

Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture

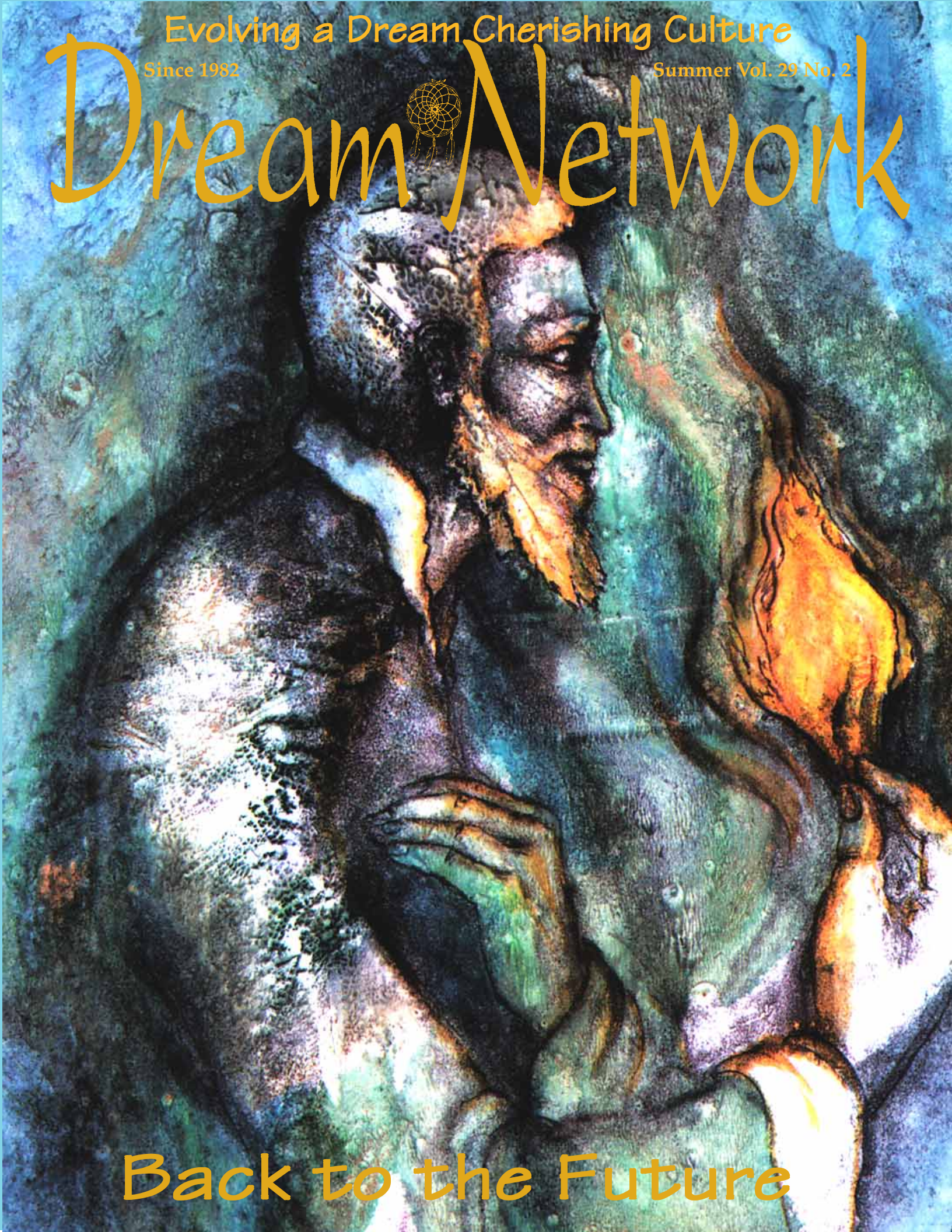
Since 1982

Summer Vol. 29 No. 2

Dream Network



Back to the Future



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The International Association for the Study of Dreams is proud to announce **TWO** upcoming conferences!

IASD's 28th Annual Conference

2

DREAMS AND CULTURAL DIVERSITY

Rolduc Conference Center
Kerkrade, The Netherlands

JUNE 24 - 28, 2011

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Deadline:
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For detailed information on submission instructions for either conference

<http://asdreams.org>

1

IASD's Ninth Annual PsiberDreaming Online Conference

The Stuff Dreams Are Made Of

ONLINE September 26-October 10, 2010

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There are only 24 spots for PDC presentations during the conference. Proposals must be submitted by deadline for consideration. Presentation title plus a brief abstract can be e-mailed to Jean Campbell at jccampb@aol.com



Waves of the Future

Foundations Shaken & Crumbling

As the vision unfolds, I am with my young-adult son in a small structure, which is perched at the end of a pier in a small West Coast waterfront town. The structure is round or octagonal and is composed primarily of windows. We are looking in disbelief to the East, where quite some distance out in the Puget Sound we see a Tidal Wave beginning to rise.

As it continues to gain momentum, we say very little to one another but rather stare in disbelief at this rising phenomena. The First Wave continues to rise, peak and breaks, sending repercussions into the Bay which literally jar and rumble the pilings which support the pier and consequently the structure in which we stand . . . causing it to begin to sink into the Bay. As this action is taking place, we move toward solid ground.

I am conscious of not being frightened but nevertheless make haste.

Signs are There, in the Sky

Now, I am standing on Water Street, among a crowd of people. We are all looking again to the East, in disbelief as yet another Wave, a Second Wave, begins to rise. This one is nearer to town than was the last and from its sheer height, we can see it has the capability of washing away the entire contents of Water Street, including each of us who stands there staring. Yet, no one is running scrambling up the cliff to 'uptown.' We all stare as the

Second Wave rises to the height

of a 10-12 story building, as though awaiting our demise.

When the Wave reaches its full height and is about to peak and break, the energy moving the Wave rises skyward and the foam normally preceding waves as they hit the beach, begins to form together in the sky, like clouds, into various geometrical and/or symbolic shapes. They are conveying messages intuited and perceived, yet not perceptible on the cognitive level. They are extraordinarily beautiful!

At this point, I close my eyes and am overwhelmed with a deep knowing... one that what we've all been waiting for is about to occur. I cry joyful tears... and as I open my eyes, can see the foam/clouds still suspended in the sky. The immense energy of the wave disperses in both East/West directions, doing no harm on the land...

The Wave of the Future

... and now a New Wave, the Third Wave is building/rising.

This one has moved to the West, much nearer the town and all who watch on . It is quickly apparent that this Wave will exceed the two previous ones in power, height and potential for consuming all in sight. This Wave is be 30-40 stories in height. We stand... watching.

As this New Wave reaches its full height and glory and is about to break, suddenly—in the blink of an eye—a Rainbow forms about its outer edges and, in another instant, the Wave is suspended, becomes a tableau upon the Western-facing Wall of which stand three benevolent Beings, or Angels—these Beings are as TALL as the Wave. The three stand with arms extended toward us.

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, 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.

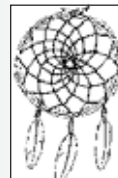
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Table of Contents

Dreaming Humanity's Path

- 3 Waves of the Future
23 Journey into the Depths

Back to the Future: Precognitive Dreams

- 11 Born Posthumously?
by Paco Mitchell
14 Why Was I Called?
by Roberta Ossana
17 Common 2012 Prophecies from Around the World
18 What Lies Ahead?
Dreams That Foretell the Future
by Teresa A. Vattieri
31 MGM: A Whale of a Lesson in Precognitive Dreaming
by Janice Baylis, Ph.D.

The Art of Dreamsharing & Dream Education

- 20 Dreams, Bones and the Future ~ Part VI
A continuing Dialogue between Russell Lockhart & Paco Mitchell
33 The Project X Search for the Secrets of Immortality:
Mysteries of Ancient Greece Part IV
by Robert Petrovich
38 Do Others Dream in Our Behalf?
How My Power Animals Wandered In
by San Meredith

Columns & More...

- 6-7 Guest Editorial *by Russell A. Lockhart Ph.D*
8-9 Letters, Dreams
22 Dream Related Poetry
24 Dreaming the Light of Insight:
Walking Backward to Move Forward
by Arthur Strock, Ph.D.
25 Children's Space: Kids' Dreams as Metaphor
by Anne Sayre Wiseman
26-28 Book Reviews *by Bob Haden,*
Bambi Corso & Roberta Ossana
29 Dreams in the News:
The MetaWorld of Art, Dreams and Imagination
by Russell Lockhart, Ph. D.
36 DreamTimes: Big Dreams in Small Packages
by Marlene King, M.A.

Upcoming Focus

for AUTUMN ~ Vol. 29 No. 3

Conflict Resolution

How have your dreams assisted
in resolving conflict ~
within yourself or with others?

Dreams of the Gulf Coast

Fish, Birds, Ocean, Flora

Lifeline: 4 Weeks after
you receive this issue.

NOTE Regarding Submissions

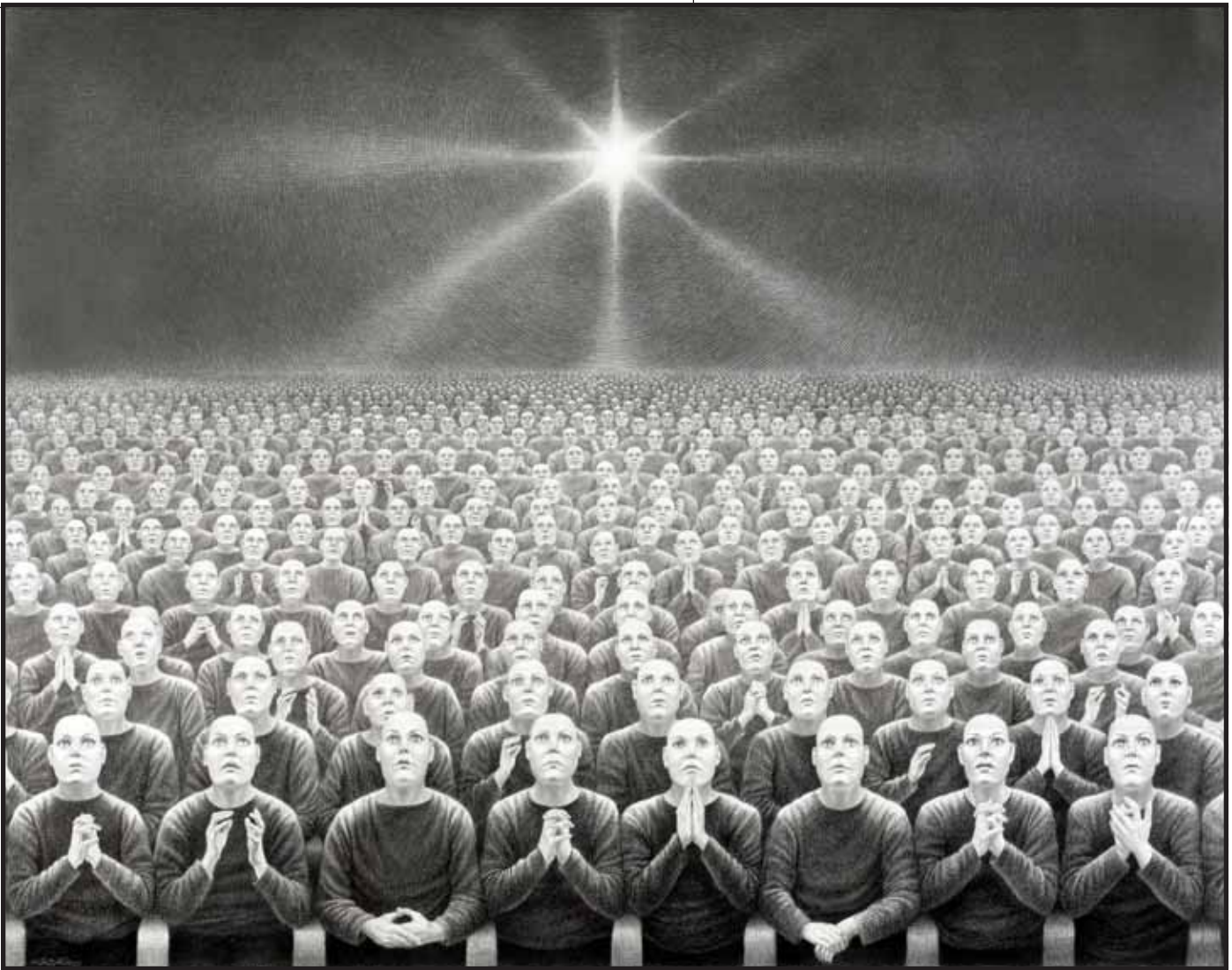
Individuals from all cultures and walks of life who desire to share are encouraged to submit dream & myth-related manuscript, poetry and artwork for consideration. *Please don't feel restricted if it falls outside the scope of the current focus or theme.* We also invite your sharing transformational dream experience and insight regarding effective dreamwork and dreamplay techniques.

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

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

Of course, we always love to hear from you in our **Letters** column! Whether you were inspired or infuriated by the latest issue, please let us hear from you!

Visit our website for Submission Guidelines: <http://DreamNetwork.net>



"Delusion Dwellers" by Laurie Lipton (2007) Size: 97.3 x 123 cm - charcoal and pencil on paper

Prisoners of Hope

STOP! Do not turn away from this image. Do not turn the page. Look into each face. Yes, each face. Take in the hands.

Are you asking what is this? What it means? Seeking an interpretation? Desiring to know the artist's intention?

Set the questions aside. Stay with the image. Look again. Look into the eyes. Look until you can't see eyes. Look at the light, follow each ray. Look more

closely at the shirts. What happens in your experience under the impress of this image?

If a dream wants a dream, and a poem wants a poem, then most assuredly an image wants an image.

There is future in that desire, but only if one enacts the hint.

Will you? What image, what impulse, what feeling, what intuition is "Delusion Dwellers" calling forth from you?

Your editor, Roberta Ossana, asked me to write a guest editorial for this issue which focuses on the theme, "back to the future."

As some of you know, it's hard for me to suppress my etymological reveries and so I sat for a time with my dictionaries and lexicons while digging through the roots of the word "editorial." Who should pop up but Pandora! Recall in Greek myth that Pandora ("all giver") was the first woman.

Out of curiosity, she opened a pithos (a jar) and released all the evils, diseases, and plagues of mankind before she closed it up again, leaving only Hope inside.

In the last issue of *Dream Network Journal*, in my dialogue with Paco Mitchell, I noted a spontaneous line I "heard" in the shower one evening: "Hope is the anvil of evil." Now, since experiencing that line, I have taken a much less sanguine view of "hope." It has lost its ruddy complexion and has grown dark and without color.

I find myself agreeing with Derrick Jensen when he writes, "Hope is what keeps us chained to the system, the conglomerate of people and ideas and ideals that is causing the destruction of the Earth."¹ And why is this? Because, again in Jensen's strong words, "Hopes lead to inaction." As I tell Paco in our dialogue in this issue, "Hope leads to paralysis," exemplified by a line in Peter Yarrow's song, Greenwood: "The impotence of people raised on fear."

It was while I was in these dark reflections that I happened upon the extraordinary art of Laurie Lipton.² When I saw her drawing, "Delusion Dwellers," pictured above, it seemed to me I was face-to-face with the prisoners of hope, a stark, dark—yet precise—image of our time.

And not just of our time. This image is prescient, showing us our future, as a

dream might. Let's not just "hope" we can do something, or hope that someone else will do something. Let's each of us *do*—and not stay impotently praying to hope.

What sort of doing? Again, Jensen says it well: "...when you quit relying on hope and instead begin to protect the people, things and places you love, you become dangerous indeed to those in power."

