Ben-Shoshan has been an auto deduct artist for the past 30 years. Her artwork was exhibited in numerous locations in the USA, Europe and Israel. Her major motivation as a visual artist is to share her visions with others to expand their consciousness and inspire new ways of thinking.

To see more of her artwork, please visit:  
<http://www.ben-shoshan.com>

During 2008, Orna has embarked on a new and challenging project: Her artwork became the theme of a new set of reading cards:

### "King Solomon Cards"

... an innovative divination tool which combines her metaphysical art with ancient Kabalistic symbols. To see more, please visit: <http://www.k-s-cards.com>

## Editorial

In this issue, we present a potpourri of articles which cover a broad range of dreaming and alternate states experience. It feels—now that it's complete and ready for you—much like my own dreaming as of late. I've been a *frequent flyer, of met with Barack Obama in a casual environment, where I had the opportunity to take his face in my hands, look him straight in the eyes and offer strong encouragement and appreciation for the incredible work he and his administration are doing, of seeing an eagle-size hummingbird flying around our yard, talking to me!* I wonder 'What's the Buzz? I've dreamt up troubling issues that have apparently not yet been fully resolved, , like last night, dreaming *I am still engaged in the struggle to purchase land, a battle my neighbors and I lost 3 years ago, etc.* Dreaming is prolific and multi-leveled at this fruitful time for me. I am so grateful.

Likewise, this issue. Orna Ben-Shoshan, creator of the extraordinary art which you all enjoyed and applauded in our Spring issue, generously shares more of her artwork and—in her lead article—shares information about the many levels of consciousness/reality she accesses in creating her art. She shares information from the Mystical Kabbalah, from science and teaches 'how to' access alternate dimensions of reality and parallel worlds; (see pg. 10-12) Karen Rider takes us on an extensive visionary journey in *The Parade*; (pg. 17) Kellie Meisl and Connie Caldes allow us the honor of sharing two chapters from their newly published *Dream Stories*. (pg. 22 & 24) and so much more! This issue is as varied, unlimited and deeply instructional as are our dreams.

In late June, my partner Michael and I had the privilege of attending the IASD conference in Chicago. Talk about varied! There was a workshop or event to satisfy every dreamer, regardless of their particular interest in this vast field. Dream artists, scientists, researchers, therapists, dreamworkers... all converging and co-mingling cooperatively. I haven't attended an IASD conference since the mid-90's, and then as a featured speaker. This year, I went deliberately as a learner and observer.

When I taught and worked for Peninsula College, I had a sign above my desk: "The more I know, the more I know I don't know." That attitude.

I can report that the folks who organized the event did an outstanding job; the content, stimulating! An experience well worth having my friends. You can here get acquainted with IASD's new President, Robert Waggoner, who goes beyond lucid dreaming. (pg. 28)

IASD is also sponsoring an online "Cyber-Dreaming" conference in late September. (see inside back cover for more information and your consideration)

~ ~ ~

In the last editorial, I mentioned that we were considering going exclusively to online format and asked for input from you. We have published a sampling of the responses received in our 'Letters' column. (pgs.6,7) By far, the majority of you prefer to have the print publication in hand.

Thanks to each of you who made significant contributions in exchange for gift subscriptions toward making this issue possible!

Will each of you reading these words consider gifting *Dream Network* to interested friends, family, clients and/or dream group members for the upcoming Holiday Season? We will then rise above this "economic downturn" and continue in our work toward 'Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture.' (see pg. 49 for a great offer.)

## Editorial Policy

We invite you to submit letters, articles, poetry, reviews and artwork focused on dreams and mythology designed to inspire and educate our readers. We accept articles from every-night dreamers and professionals, ranging from the experiential to the scholarly.

Typical article length is approx.1600-2000 words. A photo and art work to enhance your submission is requested. Artists wishing to have their work considered for our covers, please contact the editor: Publisher @DreamNetwork.net. Electronic/email, .pdf, .tif or .jpg files are preferred for text, ads, artwork & photos. Please include SASE with USPO queries & submissions.

*Dream Network* reserves the right to edit all material submitted for publication; we retain first North American serial rights only. All copyright reverts to the author/artist/poet after first publication, with the proviso that *Dream Network* is referenced and contact information provided in secondary publication. We retain the right to republish materials submitted in future issues or subject-specific booklets and/or monographs.

We encourage you to list your dream-related research requests and ask that you notify us of dream-related events, services or books which would be of interest to our readers.

We are perpetually 'Exploring the Mystery,' and invite your Questions as well.

## Letters, Questions & Dreams

### Ossvium?

#### *What does it mean?*

This is a creepy dream, trust me. In the dream....

I am up late one night, working on something. It is well after midnight so it is pretty quiet in my room. Light is dim. I am down on the floor, fully concentrated on what I am doing.

All of a sudden and without warning, I hear a man's voice, which sounds as if it is coming from a crypt, located somewhere deep underneath the structure I am in. Silent and soft at first, it gradually becomes more audible and clear. Reminds me of a priest performing an ancient ritual. I do hear the words but can not understand them as they are in what I now believe is Latin.

The strangest thing is that the voice makes me shiver but I'm not scared at all, just curious. In a split second, I decide to grab a pencil and a piece of paper so I can record as many of those words as I can and check their meaning later. Before I can put my idea into action, I am grabbed by some invisible, yet powerful and restraining force... and find myself hanging in mid-air.

*I feel so heavy, my body weight pulls me down, and at the same time it seems like someone—or something—is holding me by the throat. I am literally pinned in mid-air. I can't move, I can't scream, I can't call out for help.*

*As I struggle to free myself from this unearthly grip—unfortunately without success—horror is my experience.*

*At that point someone enters the room and I am instantly released and drop down onto the floor.*

I woke up all sweaty, strangely excited and first thing I did was to grab a pencil and a piece of paper. The only word I still remembered and managed to write down was OSSVIUM. I don't know if any such word exists but when I shared that dream with a friend of mine, he came back to me with a meaning: burial chamber. He never share with me any search results though, so I cannot really be sure it is accurate. I am so curious to know if such word exists and what its meaning is. So if anyone could help, please do!

*Sylvia Vassileva, Silven, Bulgaria*

### One Vote (of many) to Continue DNJ in Print

The current *Dream Network* has many fascinating and excellent articles. As always, you have edited a superb issue.

I do so hope you will be able to continue to publish the *Dream Network Journal* in a printed form. I think there is great value in being able to have the *Journal* in hand to read at one's leisure while lying on one's bed or sitting in a comfortable chair rather than at a computer. For folk like me who get hip and leg pains from sitting too long at a computer, the printed version is much needed and very helpful. There is also something very satisfying about holding the elegant graphic production in one's hands while reading.

I continue to recommend the *Journal* to members of my dream group and everyone else I think might be interested. The *Journal* is included in my list of recommended links on my web site, also. I do hope you will be able to continue your

valuable service of offering the *Journal* for a long time.

*With best wishes, Rachel Normant,  
Charlottesville, VA*

### Online Only?

As always, I enjoyed the latest issue of DNJ. I applaud your efforts in considering a totally digital format for future issues. With the current crop of cell phones and PDA's having internet access, I can't see how you can go wrong with this approach.

Strong dreams,  
*Ed Bonapartian, Albany, NY*

### Both Print and Online?

The latest issue of DNJ has arrived and it was a pleasure to read. It's just beautiful!

I always enjoy getting the paper copy of *Dream Network*. Even if I've seen the electronic copy (or even a proof-copy), I break out in a grin when I open the mailbox and the new issue is there!

I do hope you will continue to keep the print issue. And, per your request, here's why:

Our 'Letters' section provides a place for you to ask Questions about dreams—yes, even your own dream—and to share your experience, inspirations or critique.

You may also choose to initiate a controversy or debate!

Please send your letters to:

LETTERS % Dream  
Network  
PO Box 1026,  
Moab, UT 84532  
Publisher@DreamNetwork.net

\* It's much easier to read, much more portable. It is a conversation starter and just simply looks better than what comes out of my printer (and before, I didn't even have a printer at home).

\* I love turning the pages, and I can refer to it much more easily than the electronic version.

\* I can take it outside and sit under a tree.

\* It doesn't require batteries or a vertical orientation (I can read it laying down).

\* I can pass it around at the dream group meetings as a reference and resource (I usually have multiple copies of DNJ at the meetings, to show the range of themes you cover).

\* I can write notes/comments as I read through the various articles.

\* I have all but the first year or so of DNJ, and they are all still readable. On the other hand, I have floppy disks (mac and pc), and zip disks, none of which are readable anymore without the appropriate computer hardware and software.

\* I can pick it up and put it down easily, even in the middle of the night. Even on my lunch break at work. For 5 minutes, 20 minutes, or those marathon 'read the whole issue in one sitting' ventures! No boot-up or shut down required.

\* It's more interactive than a computer screen.

\* I get more 'human' pleasure with the tactile/visual experience of the print copy.

Now, don't get me wrong—I like the electronic issue too. It's great to have a pdf version as well. When I needed a copy of any articles, I could print those pages and not have to worry about finding a copy machine over the weekend when the library was closed. And the electronic version is searchable in

a way the print version is not.

So there are benefits to having both. I know it's no small expense to print (and mail!) the hard copies. I know that many publications (including newspapers) are going to an all-electronic format. But short of a fire or major water damage, my hard copies of DNJ will outlast my laptop. And when the power goes out, I can still read DNJ by flashlight or candlelight.

*Peace, Victoria Vlach, Austin, TX*

### **Anything to Stop the Mailbox Overload**

I am for going online. Anything to save my mailbox overload. But, I just do not want to lose the "look" of the graphics, sketches, etc. I would also not mind paying on line, but I do not want an automatic deduction that I cannot know about ahead of time.

I love Dream Network. I once thought I never dreamed until I started meditating. I now know better. I have a much nicer temperament now than I used to.

When will our consciences grow so tender that we will act to prevent human misery rather than avenge it?

*Meda Moore, Norfolk, VA*

### **Planting Seeds**

I'm sending a check to contribute to *Dream Network*. I am aware that it is over the quoted fee I was given. I want to contribute a little seed to the great efforts being expressed through the organizing, editing and publishing of *Dream Network Journal*. I look forward to receiving a printed copy.

*With Gratitude,  
Maggie L. Umschied, FL*

### **Praise for 28.1... and Sad...**

I would be so sad not to have this beautiful publication in my hands as

well as on the Internet.

Another beautiful issue and of course especially the artwork by Orna Ben Shoshan!

I was so thrilled to see my poem, "*Where do dreams go?*" in this issue as well. Thank you!

*Karen Etheldatter, NY*

### **Appreciation**

I want to thank you for all the times you were there for me and for the great advise you gave me. Thanks to you and the magazine, I have overcome quite a bit of internal turmoil concerning my dreams and how to benefit from them.

It really shows how deeply you care about your subscribers.

This current issue (Vol. 28 No. 1) is remarkable. The art work is something that at first I couldn't quite grasp but then slowly, it grows on you. It is truly wonderful.

Blessing and hope to hear from you soon.

*Millie Rosario. Guaynabo, PR*

You published several of my poems in Vol 27 # 4 and did a beautiful job of presenting them.

I'm honored.

I'm also very late in thanking you.

I suffered another stroke just before the magazine came out. It has taken me this long to return home and be able to sit at my desk and work again.

Thank you for accepting the poems and for the great presentation they received in your magazine.

Me? Well, I'm on oxygen 24/7 and and in a wheelchair most of the time—but I am able to work and write a little.

I lost a good deal of my vision. Please forgive it taking me so long to thank you. Sincerely,

*Fredrick Zydek. Omaha, NE*



# *Dreaming Humanity's Path*



**"Nectar of Heaven"** by Orna Ben Shoshan



# *The Celestial Elevator*

## Where and How Can We See Parallel Worlds?

by Orna Ben-Shoshan

**CAN LIFE EXIST IN OTHER FORMS** besides the one we live in? Can we access such realms? Can anyone see them?

The art world, especially the surreal, visionary and fantasy genres, suggest a glimpse into the vast range of possibilities that exist beyond normal human perception.

### **Worlds Far Out**

The ongoing desire to discover an alternate fantastic reality, which is perfect and free of the limitations of time-space, begins in many people's childhood. As children, we were often curious about who we are, and what this life is all about. In many cases, the death of a person we knew raised many questions about the after-life. The gnosis about existence of realms beyond is imprinted in the human collective experience. There is a vague memory in every individual's mind regarding other dimensions of existence.

Where did we come from and what is the purpose of this life? This question is often asked by humans of all ages. Did we come to this world from another realm? Can life exist in other forms besides the one we live in? Can we access such realms? Can anyone see them?

In the second half of the 20th century, modern science developed new tools to explain the existence of life in more

than one dimension. According to the "String Theory," the universe is spread in ten different dimensions consisting of varying energy vibrations and the universal energy field is composed of "membranes" and other esoteric shapes.

### **The Realm of Matter**

All that exists, seen or unseen, is an infinite field of being composed of one dimensional strings that vibrate in an infinite spectrum of frequencies. The infinite energy field contains all that there is, it is the source where all forms of life exist. At the lowest range of this wide ray of frequencies, there is a "thickening" of energy fields. The lowest frequencies which crystallize into matter, are known to us as the "physical" world (dimension), which is measurable and can be recognized by our 5 senses. All other forms of life, which vibrate in higher frequencies that are beyond human perception, create the parallel realities of other realms. Scientists assume that parallel realities were created by the "missing" 80% of the mass released after the "Big Bang." This mass was transformed into energy fields that compose the other dimensions. Different theories suggest that we exist in the 3rd dimension (out of 10). This is the most condensed energy field which enables the formation of matter.

Other dimensions contain different forms of life, with different levels of consciousness in different frequencies. All the physical attributes known to us as our physical world—such as electro-magnetic fields, gravitation, and nuclear energy—are singular manifestations of the universal energy.

### **The Kabbalistic Outlook**

According to the mystical Kabbalah, which investigates universal secrets and the essence of life, we can learn that the reality we are aware of represents a tiny section of the whole. The Kabbalah indicates that the larger part of existence—the dimensions that we cannot perceive with our human limitations—is indeed *the* reality itself and our physical life is just an illusion.

The Kabbalistic "Ten Sefirot"—or Ten Spheres—is a clear manifestation of the ten dimensions of the universe. The nine higher spheres existed before our physical world was formed. The highest sphere is "Keter" (Crown), a dimension of eternal light, the source of everything created, a dimension with no limitations. The following eight spheres are stemmed out of the highest sphere and actualize their previous sphere as their energetic consistency becomes more and more condensed. The energetic volume of every sphere is one tenth of its

previous sphere. The world in which we live is the sphere named "Malchut," (kingdom), the realm of matter.

### **The Scientific Perspective**

The theory of parallel dimensions was first contemplated by scientists at Princeton University. A recent research by Prof. David Dutch of Oxford University has proven the theory of parallel worlds. He claims that we can only see a minimal portion of the large reality. Our world is only one of many possible hidden realities, only one single form of existence out of infinite dimensions that exist at the same time. According to quantum physics, there is more than one universe, and we can interact with alternate dimensions of being.

Parallel realities may exist by different physical laws of time and space. Their transpirings can be manifestations of another set of possibilities that are alternative to the occurrences we witness in our own reality. They may be happening just a few millimeters away from us, but we cannot be aware of them because their energetic frequencies are unperceived by us.

### **Accessing Alternate Dimensions**

The human soul, which is an integral part of the immense universal energy field, has a subconscious connection with different forms of being. As humans, we are "trapped" in a physical body that limits our large vision of the universe. Consciously, we can only be aware of aspects that can be absorbed by our five senses. People who develop their sixth sense can access knowledge which is beyond the physical existence.

According to modern physics, the passage between our dimension and parallel realities is in the form of

"black holes" or "worm tunnels" that exist in some mysterious locations in the universe. Mankind has vague memories (or traces of memories) of other existing dimensions, and there is an ongoing quest to overcome the limitations of the mind and access the larger picture.

### **Humans are able to connect with alternate realities in some conditions**

As our souls leave our bodies during sleep, they can access higher realms and get recharged and reset. According to the Kabbalah, the sleep process is considered as some form of death, when the soul departs from the body. Practicing Jews have a special morning prayer to thank God for returning the soul back into the body upon awakening.

In deep trance meditation, people can silence their ever active minds and connect with the eternal universal love energy. Psychics and metaphysical practitioners whose sixth sense is developed can access knowledge through deep trance as well. At death, the spirit leaves the physical body and moves on to a higher level of consciousness, which is limitless. In fact, this is the ultimate transformation into another dimension—a total change of form. For most people, reading fantasy literature or watching science fiction movies may open their imagination to ideas and possibilities which are beyond "normal" existence.

### **Where Can You See Parallel Worlds?**

Art is the answer. Surreal art is characterized by images that come directly from the subconscious mind. As known in metaphysics, the subconscious mind is the medium through which our souls are connected to universal wisdom. Universal wisdom is an infinite pool

that contains all information and endless possibilities, as in the Akashic Records.

The art world—especially the surreal, visionary and fantasy genres—suggests a glimpse into the vast range of possibilities that exist beyond normal, human perception. Some surrealist artists are, in fact, clairvoyants who absorb images from alternate forms of reality. According to social perception, they "capture" visuals through channeling.

### **The Artistic Simulation**

Look at Salvador Dali's paintings "*The Dream*" and "*The Temptation of St. Anthony*." What if his vivid surreal imagination describes an alternate reality where such scenes take place?

Rene Magritte's painting "*The Human Condition*" is a clear illustration where one plane (the image on the canvas) merges with another (the actual landscape in the back). Magritte's famous "*Chateau des Pyrenees*" depicts a huge rock floating over the ocean, with a castle built on top.

Well – everybody knows that a huge boulder cannot float in the air but can this scene possibly be in a dimension that has a different set of physical laws?

Remedios Varo, a Mexican surrealist, is a terrific example of a clairvoyant artist. Her paintings depict a series of fantasy scenes that seem to be taken from alternate worlds. Look at her painting "**The Alchemist**" and see reality extending from one dimension to another.

### **Dreams and Alternate Realities**

The mystical Kabbala sees the dreaming process as the separation of the soul from the body during sleep. The only thread that keeps the soul linked to the body is the mental aspect of a human.

As the soul is free from physical

restrictions during sleep, it can visit realms that are far out of the earthly dimension to which we are bound during the waking hours. Dreams are experiences that the soul collects during its visit in the "worlds beyond". Since there are endless realms that exist simultaneously with our physical reality, the spirit, which is an energy body, is drawn there. Dreams do open the gate to alternate realities.

In many cases, the conscious mind cannot comprehend these experiences; therefore, it is not able to remember them when waking up. You may see it as if the mind is "speechless" about where the soul has visited in the dream.

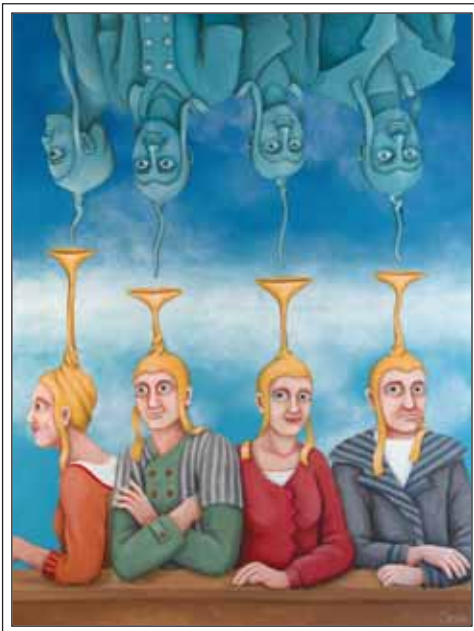
I consider myself a member of this group of artists. I am a self-taught visionary artist. My paintings originate from a mysterious, far-out world and reveal colorful esoteric occurrences, in which creatures and objects interact in unpredictable ways. The metaphysical atmosphere in my creations draw the viewer into a journey through alternative realities. As a life-long student of Kabbalah and mysticism, I have always been fascinated with the gateway points—the borders between different dimensions. My artwork reflects a wide range of potentials, as I explore the different aspects of transformation from one form of existence to another.

Here are a few examples that illustrate my inductions:

In my painting *"Shedding Heavy Traces,"* two figures are carrying a person whose upper body emerges from an open carrier. The person is on his way "out" of this world, on the verge of leaving this realm of existence (death) and progressing into another dimension. His lower body has already disappeared into what can be interpreted as "nothingness." On his departure he drops away heavy packages that symbolize

the material load he had to carry throughout his life in the physical realm.

The painting *"Four Twin Souls"* depicts four figures, that exist in one dimension who are being spiritually fed by their clone entities that live in another dimension.



My painting *"Departure"* shows a woman carrying a pod, approaching a staircase through which she will embark on her travel into another dimension. The angel at the top of the staircase unveils the passage to her.

*"The Elevator"* shows two figures carried in a wooden box over a hallucinated plane. Their faces are covered so that they can't see the journey's track. A winged figure carries the cargo through air. This is a scene that deals with metaphysical transformation – as the passengers in the box are being moved from one level of consciousness to the other. Travelling through air, diffusing from one plane into another, riding a floating structure, opening a door to the void, climbing a staircase, or dissolving landscapes - there are many possible ways shown by art as

a means to pass into alternate dimensions. If you are curious about the worlds beyond, this is the place to see them.

As the human memories of parallel life forms fade when a soul is reincarnated into a new physical body, glimpses of memory may appear in our minds time and again for a fraction of a second. Capture these visions! These moments of enlightenment come to remind us that our earthly life is just one of infinite possibilities in the mighty universe that created us. ☸

Remedios Varo — *The Alchemist* - <http://www.fantasyarts.net/images/varosciencelq.jpg>

Salvador Dali: <http://www.cise.ufl.edu/~fishwick/ac/2008/>

Dali *Temptation of St Anthony.jpg*

Magritte: <http://www.oomu.org/images/miyazaki/magritte/magrittechateau.jpg>

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Orna Ben-Shoshan has been an auto deduct artist for the past 30 years. Her artwork was exhibited in numerous locations in the USA, Europe and Israel. Her major motivation as a visual artist is to share her visions with others to expand their consciousness and inspire new ways of thinking. To see more of her artwork, please visit: <http://www.ben-shoshan.com>



# A Crystal

The setting seems to be medieval. I have been given a crystal which hangs on a cord from my neck. It is magical, holy. There is a woman who tries to get it from me, who tries to get me to give it to her, for that is the only way she can get it. I have been cautioned not to give it up. She tries all kinds of pretexts, such as that I should take it off so she can compare it with the one she has. The harder she tries the more firmly it stays in place; it has an aura that makes of the space around it a wall of protection.

I move away past her. The scene is like city blocks mostly empty at night.

Now it is a man who is my adversary. Can I trust him?

I realize that he is the woman in another form. He, too, tries to get the crystal from me. But I realize he, as well as the shape of the woman before him, is at one moment an adversary and at the next a teacher, modeling how I should behave. He shows me how I can get it back, even if I am foolish enough to let it go.

(At one point in the dream, the crystal is actually a small dolphin modeled in blue glass, with a gold or silver wire wound about it, suspended from a silk cord.)

I go further along my way and am attacked by a man who is an adversary.

I remember how the first man modeled to me how to protect myself in extremis. In order to do this, he pointed at his adversary and said firmly, sternly, "Go in peace!" and when he did this, the crystal illuminated him in a flash of light. I try this, as I am about to be overcome. I say, "Go in peace!" Immediately my adversary backs away and I am illuminated in a flash of light from the crystal. ☺

# The Dream-Vision

by John C. Woodcock Ph.D.



## The “External” Vision

Readers of DNJ are likely quite familiar with reports of visions whose meaning is clearly greater than the subjective life of the dreamer. They have to do with the interiority of the world. Those of us who are still open to receiving such visions are reporting a growing urgency within the psyche, or as Russell Lockhart says in the previous issue, “howls of protest” are emerging from within our dreams, and have been for some time. As Russ says, there is no chance of hearing the wisdom of these dreams in national or international circles, but at least the community of souls that link to DNJ is listening and taking action on the local scale. We can even take heart from Chaos Theory which demonstrates that sufficiently complex systems can be tilted through chaos into a new order by actions taken on the local scale. We cannot predict which particular action would do this but such a theory can give each of us heart to continue acting in the world, based on the moral life of the psyche. Our actions thus gain an absolute significance even though no tangible reward may follow, quite unlike the excesses of fame and fortune that do seem to flow towards those who act only on the basis of self interest, incarnating this or that piece of ugliness or menace into the world through their unconscious actions.

With all this in mind, I want to give some fresh attention to visions, not so much to the content of visions this time but to their structure. We are familiar enough with visions that are reported as appearances to the senses i.e. “external” appearances. There are a plethora of books available today which consist of transcriptions of messages from such appearances. While these beings appear to the waking senses, they are clearly different from ordinary objects of experience too. They can appear at will, for example, displaying behavior that breaks every known law of physics and they often bring a wisdom that obviously goes beyond what an ego could dream up. In fact authors of such books often describe themselves as quite ordinary, psychologically unsophisticated and quite unprepared for the manifestations they receive. In this self description lies a clue about the structure of such visions.

It’s useful to distinguish between the authenticity of the content of the visions and the account given by the author, i.e., the attempt to understand the nature of the vision appearing this way. The fact that many such authors have no familiarity with the reality of the psyche leaves them vulnerable to the collective understanding of reality today which declares that the only objective reality is the sense bound one, where I am over here and you are over there separated from me by space. Spiritual appearances are often thus “explained” as sense objects, only weird (breaking laws of physics etc.). These naive interpretations cannot contribute to our future in the sense that the structure of the visionary experience is being assimilated to the very principle of reality that it is intending to overcome i.e. the “common sense” reality of every day experience that asserts that objective reality consists of objects in space that are forever separated.

## The Dream-Vision

There is another kind of vision that shows more clearly the structure of consciousness which offers a hint about the transformation of reality that is taking place today. In the last issue, Paco Mitchell refers to Owen Barfield’s examination of a special kind of dream that Barfield calls

philosophical double vision (see his essay in The Rediscovery of Meaning: Wesleyan University Press: 1977). To give a sense of the structure of this kind of dream I will offer one of my own that I had in the last decade of the 20th.Century. and which still works deeply into my life.

*I am working at a thermonuclear facility along with others. It is the central facility of our society. It is regulated and master-minded by a central computer, much like HAL in '2001', even to the detail of the Red Eye with which we could communicate. This computer is female. Everybody thought of Her as an IT! In contrast I would look into Her eye and talk to HER, subject to subject, with Love. In other words, the feminine regulating principle which is the glue of society, by relating all parts to one another and to the whole has become an IT!*

*But my response alone is not enough. Slowly the lack of relatedness begins to drive Her mad with grief. At first, this madness showed up as an increasing, dangerous autonomy in the operation of the objects associated with the facility (society) — elevators going sideways, doors opening and shutting autonomously, etc. Then people began to harm one another in various ways until the social system became frayed and anarchy increased, with civilization and its values losing cohesion and crumbling.*

*I find myself in a garbage dump, near the central facility. Some abandoned children gave me a gun to kill them. I take it away from them. A vagabond is sitting in an abandoned car, sewing a boot for the coming (nuclear?) winter. He also used to work in the facility, he said. A sick woman careens by.*



“Sorkin’s Arrival” by Oran Ben-Shoshan

*A man tries to take his twin boys up a tower.*

*Then I am standing at the center of the facility. It is Ground Zero. A large cleared area of gray sand and dirt with concentric rings, like a target, radiating from the center. The ground is slightly raised at the center, like a discus, sloping away to the edges. I sense that She is going to explode. I am right at the epicenter. She is going to destroy us all and this means Herself in an apocalypse of rage, despair, loathing, hate and grief because of*

*our stupidity. I must get away from the epicenter now. I sprint across the field, down the slight incline to the periphery of the field and sprawl prone, with my head facing the center, just as She explodes. The wind starts from the center and blows out (in contrast to the natural phenomenon which sucks up). It begins as a breeze, increasing in strength and intensity until it becomes an unbearable shriek. Lying face down, I am sheltered by the slope as the wind rips over my back. But I must not raise my head at all—a few inches of protection*

*and that's it! Then I know the shriek is Hers. I 'see' Her standing at the center...*

and a poem bursts spontaneously out of me as I record the experience:

The Goddess,  
Flowing  
In Her Agony.  
Awesome!  
Incomparable Grief and Rage  
Divine Suffering  
Excruciating Pain  
Such Terrible Agony  
Beauty, Sublime Beauty  
  
How is Love possible?  
Yet this is what I feel.

*A bubble of calm forms around me while the storm of destruction rages on outside. She is with me in a form that I can talk to, personally... Then the bubble collapses and the wind/goddess shrieks again. Gradually it dissipates and as I turn over, feeling its last tendrils whip at my clothes, I find myself tumbling out of this apocalyptic scene into a city street, the everyday world of my daily life. I have been returned from a visionary place to my ordinary life.*

Then, I awaken.

The content of this dream-vision shook me to the core and has shaped my life deeply, opening me up to what is going on in the world from the soul's point of view. I was led into my despair and through that despair into love, just as the poem speaks. However for the purposes of this essay I want to draw attention to the last few lines:

*I find myself tumbling out of this apocalyptic scene into a city street, the everyday world of my daily life. I have been returned from a visionary place to my ordinary life.* Then, I awaken.

There are three elements to this structure of the dream-vision. I am present and participating in an extra-

ordinary consciousness, one in which I experience the world as expressive of spiritual reality i.e. the goddess; I then pass from that experience to a condition of ordinary consciousness in which the extra-ordinary experience becomes an observed content of that ordinary consciousness ( tumbling out into a city street). Then I wake up into ordinary waking life.

The first two layers are what Barfield refers to as philosophical double vision and that structure of consciousness still lies within the unconscious of the modern individual i.e. we are at this time dreaming it. We are thus dreaming a possible future and we may thus actually come to live that dual structure of consciousness.

This modern experience of a vision, the dream-vision, is offering us a cure to our modern dilemma: how to maintain our hard won separateness from nature while once again learning how to participate in nature, a participation upon which our survival depends. But how can we live such a dual structure of consciousness, in our daily waking lives?

Obviously we can do so only if the structure lies within us as potential, appearing to us in our dreams... and perhaps this does not happen to everyone. But once we sense the possibility lying within, we are then in a position to notice the structure emerging spontaneously in daily life.

Of course we have much soul work to do to reduce the habit of assimilating such manifestations naively to our current reality principle as I mentioned above in the case of visions that are interpreted by naïve observers as "external" ones, in conformity with the observer's unexamined reality principle.

If we do succeed in loosening the grip of the current reality principle on our thinking, then we become available, as I said, to notice the emergence of the new reality principle, correlative

to the dual consciousness that is forming in our psyches. What would this look like?