Love is key.

The "subversive" nature of dreams and art and all manifestations of the imagination will help in this. Moreover there is deep patriotism in this. Listen to Patrick Henry: "It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth and listen to the song of the siren, till she transforms us into beasts."³

The articles in this issue—each in their own way—will help with hints and intimations that call for "something else," something we are capable of doing... and in the doing, help to birth a different future. ∞

¹ Derrick Jensen. "Beyond Hope." *Orion Magazine*, May-June 2006.

² See interview with Laurie Lipton, this issue. Visit her web site at <http://www.laurielipton.com>

³ Patrick Henry. Speech. Virginia House of Delegates, March 23, 1775.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

See interview with Laurie Lipton, this issue, pg. 29. Visit her website at <http://www.laurielipton.co>

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@DreamNet-work.net. Electronic/email, .pdf, .tif or .jpg files are preferred for text, ads, artwork & photos. Please include SASE with Postal Service 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.' Your participation & questions are warmly invited.

Another Fascinating Year!

Thank you for another fascinating year of Dream Network. I share articles with my dream group, who particularly enjoy the on-going dialogue between Paco Mitchell and Russell Lockhart.

Your good work is greatly appreciated and thank you again for continuing the print edition. I often read it on the beach. Dream on!

Leslie Schwartz, Friday Harbor, WA

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

A Call for "Mystical Dreams"

I am putting a book together with a collection of dreams, titled "Mystical Dreaming." I will be collecting dreams in the following categories:

- 1. Precognitive dreams
2. Waking and sleeping synchronicity dreams
3. Dreams of past or future lives
4. Dreams with deceased people or pets
5. Dreams with animals who speak to us (in English!)
6. Dreams with a cosmic message
7. Dreams of other planets and beings
8. Dreams with a spiritual master/goddess
9. Hearing music in dreams or seeing a future art work

All names of dreamers will be protected and not used in the book. Please include any comment you have about how the dream affected your perception of life and how it impacted your waking life.

Thank you for being part of this project!

You can email me at: starharp@starharp.com for any questions or submitting your dream.

Star Edwards, Denver, CO

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Spring Issue: Stunning!

The latest Dream Network issue/Spring, just received. It is stunning and powerful, excellent and inspiring! I particularly loved the dream poetry,

"Earthwalking," very dhamaanic!

Heart to heart, until the next time, "The Journey Continues"....

Frances Ring, Boca Raton, FL

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

In Praise of Robbin Schwartz's

Dream Dragon Drawing & Poem

Robbin Schwartz's masterpiece has been given the premier position in Dream Network, Vol. 28, Nos. 2 & 3, the centerfold right page.

"To Fire," the title of Robbin's poem, reminds us of mankind's first wresting control of the powers of Nature, the eons-old power of the fire at the cave's entrance to keep wild beasts at bay, the power of cooking food to make it edible, of giving light to the darkness, the hardening of clay into bricks to build structures.

"To Fire" evokes the inner energies of emotion, of creativity, of love, of passion. It is an archetype that brings forth competencies of both building and destruction, with the necessity of learning to use these energies in ways appropriate to the perceived meaning of the situation. We can use the "Positive Disintegration" proposed by Kazimierz Dabrowski to bring about the destruction of negatives, so wonderfully caught by Robbin's Dragon burning away of resentment, jealousy and unforgiving. Robbin has caught the essence of the power of our dreams to use our inner strengths against our inner weaknesses. In our dreams we can visualize the disintegration of whole landscapes of old worn-out buildings, of monsters, ogres, that rise up in our nightmares, out of control, until we vanquish them with our inner creative powers, dealing with those images that represent our negatives.

We have a choice. First we may accost the dream images, ask what is their meaning, what do they

represent, and "How can you help me?" Endeavor to work together creatively to reveal their meaning, as the Temiar Senoi of Malaya taught their children, in Kilton Stewart's writings. Robbin has caught these teachings in her poetic rendition of Dragon wisdom.

The Dragon rises up like a materialized phantom, a swirling of smoky imagery that comes to life in the air in front of us, reaching out to grasp and burn away the negatives that have kept us burdened. It becomes an eidolon, an ideal image, that Robbin has brought to life for us to use in our journey of exploring our inner abilities. This powerful Dragon can lay waste to those detrimental ways of living, that Up Until Now have held us ensorcelled at a level below our potentialities.

But look at Robbin's original handwritten script! Unable to be reproduced in a font for printing, Robbin has caught the feeling of an ancient manuscript, a palimpsest, or from the time of ancient Sumer, with cuneiform lines and forms from mankind's earliest writings, the transforming of dreams and sacred stories to be recited again and again before those assembled to hear the wisdom poetry of the tribe.

Allen Flagg, New York, NY

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Drawing the Dream Awake DVD Highly Recommendable!

Really enjoyed the Spring issue on Dreams and Healing. It is wonderful. Also, I saw the ad for "Drawing the Dream Awake" DVD by Uma Markus—and I ordered it, watched it and highly recommend it. It's superb!

Robert Waggoner, Ames, Iowa

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Re: the Review on Avatar

The issue/Spring Vol. 29 No. 1, is DYNAMITE! The review of "Avatar" was quite shocking.

Regarding the review, I saw Avatar and thought it was symbolic, but for "dying" to one's Self so another could be born. It seems to me like Woodcock is taking Avatar *literally*, rather than metaphorically, although I do believe many people spend too much time in "Virtual Reality" rather than actual reality. I happened to come across a blurb in the paper about how a young couple (in Japan?) were so entranced with raising their Avatar baby in a computer game virtual reality, that their "actual" 3-month old starved to death!

Maybe this is the next step in human evolution: to step out of physical form so we no longer step so heavily on the Earth! Maybe it's better to have millions tromping around in cyberspace than in Yosemite.

I'd like to hear other responses to Woodcock's review... and this letter.
Lorraine Grassano, San Francisco, CA

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Dr. Woodcock begins his thoughtful review of the film, "Avatar", with a quote from Jung on the Self vs. the ego, which is exactly how I find the Cameron work different than ego-gratifying cyberspace. The film is more like dream, compensating materialistic ego existence with the mythological roots of the Self. We lie in the "coffins" of our beds at night and assume our dream avatar to return to the timeless, imaginal real. There we live an alternate reality, from which—like the character in the film—one night we will not return. In the meantime, our daytime life has been enhanced by our double life.

Lou Hagood, New York, NY

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Great Articles on Asclepius

Whew! Lots of mention of old Asclepius in the latest DNJ! Lots of good, interesting information on the sacred practices back in those days. John C. Woodcock mentions him in his interesting article, Dreams and Healing and the Project X folks have much to say about how Asclepian rites relate to "sacred processes" today.

Just one problem here — both these fine, detailed articles neglect the most significant thing we know about Asclepius: his manner of death. Asclepius, at least in the versions of his story I have read was "killed," struck by a lightning bolt by Zeus, for the crime of "raising the dead." Zeus's brother deity, Hades, King of the Underworld, complained to Zeus Asclepius was messing around with matters of Fate, stealing his subjects, "the dead." Zeus agreed that this was an infraction not to be tolerated — thus the hit on Asclepius by means most foul. It was only then that Asclepius was deified, became a god, whose healing talents had to be approached in the fashion so carefully described in these two articles. In other words, powers that used to belong to human kind became the property of the gods, access to them accomplished only through temples where dreams, *sent down from above*, aided supplicants in the healing process and insured the worship business.

The myths all use the euphemism "killed" when speaking of Asclepius's death. I prefer the much more descriptive verb "murdered." We all bow and nod and agree, well, old Asclepius must have deserved it, right? I mean he was messing around in places where no mortal belongs. How about we wonder just a little bit about the actual crime Asclepius was committing before we jump on the

bandwagon, purify ourselves and enter the abaton. What if, for instance, Asclepius was *dreaming about* the true creation of diseases used by the gods—by Apollo and Artemis, say—to punish uppity mortals? That couldn't be part of the healing process we want to know anything about! The use of illness by gods and their priests to eliminate enemies, as AIDS is being used today. What if, say, he accessed the akashic record of the creation of a mental illness via the use of arrows dipped in the saliva of the black dog down in the dark dark dark of Hades deepest vaults? What if Asclepius was "raising" that information on the creation and use of illness as a weapon by the gods... and that was the reason he was hit, murdered, eliminated, so nobody could ever know or have that information?

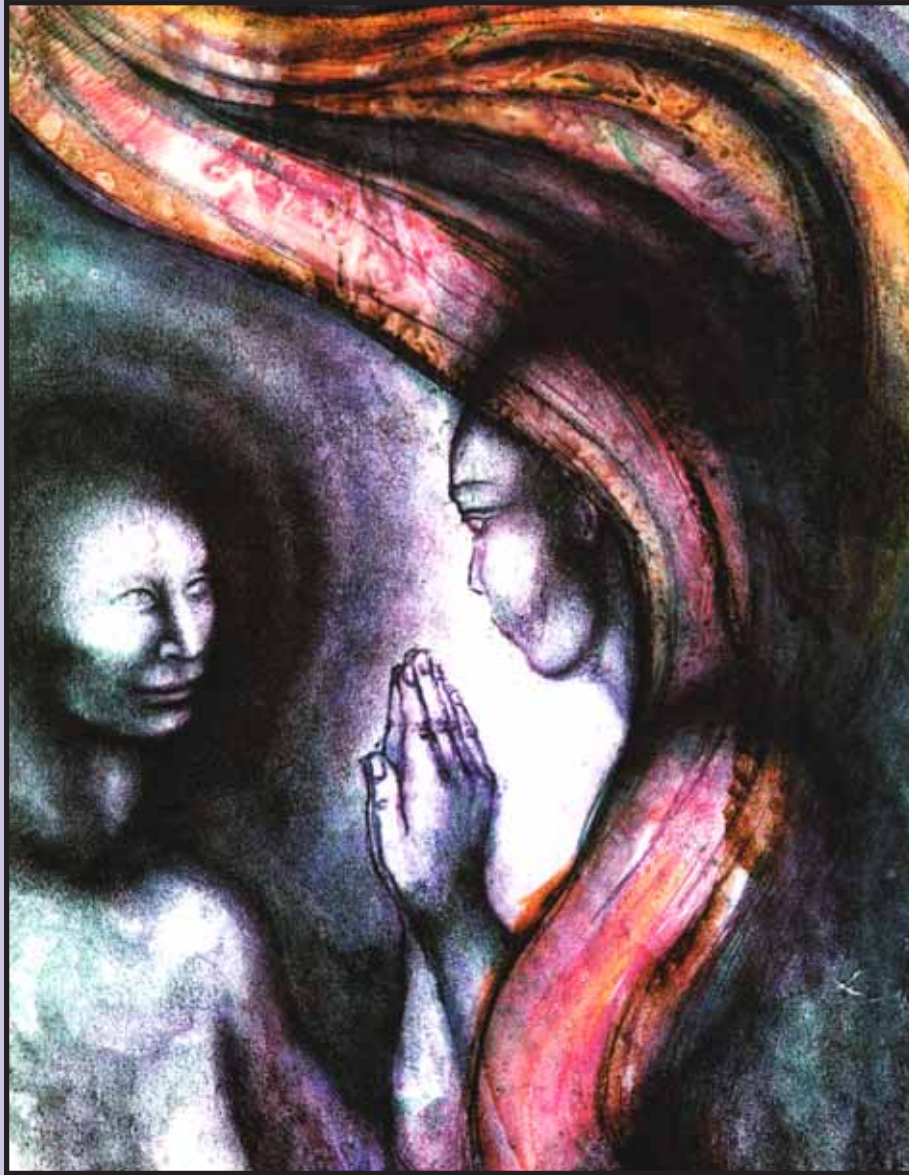
So then what? So, then they raised him up, made him a "god," stole all of his powers and made them accessible only via worship. Not only that, they used dreaming as a means by which to enter mortals, access their chakras, power-centers in order to plant or implant their Kingdom within us—whether by consent or not.

Consider this alternative interpretation of the story of Asclepius the next time it is trotted out before you. Consider how the man became a "god." By murder. The word to correctly describe the death of Asclepius and the religion established after his death upon his name not used in these articles is *murder*.

Jeff Lewis, Winong, WI

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*“With our arms around the future
and our backs against the past...”*



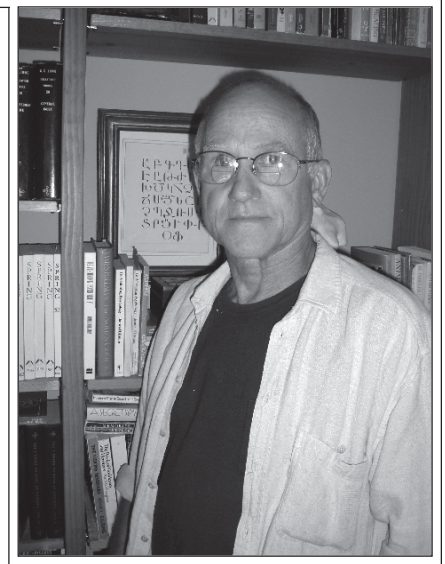
*... you're already falling,
and the one that is calling is you.”*

The Moody blues

Born Posthumously?

by Paco Mitchell

*“My time has not yet come...
some are born posthumously.”*
– Friedrich Nietzsche



TO MAKE SUCH A STATEMENT, Nietzsche must have felt like an anachronism in his own time, living and thinking like a wild man amidst the splendid proprieties of the Victorian Age.

I would not compare myself with Nietzsche, but still, as an *introverted intuitive-feeling type* (according to Jung’s typology), I too know the feeling of being an anachronism in my own time; and I suspect that others who share my typology have at least a passing acquaintance with the feeling.

The dominant culture of today prizes a narrow range of psychological functions far removed from the billowing depths of introverted intuitive-feeling. Thus, it often seems as if my “true” place lies simultaneously in the distant past and in the distant future. The clatter and hubbub, the lockstep frenzy of this age, grate harshly on a reflective soul such as mine. Nevertheless, I make peace with this knowledge by recognizing that my personal typology comprises about two per cent of the American population. If that estimate is even remotely accurate, it’s no wonder I feel out of step with my extraverted culture,

which continues to roar into the troubled future with hardly a moment’s reflection.

So I carry on as a sensitive anachronism, attending to what seems important to me, though few seem to share those concerns. And I do what I can to make sense of what’s happening, not just to me, but to all of us and to the world. In the process, I have discovered that one of my greatest sources of insight and delight—however depreciated by my culture—is the bottomless mystery of dreams.

I selected the Nietzsche quote above as a starting point for two reasons. First, it is blatantly paradoxical, as befits this issue’s topic, “Back to the Future.” Second, it takes our normal sense of linear time and bends it back upon itself, like the ouroboric serpent, until past, present and future are mysteriously conjoined.

In my experience, that is exactly what dreams do. They routinely violate our accepted categories of time and space—the otherwise inviolable boundaries that frame our definitions of reality. That’s a good thing for those of us who attend to dreams, since it means we can never grow complacent with the images

that stream forth from our depths. They are always ahead of us, one way or another. And when the waking imagination is joined to the living images in dreams, their richness and magnitude can be tremendously enhanced.

In 1990, I attended a conference at the Dallas Institute for Humanities and Culture. It was called “A Gathering of Angels.” All the Fellows of the Institute, along with a few invited guests, presented papers on the topic of angels. Of all the ideas floated during the week, one in particular struck me. The presenter suggested that what we call “angels” might well be our own future possibilities coming to greet us, as if to lead us further along the path of becoming who we are.