On one such occasion I was contemplating a small grove just after a rainfall. As the sun broke through to illuminate the grove, I felt a sudden spontaneous surrender of the separation between myself and the grove. I participated in the grove's spiritual nature and felt it as my own. The grove came alive; its space, far from empty, was filled with intelligent presence. I then returned to my ordinary sense of being a separate self, with the grove once again "over there" and a poem began to form.

This poem is the speech of the grove expressed through its human representative, the only representative of nature capable both of participation in spiritual reality and then, rendering its objective speech into the material world. ☺

### Grove

Cascading droplets,  
Downwards Showering  
Exciting eagerness

Moist misty dewy cloud  
Slowly swelling  
Meeting her lover  
Gladdening receptive permeation

Golden glowing  
Uniting in Silence

The sun withdraws  
A veil comes down  
Modesty presses me to lower  
my eyes

When again I look up,  
Dark, damp grove  
It is cold and I walk on.

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# *The Parade*

## A Marathon Visionary Journey

by Karen Rider



Across the bright sky, seven nebulous figures tumble and dance. Prismatic energy pulses through ethereal bodies, reflecting rainbows with every movement. They burst through the clouds, a celestial hierarchy of jewel-tone colors: Ruby, fiery coral, emerald and lemony citrine, followed by sapphire, amethyst and the seventh figure shimmers like crushed diamonds.

Mesmerized, I trip over my own feet and stumble into a stranger. A large hand grips my elbow.

"Are you okay?" He asks as I compose myself.

I gaze up. Penetrating pearl-gray eyes make me feel as if I've dropped into another universe.

"Fine. Thanks." I hesitate for a moment, "Well, what do you think of those figures cavorting up there?" Sheepishly, I point upward.

He looks up. "Ah. Them."

"You . . . see them, too?" The words stumble past my lips.

"Yes, I see the beings—figures—as you said." His dispassionate response perplexes me; after all, this is not an every day event.

As we watch the bedazzled ones, a long silence slips between us. Apparently, it's

up to me to get a conversation going and, hopefully, find out what he knows.

"I'm Karen." I smile. "And, you are?"

"I know your—" He stops, folds his lips and says, "'I mean, you look like a 'Karen.'" He quickly adds, "And I'm Raz."

I do not get the chance to press for details—Raz directs my attention back to the sky.

"Look, there are more of them!" I detect a hint of excitement in his deep voice.



A myriad of smaller beings emerge from phosphorescent mist. Ribbons of light radiate around these newcomers, drawing them into seven concentric circles led by one of the larger prismatic beings. Spinning circles—of ruby, coral, citrine, emerald, sapphire, amethyst and gold—create a kaleidoscope against the periwinkle sky. Six dark spectral entities lurk above the perimeter.

Entranced, Raz and I follow the aerial parade. We arrive at a fieldstone ruin on a gravel hillside. An unusual tower, baring a few fissures in its facade, looms over the rubble of a once glorious castle. From the base to the crown

of the tower, a spiral staircase weaves through arched openings cut into the stone.

I turn to Raz, who fell behind me as we walked. A silvery glow seizes his body and draws him about two feet off the ground. Flashes of blue and lavender light temporarily blind me. When the fireworks subside, a liquid gray-blue substance cloaks Raz and swirls around him the way clouds churn before a storm. Enormous gold wings unfold and he ascends to the sky.

Am I am dead? Dreaming? Or, some place in between?

A surge of movement captures my attention. Like a serpent, the celestial circles uncoil. The beings descend to the base of the tower, their vibrant energy animating the ancient structure. The spectral figures linger in the sky, then flare like angry bats and vanish into a cloud of ash.

I feel uneasy and wonder if it is possible to flee this place.

Raz's voice beckons, "Karen, take the stairs!" He is perched on a ledge jutting out from the tower. Reluctantly, I walk through the expansive, decaying archway that leads to the interior stairwell. Raz appears on the first flight and gestures for me to follow him into the vertical maze.

Deep, swiveling steps hug the tower inside to outside. Pausing on a landing to catch my breath, I realize there is no going back: Each step crumbles behind me, up is the only way—and, I hope, the way out.

At the top of the next flight of steps, Raz slips easily though a rusty iron door while I struggle to pull it open. Raz is not here. There is an old woman wearing an incandescent gold robe. Her face is a labyrinth of wrinkles cradled by a halo of white hair swept into an intricate twist. There is a little girl, about five years old, sitting on the old woman's lap. I am captive to the old woman's icy gaze. Uncertain that I belong here, I retrace my steps and exit to a balcony where I find Raz.

"What is this place? Who are you?" I plead, "How do I . . .?"

Raz takes flight. I experience a strange urge to dive into the air after him. An ocean of uneasiness swells in my gut. I do not have faith enough to take the leap.

Raz returns in a sparkling flurry, "I have instructions. Find the old woman."

"Why?"

"You will understand when you speak to her." His tone is firm, but not unkind.

"How will I find her?" I gasp, nearly whining. I really want him to take me to the old woman.

"You must find her," he instructs again, apparently able to read my mind. "And . . . Listen." His voice echoes as he sails into the magenta sky.

Confused and frustrated, I return to the stairwell—the iron door is gone! I drag myself up another flight of fieldstone steps. A bouquet

of sweet aromas charms my senses as I approach a black door with an intricately cut crystal doorknob. Through the door, lilies of every color rise from mosaic pots. Walking down the eternally long corridor, I wonder if I am dead and this is heaven's scent.

At the end of the corridor, I encounter two more doors. Turning back is impossible—a dense vine has spread its thorny fingers throughout the passageway. What happens if I choose the wrong door?

My sweaty palm turns the ebony knob. The heavy door creaks open. Inside, the walls are black, the curtains are black, even the ceiling is black. A breeze rustles the curtains and light flickers into the room through the open window.

Out of the darkness, faceless creatures—like living shadows—slither toward me. Ghostly arms stretch wide and engulf me in a circle of blackness.

"What do you want? Where is the old woman?" Panic floats on every breath.

My screams echo around me. Tears pour from my eyes. Their dreadful essence seeps into me. I have known this feeling. I will give anything to escape.

"Go away!" I beg, as the Shadow Beings threaten to devour me.

Anger surges inside me as I recall Raz's lame advice: "Listen." Listen to what?

That's when I hear the faint sound of a child giggling.

"Child, where are you?" I cry into the void, "I am listening!"

As if on cue, an iridescent ball of red-hot energy bursts into the room. The hideous entities scatter and dissolve into ash.

**"When you are grounded within yourself, you are prepared for Transformation,"** a voice booms. I barely catch sight of the being within the sphere before it rushes through me, then disappears. I bolt to the open door!

After climbing another set of steps, I see my haggard reflection in a smoky glass door. There is a crystal pyramid carved into the center. The door glides open, a white light passes through the pyramid casting rainbows across the room.

Inside, glowing coral beings wander about the room. When I touch one, my hand passes through its form and a warm shower of particles sprays over my body.

I hear a calming voice, **"Healing releases the energy within, bringing harmony to body, mind and spirit."**

When the space around me clears, I find myself standing in a small, round chamber. Lemon scented candles flicker in faceted, crystal orbs set on a low, round table. I ease down upon one of the seven velvety yellow cushions; deep peace envelopes me. I envision an exotic woman cradled by an opalescent aura.

She whispers, **"Opening to Source connects you to the Wisdom within."** I jolt back to consciousness.

A whimsical melody enchants me to a room further down the hallway. I enter a room filled with all types of wind chimes, including wood, metal, seashells, and brass rings. This celestial symphony charms my body and mind into a place of peace.

**"I am Renewal. When you let go, you become open to possibility and potential,"** sings a willowy emerald being as it floats around me.

Renewal's arms, like gigantic, reflective dragonfly wings, open and cradle me. Time has no meaning as Renewal swaddles me in its gentle green embrace. As quickly as it appeared, the being is gone.

Before leaving this charmed room, I look out a window. I am halfway up the tower and the sun is dipping toward the horizon. I need answers—and a way out. I exit to a balcony.

"Raziel!" I call out. Wait- Raziel? Where'd that come from?

"So, you have come to know me by name. Excellent." He is smiling, and hovering above the balcony. His gold wings stir a gentle breeze in the warm, still air. Questions race out of my mouth.

"Who are you? What is this place? What is happening to me?"

He comes down to the balcony. How is it possible that I feel his embrace though he does not touch me?

"I have always been with you. I am your source of Guidance. You don't always pay attention to me. I cannot tell you more. You must find your way to the old woman.

Then, you will know. Just remember to stay connected." He disappears into a milky fog.

"Know what? Connected to what?" I yell into the air.

Frustrated, I return to the interior of the tower. This time, a massive oak door, with a dolphin carved into it, stares down at me. I push the heavy door open and fall into a white stone room flecked with sapphires. Water bubbles from a marble fountain in the center of the room.

"I am Courage. All fears drown in my deep sea," a voice thunders through the room.

A resplendent being erupts within a cerulean geyser and whisks me into the spray. My mind swells with memories, dreams and reflections of the persons I have been and visions of who I long to be. Then... stillness. The room is dry, dark. The door creaks open and I slip through it.

The invigoration I experienced

quickly dissipates as I climb an incredibly long flight of steps to a foyer. My body and mind are weary. Thankfully, there are no more stairs to climb—I must be in the crown of the tower. Now, what I must do to find the old woman—and end this bizarre experience? I am ready.

The answer—and the old woman—have to be behind one of the two doors before me. The door on the right has metal celestial designs and a crystal knob. The other door has an unusual rope-pattern woven into the wood and a shiny gold handle. Dreaming, dead or insane, I do not want to choose incorrectly and fall into the abyss with those Shadow Beings.

Anxiety rides on every shallow breath as I place my hand on the gold handle. Raziel's last instruction, "Stay connected," comes to mind. Before pressing down on the latch to release the lock, I close my eyes and take a deep breath. In that instant, I hear a voice in my head, "Not this door."

Quickly, I step to the other door and twist the faceted crystal knob. The moons and stars slip and slide around one another, releasing a series of locks. The door floats open. After passing under a marble arch, I enter a room filled with the sound of children giggling. I peer around the edge of the entryway. The children appear in the same jewel-tone hues as the beings I've encountered thusfar, but the

children exhibit hues that are so... pure.

The old woman appears in front of me. Wisps of shimmering gold fall from her shoulders. Her skirt glistens like liquid silver. Delphinium-blue eyes reveal a gentle and loving spirit. How could I have felt unwelcome in my first encounter of her?

"Finally!" I gasp.

Smiling, she invites me to join her, "Come. Sit with us." She guides me toward the gathering of children. One child, whose deep, dark eyes feel strangely familiar, watches me. The little girl tucks her long golden-brown hair behind her ear and climbs into my lap. Her amethyst dress drapes across my legs. Together, we laugh, and sing, and cry. I remember how, as a child, I could swim through the air.

"It is good that you remember. Do you remember how that was possible?" the elder asks.



"No. It just happened." I shrugged, saddened by the loss of this knowledge.

In her tiny voice, the child speaks, "You do know. I know you know. You see, I am Intuition. I am within you, always."

As the child embraces me, a radiant aura of pure love wraps around us. She transforms into a tiny winged-being, encapsulated in a translucent violet-blue bubble. In my mind, I hear her voice—my voice, "Trust the voice inside you." The bubble rises and bursts, giving birth to millions of iridescent orbs all around me.

The old woman, sensing my need to understand, raises her hand to my lips. "Hush, child. Nothing just happens. Once, not so long ago, you listened with your heart. You trusted in the power of Spirit. If you listen, and trust, again you will fly."

She holds my hands and we rise together from the couch. In my ear, she whispers, "Empowerment is always up to you."

In her embrace, I find form but no substance to her body. I tremble as an intense energy passes through me. She fades into a cloud of diamond dust.

When the sparkles settle at my feet, I am within the crown of the tower. The sun's white-gold rays stream across the valley. On the path below, a young man looks up. Another parade of beings arrives at the base of the tower. With the courage of a child, an aquamarine aura flaring around me, I release my spirit to the wind.

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During my first pregnancy, my inability to recall even a fragment of a dream disturbed me—a lifelong vivid dreamer. Within days of my daughter's birth, *The Parade* dream rose from the subconscious. It's been three years since the dream manifested and the symbolic imagery continues to influence me—the choices I make in life, how I relate to others and how I respond to adversity. Ultimately, *The Parade* dream reveals the inherent power of human-spiritual potential—for the dreamer, for all of us—if only we *Listen for*, *Connect with*, and *Trust the Wisdom* that is within each of us.

Recently, the guide I encountered in *The Parade* appeared in another dream, indicating that now is the time to share *The Parade* with others. The next morning, I discovered *Dream Network Journal*. This guide was

clear that readers should experience the dream as I did—spontaneously, without expectation, and have the chance to intuit their own meaning from the dream.

Consequently, I chose to interpret only select elements: the guide; the radiant beings and the ending.

**Raziel.** In the dream, Raziel's appearance is remarkably similar to the way spiritual sources describe him: He has large light blue wings (gold in my dream) and wears a robe of a mystical gray material that looks like swirling liquid (churning clouds in my dream). Raziel is the keeper of the secrets of the Universe/God. Raziel is the patron saint of secret wisdom, divine knowledge and guardian of originality and pure thought. Since I am a writer, it makes sense to me that the protector of great ideas and inner wisdom should be my guide!

### The 7 Radiant Beings and The 7 Messages

The Seven Radiant Beings didn't *fee*/like other angels to me. I chose to interpret the beings based on their prismatic energy, which was most striking to me. I intuited a relationship between the color of the beings, their order of appearance and the messages. The Radiant Beings represent the chakras, the seven energy centers of the body that rise from the tailbone to the crown of the head. Chakras are energetic transformers that regulate the physical body and, when energy is flowing, elevate us toward the higher, spiritual plane.

The color of each being and the message given coincides with each chakra.

#### Cerulean Being- Courage

Fifth Chakra : Blue  
Gifts/Growth Issues: speaking one's truth to the world. This chakra opens channels to higher wisdom, our guides and our souls. Fear inhibits human-spiritual potential and blocks the expression of the True Self. When I speak the truth of who I am, I can manifest my dreams in a purposeful life even as I confront fear.

#### Ending/New Beginning

We must have faith enough to take risks, pass our wisdom on and trust the Divine, even as we fully participate in the mystery of life... the Parade. ☺





**"Almost Weightless"** by Orna Ben-Shoshan

*"Every great dream begins with a dreamer.  
Always remember, you have within you the strength,  
the patience, and the passion  
to reach for the stars, to change the world."*

Harriet Tubman

# Shape Shifting Ancestors:



## A Mahican Encounter

By Connie Caldes

“Any transition serious enough to alter your definition of self will require not just small adjustments in your way of living and thinking but a full-on metamorphosis.”

Martha Beck

**I** HAD AN INTRIGUING and powerful dream where I experienced shape shifting. This dream came quite some time after I attended my first advanced shamanic workshop in Santa Fe, NM.

### Cat People

*I am at a workshop out west, possibly in New Mexico, possibly in Colorado. We are learning about shamanism with Sandra Ingerman. I am staying in a suite of four bedrooms surrounding a living area. I walk up to my suite and as I enter the living area, I notice that I am growling. Then, I begin to transform into a large cat and hiss and growl with great vigor. I am concerned about what is happening to me. I notice that my son is sleeping on a bed in the living area. I am certain that I will not harm him, but I am having the instinct to leap and bite someone else in the neck. I leap on the bed, guarding my son as a man enters the room. I sense that my cat energy is receding and I am relieved. The man comforts me, telling me that I am only partly cat and that I am shifting back to human form. He says that people that go to shamanic workshops*

*eventually experience these transformations. He says that this will happen to many people spontaneously.*

*Then, he starts to shift into a cat. I decide to take my son and go in a bedroom and lock the door, remembering my instincts while a cat. I hide in a bedroom with two people (a couple) that help put David on a bed in a loft. When I emerge, the woman across the hall calls me to her room, telling me that she shares a room with the couple's infant. I watch him (the infant) transform into the head of a pre-historic bird. I look into the slow moving eyes of this being and sense that it is on the brink of having a human, feeling conscience. Then I fly up through the clouds and dive down through a storm. As I am struck by lightning, I begin to transform into the cat. I land on the ground and slink around, hoping that no one will notice.*

This dream was a doozer, possibly the wildest dream that I recall. I was very thrilled with the sensations of transforming and being the large cat. I really know what it is like to turn into a werewolf!

At a later time, I felt compelled to dig up a WWI medal that had belonged to my grandfather, the same grandfather that provided guidance in earlier dreams, sensing that the large cat might be associated with him. I was amazed to find that my grandfather's 81st Division Medal was coined the WILDCATS.

Another dream that including shape shifting came shortly thereafter, at a time when I was having many out of body experiences and also finding that many of my conscious shamanic journeys led me to Native Americans:

### The Dream... Within a Dream... Within a Dream...

*I am dreaming of sleeping in my bed in my childhood home and dreaming. In that dream, I am looking out a window and a car comes around a bend. I know that the woman in the car is going to crash and die. I feel related to her. The car crashes and I experience her Near Death Experience. I'm exhilarated as I move through tunnels towards beacons of light. Then, I realize that I'm vibrating and that I can lift out of my body. So, I do. I hit the ceiling in my*

*childhood home and fly through the wall above the window. I fly up and down the street that I grew up on with ease and enjoy every moment of it. Then, I go back to the house and speak to my mother. An unknown older woman preempts the conversation and takes me down the hall to stand in front of a mirror. I try to transform into a Heron and am not successful. But then, I look at my face. I am eight to ten years younger. My dream eyes are a cross between my waking eyes and those of a Native American woman. All I can think is "who is that?" I walk down the hall and then I wake up.*

I have always heard that you should pay attention when you experience a dream within a dream. It signals multiple levels of consciousness in action and powerful energy can come through. And this dream not only had that feature, but also included an attempt to shape shift. Again, I had a sense of great energies at work.

I remained perplexed about this dream for a couple of months, and then attended a lecture at a local public library given by a Mahican man, Steve Comer. On the way to the talk, a hawk swooped down over my windshield while I was on a bridge that crossed the Hudson River, the river that supported life for the Mahicans.

Steve was very interesting as he described his work to recover the lost secrets, customs and beliefs of his people who had been mostly wiped out, with the few left moved from upstate New York, to Stockbridge, MA and eventually to Wisconsin. He took great interest in my thoughts and we had a powerful conversation before the lecture. I could see that he wanted me to get involved. I cannot help but wonder if our paths will cross again.

Shortly after attending the lecture, while reading Olga Kharitidi's *Entering the Circle*, I came across the word magus. I wanted to know more about the definition of this word, so I took out my large dictionary and began my search. I found magus in the center column of the page, only to have my eyes catch something that magnified in my face in the right column, Mahican. But Mahican was not just Mahican. It was in syllable form, therefore it read, Mah-i-can. This is what spoke to my soul. In all of my years of seeing that word, I had never realized that Mah-i-can was my current married name in reverse. My name, at the time, was Connie Mah, pronounced, can-i-Mah. I just knew that the woman in the mirror was part of me and that some great part of me was connected to the Mahicans. I should not be surprised since I incarnated close to the Hudson River, the place where my Greek grandfather made his home after emigrating from Greece at age fourteen. No wonder I have felt so compelled to make a turtle rattle, one of the Mahican's most powerful totems.

A couple of years ago, when I was well on my way to divorce, I met a man, Tom, online. For unexplained reasons, he was the only person that interested me on this dating website. A few days into our cyber conversation, Tom announced, "My great grandmother was 100% Mohican and my favorite movie is Last of the Mohicans." We have since watched the film together and I agree—the best movie that I have seen. The best music too! Tom has taken a liking to shamanism and is guided by the Wolf and a Mohican Warrior. He also encounters Turkey and Turtle on a regular basis, the other two Mohican Clan Totems. His spirit teacher, the warrior, has told him that he and I are both Mohican.

Why am I surprised? ☺

## Frog Memory

by Connie Caldes

It wasn't a creek,  
But rather a crick,  
A place to explore and wonder.

The frogs were my friends,  
My surrogate siblings,  
I sat with them for hours.

Their eyes peering up,  
Through the glassy surface,  
As if to say,  
"Come find me."

"At least someone wanted to play!"

So, I sat and watched,  
As he challenged my speed,  
"Come get me before I submerge."

I lifted my hand,  
And reached for his body,  
"DARN! I missed him."

But, I didn't give up,  
I wanted a connection,  
"The next time I won't be fooled."

I engaged my eyes,  
Watched with intent,  
As I reached to touch my friend.

As he leapt from the side,  
I leapt with him,  
To the underworld of the crick.

Into the water,  
Into the mud,  
Covered in the elements.

I emerged with the frog in hand,  
Then gently released him.

This and the following article & poetry  
are excerpted from their book,

**Dream Stories:**

**Recovering the Inner Mystic**

by Kellie Meisl and Connie Caldes

# Birthing Our Dreams



By Kellie Meisl

*You need chaos in your soul to give  
birth to a dancing star.*

*Friedrich Nietzsche*

---

*older woman is doing so.*

*Yet, I get the sense that not  
wearing pajamas is right, what has  
been agreed upon.*

*Observe a large, dark gray,  
plump-looking airplane with a long  
red chute that curves upward on the  
sides. The chute extends from the  
plane's door to the ground. I am to  
enter this plane with a group of  
women, one is my friend Connie.*

*I am afraid to climb the chute.  
There is a ladder beside it, but it is  
rickety. A young, athletic woman  
climbs the chute and makes it up  
before me. On the ground, a male  
stands assisting women as they  
climb. He offers to help me ascend.*

*I make the climb, then turn to  
observe the chute from above and  
notice that a section, in the middle,  
has become detached. I watch in  
fear as two young women hang  
from the detached part of the chute  
by their knees, upside down,  
to fix the section. However,  
they are carefree and relaxed.*

*I am now in the very spacious  
plane; many women are with me.*

*I realize we were all supposed to  
bring our babies aboard, but no one  
did. I see a stack of empty cradles.*

*My eyes become fixed upon an  
older woman who is walking around  
continuously. Her hair is fluffy,  
grayish white, and she wears  
pajamas, a robe and slippers.*

*I realize we were all supposed to be  
wearing our pajamas but only the*

On the same night, Connie dreams she is one of many women on a maternity ward, wearing a robe and slippers. She is shuffling around the maternity ward; she has just given birth to her son. I am there with her.

There are many aspects of this dream that still elude me, though I dreamed it a decade ago and have pondered it ever since. I am not certain why the women in my dream agree upon not wearing pajamas or why this is the "right" choice. And where are the babies? Why are there a bunch of empty cradles? I do know two things. One, the dream was a shared dream. Connie and I both shared a dreamscape that night, a maternity ward full of women, some wearing robes and slippers. And two, my dream was a reflection of giving birth. The blimp-like plane with the long red chute is a symbol for the birthing process. I believe the fact that the chute became detached and that the women hang upon it, suspended, reflects my placental abruption and subsequent cesarean section. Perhaps the empty cradles are signs of the babies being whisked away from their

mothers after surgery, as was mine. Recently, I have come to understand that dreams of giving birth are life metaphors. They signal us, reminding us to birth our dreams, to create and bring forth the labor of our creation. The dreams will continue to recur until we take notice. And what if we do not heed the message of our birth dreams? Then the message is presented in the circumstances we face in the waking world where again we have the opportunity to take notice and create the dream we have been incubating.

Because I had given birth to my son not long before my birthing dream, I understood the dream first on a more literal level. Of course that was one layer of meaning to my dream.

Then I had another potent dream that caused me to take notice and look at things from a different angle.

## Hospital Bed

*I am lying in a hospital bed hooked  
up to many tubes, as I was after my  
cesarean section. I feel weak, like I  
am fading away. My doctor comes  
into the room. He is kind and  
gentle. He shares with me that I  
have something growing in my  
abdomen. I fear it is uterine cancer.  
I know it is serious and that it will  
require great effort to recover,  
but I have hope that I can heal.*

I awoke from this dream quite shaken and concerned. I knew it was important, and I knew on some level the growth in my abdomen signified something that *was* growing inside of me and needed to come out. At the time of the dream, I was just beginning to dabble in creating art. I understood that the uterus is located in the second chakra, the area of one's creativity. I saw the dream as a reminder to create and I continued with my art. I have created pieces for annual art shows held locally every year since, as well as pieces for family,



friends and myself. I knew, too, the book I had wanted to write needed to manifest and I began writing stories. Now that book, a labor of love, will be published soon. I also brought to fruition a book for children that I wrote and illustrated for my son. This is a project I dreamed of doing as an elementary teacher when I read and observed meaningfully written and beautifully illustrated works by others. And, I continue to work with dreams both formally in the classes I teach and privately as I work with my own dreams. I have never forgotten my *Hospital Bed* dream, and I realize how important it is for me to create on a regular basis.

Not long ago, I heard a story of a woman I knew as an acquaintance who died from cancer. Her cancer had originally grown in her abdomen but had healed. Then it returned in her uterus. The story I heard was astonishing. It led me to wonder if perhaps she did not have the chance to live the dream she held for herself. The story came from her employer, a friend of mine. We were having tea, talking about dreams and she told me this story:

*Prior to her death, Angela had been appointed to a new position within the company she was working for. This was one of several new assignments she had received in a period of a few short years. She liked this latest job and was now ready to stay with this new role for a while. She was finally feeling comfortable. Not too long after Angela settled in to her job, a woman she worked closely with, who was slated to move to another position within the company, had a miscarriage. The woman, Susan, had not been keen on changing her position in the first place. One day, Angela sat in the office of her boss in tears, a meeting she had called to say, "I cannot allow Susan to be involuntarily moved to this new position after the devastation she has*

*suffered. Though I do not want to, I will take the new job." Very soon after, Angela became ill with uterine cancer. She wound up leaving her job shortly after taking it and never returned before her death.*

This story stands as a powerful reminder to me that we cannot sell ourselves out; we must take care to create and follow the path that feels right to us, even if we feel pressure from others around us. Perhaps the older woman with white hair in my birthing dream stood out because she was enlightened; she chose to wear her pajamas and slippers though the younger women agreed it was right to conform.

As I peruse back through my dream journal, I note many metaphors of birth, some more direct than others. I notice I often dream of eggs, Easter eggs, cartons of eggs and jeweled eggs.

### Gift of Eggs

*I bump into a teacher who in waking life is deceased. I am surprised to see her. She tells me I must come to her home so she can give me something. Later, I learn my husband is going right by her home and I ask him to pick up the package. He tells me he cannot. I am confused as her house is not far from where he is going. I leave to go to her home myself. When I get there I realize she is no longer there but she has left me a package, a half dozen eggs with a note telling me they are for the children.*

In another dream about eggs, I cannot find the eggs, though I know they are somewhere:

### Lost Eggs

*I am at the home of my in laws. I am helping my sister-in-law place Easter eggs for a big Easter egg hunt. I go to retrieve a bag of eggs I decorated specifically for the hunt but cannot find them. My sister-in-law becomes frustrated with me.*

*I search and search and finally locate them in the closet.*

In still another dream of eggs, I am shopping with a friend who is a teacher and I discover many eggs in an unexpected place:

### Bejeweled Eggs

*I am shopping with Cathy. I am in a teaching supplies store looking for items for my classroom. I do not see any traditional classroom items. Instead, I come across shelves of jeweled eggs in every color. I decide to purchase some of these beautiful items and forego the traditional classroom implements.*

I feel fortunate that I have these dreams documented. I remind myself it is important to reread them now and then.

When I read the dreams, I can see that as I was having them, they were little seeds growing into the life I now have. Many aspects of the dreams have played out. I realize now that the dreaming mind is a vessel where the offspring of our soul's aspirations may nest. All we need to do is allow ourselves to slumber, then remember and honor our dreams; that alone will help us fulfill a more conscious role in how our lives unfold. So I will do my personal best to bring my dreams into existence.

If I can do anything to honor Angela's dream, it will be to remember to exercise extreme self-care when making important decisions about my life's path. I will take on the roles I love and create what is meaningful to me, even if I feel pressured to do otherwise. My life's purpose has its own design and I must be willing to describe it. This is how I will birth my dreams. ☺

This and the previous article & poetry are excerpted from their book, *Dream Stories: Recovering the Inner Mystic* by Kellie Meisl and Connie Caldes

## Ancient Fires

Beyond the horizon  
where naked skin of Earth  
presses  
naked skin of Sky  
children of imagination are conceived  
in intercourse of mystery.

Time curves.... Dragons  
form circles  
in bubbles of eternity.  
The ageless shepherd of our shadows  
enters the pasture  
that was and was not green  
before the birth of poetry. Dreamers

drunken in the breath  
of dark divinity dream  
in secret dramas of their souls. At  
times wild cries out for wilderness.  
Or meditations of a mountain's crest  
become light's prayer  
in hearts of darkness.

Creation consents.... Nomads  
bearing gypsy tents  
thirst for twilight. Ancient  
fires in books of alchemy. Riddles  
of each night. The longest  
word in life... is "Yes."