At the time I was intensely involved with the idea that animals in dreams could be seen as angels, so I immediately held up the new idea from Dallas next to my own angel thesis. I also examined those dreams of my own which had an angel motif or implication. Significantly, most of the dreams featured what had long-since become my “totem-animal,” the Great Blue Heron.

Not only was there no conflict between the two ideas, but also I found a fruitfulness in the new idea, a finding that grew stronger over the years—intuitively, of course.

Of all those angel/heron dreams, one in particular has recently opened up a new perspective in my musings. The dream took place in the early 1980s, but it remains quite vivid today. In that dream:

I am shooting an arrow and following its path. It leads me to a trail of dead herons, which I follow into a tunnel among some thick brambles. I go deeper into the tunnel until I reach a small clearing, where I see a door. On either side of the door stand two herons, like Chinese tomb guardians. The curious thing about the herons is that they are, at one and the same time, iridescent statues and living beings—sculptures, but also alive. In fact, they even seem to be "super-alive," if that is possible. I sense that if I open the door and cross the threshold, I will enter a realm of Absolute Reality and will "die"—that is, I will cease to exist, at least in the form that I know as "myself."

End of dream.

Just recently I was reading and thinking about "dream re-entry," "lucid dreaming," "shamanic healing" and "active imagination." Suddenly I decided to re-visit that almost thirty-year-old heron dream, but this time I intended to cross the threshold.

I dropped into a reverie, found the tunnel and the doorway, opened it and stepped across. Immediately I found myself zipping through the darkness of space. Was this "shamanic flight"? Is this what the soul

experiences after death? It certainly resembled accounts I had read about out-of-body and near-death experiences. At any rate, I soon became less interested in the acrobatics of space-travel than in the question of what I would find if I went back to that door and looked through it from this—the "other"—side.

Returning to the door I opened it, and was stunned to see myself *still standing there*, at the threshold. I was seeing myself from the perspective of the Inner Other. It was as if I was both the angel/heron/man and my normal self as well. From that "angel's" point of view, I could see myself "objectively," as it were.

What did I see?

I saw a sincere, earnest pilgrim, seeking, always seeking, alone with his quest. I saw the mariner from the last stanza of Dylan Thomas' epic poem, "The Ballad of the Long-Legged Bait":

*Then good-bye, good luck, struck
the Sun and the Moon
To the fisherman lost
on the land.
He stands alone at the door
of his home
With his long-legged heart
in his hand.*

I felt immediate compassion and love for him—this person I had always known as "myself"—and, stepping across the threshold to his side, I embraced him warmly. Then I took his shoulders in my hands and turned him around. I stood behind him, then walked with him, step for step. Soon I felt myself floating above him, where I knew I would always be—perhaps had always been—accompanying him, helping him, guiding him.

When I came out of the vision I was in tears. Today, even though the

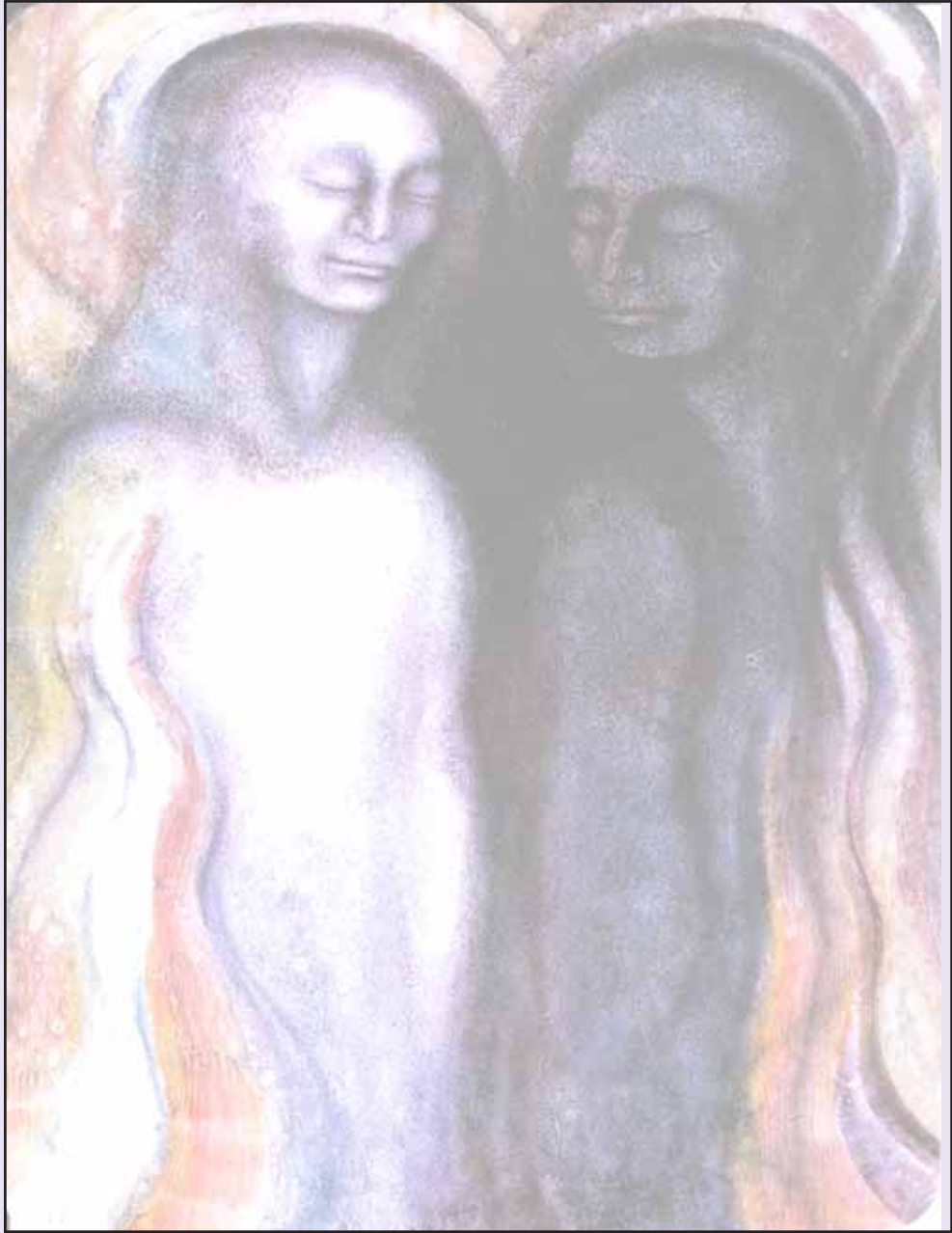
demands of daily life constantly interfere with such reveries, I cannot forget what I saw. Nor can I help but second the Dallas presenter's intuition about angels.

This brings up the question of identity. In the deepest sense, what portion of me is the worldly person, and what portion of me is the "angel"? In his autobiography Jung referred to his Number One and Number Two personalities, one of them temporal, one of them transcendent. This notion feels equivalent in some way to my angel experience.

I wonder how it would have gone for Nietzsche had he undergone a similar experience, viewing himself objectively, from the perspective of his own angel? Would he have been so sickly? Would he still have had his mental breakdown at the end? Would he have felt so isolated?

There is nothing in this essay that I can prove to the satisfaction of skeptics, of whom I know more than a few. But I can report that I have experienced something that feels like my own future potentials coming to meet me in the present moment. In the process, that "something" seems to sweep up my entire life—all my dreams, from the earliest to the most recent; my struggles and sufferings; my gifts, experiences, mistakes, fantasies and thoughts; all the good and all the bad—gathering them into a bundle called "myself." And this bundle extends into the past as well as the future. In fact, I have no idea where it begins and where it ends, though I am all too aware of the limitations that attach to my time-bound and space-bound personality.

Yet I continue to learn, at ever deeper levels, what Jung meant when he said: "Become the person you have always been." ∞





Picture I sent to Bill Stimson in 1982
Chetzemonka Park, Port Townsend, WA

Why Was I Called?

Dreams Foretelling Future Events and Destiny

by Roberta Ossana

“...the moment one definitely commits oneself,
then Providence moves too. A whole stream of events
issues from the decision, raising in one's favour
all manner of unforeseen incidents... . Whatever you can do
or dream you can, begin it. Begin it now.”

Excerpts by Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe

IN 1989, LITERALLY ON SUMMER SOLSTICE, I was informed that the Bay Area Dream Workers had accepted my "application," so to speak, to take responsibility for this publication. In order to share with you how that came about, I must take you on an unusual path and share a little about my history with dreams and with the Dream Network. This is a labyrinthical tale. I hope you'll be able to follow along with me.

It starts back in 1975-76. I was in a very busy part of my life, living in the Pacific northwest, working full time, raising my family, in a relatively new marriage. One weekend afternoon, I took a long nap and had the most extraordinary dream! It is the first dream that I ever recalled as an adult. I remember some dreams from my childhood but this one was like having gone to a full-length movie. When I awakened, I said to myself, "My goodness, what on Earth was that?" I'd been keeping a journal for several years and immediately wrote down every detail of that dream. In the dream...

The United Nations Day Dream

I am going into the community center where my office is located.

It is a multi-service community center. Rather than the typical kinds of activities that take place there on a day-to-day basis in waking reality, there are dozens of extraordinary, creative activities ongoing.

As I walk down the hallway, in one room there are dancers dancing, in that room there are musicians playing, in another room there are artists painting. The center is totally full of people engaged in creative activities. As I move to the back of the building there are a group of people working, constructing something. I can't tell what they are making but they are using hammers, pounding nails. They are hammering in unison and with every strike of the hammer their 'beat' is in concert with music that is playing in the background.

They are making music and are singing, too! It is such a lovely song and sight to see.

That's the theme/tone of the dream.

This particular dream must have carved some new pathways in my psyche, because it was at that point in time that I began recalling my dreams prolifically. I didn't know what was happening. I was seeking out everything I could find... though there was not much information available at the time. This was around the time Patricia Garfield's and Ann Faraday's books came out and I did *consume* those books. I also discovered that there was a Jungian analyst living in the community and went and spoke with him, learned from him. I continued to recall & journal my dreams but was still in the "hurricane years."

Time went on, and in the fall of 1981, I was reading our local, weekly paper. We had recently elected a mayor in our community who was a jazz pianist, his wife, a flautist; they were both very environmentally-conscious. It was an extraordinary and wonderful era in that community. He wrote a weekly column in the paper and in August of 1981 his column said, "Is there anyone out there who

would be interested in coordinating an event to honor the 35th anniversary of the United Nations?" For a number of reasons which I won't go into now, I was compelled to respond to that call and brought together a group of my colleagues.

We had a meeting in the community center of my work and The Dream. As we were brainstorming ideas about what would we do in our small little backwater town to acknowledge the United Nations anniversary, the ideas being offered stimulated a full-blown memory of the dream that I'd had back in '75-76, and I said that to the group: "My God, this reminds me of a dream I had five years ago!" One man spontaneously said, "Well, we've got to do it then." I mean he just picked right up on it. There wasn't a beat skipped after he said that before each of us took a piece of the work away from that meeting and proceeded to coordinate the event, which occurred on October 11, 1981.

The entire, well attended event was like walking through the dream that I'd had five years before, step-by-step-by-step. There were no details missing. I was existing for that time, at that intersection between the dream reality and this reality. Off the ground! It started at noon and continued until two or three o'clock in the morning.

In some rooms we had arranged that artists would be drawing/painting portraits. We arranged in other rooms that there would be international foods available, as in the dream.

In other rooms, we arranged information booths sharing news about local/national organizations and from other countries in which there were concerns like apartheid, and so forth. In the back room, we had a program later in the evening that went on and on and on. A nearly exact replica of the finale' in the dream, the hammer-and-nail song. The gathering just did not want to end

until we finally—at two or three in the morning—concluded the event with Sufi dancing. It was an absolutely wonder-full and very successful event.

It was at that time that I knew something of extraordinary significance/importance had just taken place and a commitment was made deep in my soul to learn more, to understand more. But, *why was I called to focalize this gathering?*

Not long after that event, I had a visit from a friend, a woman poet, by the name of Christina Pacosz. She had been enchanted by the UN Day event. She came to me to tell me that she had just received a letter from a man in New York City by the name of Bill Stimson, who had recently started a publication entitled the *Dream Network Bulletin*. He had asked her to find someone in the northwest area "to focalize dreamwork" and she said to me, "You're it." She gave me the letter and encouraged me to write him. I sat down immediately after she left and wrote Bill a long letter and sent it along with a picture of myself. Fortunately, I don't know why, I made a copy of that letter before I sent it off. A treasure in my archives. But.... I never got a response. It just felt—after two or three months went by—like it had gone off into a black hole in space. I forgot all about it.

So once again back to the, you know, 8 to 5. I'm back to work. The visit from my poet friend occurred in the fall of '82 when I was still in that hurricane of work. Until we were approaching August 17th, 1987, the Harmonic Convergence. I'd been carrying that date forward in my journal for a long time, because I thought it was going to be the magic moment, you know, the 'blink of an eye' that we're all waiting for? I was invited to a number of different events that were happening to acknowledge that occurrence, but decided to go to a place nearby Boise, Idaho to an event entitled, "Dancing the Dream

Awake." It was offered by a Native American woman, Brook Medicine Eagle, and was an all-night dance/ritual around the fire to acknowledge and celebrate the beginning of this extraordinary period we're in the midst of experiencing right now.

After returning from that event, I can only say that things began to change very rapidly in my life. It wasn't very long before I decided to let go of a 20+ year career as a public servant, in a wide variety of very interesting jobs. It was, by the way, a dream that made it very clear that I needed "to get the hell out of there!" I was very fortunate to have had the work I did over those 20+ years, but it was time move on. I wasn't certain what I was going to do, but I knew that it had to have to do something with dreams. I needed to learn more! So what I did was apply to a both the Peace Corp. (hoping to be able to go to the Malay Peninsula/the Senoi. Seriously.) and a graduate degree program that would allow me the opportunity to co-create, with my committee and faculty people, a study plan that met my needs. I found that program and was accepted.

In the early stages of that program, one of my first responsibilities was to meet with my committee and faculty people for the purpose of designing a study plan. That process took place in California, in the spring of 1989. I went to Southern California and developed the plan, along with Joan Halifax (one of my mentors) and a core faculty person from the college. The three of us worked together over a period of two or three weeks and I got the plan designed and approved.

While constructing the bibliography, I discovered that *Dream Network* was being published out of San Jose, CA and immediately subscribed!

By that time, I had moved from Washington State back to my home state, Utah, where my third grandchild had just been born.

When it was time to leave California, I took a different route than I normally do and stayed that night in a Navajo-owned motel... just west of Hopiland. That night, I had this brief dream.

I see letter-size papers hanging from the branch of a tree, blowing in the wind and hear a voice say, "If you don't do it, somebody else will."

I awakened and wondered, "What on God's green earth could that possibly mean?" Didn't have a clue.

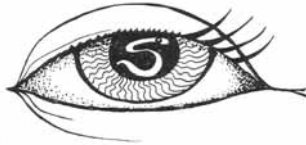
Shortly after I got to Moab—now with this new adventure before me, the new challenge of the graduate degree program—I was all ready to launch in. But not long after I got here to Moab, something occurred which is very typical in this part of the country, and it went on for a period of seven to ten days: absolutely relentless winds, 24 hours a day, just stirring up all of the sand in the desert and making it virtually impossible complete a task in the way that you normally would, Very unnerving.

After two or three days of trying to accomplish something constructive and being unsuccessful, I decided to stop trying, threw a few books and my journal in the day-pack and walked up a nearby canyon—a deeply beloved canyon that I lived near—and spend the day in a beautiful cave. In fact, a cave that appeared in a dream some years before and later discovered.