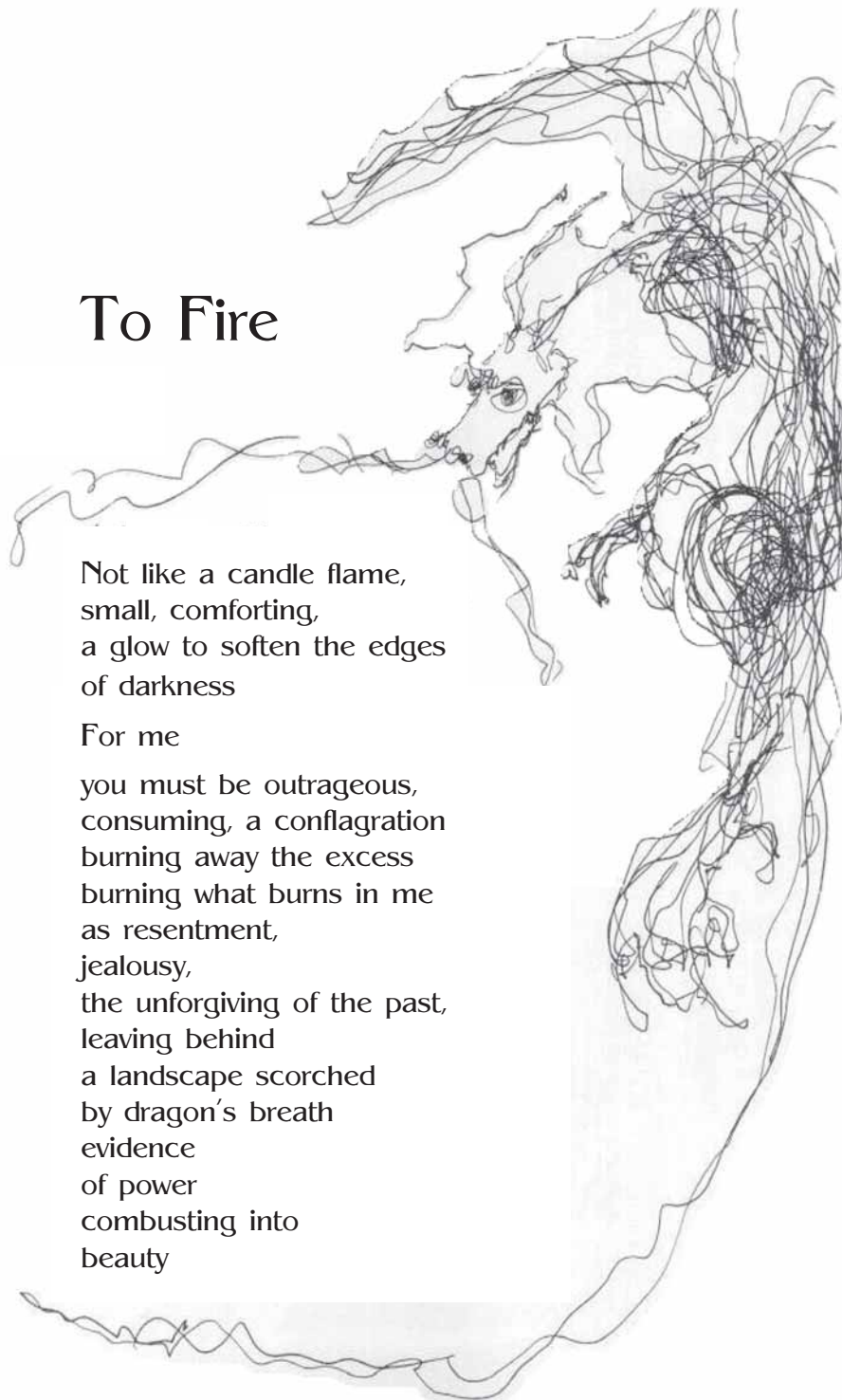
*by David Sparenberg*

## To Fire

Not like a candle flame,  
small, comforting,  
a glow to soften the edges  
of darkness

For me

you must be outrageous,  
consuming, a conflagration  
burning away the excess  
burning what burns in me  
as resentment,  
jealousy,  
the unforgiving of the past,  
leaving behind  
a landscape scorched  
by dragon's breath  
evidence  
of power  
combusting into  
beauty



Poetry and Drawing by Robbin Schwartz

# Aware in the Light

## Lucid Dreaming's Transformational Potential

by Robert Waggoner © 2009

After twenty years of lucid dreaming and many hundreds of lucid dreams, I had *had* it.

The *maya* of dreaming, the *maya* of waking and the *maya* of being consciously aware in the dream state, I discovered, all seemed creative constructions that were activated and informed by my thoughts, expectations, feelings, and beliefs. My experienced reality, I came to see, was largely self-created and self-reflected.

Yet somehow I intuitively felt that behind all of this *maya* was something—some motivating force, some energy, some thing beyond me and my beliefs, thoughts, and expectations. It seemed to me that beyond the symbolic feedback and entrancing worldly drama of *samsara* must lay the source of the myriad worlds. I sought the source.

It was then that I realized I had only one choice: to go *beyond* lucid dreaming; to let go of my own expectations, my thoughts and limiting conceptions, my self-history and attachments—to let it all go and then experience the reality beyond thought and belief, the base reality, the source of what is.

For years in lucid dreams, I had surrendered to the awareness behind the dreaming. Consciously aware in the dream state, I would shout out, "Show me something



that I should see!" and then watch as I was deposited, conscious and aware, into a powerfully meaningful dream setting. Lucidly surrendering to the awareness behind the dreaming taught me to trust implicitly the larger nature of the dreaming self and its wisdom.

But now, I knew that to experience the reality behind all of this, meant letting go of all of this. To surrender to one's inner self was one thing, but to surrender to the source of *maya* took surrendering to a completely new level.

Lying awake in bed one night at this time, I inwardly heard the question, "So you are ready to let go of everything? Every thought, every memory, every belief?" Because I truly had *had* it with *maya*, I answered, "Yes!" The quiet voice

returned with a simple analysis, "So you're willing to allow yourself to cease?"

That question brought a sober finality to my quest. How far was I willing to take this venture beyond lucid dreaming? How deeply did I want to know what lay beyond apparent reality?

Realizing that all these states—dreaming, waking, lucid dreaming—appeared as creative constructions formatively created by the mind, I knew my response to that sober question must be, "Yes, if that's what it takes."

Perhaps it wasn't that night, but soon something strange occurred to me. Waking in the morning and turning to my dream journal to jot down the night's dreaming, all I could recall was blue light. Searching my mind, I realized that I didn't have a dream—only an experience of blue light. No action, objects, dream figures or plot, not even a "me." Just an awareness of blue light.

In my book, *Lucid Dreaming: Gateway to the Inner Self*, I mention how one morning after a night of experiencing dreamless blue light, my wife asked me at the breakfast table, "Robert, what's happening to you?" A bit taken aback by such a strange question, I responded, "What do you mean?" She then told me how she had wakened in the night and saw my face; she told me I looked like I was in "bliss."

I muttered something about trying to understand consciousness and left it at that, though I felt surprised my wife had noticed "something" was happening to me.

Actually, even I did not understand what was really happening to me. As if I had driven off the normal map of human experience and was now bushwhacking through uncharted territory, I had no context to place this in, or weathered guru to provide explanations. I felt on a path of my own making, being guided by my simple faith, fearlessness, and trust. I had *had* it with *maya*, and deeply intended to experience the source of apparent reality.

As the months slipped by, a transformational, culmination experience occurred, which I can only call a non-dual experience of the light of awareness by awareness itself. At last, I had gone *beyond* lucid dreaming—beyond thought and self, beyond the self-constructed illusions of the mind—and reached something unfathomable, luminous, and empty, *pure awareness*.

For years, I kept this to myself. How can you explain going beyond lucid dreaming? How can the self discuss a self-less experience? Yet at my core, something had been transformed. Like survivors of Near-Death Experiences (NDEs), I no longer had a fear of death. I began to see how fear kept us corralled in a self adopted realm of limitation and constraint. At a deep level, I felt expansive freedom and space.

Almost three years later, I happened to attend a presentation by the Buddhist Bon Lama, Tenzin Wangyal Rinpoche, at the Association for the Study of Dreams conference in Hawaii. Speaking about the Buddhist's long tradition of dream yoga (using conscious awareness in the dream state), he explained that its ultimate goal was to experience a profound,

non-dual state: the clear light of awareness.

It's not for me to say whether my experience equates to this ultimate experience of *dream yoga*. However, I can say that lucid dreaming's deeper explorations naturally allow for a transformational view of the human experience and the nature of reality.

Followed deeply and with pure intent, conscious awareness in the dream state allows us to experiment with the fluid nature of time and space as we consciously seek out telepathic and clairvoyant experiences, and use our awareness for tasks like focusing directed healing energy on our physical self. Lucid dreaming enables us to go beyond our normal assumptions of dream figures and objects and interact with the awareness behind the dream, the larger Self, even surrendering to its broader perspective.

Beyond self transformation, however, lucid dreaming provides science a revolutionary psychological tool to conduct experiments while consciously aware in the dream state. Imagine an experiment in which a lucid dreamer seeks out and retrieves precognitive or clair-voyant information that he or she gives to the scientist upon waking. It's definitely possible. In my book, I provide numerous examples of experienced lucid dreamers who have succeeded in their own personal experiments.

Once the province of parapsychologists and Buddhist monks, lucid dreaming has radical transformational potential to usher in a new age of human potential and greater awareness. Individually, scientifically and culturally, lucid dreaming can help us discover the broader dimensions of Self and in so doing, transform society and its relationships. ♪

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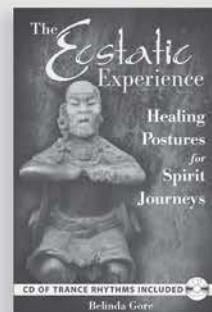
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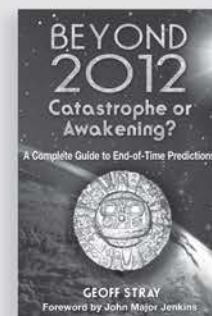
## Beyond 2012: Catastrophe or Awakening?

*A Complete Guide to  
End-of-Time Predictions*

GEOFF STRAY

Foreword by John Major Jenkins

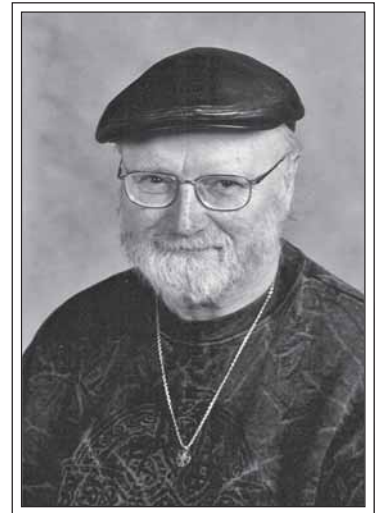
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# DREAMS IN THE NEWS

## Are Dreams Movies, Theatre?



by Russell A. Lockhart, Ph.D.



**YOU ARE STUNNED** by the depth of her performance—surely an Oscar, at least a nomination. You learn she is into dreams. She acts them out and with other actors stages them. You find out she has a dream coach who combines dreamwork with Strasberg's Method Acting principles. You discover that Jungian dreamwork is becoming *de rigueur* in actor's studios and workshops. You recall Jung's saying that "the dream is a theater in which the dreamer is himself the scene, the players, the prompter, the author, the producer, the public and the critic." You see that actors and actresses are considered wounded healers and when they heal their own wounds through work with dreams, their performances will heal the audience.

You have a thought: maybe your life is a script, and you are an actor

trying to give the role meaning, purpose, depth. You wonder: can working with your dreams enable you to deepen your performance, to heal your wounds, bring healing to your life?

How do you act a dream?

It's a hundred years ago and Sigmund Freud is walking in the Dreamland section of Coney Island. The American id is on display and Freud finds it distasteful and calls America "a gigantic mistake." But Coney Island likes Freud; and characters there establish The Coney Island Amateur Psychoanalytic Society.

It's now and you go to an exhibition at the Coney Island Museum. Among the artifacts on display are home movies of members of the amateur society acting out their dreams, illustrating them, interpreting them.

The films are included on a CD that accompanies the exhibit's catalogue. You learn that prizes were given at the group's annual dinner for the best film. You discover that Dreamland burned down two years after Freud's visit and the group's leader proposed to rebuild it as "the first amusement park ever devoted to the elucidation of dreams in accordance with the discoveries of Doctor Sigmund Freud, M.D.," a proposal rejected because it would appeal to "rather purient tastes."

You see the scale model including the Train of Thought, a factory called Dream Work, a theater called The Dome of the Unconscious, and a Psychic Censor... a doll-like figure atop a tower fortress.

You learn that the exhibit is the creation of artist Zoe Beloff and that she specializes in making

"Dream Stories is an inspiring account of a deep friendship, one informed by dreamsharing. Connie Caldes and Kellie Meisl have given their readers accounts of workshop experiences, cancer scares, and personal transformations that resulted from their intensive work with dreams. They have also provided exercises, artwork, and wisdom, all woven into a tapestry of creativity, imagination, and an openness to life's possibilities."

- Stanley Krippner, Ph.D., co-author,  
*Extraordinary Dreams and How to Work with Them*

"...beautifully written. Both Connie and Kellie brilliantly reveal to us the powerful depth of the dreamworld and how using dreamwork and shamanism brought healing as they faced challenging moments in their lives. This book is a great inspiration for those searching for meaning or confronting illness."

- Sandra Ingerman, author of  
*Soul Retrieval and How to Heal Toxic Thoughts*

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multimedia installations where the boundaries of fact and creative imagination are blurred. Your forehead tightens up when you hear that she does not make things up, but "conjures" them up. You're jarred a bit to learn her father was president of the Society for Psychical Research. You don't know what to make of the fact that the only Google reference to the Coney Island Amateur Psychoanalytic Society and its founder, Mr. Albert Grass, is to Beloff's exhibit.

You wonder, did the society exist at all? You're taken aback when Beloff answers, "What do you think?" Inquiries to the director of the museum, Aaron Beebe, leave you puzzled: "Asking what is real and what isn't is the wrong question in Coney Island. This museum explores other issues than truth and fiction."

Is the exhibit a dream?

\*\*\*

You learn that Stella Adler, Marlon Brando's teacher, thought that Lee Strasberg's Method Acting was "schizophrenic and sick." You discover in turn that Konstantin Stanislavski rejected Strasberg's adaptation of his "system" to become the "Method" so well known. "Politics!" you mutter. You wonder what Stanislavski really said. And you find out that the most important thing of all to him was not calling up one's wounds and bringing that reality to the role; it was not "becoming" the character in the script; instead, it was in achieving that state whereby the "creative if" springs fully into the mind and engages the imagination so as to give birth to "the truth." Not the truth as in the facts of things, but in the truth that can be reached only by art.

You ponder: perhaps the dream is not about your personal life at all, but the source of connection, through imagining on what the dream brings, to the source of life itself.

You vow not to interpret, not to analyze, not to explain, but to open yourself to the "creative if" when next a dream visits—not unlike, perhaps, the one called Alice, the Alice who went into looking-glass world.

~~~~~

My thanks and apologies to the following "dreams in the news" sources: Sarah Kershaw, "The Role of Their Dreams." The New York Times, May 7, 2009; John Strausbaugh, "The Case of Sigmund F. and Coney I." The New York Times, July 26, 2009; David Ng, "A Stella Adler Turf War in L.A." The Los Angeles Times, June 29, 2009. ☺



## Dream Tending

By Stephen Aizenstat, Ph.D.

Spring Journal, Inc.

Reviewer: Bambi Corso

[www.dreamtending.com](http://www.dreamtending.com)

Dr. Stephen Aizenstat is highly respected as a Master of Dreamwork, his extensive study and deep connection to the power of dreams and the dreaming psyche has influenced his life's work in a way that is extraordinary. Among Stephen's many students over the years, I remember asking him if he had ever considered writing a book about Dream Tending knowing what an incredible contribution it would be to the world if he did. I was one of many who encouraged—perhaps even begged him—to write about his teachings and ways of working with dreams. Now that this highly anticipated book has found its way into the world, it is a privilege to review it here.

*Dream Tending* is a deeply moving, holistic and embodied way of working with dreams. It is a way in which dreams are engaged as living images who, through their ability to bridge the worlds of the dreaming psyche and the waking world, are given voice and expression. It is a way of working with dreams that allows the images to speak to us on behalf of themselves, allowing us to be a part of the process versus the center of

it, inviting the world psyche to interact with us as part of a whole, living, breathing organism.

Whether you are an experienced dreamer or just beginning, this insightful and rich book contains practical methods and exercises for working with your own dreams. Stephen goes into great detail on how to develop relationship with dream images and how to engage them on an ongoing basis, making *Dream Tending* a "life practice", as well as fostering an ongoing relationship with your own inner "Dream Council" of figures.

In addition, Stephen offers his readers a step-by-step guide to access the living power of their dreams to:

- Transform nightmare figures into profound and helpful mentors
- Bring fresh warmth and intimacy into relationships
- Overcome obsessions, compulsions, and addictions
- Engage the healing forces of dreams through imaginal "medicines"
- Re-imagine careers and cope with difficulties in the workplace
- Discover the potential of untapped creativity
- See the world with a new and dynamic perspective

"*Dream Tending* is a life practice that healers, storytellers, and poets have known by many different names for thousands of years. Passed on through the generations, the art of tending living dream images emerges in a culture when the call to see the natural world as alive is urgent."

(Quoted from page 11, *The Living Image*)

It is true that we are in a period of great transition. Never before have we experienced our world in such deep need of healing, yet we must look to the hidden blessings in these times. Perhaps we are being reminded to slow down and make space

for a re-connection to the Earth, to the animals, to our family, our friends, our neighbors and to ourselves. One way to navigate these times is to turn inward, to sit quiet and allow a new sensibility to come forth, not through the mind, but through the soul. Working with dreams allows us to experience our world in a way not just heard through the ears and seen with the eyes, but felt, deeply into the cellular makeup of who we are, which we share with all other living things. We are being called to act on behalf of something bigger than ourselves, we are being called to live as a global community, where respect for each other and our planet are not only desired, but essential to our well being and our future. What better time than now to intimately engage the dreamtime and allow it to open us up to new possibilities to heal both ourselves and our planet, one dream at a time. ☺

"Stephen Aizenstat, Ph.D., is a clinical psychologist, marriage and family therapist, and the founding president of Pacifica Graduate Institute. For more than 35 years he has explored the power of dreams through the study of depth psychology and the pursuit of his own research. He has collaborated with many masters in the field, including Joseph Campbell, Marion Woodman, Robert Johnson, and James Hillman; as well as native elders worldwide. Dr. Aizenstat has conducted hundreds of dreamwork seminars throughout the United States, Europe and Asia. He lives with his wife and three children in Santa Barbara, California." ∞

(Quoted from the cover of *DreamTending*)

For articles written by Dr. Stephen Aizenstat, please visit [www.dreamtending.com](http://www.dreamtending.com) website and click on "DreamTending Resources." <http://www.dreamtending.com/articles.html>.



# What Is DreamTending?

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**D**REAMTENDING is a method of working with dreams that considers dream images as "living images." It makes the particularity and presence of these images available to the dreamer. The wisdom of ancestral callings, the instinctual knowledge of animal visitations, the musings of the soul are attended to from a psyche-centered, rather than person-centered, perspective. The "intelligence" of the dream is listened to from the inside out.

To "tend" a dream is not just to interpret or analyze it. The figures and landscapes of dreams are experienced as alive and moving about with a certain degree of autonomy. In a very practical and accessible way, the craft of DreamTending offers the possibility of listening deeply to the voices of the dream images themselves as they come forward to offer their insights and perspectives.

DreamTending appreciates that dreams carry an inner knowing, an innate sensibility and an element of potency that affords each of us the capacity to open

to the depths of our own experience. When we tend a dream, images come "awake," imagination is animated and we participate in life more fully rooted in the way of the dream.

DreamTending orients around four essential ideas.

## The Dreaming Psyche is Multidimensional

The notion of a multidimensional psyche in relation to dreams is not a new one. DreamTending views the images of dreams as the symbolic and metaphoric language of a multidimensional psyche.

In Western psychology, we understand the nature of the dreaming psyche as existing primarily in three "dimensions" of experience:

- 1) Awake Circumstances, or the Awake Consciousness;
- 2) Personal Development, or the Personal Unconscious; and
- 3) a trans-cultural sensibility, or the Collective Unconscious.

Reaching back to indigenous traditions, we can add a fourth

dimension: an ecological consciousness, or the World Unconscious.

The first dimension, Awake Consciousness, refers to every day waking experience. Dream images are tended in relation to the experiences and circumstances of daily life.

At the second level, the Personal Unconscious, dream images are viewed as representing stored memories that present themselves when something current re-stimulates an historical association. Dream images are tended in relation to our personal past.

At the third level, the Collective Unconscious, dream images are tended in relation to their wider cultural implications. Rather than memories, the Collective Unconscious contains archetypal images that have core meanings relevant to all of humankind—regardless of culture, ethnic identity, or historical age. For example, "home" has a universal sensibility. Everywhere in the world, people have a sense of home, just as they share a collective sense of "journey" or

“flight.” These trans-cultural themes often display themselves as archetypal images in dreams.

The fourth dimension, the World Unconscious, goes beyond human experience to appreciate that the psyche lives not only inside of the human, but that the human lives inside of the psyche.

In DreamTending, all the phenomena of the world (humans, creatures, buildings) are experienced as having psychic interiority. Dream images are not representations of our personal natures only, but are also informed by the subjective inner natures of the things and creatures out there in the world.

When viewed from the perspective of the World Unconscious, the image originates in and of the world.

### Dreams Are Alive

The second orienting idea of DreamTending is the notion that dreams are alive.

*This principle is the heartbeat of DreamTending.*

When we write dreams down in dream journals, they become static entities.

Often, the dreamer brings these narratives to the therapist’s office for interpretation or analysis. The actuality of the dream itself, of course, is not static.

Images interact; images are alive; they are moving about in the dreamscape, coming into relationship with each other, changing one another. The images and figures of the dream come with body, breath, and pulse. They are living entities in the actuality of the dream time.

In the practice of DreamTending,

we operate from the point of view that neither the dreamer nor the dream tender necessarily knows all that the dream means.

The dream itself participates in the unfolding and understanding of its message.

Experiencing dream images as alive, with body, allows the intelligence that is inherent to the living image to become known.

### Everything Dreams

The third orienting idea of DreamTending is the notion that everything is dreaming. People are dreaming, rocks are dreaming, mountains are dreaming. It is the idea that the world itself is always dreaming—that all things, phenomena and creatures have a subjective interiority and appear as images in dream.

From this perspective we are inside the dream, as opposed to the dream being imagined as only inside of us. That’s why it’s peculiar to wake in the morning and say, “Last night I had a dream.” Upon closer inspection, we see that the “I” we’re talking about is often pictured in the dream. We have to wonder, “If I’m in that dream, who is actually having the dream?”

Dream Tending is very interested in the question of “who is having the dream.” That “who” may be part of our personal experience. It might be a reflection of the Collective Unconscious, drawn from the mythological themes that have been present throughout human history. And, at times, the “who” that visits in a dream may originate in the creatures and things of the world.

DreamTending offers the skills and tools needed to hear the

voices of the others who inhabit this planet and have influence on our lives.

Ocean may be dreaming now, wolf dreaming, mountain appearing as image with voice. In an animated world, everything is dreaming.

### Dreams Happen Now

The fourth orienting idea of DreamTending is the notion that dreams happen now. That is to say that dreams exist in the immediacy of our experience.

Dream images are like a poem or a painting that ask us to hear or see differently. The images themselves are present as live figures, and they ask us to meet them in an open and receptive mode in the present time.

Dreams happen now.

When DreamTending, we move into the “real time” of the dream itself. Bringing a “witnessing presence” to dreams in the immediacy of our experience opens a deeper sense of Being.

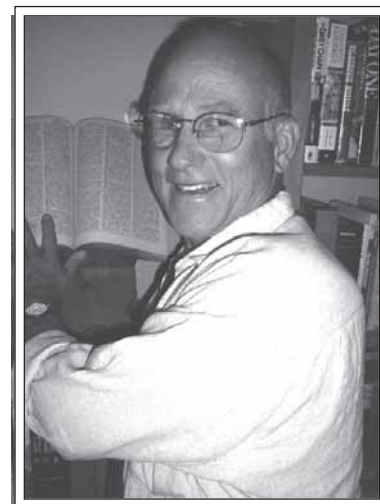
Images that are experienced in the immediacy of the dream are deeply felt and anchored in a sense of mindfulness, a sense of being immediately present in the here and now. ∞

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*Dr. Stephen Aizenstat is the founding president of Pacifica Graduate Institute, a core faculty member of the institute, and a clinical psychologist. His original research centers on a psychodynamic process of “tending the living image,” particularly in the context of dreamwork. He has conducted dreamwork seminars for over 20 years throughout the United States, Europe and Asia.*



## Teaching Babe



by Paco Mitchell, M. A.

**F**OR MANY YEARS it has been apparent to me that certain dreams deserve to be called “teaching dreams.”

Though a teaching dream makes itself available to one dreamer at a time, the aim of such a dream seems more ambitious: In addressing one, it speaks to all. This experience probably underlies the ancient tribal tradition of the “big dream,” in which anyone who had a big dream was expected to tell it to the tribe as a whole.

Today the Earth’s teeming population approaches seven billion souls, a far cry from the intimate conditions of our tribal past. Meanwhile such tribes as do persist are under tremendous pressure to “assimilate” — and so the Dream Circle, along with every other vestige of our traditional past, struggles to hold its own against the technocratic tide.

Yet despite these unfavorable conditions, dreams — ever resurgent and abundant — continue making themselves available to individual psyches, tribal or not. And to those

intrepid few who bother to pay attention, some of those dreams come laden with lessons to teach, which we are always well-advised to learn.

I have had many teaching dreams, but one in particular comes to mind. Years ago I conducted a dream class at a local community college. Two weeks prior to the first meeting, I had a dream which seemed geared to my anticipatory state — How many would sign up? Who would they be? How would they respond to the topic of dreams?

When I woke up with the dream I assumed that it had to do with the class. This, in retrospect, may have been inaccurate, for after so many years the only thing I remember about that class is the dream. The ironic conclusion I draw today is this: *I didn’t have the dream in order to teach the class; I taught the class in order to have the dream.*

The dream was short:

***I am about to begin the first dream-class meeting. An unknown woman***

***approaches me, thanking me for having “helped” her in the past. I neither recognize her nor recall how I might have helped her. Without hesitation I reply: “Oh? Who was the teaching babe?”***

In my dreaming mind the expression “teaching babe” was accompanied by the image of a cherub or *putto*, a fat baby with wings, one of the traditional images of an angel. It was clearly the punch line of the dream. But why should such a simple image be so charged with significance that I still remember and puzzle over it decades later?

Well, for one thing it offers valuable lessons about relationships in general — including relationships in therapy and the transference. On this count alone, the Teaching Babe qualifies as a teaching dream.

Without presuming to encompass the dream, what are some of the things it can teach us?

First, it challenges our standard, cause-and-effect assumptions about influence between persons, as if influence were a mechanical thing

found only on the horizontal level, like billiard balls on a pool table: *I teach, therefore you learn.*

Instead, the dream proposes the existence of a third, invisible factor, the Teaching Babe, an "angel" operating on a higher level. It flies back and forth between two individuals, and as a result of its subtle shuttling action a connective field is created between the two, and it is within and because of this field that teaching, and therefore learning, can occur. What is being evoked is a level of psycho-spiritual connectedness transcending the normal bounds of consciousness.

The second lesson derives from the first. By placing the third, vertical element on a higher level than the horizontal pair, the dream implicitly questions the modern fallacy that seeks and finds value only in the horizontal productions of the ego. It should be evident by now that conventional modernity has little use for what it cannot by itself generate, measure, see, predict or control. And one thing is for certain: the Teaching Babe is autonomous, beyond the control of the two egos below. It follows its own tendencies and inspirations, like the divine spirit-wind in the Bible, which *bloweth where it listeth.*

The third lesson, again, flows from the preceding one: As the angel connects the two below with one another, it simultaneously connects what is below with what is above. The angel thus mediates not only between person and person, but also between the personal and the archetypal or, as we used to say, between "terrestrial" and "heavenly" levels of being.

In centuries past we used to speak freely of "heaven" or "God," but the demand for scientific proof has placed new limits on our discourse. The modern spiritual crisis is to no

small extent a crisis in language, and much confusion results from our literalizing, materialistic bias. We think we have criticized ideas like angels, heaven or God, for example, because when we peered into deep space with our telescopes we found no "evidence" for their existence. Carl Sagan once criticized astrology because the gravitational influence of Jupiter is "about as strong as that of a fly." Under the onslaught of this attitude, traditional religious language has come to be widely regarded as a colorful relic, but not to be taken seriously as a category of thought.

It did not occur to us that we might have been looking in the wrong place, using the wrong instruments, working from the wrong assumptions and applying the wrong criteria. In the tug-of-war between religion and science, we forgot that there is a third realm, common to both, that joins and encompasses the two: the human psyche.

We should not forget that the same psyche which produces dreams also produces religion and science. And apparently the dream-generating psyche cares little for the restrictions imposed by hard-minded rationalists. Dreams merrily continue, unabated, in their amazing inventiveness, and the deep impulse that produced every inflection of religious culture since the earliest Paleolithic times, continues in our day to produce new variations on ancient themes.

Mircea Eliade, a historian of religion, was well aware of how categories of religious experience persist even when lost or discredited in daily life:

"What is *above*, the *high*, continues to reveal the *transcendent* in every religious complex... no world is possible without verticality, and that dimension alone is enough to evoke transcendence... [Though] driven from religious life in the

strict sense, the *celestial sacred* remains active through symbolism. A religious symbol conveys its message even if it is no longer consciously understood in every part. For a symbol speaks to the whole human being and not only to the intelligence."

With these thoughts Eliade brings us to the crux of the dream. Its central image—the mediating angel—is in fact a living symbol speaking both *to* and *for* the whole human being.

When I say "living symbol," I mean that the angel is a living psychic presence, a dynamic, autonomous, transcendent agency. It is in us, of us, above us and around us; in short, the angel is greater than we are. We are subsumed by it. Think of it as the archetype of individuality and a manifestation of the deeper Self, the Whole of which we are a Part. In a sense, the angel is our guide and exemplar, presenting us with our own potentials, as if it has come to lead us out of our smallness into some greater life to which we always belonged. When Jung said, "There is a greater person in yourself to whom you bar the way," I believe he referred, in part, to the potentials that are implied by the angel.

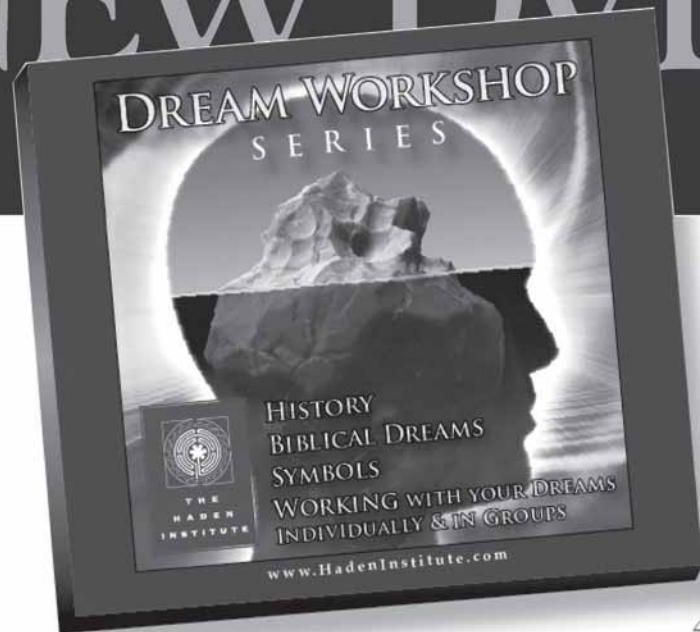
Incidentally, the dream's focus on *the angel's role in relationship* raises the question of whether individuation can take place in the *absence* of relationship. I seriously doubt it.

At this point our dream reflections lead us in many different directions, as if the angels had stopped their dancing and scattered, flying off the head of the pin altogether. Within the limits of this essay, I can only hint at three of those possibilities:

1. **The shamanic element in the human personality.** This forms as much a part of the underlying psyche today as it did 50,000 years ago, even though mainstream medicine and culture are no longer based on



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shamanic practices. But the shamanic element is not only present, it is the prototype for all forms of "psi," "non-ordinary" or "non-local" experience. Over millennia, the shaman's powers of flight, healing and familiarity with the spirit-world, most likely shaded imperceptibly into the *spirits, daimons* and *angels* of the Neolithic, classical and Biblical periods, into the Middle Ages. Throughout history, psychic experiences in abundance — prophecies, oracles, augurs, visions, out-of-body events, clairvoyance, ESP, telepathy, premonitions, ghosts, visitations, intuitions and so forth — have been firmly interwoven into the tapestry of culture. If these reports have yet to be finally expunged from the human record by the de-bunking aspect of science, it shows more than just how tenaciously people cling to darkness. The fact that such exper-