On my way up the canyon, I stopped at my mailbox and, lo and behold, there was my first issue of the *Dream Network Bulletin*! I put it in my day-pack, headed up the canyon, got about half way up the trail (it was going to be a mile, mile and a half, before I got to the cave) and heard a voice say, "You're going to see a snake," and immediately, a snake slithered across the trail! I said thank you to the voice, hello to the snake and went on my way... the wind

literally blowing me up the canyon.

When I got to the cave and settled in a bit, I took everything out of my day-pack. The first thing I did was grab the new issue of *Dream Network*, open it at random, and the first thing I saw was the graphic image of an eye with a snake coiled in the pupil.



Dream Network Bulletin ~ Vol. 8 No. 2 pg. 13

Goose bumps broke out all over my body; I'll never forget that moment. I knew something was about to happen and when I turned just inside the front cover, the words that my eyes fell on were: "This publication is seeking a new Editor/Publisher."

I haven't mentioned how terrified I was throughout this time regarding money, what I would do with this degree, how I would survive. I was 50 at the time with literally nothing to fall back on, or so I thought.

Well, I threw everything right back in my day-pack, ran back home, called Linda, and began communications with her—communications that took place over a two or three month period of time, both by phone and letter. As mentioned earlier, on summer solstice 1989, I was called by Linda and told that the Bay Area dreamworkers had agreed to pass the responsibility, the challenge, the beauty—and what an adventure it is!—on to me. *Why was I called to do this work?*

Not long after Linda informed me, she put out her last issue from San Jose. Shortly after that issue came out, I got a call from Chris Hudson, the second editor of DNB, informing me he had just moved from Brooklyn, NY to Bellingham, Washington, very nearby where I was living at the time. He was very excited that the *Dream Network* was going to be published

so nearby. At that time, I was again in the northwest doing my graduate degree program. Locations of this adventure can become confusing, I know. Stay with me; I was all over the map!

Chris called and wanted to come over and meet me and we met on the next weekend, a very beautiful day. I had decided to suggest that we go to a lovely park in Port Townsend to have our talk. He was agreeable.

So we went to Chetzemoka, got out of the car, began walking into the park, and Chris stopped in his tracks and said, "My God, I've got a picture of you sitting right over there in that flower garden!" Astonished (having just met him) I asked, "How could you have a picture of me sitting in that flower garden? We just met 15 minutes ago!" And he proceeded to tell me that when responsibility for the publication was handed to him by Bill Stimson, there were a good number of unopened pieces of mail in a paper bag. Among them was the letter that I had sent to Bill back in 1982, which contained my picture.

One gets a feeling of a certain amount of destiny when these kinds of things happen... and here I am, twenty+ years later, no longer terrified but rather fully trusting in the guidance.

Why was I called to focalize the UN Day event, to steward this publication? I ask myself those questions frequently.

I share my story with you for two reasons: the profound mystery of the dreams that foretold the future events/my destiny, and to encourage you to listen, to follow your dreams, to be attentive to the *signs* along the way, to 'take the leap' and finally, to lessen your fear of the unknown.

Jung frequently quoted from Matthew 22:16 in the bible: "Many are called, few are chosen." Prayerfully, I will be among the chosen. ∞



Common 2012 Prophecies from around the World

Hopi - Predicts a 25 year period of purification followed by the End of Fourth World & beginning of the Fifth.

Mayans - Call it the 'end days' or the end of time as we know it.

Maori - Say that as the veils dissolve there will be a merging of the physical & spiritual worlds.

Zulu - Believe that the whole world will be turned upside down.

Hindu - Kali Yuga (end time of man) The Coming of Kalki & critical mass of Enlightened Ones.

Inca - Call it the 'Age of Meeting Ourselves Again'.

Aztec - Call this the Time of the Sixth Sun. A time of transformation. Creation of new race.

Oogon - Say that the spaceship of the visitors, the Nommo, will return in the form of a blue star.

Pueblo - Acknowledge it'll be the emergence into the Fifth World.

Cherokee - Their ancient calendar ends exactly at 2012 as does the Mayan calendar.

Tibetan - Kalachakra teachings are prophecies left by Buddha predicting Coming of the Golden Age.

Egyptian - According to the Great Pyramid (stone calendar) present time cycle ends in year 2012 A.D.



What Lies Ahead?

Dreams That Foretell The Future

by Teresa A. Vattieri

FALL INTO A DEEP SLEEP and as your eyes close, what do you see? If you see glimpses of the future, feel welcomed to the world of precognitive dreams.

Sure, there are those who say, "I don't dream," but this isn't true. Sleep researchers estimate that the average person dreams between ninety minutes and two hours a night. Regardless of your recall ability, many dreams occur while you sleep. What about those memorable ones? You know, dreams with glimpses of events that do actually take place in the future. When such predictions later come true in waking life, you have just

experienced dream precognition.

Evidence of precognitive dreams date back to Biblical times and up through the 21st Century. One of the most notable in American History is President Abraham Lincoln's dream prior to his own death. In his dream *he heard crying in the White House which he followed to a nearby room where there was a corpse with a covered face. Lincoln asked who had died. A mourner replied that it was the president who was killed by an assassin.* A few days later, all Americans mourned, for President Lincoln was indeed assassinated. His precognitive dream predicted his own

tragedy that unfortunately came true.

Not all precognitive dreams are of this major doom and gloom nature. Precognitive dreams can also bring news of positive life-changing future events or everyday happenings yet to come. The key is to be aware when you are having precognitive or predictive dreams.

In Conscious Dreaming, Robert Moss provides a few clues for recognizing precognitive dreams:

Reality check

If a dream event is taking place in a realistic setting or locale with identifiable characters, chances are

you have glimpsed a scene from the future.

Personal Involvement

When your dream centers on another person, often closely related, you may be given dream messages relevant to a future event or situation in their life.


Repetition

If the message is important in relation to upcoming events, it may come to you more than once in the same night. Also, another person may share the same dream on the same night, further intensifying any predictions.

My close friend Mindi has been 'dreaming true' since childhood. Now 31, she is somewhat of an expert with her years of precognitive dreaming. I asked her what are the triggers of her predictive dreams. With an adamant tone, Mindi answers, "These dreams are so realistic and clear. It is as if I actually experienced what happened in the dream. I see colors vividly, explicit details, hear and smell things in my surroundings. I also have a strong sense of knowing that makes a lasting impression when I awaken." She further clarified adding, "I am left with a 'gut feeling' that lasts for days, weeks, or even longer. There is either an intense sense of urgency or joy about what I know is going to happen." She summed it up, "I always listen to the warnings and appreciate the other messages of the good to come."

I was first tuned in to her precognitive dreams two years ago. She told me her cousins—who also are my best friends—were having a baby. No one knew of any such news, but Mindi's out shopping for baby gifts. Crazy? Turns out that she had a vivid dream of her cousins holding their baby. Upon waking that next morning, she immediately called them recanting

Earthwalking & other poems by Karen Etheldattar



"Thank you for your most amazing and beautiful poem "Earthwalking." The gift of receiving words for my own half-conscious experience... Your book of poems is absolutely exquisite, a joy to read, a pleasure for the soul and senses." – Joanna Macy

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Thou Art A Woman
Steam Rising Up from the Soul

her dream details of their soon-to-be baby "with long legs, puckering mouth and the mention of numbers 8-9." Mindi recalls their reaction of, "Really? Guess we will just have to wait and see." It didn't take very long to see the truth in Mindi's prediction. Her cousins received a call from their doctor that very same day confirming the pregnancy with a due date of August 9th (a.k.a. 8-9). And yes, when the baby arrived, she perpetually puckered her lips as her very long legs kicked all about.

This incident awakened my mind and soul to dreams that foretell the future. One day we were laughing about how 'off' I thought she was before knowing of her 'gift' of being a precognitive dreamer. As the chuckling subsided I half-heartedly asked, "So did you ever have any dream predictions about me?" To my amazement, Mindi replied "Yes." I quickly became all ears, attentive to every word she was about to share.

She began by setting the dream stage: her cousins' house. She continues, "*We are all standing in their living room... Larry, Faith (holding baby Rachel), me, and you with this really 'hot' guy. I was checking 'him' out—every single detail. He was about 6 feet tall with sandy brown hair, light eyes, perfect teeth, and a muscular built. Wow! What an absolute 'cutie'—*

a cross between sporty and professional. Larry obviously knew him because they were catching up, like they hadn't seen each other in awhile... ." At this point a puzzled Mindi questioned me, "Teresa, are you O.K.? You're as white as a ghost." I replied in a shaky voice, "I actually heard all these same exact words before—verbatim—from Larry who had the same dream about four months ago." Ironically, now she became alarmed saying, "Can't believe he also dreamt this; probably the same night, too."

Well, I wonder if this 'dream man' is in my life? Currently, I call this wondering the "waiting game"... a time interval from the 'dream glimpse' until it actually catches up to reality. My close friends' mutual dream about my future love life teaches an invaluable lesson, though. The dreamworld can empower us with knowing what lies ahead, but we have to wait for it to happen.

As my mom always says, "Good things come to those who wait." Only there's a twist here: Sometimes a glimpse of the 'good thing' is given *so* we wait, rest assured. Sweet dreams! ∞

~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~

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Dreams, Bones and the Future

Part VI



A Continuing Dialogue Between Russell Lockhart and Paco Mitchell



PM: Over the course of our dialogue, one psychological factor has been implicit from the beginning. We have used it liberally and described its operations, but have not yet brought it front and center. That is the factor of *intuition*. Taken in the sense of “instinctive knowing,” or—as Jung once described it—“perception by way of the unconscious,” I believe it deserves at least a mention in our conversation.

I have often thought—intuited, rather—that intuition is one of the oldest functions of the human psyche, one that we share with our animal brethren. I would even be comfortable placing intuition in the context of *animal knowing*. As a mysterious, archaic function, intuition has suffered a certain depreciation under the hegemony of the modern demand for rational thinking. With rigorous thinking we build the systems that control the world. Intuition, in contrast, is not so systematic. Since it governs the elusive flow of information that approaches consciousness from the side of the unconscious, it is not so readily controlled or manipulated as the products of systematic thought.

Intuition is unruly. Sometimes it hits the bull’s-eye, sometimes it is way

off the mark. What we tend to forget is that intuition is a skill which requires development, perhaps in the same way that Zen archery requires “practice”—trying, yet not trying. I believe intuition exists as a potential aptitude in every human being. But unless it is valued and attended to—honed like a blade, we might say—it is liable to remain dull and ineffective. Thinking, in contrast, is inculcated in students from an early age. We are generally taught how to think, but not how to intuit. To a considerable extent, then, intuition ends up being a solitary craft, cultivated by the few.

And here’s the paradox: Even as I’m calling for more conscious development of intuition, I recognize that a widened popularity could be the death knell of the very thing I seek. You can imagine the fate of intuition in the hands of “experts” — research budgets, marketing campaigns, amazing new breakthroughs, etc.

As you have pointed out, Russ, we already seek to “commodify” the psyche—images, emotions, dreams. In this context, intuition is just another frontier to be conquered, another market to be developed, another “taste” to be acquired.

But one of the values of intuition is precisely that it violates the pathways of convention. It doesn’t behave. And its ultimate mysteriousness brings us close to a recognition of the Otherness within ourselves and beyond. This attitude—the respect for soulfulness in oneself, in one’s fellow creatures, in nature, in the cosmos, even—is probably more deeply engraved in us, more fundamental to our human being, than the lust for limitless exploitation.

Let me emphasize: I’m not saying a wide-spread cultivation of intuition will redeem the world. But I am suggesting this: *Any redemptive forces that reach consciousness will come to us by way of the unconscious*. And if we are to discriminate among the counter-tendencies presently stirring in the human psyche—in order to discern the redemptive, healing ones—we will need the help of well-honed intuition, and plenty of it.

Thus we might have a chance of pruning away some of the deadwood that overburdens us, and doing the difficult work of locating and feeding the healthy roots. But we must go to that root-level if we are to save the tree.

RL: One-way to go to the “roots of the tree” is to go literally to the roots of the words we use. Take “intuition” for example. It’s composed of two elements *in-* and *-tuition*. As is often the case when we begin to do this we are thrown a bit off guard. Even though it’s in plain sight, when was the last time you thought of “tuition” in relation to “intuition”? What does tuition have to do with this important function? Is there a “cost” we must pay? And probably no one “remembers” the meaning of tuition as “guardianship.” We can understand this better if we dig further into the roots of “tuition” where we soon come upon the elemental root, **-teu**. This root means “to look at,” “watch,” and “protect.” Our English words *tuition*, *tutelage*, *tutor* and *intuition* come from this root. You can see here in the words blossoming from this root something of the idea of learning. You talk about intuition being attended to and you can see that in the very root of the word itself.

Now how do we do this?

What would it mean to be under the tutelage of intuition—intuition as tutor? I think what this means is that the only way to develop intuition in the sense you describe is to pay attention to and be taught by intuition. You speak of intuition being a “solitary craft.” I was struck by your phrase and immediately noted the sense of craft as art, the sense of craftiness as cunning, and the image of craft as a vessel. Alongside this came the idea that dreams and intuition often have the same fate—that is to be ignored and neglected and devalued. This triggered an avalanche of peculiar notions: the cunning of dreams, the art of dreams, the craft of dreams, dreams as vessel. Then came the spontaneous image of being on the ocean in a small craft. This image “presented” itself and in that sense was like an intuition or

dream. So, I became “student” to this image and put myself under its tutelage, to let the image tutor me. I think you can see right away that as soon as we try to “grasp” the image and try to “understand it” and try to “interpret it” we step away from that sense of image (dream or intuition) as *tutor*.

So instead of any of that, I watched and listened and “paid attention” to what the image would “say.” I was suddenly struck by an “awareness” of the ocean’s “surface” all about me. It was more than that simultaneously, there was an awareness of the vast “underneath.” That was the “language” that was presented. It’s hard to say what the next thing was that happened but it amounted to the idea or awareness that I was traveling on “the face of the underneath.” I was startled by “hearing” these words, if hearing it was. When a dream or intuition comes to the “surface” we are staring, as it were, into the “face of the underneath.” We are face to face with something “other.” Some of these things that surface will of course come from “just beneath,” while others will come from vast depths and present us with utter strangeness, just as happens when we see creatures from the deep ocean that are nearly incomprehensible. It’s in that “face to face” where we would be better off to think of ourselves not as masters but as students in need of tutoring.

PM: I love your notion of being “under the tutelage of intuition,” of being “tutored by the image.” Sounds like a simple idea, doesn’t it? But in fact it’s quite profound. And in the context of contemporary orthodoxy, i.e., the modern mind-set, I would even say it’s *revolutionary*.

There is still a widespread commitment to hard-headed realism, to debunking “myths,” to a strict avoidance of fanciful thinking. In such a climate,

to become a follower of intuition and the spontaneities of the imagination, is to subvert the conventional power attitudes that have been so highly prized. In 1875, the English poet William Henley was able to write heroically: “I am the master of my fate: I am the captain of my soul.” In the context of those times, the words expressed a sentiment appropriate to the British Empire, perhaps. But your vision expresses a different sentiment, where “mastery” has little to do with mastery *over* one’s soul; it is rather a question of becoming a master *in service to* the soul.

One crucial detail: Such service, in order to be genuine, must be willing to proceed in the face of the unknown. This is what you sought, of course, in your etymological reverie. What began with a consideration of the word “intuition,” ended with your floating over the face of the “vast underneath.” Such a word-voyage into imaginal waters is in itself a colorful example of what Keats meant by “Negative Capability.”