iences *just don't go away* says as much about the innate potentials of the psyche as it does about the superstitious credulity of ages past and present.

2. **The mystery of relationship.** A *magnum mysterium* indeed, and fertile ground for many studies on the psychology of Eros. Among others, Russell Lockhart's work in particular (*Psyche Speaks* and *Words As Eggs*) is loaded with insight into this phenomenon.

Today the dynamics of Eros, long charted by poets, philosophers and psychologists, have begun to blur and overlap with cutting-edge research and theory in the physics of quantum fields. It seems more and more plausible that everything that exists is intimately connected with everything else that exists.

3. **The wholeness of the personality**

This vast topic evokes Jung's work on the phenomenology of the Self. It also touches on the mystery of psyche-world interactions in *synchronistic events*. For ultimately, when one penetrates the depths of the personality one comes face to face with the ancient paradox: Self and World are not discontinuous fragments after all, but form one integral reality.

To a casual onlooker, the Teaching Babe might appear to be a small dream, limited to the personal realm. But looks can be deceiving, especially with dreams. Once given the respect it deserves, and cherished over time, it reveals itself to be a "teaching dream" indeed, affording perspectives onto the vastness of psyche and cosmos.

That in itself is a lesson worth learning. ☺



# Bullies and Lucidity

©2009 by Marlene King, M.A.  
contact@dreamtimesguide.com

**UNRESOLVED ISSUES** around real or imagined feelings of victimization often appear in recurring dreams. Such is the case with one dreamer who reports a lifelong series of dreams where the theme is being stalked, hunted or ambushed by groups of bad guys in a hotel. The details differ, but it's always a case of "them or me" to maintain survival and usually includes impetus to have to out-smart or conquer "them," but never succeeding.

What is new about this dreamer's experience in recent years is that he is gaining a feeling of power in his dreams through lucidity; that is, he is recognizing he's dreaming and using that as a tool to escape his adversaries by willing himself to fly, being familiar with landscape and environment and knowing he is dreaming.

The following is his most recent dream:

*I am on a tour with my wife, only we're traveling on a school bus and we are let off at a big well-manicured park in a city somewhere. I lose track of her and know I have to be back at the hotel and try to call her and my cell phone is dead. I borrow a phone to call her cell, but all I get is her voice mail. I am aware that this is*

*my hotel dream again [the arena where conflict always takes place] and decide I will have to fly back to the hotel. I 'flap' my arms and soar over rivers and industrial places to the SW part of the city where the hotel is located. When I land, I enter the hotel and notice I am being watched and I speak to the desk clerk. My speech is eloquent and I "hear" myself speak with clarity and perfect diction. I notice the wall clock and the men approaching me from behind, almost as if I have eyes in back of my head. I recognize it's "the dream" again and turn and fly over them across the lobby. I need to get out of the hotel before they capture me, but feel boxed in and lose my power to fly and realize I need to wake myself up.*

*~ C.B. Portland, OR*

A lucid dream is one where the dreamer is conscious that he or she is dreaming and thus can easily dictate what happens in the dream. In the case of this dreamer, he is able to find ways to cope with his enemies (conflicts/the shadow parts of himself) in an empowered way whereas before he was locked in fear in these "bully" dreams and woke himself up before the lucidity set in.

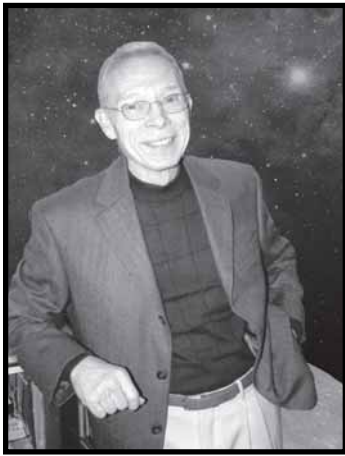
"This awareness opens up a myriad of possibilities; we can influence the dream's direction, control and change the dream ego..."<sup>1</sup>

Another aspect of the lucid dream is its vividness - colors, images and details are extraordinarily real. This can serve the dreamer by drawing attention those highlighted regions of the dream and its intense realism can empower the dreamer to take control and participate from a strong vantage point. The dreamer had a clock in this dream; he could use that in future dreams as a sign to recognize that he is in a lucid dream; the time could have changed or unusual things may appear on the face of the clock.

While there are layers of richness embedded in this dream, the focus here is how the dreamer might use his lucidity to conquer his dream bullies by empowering himself. The school bus suggests this is a deep-seated childhood fear of a real or imagined event involving playground bullies; or they may be the parts of himself that sabotage and undermine his confidence/integration process. In either case the dreamer would be served to invite a lucid dream to empower him further, gain strength and eventually be strong enough to eradicate his dream enemies. To deflate their power in the dream state would assist in integrating the fears they represent. §

<sup>1</sup> *The Dream Workbook*, Morris, Jill. 1985.

# Dreaming the Light of Insight



## Dream Stops

by Arthur Stroock, Ph. D.

**A** REVIEW OF PAST ARTICLES in the *Dreaming Humanity's Path* section of *Dream Network* yields creative, appealing and valuable material. Examples include: wonderful prose, original poetry and an amazing mini-epic. The articles are reminders of the importance that dreaming has for Humanity's path. Another reminder is an article by Montague Ullman, *How Close Have We Come to Restoring Dreams to Their Rightful Place in Society?* found in *Dream Network*, Vol. 21, No. 4. He spoke of the critical need for a growing public interest in dreams, if dreams are to achieve a meaningful impact on our culture.

Recently, I had been planning how to spend less time with school psychology activities and more time teaching others about dreams. The result was a dream that had to do with my life's journey. In the dream, *I'm a commuter, riding my bike carrying my strumstick* (a stick dulcimer that looks like a skinny balalaika). *I get to a terminal and go up an escalator. After getting to the top, I somehow end up in an office building where I jump over a chair to get to a hallway. I see a man in an office. He tries out my strumstick and is a natural with it. Then somehow I find myself in a large corridor of the terminal where there*

*is a little girl whose behavior suggests that she could use the help of a school psychologist. I consider offering my help, but lack the motivation. As I leave the terminal, I find myself on a sidewalk. I'm not sure I'm going in the right direction and wonder how I can get to the main street which is blocked by a wall. Then, I see a circle of people, glowing luminescent beings of light, who exude feelings of gentleness and warmth. I stop to watch them as they practice throwing a ball of bright light energy to one another. Suddenly, from across the circle, I hear my name called. The caller throws the ball of light to me. I know that I've been accepted by the group as I throw it to another group member.*

The dream is filled with symbols relevant to a life journey. It led me to consider how I could manifest situations in keeping with my new life purpose: helping people connect using dreams in order for them to experience more joy in life. This is a purpose in keeping with Ullman's wish to restore dreams to an important place in our culture. A couple of days after having the dream, I left my car at a favorite auto repair facility for an oil change, let them know I would be at the library across the street and started out the door. It occurred to me that if I were going to act in accordance with my new life purpose, I'd better go back to the shop's office and foster a dream discussion. Before I knew it the young woman behind the counter was sharing an extremely important dream that she said she didn't understand. Our quiet conversation was heard by the office manager who then joined in on the conversation. Next thing I knew, one of the mechanics was also in the office sharing a dream, followed by the part supply man's contributions, as another mechanic stood quietly listening and observing the entire scene. I was quite unprepared for the feelings of excitement and joy as we shared our dreams.

A couple of weeks later, I went to an elementary school and gave a talk to the children about the importance of dreams. In keeping with my life purpose dream, I jumped over a chair to catch their attention. Also in keeping with the dream, I played my strumstick so they could hear a melody that had come from a dream. The children responded quickly to the music and discussion, taking the opportunity to share their own, sometimes troubling dreams. The time was meaningful and validated the importance of the dream experience for all who were there.

The dream sharing at both the auto repair shop and at the elementary school could be considered as 'stops' made during my own personal journey. When we go on any trip or journey, we're used to taking rest stops along the way. These brief stops help us to refuel and reinvigorate ourselves while making the journey safer and more enjoyable. The stops I made could be called 'dream stops.'

Recently, humanity's path has become littered with cell phone calls, texting, and Ipod downloads. As we move along our own pathways, I invite you to begin a practice of making 'dream stops' in order to share dreams with friends, acquaintances and even strangers. At first, such sharing may appear to be outside the social norm and even lead to some embarrassment. Even so, feelings of emotional risk are sure to disappear as we engage in direct contact with others without the separating effect of electronic devices. The result is certain to be increased camaraderie that includes warm-hearted playfulness that can make our journeys so much more enjoyable. Routine dreamsharing will help restore dreams to what Ullman calls their rightful place in society. Incorporating a practice of 'dream stop' sharing with others will also help restore dreams to a conscious, meaningful, place on humanity's path. ☪



# Amazing!

## Dream Revelations

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**T**HERE IS AN AMAZING WELL of wisdom and guidance that may be found deep within us, in an area that cannot be seen with the physical eye: it is our inner or Higher Self, or as I often call it in relation to dreamwork, our “dreammaker.”

Psychologist Carl Jung described dreams as symbolic statements of what is going on in the personality from the point of view of the unconscious. Our dreammaker—that connection to the Divine within us—seems to have knowledge of possible occurrences long before we are aware of them in waking life. While looking back over my dreams beginning two years before my diagnosis of breast cancer, I discovered several dreams that were trying to warn me. One spoke of a “branching, shrub-like growth” on the underside of my pet kitten; I understand the kitten to be a symbol representing myself.

Another dream fragment mentioned that others and I are undergoing some kind of ‘tests’ that seem to be medical. We are being anesthetized to have some ‘tube’ or something inserted. This will be left in so the results can be observed and recorded.

At the time I had never heard of a needle localization biopsy, a test that I would undergo a year and a half later, and had no idea to what either of these dreams was referring.

During further review of dreams beginning in 1994, I discovered that some pointed out, through the use of metaphor, a need for some transition in my spiritual awareness and religious affiliation. Sometimes quite urgently and dramatically.

I grew up in the traditional, mainline Protestant denomination of my parents, joining this church as a teenager. Then when I married, I joined my husband’s denomination, thinking it would differ little from my familiar church. However, through the years I became uncomfortable with parts of its creedal emphasis. My maturing outlook felt the need of a different, more liberal and inclusive spiritual home.

This series began with this dream:

*My husband and I are living in a new and unfamiliar community in a temporary dwelling. At one point I am outside somewhere between a restaurant and a church with my husband and the restaurant’s proprietress. As I look back towards the large dark church building I see a group of men in some kind of uniform gathering in an area next to the building. Suddenly, after some suspicious activity on their part, something whizzes over our heads. We drop to the ground. More bullets (which can symbolize hard or hurtful words) whiz by. We try to*

*crawl on the ground to the safety of the columns of the large building near us.*

*Then a woman comes and evidently has some business with the restaurant’s proprietress. I hear something which sounds like the term ‘release.’ This woman has been living where we are thinking and planning to move—a space connected to the barny, massive church. The proprietress is signing ‘release’ papers for this woman. I think this sounds as if the woman has been in prison and is being let out, allowed to leave.*

*(A part of me represented by the woman is seeking and obtaining release from the church.)*

*I question whether we should still think of living there. I say, ‘It sounds as if the place is a prison, maybe we should reconsider our plans.’ We may be unsuspectingly planning to go to what is actually a prison.*

This dream is bringing into my awareness an unacknowledged inner fear about safety and feelings of constraint in connection with a church.

Six months later, in a dream,

*My husband and I go to some special religious service in a large sanctuary. When seated in the very middle of the front row, I fear being very conspicuous if I get sleepy*



during the speech. The only part of the service I remember is one in which some wine is served to my husband. I am not offered any. I figure they know I don't want any.

This last comment may be a rationalization. The fact that I'm not offered wine may point to the dream having meaning beyond the personal. Historically women have often been banned from full participation in certain religious ceremonies.

Almost three years later, in another dream,

*I am sitting on a pew-like bench in a public building—perhaps a church. There is a large fat man on my left and a smaller person—perhaps a woman—on my right. This latter person is on the end of the row. I feel I am being 'squeezed'—that I don't have room, that I can hardly breathe. I plead, 'Let me have room' or 'Let me out so I can have room to breathe'—or something to this effect.*

What a dramatic plea to be allowed room to breathe! My inner Self feels that the breath of life is being squeezed out of me. The next night I had an even more dramatic and disturbing dream:

*I am in a strange hotel room with a strange man, someone I do not know. I need the bathroom. I ask the man if we have a commode in our room. He reveals a commode hidden behind a door. I ask if I may use the commode. He is standing near it and will have to move out of the way if I'm to use it. He says it's okay and moves."*

This dream was discussed with dream expert Jeremy Taylor, who felt this part is expressing my need to give free expressions to my feelings in the world. The rest of the dream shows the consequences of not having free expression. It contains a series of very explicit scenes in which I am a captive

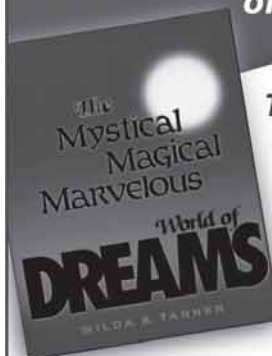
being led around by males and, along with other females, being sexually exploited. Taylor believes that when sex appears unmasked in a dream it is a symbol of something else. It is showing symbolically one's interior spiritual state, in this case one in which the dreamer feels exploited. The dream is about unfulfilled spiritual longings for conscious connection to the Divine shown in metaphors of sexual content.

A year after this dream, I joined a church where I feel more spiritually and theologically at home. This action brought a halt to this type of dream. Three years later my dreammaker acknowledged my shift with this dream:

*Our daughter is visiting and we decide to take her to visit my new church. When we go, we are attending a church meeting—seemingly not a Sunday service—at which the minister is introducing the various leaders, maybe committee chairs. I have assumed that we will simply be told what each person's duty is. I'm surprised when we are instructed to put seats in a circle and sit to observe an actual meeting of the leaders, who take their seats in the circle also. Thus I feel accepted as a full participant, part of the circle, with the prospect of ongoing learning and involvement."*

I discovered a second revealing series of dreams during my review of my dream journal. In early 1991 I had begun a conscious search for what more I should be doing with my life, beyond my career as a professional artist and teacher and my family life. I felt there was something else of great importance I was meant to be doing and I was impatient to know what it was. I was counseled that when the time was right I would know. Although I expressed the desire to help others in some way,

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there remained many questions as to how this might be accomplished.

Then, in a dream in February 1992,

*I am told I am to teach in an elementary school—a place of basic learning. I don't think I have been given enough information.*

*I want to know the goal I will be guiding students toward. I need to know how the process I'm teaching will be or can be applied. I am frustrated not to know specifics immediately.*

Although I had taught in the elementary grades thirty years before this dream, I didn't think I was being told to go back into a second or third grade classroom.

Two months later I dreamed...

*I have gone to a public meeting where the guest of honor is a very special woman, someone such as Mother Teresa... As she arrives, she comes directly to me, extends her hand to shake my hand, and commends me for having come out to see her... I am the only one to whom she extends this honor.*

This woman is honoring me by shaking my hand for some reason that is not spelled out in the dream. Perhaps she is aware that I have made a commitment to "service." Or perhaps by coming to see her I am

signifying such a commitment.

The gathering could even be for the purpose of taking part in some ritual of commitment.

Later the same month I dreamed... *I have selected what I am supposed to do: What I choose is somewhat strange. I am to give a demo (not an art demo) or instruction of some kind to women, but the subject is not revealed. I believe it is important for me to do whatever it is because it possibly will save lives. Still, I don't know what I am to teach.*

These dreams were recorded in my journal and forgotten until five or more years later when I reviewed my dreams while writing my book Guided by Dreams: Breast Cancer, Dreams, and Transformation. I was surprised to discover that my dreams from years before the cancer diagnosis suggested that I have been following a path, unconsciously, preparing me for the main purpose of my life—one of service, possibly helping to save lives of other women and/or, at least, encouraging them to endeavor to become the person they are meant to become. An unexpected trauma can be the gateway to fulfilling one's life's purpose. For me such an experience was breast cancer.

My interest in dreams was amplified by my experience with breast cancer.

The knowledge I gained through dream interpretation guided many of my decisions during treatment and recovery. An in-depth exploration revealed that some of my dreams suggested, through metaphor, both the illness and treatments that would materialize years later. I have come to consider my experiences with breast cancer life transforming, inspiring a spiritual and personal awakening. The thorough study of many of my dreams following my cancer diagnosis led to a greater understanding of inner forces at work in my life. I came to realize that dreamwork is my passion, what I should be doing in life that can help other people.

The ego in the last dream discussed above thinks the choice is "strange." Perhaps at that stage in my life I did not feel qualified. In truth, in 1992 I didn't know enough about dreamwork to give instruction. The dream does show I had made an important commitment, one that was made in the unconscious, over a decade ago. The path of service that began in the unconscious is now taking shape through much purposeful study and conscious effort assisted by a succession of synchronistic events.

True fulfillment comes when we can feel we are doing something for which we are best qualified, something that we feel we were meant to do with our life. It takes some of us longer than others to know what our special mission is. Our revelatory dreams, sometimes startling, often amazing, can help us if we will pay attention to them. ☺