Staying with poetic ambiguities, opening to dreams, seeing the world as a subject with a voice, attending to synchronicities, following intuition: In these and many other ways we unwind at least some of the “mental sclerosis,” the hardened attitudes with which we have become afflicted over the past few centuries—in heart, mind and imagination.

A short poem by E. E. Cummings speaks to the restorative attitude you demonstrate in your work-play with words:

Audience to poet: “You know what you’re doing, don’t you?”

Poet to audience: “Excuse me, I do what I’m knowing.”

RL. One can ask why this is so difficult. Is it because we have lost the natural playfulness of childhood?

(Continued on page 40)

Dream Related Poetry

The Return

I sit in a huge auditorium
behind my father.
I see his ears and study the neck,
the folds there,
like creatures of earth,
I watch the grey hair soften
in the still air.
In front of him is his father,
more fathers, stretching
down in a single row.
My father's eyes fold back into
his head and look on mine.
They stare into me past his brain,
through all the flesh he has managed
and managed to grow for years.
There are eyes staring into him,
eyes staring up
from the dark of the hall.
And the hair is grey,
all the hair is dying,
the eyes say climb down
over the seats, into your father.
All the fathers calling their sons
climb down
into the hair, save the dying hair,
smooth the creased earth,
kiss the neck.
I stand and don't think.
I touch the father in front of me,
he touches a father,
I climb down over the seat.
The hall stirs with all the light
that has gone.
From behind something is rising,
my eyes roll back,
I open my mouth and open my mouth,
like a mouth yawning and never closing.

Dennis Saleh

Dreaming Humanity's Path

Journey Into The Depths:

Learning to Love Yourself

Part I~Departure

Brilliant blue day, ocean reflects sky
And I swim with joy,
Almost fly.... across the waves.
Suddenly, I realize
I am surrounded by whales.... Seven!
Gliding counter-clockwise
We are a kaleidoscope.... a Mandala.

Part II~Descent

Their circular dancing creates a whirlpool
And I, at the center (fooled!)
Am spinning down.... down.... down....
FEAR! I cannot hold my breath!
Certain to drown
Down.... down.... down....
I'll meet my death!

Part III ~ The Gift

Then, finding myself on the ocean floor,
Softer and warmer than a feather bed,
There is breath.... osmosis
It was a door.... Valhalla!
A circular shaft of light
Warms me from the whales' circling height.
Once I get past the fear
I find it safe down here.

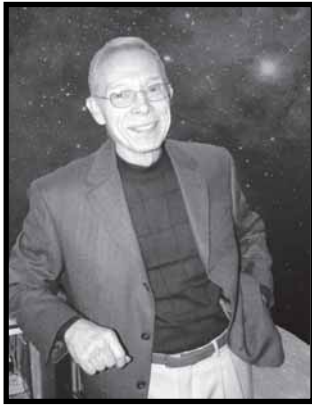
Part IV ~ The Return

On a long narrow pier, walking back to the Earth
Dolphins come to greet my new state of birth
Smiling, they stand erect near the pier
Back to back, so my hands
Can caress them all the way to the land.

*"All descents provide entry into different levels of consciousness and can enhance life creatively.
All of them imply suffering. All of them can serve as initiations.
Meditation, dreaming and active imagination are modes of descent."*

Brinton Perera, Sylvia

Dreaming the Light of Insight



Arthur Stroock, Ph. D.

Walking Backward to Move Forward

MY FRIEND ANNE MARIE told me a story about how she insisted that her five children walk to and from school backwards for a day. One of her children was small and could not do it alone, so she walked backwards with him. She stated that her purpose was to have her children alter the perspective they had of their lives, hopefully for the better. She hoped that they would see and gain more appreciation for what was around them. She wanted them to appreciate the town in which they lived. She wanted them to see the natural beauty that surrounded them, things that they had been taking for granted. My friend had in effect asked her children to move backward into the future. The story reminded me that the theme for this issue of *Dream Network* was to be "Back to the Future, Premonitions in Dreams", and alerted me of the need to write an article for my column.

Weeks later, after being quite pre-occupied with building my own website, it suddenly occurred to me that I might have missed the deadline for submitting the article. A quick call to our editor confirmed that such was the case, but through an unforeseen occurrence, the deadline or "lifeline" as we call it, had been extended.

The extension allowed for more consideration of dream premonitions. I recalled that my English grandfather had "dreamt true," although I had not learned of his ability until years after his passing. My mother's explanation

suggested that my grandfather was frightened to learn of events that were to occur in the lives of people he knew. He apparently decided to stop the recall of his dreams. I wonder if, as a deeply religious man, he had considered dreams as the word of God in such a way that would have ruled out interventions that could have benefited the people about whom he dreamt. Fortunately, we are reminded by Robert Moss in the "Warning Dreams" section of his book *Dreaming True*, that we see only the *possible* future in dreams. Timely action based on dreams may change future events.

All this consideration of getting dream glimpses of the future in seemingly trivial and more important ways, led me back to my dream journal and the previous night's dreams. There was a dream fragment in which I had walked up a ladder backwards. Could that dream fragment have been a gentle premonition to begin writing this article about the theme of going backward in order to go forward? I was not aware of it consciously, but at an unconscious level, such might be the case.

For some of us, the desire to see into the future is pretty strong at times. Some years ago, I had gotten a psychotherapy referral for a youngster I had seen some time before in a different setting. I very much wanted to do a good job. So, I requested to meet with the youngster in a dream in order to be given information that would help.

The result was the following dream:

I am applying for a job. I make a telephone call to the place to talk to a man. I ask about insurance and if it's available even before I've been hired or have the interview. It seems like I get cut off but I hold on and the man is back with some information and a telephone number to call. He says, "Oh, that's the job as an 'observer'." I have to check the listing and find that it is a job as an observer.

The telephone call in the dream represented my dream incubation attempt to get helpful information. The fact that in the dream, I was applying

for insurance even before I had the job was a reference to my unrealistic wish in waking life for a guarantee that the therapy would be successful even before I saw the client for the first interview. Nevertheless, I did get a warning in the form of the job title, "observer". I was to slow down and observe. Other dreams that night included *a person making almost spastic leg movements, and a live news program where there were little gnat like insects everywhere.*

Sure enough, I had gotten a glimpse of the future. During the first interview, my client lay down on the floor and moved his legs spastically, while describing his camping trip and how he had been bitten by ants. I sat and observed almost speechless, not knowing what to say.

Later, in a review of the day and my recent dreams, I realized I had been in so much of a hurry, that I had not taken the time to reread the dreams prior to the therapy session and had had no recollection of them during the session. While there were built in dream lessons for me, there was also a clear message that I simply needed to slow down, not the first time I'd heard that message. Possibly the incubated dreams had helped me remain speechless.

Anne Marie's dream-like activity of walking backward to get some place is definitely an experiment that's worth a try. Depending on the location, you may find yourself moving at a delightfully slower pace, while being afforded the time to reflect on and appreciate where you've been. It's surprising that walking backward has a calming effect. There is the need to glance back now and then, which in fact is glancing forward, something that sounds a bit confusing. It may be hard to tell whether you're coming or going. Whatever the case, the glances do provide a necessary balancing effect for the whole experience. The result of the experiment may be a timely reminder to stay in the present. Staying in the present could reduce the need for dream premonitions, which in turn could get us moving in the right direction for something we all wish for, a peaceful night's sleep. ∞

Kids' Dreams as Metaphor

Are We the Problem?

WHEN MIKE SPOCK CREATED THE BOSTON CHILDREN'S MUSEUM, it had been a "don't touch," dollhouse museum in Jamaica Plaine. He had the wonderful idea that kids should be allowed to touch, climb and learn by doing, because that is the way kids learn. One of the exhibits showed every-day things from a child's point of view; when you are only 2 or 3 feet tall, to mount a chair you have to climb up. To answer a phone it is big and heavy. Remember when you could walk under the dining room table, and swim in the bath tub?

We forget that grown ups are giants, with big white teeth. Sometimes they look like monsters, especially if they are bearded and angry and yelling. A big noisy uncle can grab you off your feet with swift strong arms and throw you up in the air laughing at your astonishment, he is sure that you are loving his sudden attention. But he may become the Boogie man in one of those nightmares. They can tickle you to death, long past being funny. You are supposed to laugh and love him? Give your old wrinkled Granny a hug? Even if you don't want to you do as you are told. Some grown-ups don't know when to stop until they make you cry.

Grown-ups that yell, scold, spank, hit, tell you you're lying, scare you to death with awful threats... may stop loving you. We forget a child's point of view and then wonder how our little darlings invent such frightening nightmares. In my work with kids I ask them to close their eyes and ask the monster to speak. The minute the monster is given a chance to speak, it seems to take on the mask, the words or the voice of a familiar human being they can often name.

Everette (9) said his Robot monster sounded just like his mother. He said "Neither she nor the robot, has a TURN OFF SWITCH."

Geovanie (6) said the bear in his dream chases him just like his Dad and he knows he can't ever get away in time, so terror wakes him up screaming.

Jim (10) said "the screaming machine in my nightmare sounds like Dad when he want's me to play ball and be a star, like he was... and I'm not."

Joe (12) said "the green monster that chased me all the way home is real but my Mom never believes me, because she can't see it and I can't prove that my fear is real. I just know that it is."



"Hitler-the home-wrecker"

Ozzie (6) dreamed "I am trapped in a broken rocket ship with a crazy driver and can't get out, so I'll just have to crash" (I happened to know that Ozzie's parents were alcoholics and he was indeed trapped in a home with no escape.)

Ron (11) dreamed that his best friend was better than he was at sports, so we wished him dead. But on waking Ron felt so guilty that he had killed his friend in his dream, that he could no longer face his friend.

Joan (8) dreamt "that my Dad and his new girlfriend took me out in his boat and when I fell overboard and start to drown, Dad doesn't even notice."

Kerry (10) dreamed that he is being whipped by a man who stole a car,

hit a rock and exploded. "He was just like my Gym teacher and I killed him in the dream, because he was unfair (Rage blinds us. It took Kerry quite a while to look at his rage, find out more about why he was being whipped. We ran a rehearsal that helped Kerry learn to quiet his rage so he could ask why he is being whipped, and learn to negotiate.

Children are very smart and their metaphors are very sophisticated, they just don't have the voice, the words, the power to defend themselves, so dreams are their reality.

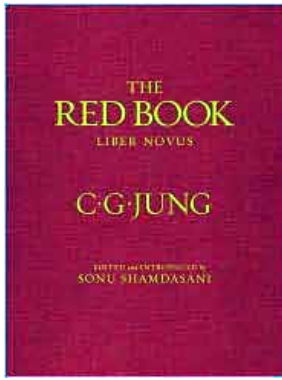
Jan (11) dreamed that "Hitler the home wrecker" invades her home. "I can kill him in the dream, but he keeps coming back." (When a child feels helpless in a dream, it is the moment to ask, "who could help you." Jan said maybe the school counselor might help.)



Hitler in jail

How can the child tell us when we are the problem? We don't listen and even if we do listen, do we change our behavior? We have all the power.

Working with kids to find solutions, helping them defend themselves and rehearse negotiation skills should be as important as the 3 RRR's . We need to conduct discussion groups at home and at school so kids have a way to air their problems before they turn into Nightmares. ∞



THE RED BOOK: JUNG'S JOURNAL

By Bob Haden,
Director of The Haden Institute

The Red Book is big. It is heavy. It is hard to hold. You have to sit with it in an armchair or at the dining room table to read it. It is filled with beautiful, mystical drawings. It is written in an ancient language. The pages, originally parchment, are bound in red leather.

The Red Book was first a series of black books, later transferred and expanded with drawings and commentary into what was first called the Liber Novus (the new book). The completed additions now have three parts: the Liber Primus, the Liber Secundus and the Liber Tertius. It is Jung's personal journal from his fallow years. All of his later work, including his post-Freud work, and, in reality, all of his major work, was gestated in these fallow years, the Red book years. In the opening words of The Red Book, Jung puts it powerfully: "The years of which I have spoken to you, when I pursued the inner images, were the most important time of my life. Everything else is to be derived from this. It began at that time, and the later details hardly matter anymore. My entire life consisted in elaborating what had burst forth from the unconscious and flooded like an enigmatic stream and threatened to break me. That was the stuff and material for more than only one life. Everything later was merely the outer classification, the scientific elaboration and the integration into life. But the

numinous beginning, which contained everything, was then." C. G. Jung 1957
Sonu Shamdasani, editor of the Red Book, says that those who read it need to live with it for at least a year. For me it will take at least three—maybe a lifetime. Jungian Analyst J. Gary Sparks says he is not sure even Jung understood it all. So, neither should we expect to understand it all. Jung did not leave instructions to release The Red Book or not to release it, but the family kept it private for 50 years, first in a kitchen cabinet and then in a Swiss Bank vault. The editors worked with it in private for 6 years. Although Jung started it in 1913, it was not published for us to see until 2009, almost 100 years after it was begun.

Carl Jung was set to become the crown prince of the Freudian world. Yet these two giants of the analytical world split in 1913. The surface reason for the break was that Freud wanted Jung to adhere to the theory that the sexual urge was at the base of all things. Jung admitted that the sexual urge was, indeed, significant, but did not present the total picture. This disagreement was the surface reason for the break, but perhaps the deeper reason was that Jung had a father complex he projected onto Freud.

I say, "Thank God Jung had a Father complex." Had not had a father complex, he might never have broken from Freud, might never have gone into the fallow years, never given us all the wisdom in volumes VI-XX of The Collected Works. And there might never have been a Red Book. Nor the Myers Briggs Typology. The 12 Steps of AA. The concept of the collective unconscious. There might never have been a deeper understanding of the dream world. So, what is The Red Book and what is in it?

Jungian Analyst Murray Stein puts it succinctly: "The Red Book is a highly stylized record of a midlife man's struggle with his soul." It does have the feel and look of The Irish Celtic Book of Kells. It is highly stylized with calligraphy and mystic paintings. Like most midlife sagas, it shows a

depressed man whose religion was not working for him. Much of the book is active imagination in which Jung is wrestling with his life, the Divine and his soul. He discovers an autonomous source in his active imagination that relates to him and puts him in touch with deep wisdom and with the Divine. It is a timeless document of the soul.

The year 1913 was quite a year for Jung. He was in midlife, actually 38, when this intense inner dialogue began. He made the decision to become somewhat of a hermit and purposely decided to go deeper into his unconscious. January 6th was his last letter to Freud. April 20th he resigned as President of the International Congress of Analytical Psychology. He resigned his position at the Hospital in Zurich. November 12 was the day of his first active imagination. He was now on his own doing his inner work.

In April, May, and June of 1914 he was having dreams that Europe was frozen. Everything was dead. He thought he was becoming psychotic, but in actually it was the unconscious commenting on WWI, a war that broke out in August 1914.

Jung's active imaginations are recorded in his black books from 1913 to 1930. There were several drafts of the black books. The 1914 draft contained 50% material from the black books written to date and 50% commentary. Then there was a corrected draft. In 1915, during WWI, he put it into a particular form and careful text on parchment. When the parchment did not work well, he transferred it all to a big red leather bound journal. This was the Liber Primus.

The Liber Secundus (second book) is more archetypical, imbued with fascinating pictures. This second section of the Red Book stops in mid sentence. When Jung gets interested in Alchemy, he stops writing in the Red Book. This is also when he begins his outer journey of creating stone sculptures from his dreams and visions at Bollingen, his tower retreat. So, the inner journey of The Red Book is now transferred to outer expression

In the third section of the present Red Book, Philemon appears. Jung, like Dante, realizes that reason won't carry him the whole way on his life's spiritual journey. He needs a guide to break in in a new way. This guide is Philemon. Jung allows himself to go deep into the unconscious and relate to the figures he finds there. His Red Book is full of what we now call active imagination. He meets Philemon and others in his imagination and dreams. He discovers they are autonomous aspects of himself that he cannot control. There is a beautiful image in this section of tending your own garden, your own soul. Philemon is the model of this. Jung discovers that we must welcome the irrational into our home. We must learn how to be comfortable with the irrational and make sense of it.

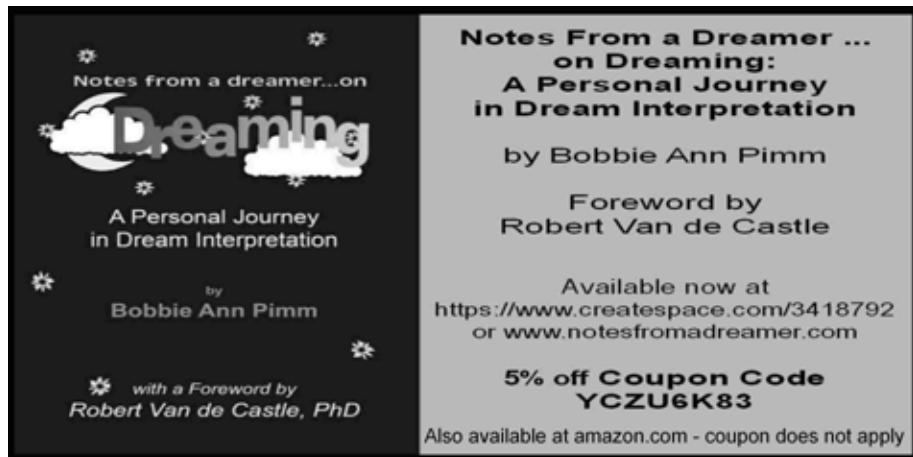
One of the most poignant parts of the Red Book is Jung's distinction between "the spirit of the times" and "the spirit of the depths." The spirit of the times corresponds to personality #1 and the spirit of the depths to personality #2 that Jung spoke of in Memories, Dream, and Reflections. This "spirit of the depths" leads him to the things of the soul. Jung says that the task of individuation is to establish a relationship with the fantasy figures and integrate them into consciousness.

So, The Red Book is, in actuality, the story of Jung's individuation.

As we get enmeshed in The Red Book it becomes evident that what each of us is called to do is to write and sketch our own Red Book.

One note of caution: the book is so impressive and Jung is so impressive, that we need to be aware of projecting godly qualities onto Jung. I love the fact that Jung himself said, "Thank God I am not a Jungian." And Jung said we are not to imitate Christ, but live out our life just as authentically and related to the Divine as Jesus lived out his life.

There is something good about waiting 50 years to publish The Red Book. Maybe the world (and we) are better prepared to receive it. ∞



Notes from a Dreamer... on Dreaming

© 2010 Bobbie Ann Pimm

Reviewer: Bambi Corso

www.notesfromadreamer.com

It always fascinates me to hear other peoples' stories about their work with dreams and Bobbie's sharing is no exception. Notes from a dreamer~on Dreaming is a personal journey in dream interpretation towards self discovery and healing through dreamwork.

Like many people, Bobbie has been in a process of self discovery for much of her life. Yet through all her years of personal development, there was something else that kept making itself known to her through her dreams, something that called for her attention which ultimately catapulted her into a deeper exploration of her own unconscious.

Notes from a dreamer~on Dreaming reads like you're having a very comfortable conversation with Bobbie about dreams and that personal feel makes for a very enjoyable and enlightening read. Bobbie uses many of her own dreams as examples to document her journey towards healing and also to share her style of dream interpretation giving the reader the sense that anyone can learn to interpret their own dreams.

Notes From a Dreamer ... on Dreaming: A Personal Journey in Dream Interpretation

by Bobbie Ann Pimm

Foreword by Robert Van de Castle

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Throughout her book, Bobbie shares many useful tips in working with your dreams, including things like dream recall techniques, keeping a dream journal, the creative influence in dreams, how to work with symbols, archetypes, people, colors, and how to take action on behalf of a dream. The book is decorated with Bobbie's personal artwork and poetry, making it visually engaging as well as verbally engaging. She also shares many dream resources that readers can access and get involved, by listing websites dedicated to the study of dreams.

Bobbie also includes a Symbol Dictionary with 76 common dream symbols to be used as a catalyst to get the reader started in working with their own imagery (though not to be used as actual interpretations).

I deeply appreciated Bobbie's passionate encouragement to readers to get to know their own dreams and imagery. Bobbie's love of the dream-time is apparent in every chapter of her book as she continually honors dreams for much of her personal growth and healing which may not have otherwise been accessed in the profound way that only dreams can provide. ∞

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DVD Review by Roberta Ossana

Drawing the Dream Awake

by Uma Markus

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I was fortunate to have been gifted with a semi-private viewing of Uma Markus' Power-Point presentation of *Drawing the Dream Awake* at the 2009 IASD conference. As she concluded, I felt the kind of glee a child experiences when being given their first cuddly teddy bear. Applause ~ Pure joy!

When Uma arrived at a time in her life where the inner calling and deep grief she was feeling could no longer be denied or avoided, she began a process that first resulted in that presentation and has now become manifest as the first of many gifts she will offer us: a booklet and DVD.

Because she has come to believe that 'Earth Dreams' are of the greatest importance—the Great Dreams—and because it was 'Earth Dreams' that demanded her attention/action—she chose to focus her courageous and first creative work on dreams in which animals appeared. She began *Drawing the Dream(s) Awake*.

Beginning with *The Cats are Waiting For Me*, and moving through subsequent dreams, her soul-inspired healing process was underway. She soon found that drawing her dreams opened her to an intuitive state that made the unsettling

animals and images easier to approach and engage in dialogue.

After drawing *Cat Attack* and other fearful creatures, she could—through her creative rules of engagement—summon their help as allies and take the plunge.

She finds herself *Diving In* and soon dreams entitled *Closeted*, *Walled In* and *Buried* appear. There... were images of dead bodies hanging, women crying, holding dead children... snakes and rats.

She Screamed herself awake!

Again, *Drawing the Dream(s) Awake* softened the stark and often painful images, associations and memories unearthed. The snake became elegant; the rat was actually tired, sad... and didn't want to be 'swept under the carpet' anymore.

Then followed a series of *Escape* and *Serpent Rising* dreams, all of which are drawn with a sensitivity and playfulness that is utterly charming and enchanting.

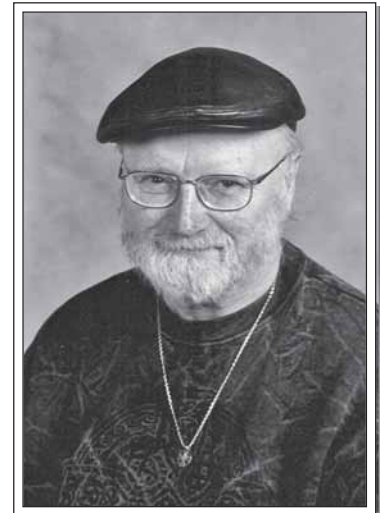
Ultimately, the *Attack* cat returned. Now, it is big, strong-looking and (still) digs its claws into Uma... but she had, by now, so befriended and embodied the cat energy and other dream images, that she knew her deepest essence had developed protective claws as well. Her courage and confidence is strengthened.

Uma plans additional creative products. I say more, more... and "Bravo." ∞

DREAMS IN THE NEWS



The MetaWorld of Art, Dreams and Imagination



by Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph.D.

BY METAWORLD, I am thinking of the habitat of "the other" that constitutes the source of what we call dreams, art, imagination. In each of us, this "other" expresses itself in unique ways from deep impelling desires to manifest what is inchoate, to the nightly dream drama we find ourselves players in but not knowing what to "do" about, to the more surface ambitions of fame and fortune that may grip our fantasy life, but mostly go unrealized. It takes an inordinate devotion of time and energy to listen to the various promptings of the MetaWorld and even more to enact the hints and intimations we see and hear coming to us from across these strange borders. The more I read Goethe and understand the full range of his "conscious participation with nature," the more I see that the so-called "real" world is to be approached in the same manner as all so-called "fantasy," whether in the form of art, dream, imagination or lunacy. What is privileged in Goethe's view is not the physical world but the participatory consciousness of "the other" that we bring to our experience

regardless of source. This is hard to do for most of us as the workaday world consumes ever more time and energy, the all-consuming images vie for our attention and allegiance, and the politico-corporate engine becomes ever more ravenous. The "ineluctable reality" of these processes (to use Susan Sontag's delicious phrase) makes it more and more difficult to "see" them as we would a dream, to be jolted "awake" by encountering the imaginal leviathan at our vitals, to experience the "breakthrough" in consciousness that truth-telling art can accomplish.

Yet, it can happen.

I had such an experience recently. While doing my usual search for "dreams in the news" topics, I came serendipitously upon the art of Laurie Lipton (www.laurielipton.com) and recognized at once the extraordinary images of a "truth-teller." In case you have not noticed, truth-telling is rather like an endangered species. I knew I wanted to correspond with her and she graciously consented to my interview questions.

RL: Laurie, tell our readers how you came to develop the extraordinary style and phenomenal technique of your drawings.

LL: I went to one of the best schools in the USA, Carnegie-Mellon University and couldn't wait to be taught how to paint like Rembrandt, Van Eyck or Memling... but conceptual abstract art was all the rage. I was told that figurative work went out in the Middle Ages and I should use "paint for paint's sake." I tried to teach myself how to paint with egg-tempera from books but failed. Then I developed a way to "paint" a drawing using tiny little lines to build up form the way that the Flemish Masters used paint. It's an insane way to draw and takes longer to do than a painting but I am able to get amazing details and depth.

RL: Perhaps it's something of that "devotion" not only to your own dream of the art you wanted to learn and make but this fabulous method that yields such stunning, powerful and arresting images. Can you describe your

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experience in arriving at the images, or how they come to you?

LL: I think in images. I thought this was normal until my mother explained to me that people usually think in words. They just come to me. They always have.

RL: This "coming to you" is what I call the "presentational psyche." I think of it as a "gift" and most particularly in the sense that Lewis Hyde has talked about in relation to the importance of "circulating" the gift, something essential to the life blood of the culture. For the "Delusion Dwellers" specifically, can you describe its origin, and where along the way did you name it?

LL: I was doing a show called WEAPONS OF MASS DELUSIONS and one of the "mass delusions" I saw/felt were movies & religion... people following like sheep to the slaughter and consuming all that the media and the people in power feed them. This image is intentionally vague. Are they in a church? A movie theatre? Is the light behind or before them? You decide.

RL: Yes, I love this "vagueness." It seems to me an exquisite example of Keats' "negative capability," that capability of being in uncertainties, mysteries or doubts without any irritable reaching after fact or reason. Such art reaches deep, like dreams. Do dreams ever play a part, either as source of or as reactions to your work?

LL: No. That is why I don't like it when people lump me with the Surrealists. They use dream imagery. I am using symbolism intentionally to tell a story. My work is more like a narrative without words. Of course there is an element of spontaneity in the pieces but basically I am using associative metaphors, like a writer, to express myself.

RL: Yes, I understand. Nor can your art be considered "escapist." If I may say so, your art is very much "in your face" art. By this I mean you don't want the viewer just to feel something,

or just to appreciate your enormous talent and creativity. Your images seem to me to want us "to do" something. What is your imagination on this, Laurie?

LL: I didn't plan which direction my art would take or where I wanted it to go. It has just grown with me from childhood. I try to step aside and let it be. I don't want the viewer to "do" anything. I feel the need to create these things. If you see something about your life or yourself in my work, that's a lovely bonus for me.

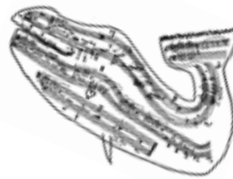
RL: Not only do I see things in my life, or my work, but I experience in your work much about the state of the world. There is precious little comfort in your images, except for the knowledge that we are witnessing a "truth-teller" at work, cracking, if you will, our egg of complacency. I'm wondering if you have encountered any hostility to your work? Our world makes no easy place for truth-tellers.

LL: You make me sound like a dour voice of doom or a demon egg cracker! There is a lot of humor in my imagery. I laugh a lot... at myself and life. People always come up to me and rave about the drawings and tell me they've never seen anything like them. You can't tell in a book or on a computer screen the scale or amount of work & detail that goes into them. They're quite astounding in the flesh... even if I do say so myself. I guess the people with negative opinions about my imagery either don't have the courage to come & tell me to my face, or are so blown away by the actual pieces that they keep shtumb.

RL: I can see the humor too and how important that is. Actually, I can't wait to see your work in person. I can well imagine if someone is struck shtumb (talk about delicious words!), it is not so much because of "negative opinions," but because your work is burrowing deep and they are rendered speechless. Thank you, Laurie, for your comments. ∞

MGM: A Whale of a Lesson in Precognitive Dreaming

by Janice Baylis, Ph. D.



THIS PERSONAL STORY is my own all-time-favorite precognitive dream. I'm including it because it is such a great example of dream future scanning. At the end a person is symbolized by a reversal.

It is my favorite because of the great amount of detail, which I had no way of knowing at the time of the dream, yet was easily decoded as the events transpired. At the time I had the dream I told it to two fellow teachers. I was able to identify the area of my life to which it referred. I had and recorded the dream in March 1974 but the events did not begin to transpire until August, 1974.

At the time of the dream, I was working as a reading specialist at Fremont Elementary in Santa Ana, CA. Our school was designated as "disadvantaged" and, therefore, it was selected to receive extra Aid to Education Funds. A committee of teachers formed to decide how to allot the monies. One of the programs decided on was a part-time, half-day teacher for the Mentally Gifted Minors (MGM) program. Until then their only extra schooling had been to come in early and work in the library.

As soon as I heard about the plan I went to the principal and told him that if possible I wanted that assignment. He said that I was the first to ask, I was well qualified and if the program became a reality, starting in September I could have the job. That night I had this dream:

It's Slated for You, Don't Worry

I was teaching a small class of students, 15 or so. My oldest son was one of the students. Another one I recognized was a black girl, currently one of my reading students from Ms. E.'s homeroom.

We were working on 'Weekly Readers,' the elementary level of a student newspaper. I'd had the children put them in folders of clear plastic, which we teachers call magic slates. This way they can mark their answers with crayon and later rub it off so another group of students can use the same set of newspapers.

The little black girl had taken hers out of the magic slate and marked on the paper. I went over and had her erase that mark and put the paper back into the magic slate.

Then I was preparing to take the class on a field trip. There was one of the school's large green trash barrels in the room. The boys and girls were putting their lunches into a fishnet suspended inside the trash barrel to take on our trip. I knew there was a man standing behind me. He was going on the trip with us to help handle the kids. I didn't see who it was.

When I recorded the dream, I understood this much of the meaning right away: The son in the dream had been given an IQ test and parts of his score were very high, in the gifted range. He also had suffered some neurological damage at birth, which caused some learning difficulties. He would be classified as a disadvantaged, gifted student. The black girl from Ms. E's class I took to represent a minor(ity). So, I had a class of Mentally Gifted Minors (MGM) slated for me. Field trips are a vital part of any MGM program. That was as far as I got with the interpretation but it was far enough for me. I knew I was slated to teach that program.