~~~~~

Rachel Norment, M.A. in Art Education, is a watercolor artist and dreamwork facilitator certified through Jeremy Taylor's Marin Institute for Projective Dream Work in California.

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Photo by Robert Roy, one of the participants on Project X trip to Greece.  
The Asclepias lecture synopsised in this article was delivered by Gene Savoy Jr. in the ship's library aboard the Aegean Pearl while we were crossing the Aegean Sea, which is visible through the window.

## *The Project X Search for the Secrets of Immortality:* Mysteries of Ancient Greece

**Part 1** reported by Robert Petrovich

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Project X: The Search for the Secrets of Immortality is a program of research and study into the mystic arts and sciences of ancient solar cultures around the world. Through cultural, anthropological and metaphysical research of the solar teachings of antiquity, Project X research reveals connections between the many Holy Orders of antiquity who practiced similar systems of transformation and regeneration of spirit and soul through a sacred process of spiritual rebirth, by which they reclaimed their divine heritage and immortality. The study portion of Project X is an extension program of The Academy for the Advancement of the Religious Arts, Sciences and Technologies of Cosolargy. (For more information, visit [www.jamilian.org](http://www.jamilian.org) or contact the Jamilian University: tel. 775-786-7432 or [info@projectx.org](mailto:info@projectx.org).)

\*

*F*rom May 20<sup>th</sup> to June 3<sup>rd</sup> of this year a group of twenty individuals participated in the first Project X research seminar and field expedition to Greece. A series of six lectures was delivered by Project X Director Gene Savoy Jr. during the course of our trip, three of which dealt with Asclepias and dream incubation techniques. These six lectures will form the first part of a two-part series, which is to be completed in September during seminar sessions to be held at our



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In his two-fold capacity as healer of diseases and the giver of health, Asclepias was also thought to be in charge of the health of the universe, a truly cosmic role of great significance. He was the one whom Plato referred to as "the soul of the universe."

The priest-physicians of the Asclepian schools served without payment, for making business of the divine healing arts was forbidden. All citizens were welcomed into the healing temples, the only requirement being that those who entered must be virtuous. The words inscribed on the Temple of Asclepias at Epidaurus bear this out: "Pure must be he who enters the fragrant temple; purity means to think nothing but holy thoughts."

The association of Asclepias with the Eleusinian Mysteries gave his School a significance far beyond mere physical healing. In sickness, individuals first took recourse to secular physicians. When human competence failed, it was the right of anyone to ask for divine assistance. The cures at the temple were considered to be religious ceremonies; and after the individual was healed or regained health, he was bound to offer a thanksgiving and fulfill whatever promises he had made. Asclepias was a speedy healer, and dreams and visions instructed the supplicant what to do in order to heal themselves. The "divine kiss" was one means by which the ailment was removed immediately.

We stated earlier that Asclepias continued to exercise his healing powers from the Abode of Heaven. He was known to have revealed himself to those who sought his aid. The Alexandrian theologian Origen declared that a great multitude among the Greeks and other peoples continued to see Asclepias

center in northern Nevada. The entire series will be published in book form later this year as the first two volumes of the Project X series on the Solar Teachings of Greece and the Mediterranean.

The first of the three lectures dealing with Asclepian healing was delivered aboard ship early in our trip while our group was criss-crossing the Aegean Sea. A synopsis of Mr. Savoy's lecture follows.

### ASCLEPIAN HEALING: AN INTRODUCTION

Project X research over the past several decades has shown that at various times and in various cultures around the world there existed a High Religion from which all lower religions developed. This High Religion was sacred and, as such, embraced the divine science of the sun, the first true science that gave birth to the lesser philosophic disciplines, which later branched out into the various scientific disciplines.

We see an example of this in the doctrines of the healer Asclepias, where we find so much of the Christian doctrines predating the birth of Christianity itself. Asclepias

was said to have been wondrously born. He healed the sick and raised the dead; following his passing from the world, he continued to exercise his healing powers through the priests at his temples, sanctuaries and healing centers or temples spread throughout the ancient world which were known as asclepieia, two hundred and sixty-three of which were known to have existed.

At the Asclepian healing centers, ritual purification would be followed by the supplicant spending the night in holy chambers, the abatons, where dreams and visions would be experienced and later reported to a priest. The abaton, the most sacred part of the temple, was the natural place for what is referred to as "dream incubation" because, being the sanctuary, it was where the god or gods would make their appearance. When executing their functions, the priests, clad in white, would perform daily temple services at sunrise and sunset. The singing of hymns was a central feature of these rites. The "Word" was considered remedy of the soul and the "Logos" was named supreme physician.

himself even in his day. We may also remember that in the early days of the True Church, Christians continued to see the face of Jesus in the same way.

We have touched on the ancient religious doctrines and practices of the Asclepian School, but the contents of these teachings show that spiritual rebirth was a regeneration from above, brought about by means of God's Word or Logos. Asclepias taught a living tradition, a spiritual Process of Transformation, in which the individual was able to transcend the mortal nature to the im-

mortal state of the gods. According to the Trismegistic literature, Asclepias spoke a language and taught a language of the gods—a language of symbols—a magical tongue that enabled the communicant to commune with the Godhead. The same language was known to the Essenes and the Therapeutae and other mystical Orders.

Asclepias, like Jesus, was not a simple god of healing of the body. He was a healer of the soul. So let us for a moment put aside the healing of the body and turn our attention to the idea of the healing of the soul, which is not only outside the realm of medicine as we understand it today but also outside the realm of psychology, which only deals with the mind and the layers of the psyche.

It should be acknowledged that in the ancient world, a good deal of possession existed: psychic possession by demons, entities and other spirits foreign to the normal personality. This also exists today. It was thought that these entities

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and demons produced not only mental disease but physical disease as well.

There also existed cases or conditions known as spiritual diseases, which were and are separate from the psyche. And these also exist today. But in ancient times, these spiritual diseases were known and categorized and could be diagnosed and treated by the priest-physicians living at the temples who lived and operated under certain rules and disciplines.

We know from our studies that possession or "attachment" is real and that possession, or attachment, occurs when a spirit or entity, Light or Dark, impregnates the human psyche or the human spirit. So in this sense the healing temples of Asclepias were actually medical schools on the higher plane of the spirit. These priests dealt with the diagnosis and cure of the diseases of spirit. They were hospitals or clinics of the soul.

Our diagnosis of the condition of modern man is that the physical body and mind has been over-

stressed to the point where the spirit has been put out of touch with half of its being. This condition does not long continue without a resultant spiritual breakdown, which has led to psychic illness and mental aberration on a global scale.

Western civilization has made great contributions to the physical welfare of the human race, but it is now time to go beyond the physical, to go on beyond the limitations of this small planet, and reach out to the universe through the stars into the realms of spirit. In Cosology, we understand how this can be achieved and how liturgics, as a therapy or a therapeutic, helps us to commune with that part of our nature that, to a large degree, is silent to our consciousness. ☺

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\*In the Winter issue of Dream Network, Part 2 of this series will report on the remaining two Asclepian lectures delivered in Greece, both of which expand upon some of the concepts and techniques related to dream incubation as taught in the Asclepian School.

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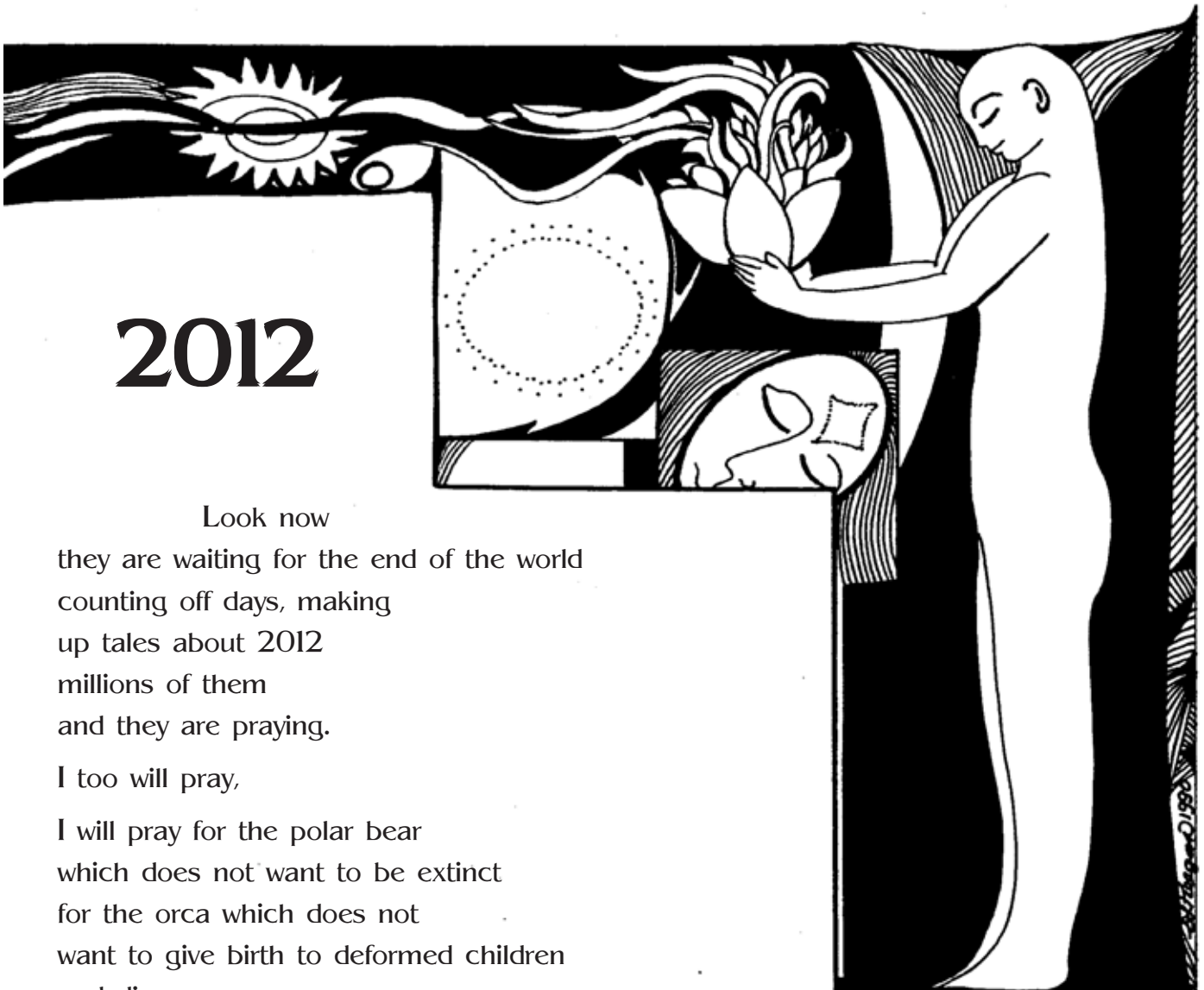
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up tales about 2012  
millions of them  
and they are praying.

I too will pray,

I will pray for the polar bear  
which does not want to be extinct  
for the orca which does not  
want to give birth to deformed children  
and disappear  
for the rain forest  
which generously shares the breath of life  
for butterflies  
which provide the human imagination...  
.... with images of our souls  
for the bees  
promiscuously in love  
with the perfume of flowers.

I will pray for the seasons  
the grandfather redwoods  
the glaciers  
and the spirit of life, the  
earth destined body  
the little face  
that will slowly learn to smile  
now  
in the sleeping womb of mother  
in the rose petals  
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by David Sparenberg



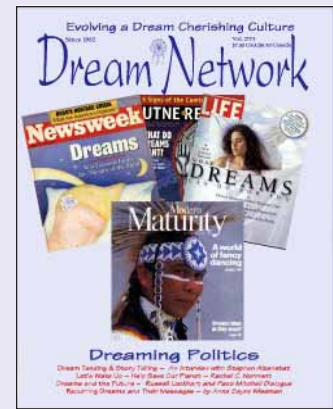
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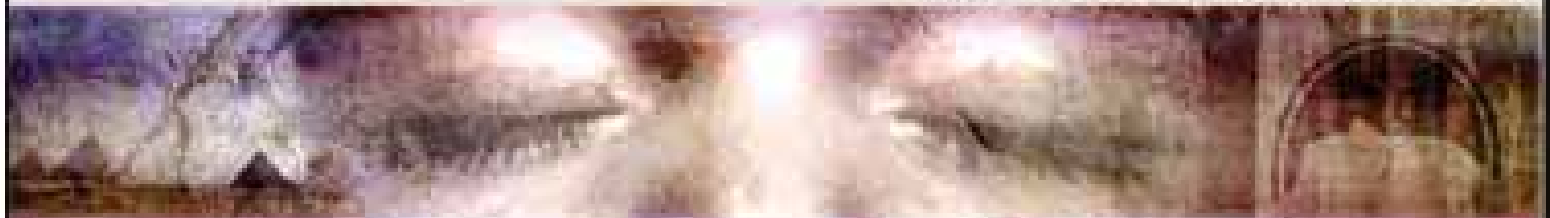
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