In June, when school was closing, the

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matter hadn't been settled but the principal assured me that if it was approved, I had the job. I was busy and gave no thought to what kind of program I would create for these special kids. Time enough for that in August.

In August I received a call from the principal. Yes, the program had been approved. However, the black woman who had been a student teacher in Ms. E's room last spring also wanted the position. Her husband had been in an accident and teaching half-time would be easier for them. The principal left it up to me. I said she could have the assignment. Still, I wondered about that dream.

When school started in September, the Reading Department—that included me—and the English as a Second Language department were having a serious difference of opinion about which reading series to use to teach beginning reading to our many ESL (English as a Second Language) students. I was instrumental in settling the issue in favor of the series preferred by the district Reading Department. This was an important issue and I took that as the reason I didn't get the MGM class.

Meanwhile, the woman who had taken the MGM class turned up pregnant. She left the position and by November I had the MGM class! Her mark on it was erased. It was in the slate for me.

Now I was faced with planning a really special program to challenge these gifted students. Some of the extra funds had been used to purchase a video camera for the school, a new item in 1974. I thought these students could make a video program to which whole school could share in and relate.

We decided to start with an interview news program. The class would interview the key school personnel, e.g., principal, nurse, secretary, custodians, teachers, students and parents on video. We would learn

about their thoughts, reactions, and memories one year after THE BIG EVENT of Fremont School's history.

That BIG EVENT had been a flood in December the previous year. Three-quarters of the students were sent back to our old dilapidated classrooms for several weeks. Those of us who stayed in the new building were frequently nauseated from the smell of wet carpet padding. The MGM students thought it would make interesting interview material. I feel this had been symbolized by the dream class working on "Weekly Reader Newspapers."

One problem, however, was that I didn't know how to use the video camera. Our school librarian was in charge of the camera. She suggested that I check with Charlie, the night custodian. She said he'd been investigating the video camera on his midnight lunch breaks. Good ole' Charlie to back me up. He agreed to stay after his shift in the morning and actively work with the older students and me on the video interview project. He was terrific. Charlie must have been the helper-man symbolized in the dream by his big green trash barrel. This is one of those, related object equals a person, associations, a reversal.

The younger first and second graders worked on a different program. We studied whales. In February, for our field trip we took a whale watching boat out of Newport Beach to observe whales migrating from Alaska to Mexico. Seems there was something fishy about how the dream-mind had netted so much precognitive detail. All this is a matter of record. I told the dream to the librarian and the other reading teacher when I had it in March. That was long before I had any idea of what program I would teach if I got the MGM assignment.∞

This article is published in Dr. Baylis' book, Sex, Symbols and Dreams, pgs. 80-82.



The Project X Search for the Secrets of Immortality: Mysteries of Ancient Greece, Part 4

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 Cosology. (For more information, visit www.jamilian.org or contact the Jamilian University: tel.: 775-786-7432 or e-mail: info@projectx.org.)

FROM MAY 20 TO JUNE 3, 2009, 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 the trip, three of which dealt with Asclepius and dream incubation techniques. Part 4, the final part of my report, tells the story of our journey to Greece, the impetus behind it, and its results.

The story begins with a dream. The trip to Greece was actually conceived through a dream that Savoy had of his father, Gene Savoy Sr., who had created the Project (X) Program and headed it for decades. This is how he described the dream of his father in one of the recent Project (X) lectures that discusses dream techniques: I remember going to sleep and trying to envision gems... I wasn't thinking of him. I was envisioning these gems and I had a dream. It was the first time I had dreamed of my father since he passed away. *He was there laughing, but he didn't speak. He was laughing, and I could see the sparkle in his eyes. He was doing something with his hands,* and I woke up. I kind of lifted myself out of bed and the first thought that came to me was Greece." With this dream, he received the drive to take up and continue anew Project (X) field studies, beginning with the trip to Greece, and to create the next volume in the Project (X) Solar Cultures series : The Solar Teachings of Greece and the Mediterranean.

Months before we made the trip, we designed a brochure to announce it to the general public. The brochure emphasized our intention to visit the

ancient sites of the Oracles at Delphi and Dodona, the Mystery School of Plato outside Athens, the Healing Center at Epidauros, and other Sanctuaries. One of the brochures reached a longtime member of Project X who had not been active for a number of years, Stephen Godlewski. For the past ten years, Stephen had been working with the Asclepiad Order, monitoring world events that may relate to the work of the order and encouraging interaction with other organizations. As part of his regular report in March 2009, Steve sent the Project X tour brochure on the Greece trip to Dr. David F. DeLoera, the international head of the Ancient Hermetic Order of Asclepiads. "We have seen many such tours over the course of the past twenty years," Dr. DeLoera reported to us. "Most were little more than a tourist-level run through the ruins. But not so the Project X tour to Epidauros and the Asklepeion healing sites. We were very impressed at the motivation which stands behind this Pilgrimage, which was more like that of some ancient Pilgrim on their way to the Healing Shrines of Asclepius more than two thousand years ago. The Search for the Secrets of Immortality is without a doubt one of the most noble and courageous metaphysical quests that I have seen since I began my own such quest so many years ago. To make the sacrifice and spend the time and the money to retrace almost exactly the same steps as did those many thousands of pilgrims over the centuries, to see and understand what this Asclepiad concept of dream healing really is, that must be encouraged and eagerly acknowledged."

With our journey to begin just two months later, Dr. DeLoera attempted to introduce us to individuals involved in the dream healing community in Greece, members of the Asclepiads as well as other associates. Contacts were made. Some were unresponsive. Of those who responded, two were outstanding. One is Roberta Ossana,

the editor of *Dream Network* Journal in the United States. Of her and the *Dream Network* Journal, Dr. DeLoera had this to say: "*Dream Network Journal* is the obvious and logical outlet for the dream healing therapies of the Asclepiad... Roberta Ossana has been a loyal ally over these many years, and we all of us owe her a profound debt of gratitude. There is nothing else quite like this magazine in the world."

By way of Dr. DeLoera's introduction of us to Roberta, we were able to place an advertisement for our tour just prior to our leaving for Greece and we were able to arrange with her to publish a report on our trip as well as synopses of the lectures we delivered there that we felt were pertinent to the magazine. Upon seeing the advertisement for our trip to Greece on the back cover of the Spring 2009 issue of *Dream Network*, Dr. DeLoera welcomed our project by letter, calling it "a tremendous infusion of energy and hope for the entire Asclepiad network" and saying "we will forever be indebted to your organization for this tremendous affirmation of more than 20 years of hard work and sacrifice. Also, when you are actually there in Epidauros and the ruined stones of the Buildings seem to imply that all of the Asclepiad Healing miracles were long ago, please remember that we Asclepiads are still here. We abide despite time and place."

The other outstanding person Dr. DeLoera put us in contact with was Ilias Katsiampas, who is the person responsible for the neo-Pythagorean community in Trikala, Greece, one of the three established in Greece over the past forty years by Master Teacher Nikolaos A. Margioris (1913-1993). Just days before leaving for Greece, we were able to contact him. Katsiampas gave us a welcoming response and made plans with us to meet at a hotel on our itinerary near his home town of Trikala. Our exchange during our meeting in Kalambaka was friendly and brought

up the many commonalities between the doctrines and disciplines of the new Pythagorean community, or "Omakios," headed by Katsiampas in Trikala and those of Project X and The Cosolargy Institute, as well as possibilities for collaboration between the two organizations. Like everyone else in this day and age, Ilias came to us through our old website, Dr. DeLoera told us. He translated our Blue Book into Greek, and we had hoped to be able to help him get some of his mentor's books translated into good English. So when Project X went to Greece it was only logical that we would help set up a meeting. He is a great friend and an ally and I hope we are able to get the books translated. There is much of real value there that we need to learn. We continue to correspond with Katsiampas regularly and hope to collaborate with him to bring to the English-speaking world the first translations of the works of Mr. Margioris that deal specifically with the healing practices at the ancient asclepeia and amphiareia, where dream healing was developed into a sacred art over the centuries.

During most of our tour through the ancient sanctuaries, we were led by archeologist and art historian Peggy Oliopoulou, who acted as our tour guide. We later learned that she had not simply been assigned to our group by our tour agency but had specifically chosen to lead our group because she was attracted by our unusual itinerary, which included Plato's Academy and Epidauros rather than the usual sight-seeing tours of modern cities; Peggy also acted as our interpreter during our meeting with Katsiampas and his contingent when they met us at our hotel in Kalambaka. During our trip, we learned that she has a marked interest in ancient Greek philosophy and metaphysics. Now also our friend, she has accepted our request to help us conduct continued research in Greece and may perhaps help us to translate the works of Mr. Margioris into English.

Several special synchronicities developed out of our Greece tour. One was that two of the members of our field study tour—after their experience in Greece—were moved to take on special roles at our healing center in Steamboat, Nevada. Dr. Thomas Lee, NMD, APH, took on the role of director of health services at the healing center and Rita Glover, the managing partner with Dr. Lee of NaturoDoc, LLC—an online source of natural health products and consultation—became spa director. Both of these roles were waiting to be filled so that the healing center could continue to grow and develop.

Merely a coincidence?

The Healing Center & Spa at Steamboat Hot Springs, Nevada, has always been unique among spas in that it offers people a chance to experience the positive effects derived from true natural healing waters of volcanic origin. The waters contain numerous sulfate minerals as well as extremely rare minerals found nowhere else in the United States. Over the years, it has been slowly developing into what it is today, a healing center that combines hydrotherapy with color, light, massage, and other therapies to create a complete system that promotes health and healing. The spa at Steamboat is committed to searching out and incorporating the latest effective techniques and technologies to better benefit its guests in the process of rejuvenation and wellness. The Healing Center at Steamboat has become a respected and established destination with a focus on helping raise people's understanding of the integrated human being through the therapeutic art of energetic healing.

Dr. DeLoera learned of our healing center at Steamboat Hot Springs shortly after our return to the United States during a phone conversation with me. Because he found our healing center to be qualified, he showed interest in making certain that the Healing Center at Steamboat became formally certified as an



Dr. David F. DeLoera
International head of the
Ancient Hermetic Order of Asclepiads.

Asclepeion by Asclepiads International. Dr. DeLoera said that he was interested in certifying the healing center because of the level of knowledge and sincere motivation that is evident in the recent tour to the Asklepieion in Epidaurus, Greece. The Project (X) Search for the Secrets of Immortality is exactly what the Asclepiads are all about. All through the history of the Asclepiads, this is how Asklepieions were created in Rome and Pergamum and Britain. And, of course, one of the requisite requirements of an Asklepieion is that there should be a healing Oasis of either mineral water or a hot water spring such as the hot springs there in Steamboat. There has not yet been such an Oasis of healing therapy in the West. This will be the first.

The Certification of Steamboat is the designation of the Oasis as a healing hot water Spa. This is in Perpetuum Grante and will continue indefinitely, Dr. DeLoera asserted. On September 9, 2009, during the Convocation of the membership of the International Community of Christ in Northern Nevada, the Healing Center and Spa at Steamboat Hot Springs was formally awarded a certificate to recognize and declare this place a sanctuary of healing in the ancient tradition of the Asclepiad Order as an Asklepieion to be established in the manner and for the reasons of healing

all those who are sick of mind and heart, body and soul. At the same time, Head Bishop Gene Savoy Jr. was received ex-officio as an honorary member of the Hygeia-Gaia Committee, whose mission is to oversee certified Asclepieia worldwide and to provide encouragement and positive incentive to bring about the realization of a World in perfect Environmental and Ecological Harmony.

At the present time, the Healing Center offers healing therapies such as mineral baths, color baths, massage and related therapies, sound therapies, and is developing the first offering of a therapy that incorporates sound, light, color and massage: SONA therapy. There are also plans to incorporate and develop a center for dream therapy in the future, once the Healing Center is able to build an inn or great lodge that will provide a site for dream healing.

Dr. DeLoera commented on these future plans: "As Project X moves into areas of mutual interest, our Hermes Institute will be of some help. But we do hope that there will develop a reciprocal dialogue which will allow an active exchange and interaction between the two organizations. We invite those interested persons who may perhaps envision themselves as Asclepiads to consider the future of both our Order and the future of the Steamboat Asklepieion."

My immediate plan for the future is to help begin translating those works of Nikolaos Margioris that bear directly on dream healing and healing modalities related to the healing practices of the ancient Greek Asclepieia and amphiareia. For this, we hope to enlist the aid of the readers of *Dream Network* to help us cover the cost of commissioning a Greek translator to work in collaboration with members of the Omakios in Trikala, Peggy Oliopoulou, and with our editing staff, to produce good English translations of these works, which will be published first in *Dream Network* magazine. But more about this in the future. . . . ∞



Big Dreams in Small Packages

©2010 by Marlene King, M.A.
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S MALL DREAMS MIGHT CONTAIN SEEDS OF A "BIG" DREAM when layers are peeled away from seemingly simple dream material. Carl Jung described them as archetypal and likely to have a numinous quality and appear at important junctures in a person's life.¹

The following dream was submitted by a dreamer who was haunted by its content, and wanted to take a closer look:

I am surrounded by a bunch of people who want to pull up and eat the plant I'm cultivating. I try to convince them it's not ready and unwrap a sheathe around the end of an asparagus spear, still white in its protective bark-like covering - barely starting to green. I wrap it back up and put it into the earth.

~N.G. Gresham, OR

When I asked the dreamer why he thought he had this dream now, he said he had it on Good Friday; that the death and resurrection (Easter) of Jesus had profound significance in his life and he thought it might have something to do with his deep-seated faith.

This dream is full of rich symbolism—the earth, asparagus, spear, white and green, food, strangers and elements of alchemy—which is transformation of a plant as it matures. Significantly, the role of the dreamer was to prove he could wait for his "good" and nurturance by

letting the growth process happen - by not pulling it up too soon, he would indeed be fed when it was ripe. However, his doubters (the naysayer 'strangers' parts of himself) wanted immediate sustenance; he had to show them that it wasn't "ready" to consume and replanted it in the earth. It is in the darkness where the 'magic' of life and incubation happens—in the *negrado*; the plant was in a bark-like wrap—so was insulated and protected from harm.

Why "asparagus"? I suggested it could be associated with the ceremony of "Asperges," which is the rite of purification whereby holy water is sprinkled on the altar in a Catholic ritual with the aspergillum (or brush used by the priest to expel evil). The aspergillum has become a tool to exorcise demons and is an attribute of St. Benedict and St. Martha. So could this be a dream pun and connected to the dreamer nurturing a tool to protect him from his darker self?² Additionally, in ancient Roman times a laurel twig was used as an aspergillum in sacrificial rites.³ Perhaps the dreamer had to bury something he sacrificed.

Asparagus is a perennial vegetable whose shoots are harvested as traditional fare for Spring or Easter dinners. Thus, the choice of this plant has another layer tied to the time of year it emerged. Its whiteness can signify "success" and purification; green may mean growth and abundance - reinforcing the concepts of

Asperges and the earth. A "spear" of asparagus could be associated with the spear that pierced Christ's side as he was on the cross, if keeping with the Christian theme of this dream. Or it could be a phallus.

The earth is the archetype of creativity and sustenance. The insistence of the dreamer to return the plant to the earth where it could be transformed and grow, demonstrates that this dreamer draws upon his wisdom for self-preservation and ignores those who would nag him into believing differently.

In order to assimilate the layers of archetypal information in this dream, I suggested the dreamer process it in several ways. If he was in second stage of life (past 40), treat it as an individuation dream; i.e., what could he embody from the dream if all its parts were parts of himself? What feels comfortable and what doesn't? Re-enter dream and imagine harvesting the asparagus and experiencing nourishment and satiation. If the dream was about purification, abundance and creativity, how could he nurture those aspects within himself?

The "small" dream has hidden treasures - look inside yours and see what you find. ∞

1 Mattoon, Mary Ann. *Understanding Dreams*, 1984, pp-66-67.

2 Ferguson, George. *Signs & Symbols in Christian Art*, 1989, p. 162.

3 Hall, James. *Dictionary of Subjects & Symbols in Art*, 1974, p. 34.



"The Wanderer" by San Merideth



Do Others Dream in Our Behalf?

How My Power Animal Wandered In

by San Merideth

A POWER ANIMAL. I longed for one. Here in Santa Fe, New Mexico, people discuss such things casually in the checkout line at the supermarket:

"How's work?"

"Man, it's been rough. Tax time you know. The Lioness has been coming around though. She's in my corner."

"You got that right! I'd have never made it through the holidays without River Otter. She kept me going with the flow."

I could use one of those, I thought, for breaking up the stagnation that was my life. Or a bear, for strength. Or an eagle, for sharpening my perceptions. Or maybe even a hummingbird, for flying backwards in time. I had a uterine fibroid the size of a grapefruit and it was sucking my life dry. I'd bled nonstop for almost two years. I was anemic and exhausted and had spent a fortune on feminine hygiene products. I spent vast stretches of time in meditation, inviting in my power animal. Koala, come to me from Down Under. Show me the way to climb over my obstacles. Prairie dog, take me to what is below the surface of things. Deer, teach me to approach life with grace and alertness, to blend in a little better.

No such luck. No animal would reveal itself, or its wisdom, to me. OK, so once I did encounter a young coyote

on my morning walk. He'd just emerged from a juniper grove and was crossing Avenida Compadres very politely, staying within the lines of the pedestrian crosswalk. I was jaywalking, crossing from the opposite side in a slipshod, diagonal fashion. Our eyes met. I instinctively began talking in my best singsong coyote babytalk—"What are you doing here, you little trickster you? Don't tell me! You're my power animal? What's your name anyway?" He stepped a bit out of the crosswalk on the side opposite me, then stood very still, and looked nervously over his left shoulder. I read his mind: Jeez, I hope my peers aren't seeing this. I never saw that lady in my life. Honest.

Then there was the time a tiny garden snake emerged from under the bathroom door, slithered its way along my bedroom wall, then crawled under the closet door. WOW. The Snake, harbinger of transformation. "BRING IT ON, Snake!" The snake crawled back out from under the closet door and headed for the door to the outside balcony. Curb your enthusiasm was the message. We just didn't hit it off. Another strikeout. I gave up. Go to hell, animal kingdom!

And almost as quickly as I gave up trying to ensnare a power animal in my mind's clever traps, one just wandered in. The beaver. I never had imagined a large rodent would represent my strength, my quality of

character, my power. Rodents give me the willies. Maybe that's why I needed one.

Did the beaver come to me in a vision? Well, in a once-removed manner. What happened is I'd been to a workshop led by a Native American friend of mine. In the workshop we were supposed to enter a light trance and go back in time and talk to our illness or stress or problem. Have disease, will travel. Somehow I wound up in my first San Francisco apartment, but my illness didn't seem to be around. Then my friend said, "Well, maybe you'll dream something tonight."

Did I dream something? Not that I could recall the next morning. I did recall, however, waking up in the middle of the night. A rare occurrence. I am a very deep sleeper. I sleep through dogs barking—right there in the bedroom. I sleep through sirens and smoke alarms. Once I almost slept through a hotel fire. But that night I woke up in the middle of the night. And my husband was talking to me. He was speaking in that sweet, kind of private tone he reserves for me in tender moments. What he said was, "You are a beaver."

Unbridled sex talk, I couldn't help thinking.

But he continued. "You can build your house on the river and live right on the river." Then he was quiet. And I fell back to sleep.

Next morning over French roast I said, "Wow, that was something. You really think I can build my house and live on the river? Like a beaver?"

"Huh?"

"Last night you said, 'You are a beaver. You can build your house on the river and live right on the river.' "

"I did not!"

"Yes, you did. You said I'm a beaver."

"You were dreaming, baby."

"No, I wasn't dreaming. Maybe you were. You were sleeptalking."

Then, a few nights after that I woke up again. This time he was saying, "You're about to turn into a beaver and fly off on your magic carpet."

Again, I fell asleep immediately.

Still later, Bennie and I were taking a walk in the early morning. We were approaching the crosswalk where I'd met the young coyote. "I had this really weird dream," he said.

"Yeah?"

"You and I were in that old VW Golf."

"So it was more than ten years ago. Right?"

"No, it was the present, but for some reason we were in the Golf. You and I were in the backseat. The kids were in the front. Flannery was driving. The car was stopped, and these beavers kept trying to get in the car. The kids and I had the windows down. We were fending them off."

"Why? Were they angry beavers? Were they armed with machetes? Were they baring their teeth?"

"Beavers always bare their teeth."

"True."

"But no, they didn't seem dangerous. We just didn't want those beavers in the car."

He had a point at that. Who would want beavers gnawing at their instrument panel?

I asked, "So what was I doing all this time?"

"You just sat there passively. You had this little smile even. It's a wonder you didn't fling your door open and start buckling one into the extra seatbelt."

This was getting weird. I of course began to delve into the topics of "beaver power animals" and "beaver medicine." I learned that the beaver is in fact a noble creature to have on your side, buckled right into the seatbelt, ready to travel. Beavers have transformational powers and in the way that really counts. They work very hard. They build. And when thoughtless vandals destroy what they've built, they build it again. Probably most importantly, they work as a team. So doesn't it all fit now? The beaver used my longtime, loyal, unwitting husband as the instrument of communication.

Beaver medicine entered my life at a time just as my struggle with illness was coming to a close. Thanks to some minor surgery and several units of O negative, I no longer resembled Morticia Addams. I could climb the stairs to the bedroom without collapsing on the bed and watching for garden snakes to emerge from under the bathroom door. My energy was returning, but I was out of practice in life. I didn't know what to do with this newfound energy. The beaver came to me and said, "You've suffered. You've been torn down. Build your house. Live on the river. Fly off on your magic carpet. Then come back to earth and make art about your journey. Your creations will sometimes be torn down. Your dreams will suffer. You will suffer. That's life. Build again. Right on the river. Don't hide in the trees for fear of having your creation destroyed, for fear of its not being solid enough. Use those trees to build. And NEVER forget the rest of the

team. They're building right beside you." Maybe those weren't his exact words, but I'd heard him loud and clear. That's why I had that little smile in my husband's dream. In the dreamworld I had begun to invite the power of the beaver in. I just hadn't realized it.

That was less than four years ago, but it feels like a lifetime. Who knows? Maybe it has been. Maybe that dream was so powerful, it healed a lifetime of insecurity. Although I'd started painting the year before, after the beaver's message, I felt confident in flying off on the magic carpet of my imagination, disappearing into my own paintings, then returning to be egged on by my family. I have had the sublime pleasure of sending my paintings to collectors from D.C. to Los Angeles to Argyle, Texas. I also began remembering my own dreams, which are sometimes precognitive, and often reassuring. Mine is a life that allows me to disappear with frequency. In waking life, I vanish into the painted surfaces of canvas. By night, I vanish into my dreams. I wander between the two worlds. I love them both. It's a good life. ∞



San Merideth has been an art dealer for 25 years. She lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where she owns Convergence Gallery with her husband Bennie. Her paintings reside in one hundred private and corporate collections nationwide and her poetry has been published in numerous literary journals.

Contact Ms. San Merideth by email sanmerideth@comcast.net

We don't teach children to imagine or even to learn that most complex thing we call language. Children are naturally under the tutelage of intuition and imagination and dreams —*until we teach them otherwise.*

In our education system we mainly unlearn our children from some of the most crucial things of all. This is a terrible misfortune and I only hope it can be remedied before all semblance of connection to the rhizome we come with is washed away. I want to be optimistic. But in relation to this the words of that old Peter Yarrow song, "Greenwood" that Peter, Paul and Mary used to sing, keep haunting me:

*If we don't stop there'll come a
time when women*

*With barren wombs will bitterly
rejoice*

*With breasts that dry and never
fill with promise*

*Gladly they'll not suckle one
more life*

*Is this then the whimper and
the ending?*

*The impotence of people raised
on fear*

*A fear that blinds the sense of
common oneness*

*Common love and life or death
are here*

*If we do these things in the
greenwood.*

What will happen in the dry?

It was Nietzsche I think who put his finger on the key idea: That for most people, *any* explanation is better than none. This drive, he said, is conditioned and excited by fear. It is that *fear* in one version or another, the fear of the unknown, of uncertainty, of ambiguity, all those things young Keats was referring to in his notion of negative capability: that fear is at the root that leads us astray from the roots we need. In 1933, a time not

unlike our own, Franklin Roosevelt said, ". . . the only thing we have to fear is fear itself." He was referring to the economic times, but the idea is much more pervasive and is not limited to bad times. We are equally misled by the fear of the unknown, really the fear of the future, at all times—it is just that sometimes we don't notice it as much but its cost is always dear. That question, "What will happen in the dry," is at the root of your concern for the tree you spoke of earlier. I fear the tree is us.

PM: Yes, it's true: The tree is us. And I like the way you constructed that sentence, placing the tree in first position, *then* us, as if to say: "We grow out of the tree." The Tree symbolizes a fundamental, *a priori* condition of our lives, which is why it played a central role in the Garden of Eden story, that fantasy of mythic origins. But the image of the sacred tree was already ancient by the time the Book of Genesis was written, having figured prominently on many Mesopotamian cylinder seals—stone or fired-clay cylinders with figures carefully carved into them.



[Mesopotamian cylinder seal, ca. 2200 B.C.E., shows a couple facing a sacred tree, reaching for fruit, flanked by two serpents.]

When rolled onto a slab of fresh clay, the cylinder left impressions of the carved figures—often showing the goddess surrounded by trees and animals. We didn't exactly lose those mythic images when the Bible was written, but we did alter the valence of the images themselves and what they refer to, downgrading and

demonizing the earthy goddess and natural life—the old values—in favor of a distant sky god and a more mental, etherialized conception of spirit and divinity.

The examples you cite above underscore the importance of your image of the *rhizome*, a mysterious, underlying structure and process—as much *psyche* as *physis*, for all we know—in whose life we all participate, and out of which we grow. Rhizome, root and tree, of course, are related symbolic metaphors. If, out of fear, we choke off the life-sustaining waters from our own depths, or sterilize the nutrients of the inner soil, what becomes of life? It dries. And if conditions don't change, sooner or later it dies. Bright sun and air alone do not avail. The moist darkness is just as important as the dry light.

Peter Yarrow's unflinching song, "Greenwood," was haunting indeed. The message was clear: "If we don't stop, we'll be sorry." It reminds me of the importance of *facing the facts*. With all the news of current and impending crises today—especially in our relations to the natural environment—many people find the temptation to look away overpowering. They would "rather not think about it." Jung's references to *conscious sacrifice*, which implies a willingness not to shrink from unpleasant facts and images, certainly apply here. Any therapy patient facing the "hot bath" of analysis knows what this feels like. The ego would prefer to sail untroubled over fearsome waters, but the deeper life—the vast underneath — calls us out of our complacency. Robert Jay Lifton spoke of the difficulty of facing the "intolerable image"—referring to the implications and consequences of nuclear weapons. A collective unwillingness to face the intolerable image results in what he calls widespread "psychic numbing." How are we to deal with the fear that hampers us if

we are psychically and emotionally *numb*?

Interesting that you placed “the children” and fear-riddled adults in the same context. If children are “naturally under the tutelage of intuition, imagination and dreams”—until we drum it out of them—their example provides one antidote for the deeply desiccating fearfulness that infects our time. Speaking of children, novelist Dorothy L. Sayers wrote an interesting variation on the Biblical saying:

“Except ye become as little children, except you can wake on your fiftieth birthday with the same forward-looking excitement and interest in life that you enjoyed when you were five, ye cannot enter the kingdom of God. One must not only die daily, but every day we must be born again.”

She could have said, “Except ye live with an awareness of the rhizome.”

Intuition easily connects these four imaginal realms—the Biblical “Kingdom of God,” your modern metaphor of the “rhizome,” the image of “little children” and the primordial symbol of “the Tree.” Not that anything is “explained” by such intuitive connections—rather, something “other” in me *sees* the overlapping parallels in those four ideas. In the psychic depths to which all these *imaginal places* refer, there is a shifting fluidity that defies final definitions. And yet the imaginal presences that finally rise to consciousness, eventually to inform a culture, “want” to be fixed... for a while at least, the way a bronze caster’s metal “wants” to be melted and poured into new molds, worked and finished. Then at some point, the metal “wants” to be melted down all over again to suit the needs of a different age. Most Greek bronzes were melted down for other uses by

the Romans; and a wedding ring today might contain at least a few molecules of Egyptian or Inca gold.

One reason for the underlying fear you refer to may be the fact that we are so deeply in need of transformation, a new dispensation. We need to fill our well-bucket to the brim with fresh images by means of which we can meet the future. In fact, the future comes to us *in the form of images*, since it has not yet assumed tangible shape. The more tightly and hysterically people cling to worn-out images out of fear, the more they block the future. Dreams of *blocked plumbing* might echo this condition.

I am aware that a discerning balance between old and new is required. In one sense, the future has to be *chosen*, just as one has to choose which old forms get tossed into the crucible for melting—transformation—and which ones get salvaged, modified or restored. It’s a harrowing enough process when carried out on an individual level. How much more harrowing it is, then, when it occurs on a global scale!

We are faced with troubling, intolerable, melancholy-inducing images on all sides, to be sure. Yet there’s a strange consolation in facing them, for, as a French philosopher once said, “Melancholy can open a secret door to the sublime.”

Throughout our dialogue you have been *demonstrating* Keats’ Negative Capability, as a way to access “the rhizome.” This experience may be simple to undertake, but it is not necessarily cheap, given the context of our time. It requires a steep tuition payment, if only in the form of the courage required to leave the safe decks and cabins of the ocean liner that is our collective vessel. One has to lower oneself, step into the small, tender craft rocking on the deep waters, and then peer into the depths. There’s no telling what will rise to the

surface to meet one’s gaze. But frankly, I’m more afraid of the consequences of *not looking* into the depths, than I am of the images that might come to light.

RL: To paraphrase Thornton Wilder, “there’s a bridge between the known and the unknown, and that bridge is *curiosity*.” Far too often, for far too many, for far too long, the bridge is fear. This fear will not “stop” the future, of course, but it will block that first of Leonardo Da Vinci’s life principles: *curiosità*. For Da Vinci this meant “seeking the truth.” When fear leads and dominates, truth-seeking is a casualty, and we become as well, victims of the failure of truth-telling at all levels. Engines of power, of whatever stripe—political, corporate, religious, institutional, or individual—count on this, and organize their structures and machinations to subvert curiosity, and deflect fear into *hope*.

Why is this?

I believe it is because curiosity inevitably leads to *action*, while hope leads to *paralysis*. (Recall Yarrow’s line, *The impotence of people raised on fear*.) Moreover, curiosity sparks the imagination, while hope tends to hunger after states already known. Etymologically, curiosity is rooted in care and cure; hope is rooted in hollow. For these reasons, I am no fan of the politics of hope, nor the attitude toward dreams as agents of fulfilling wishes. The linking of “hopes and dreams” keeps us bound only to what we *know* rather in the manner of Alice’s sister. What is needed is the spirit of Alice herself as she stepped through into the looking-glass world. To me, dreams and imagination and the art that flows from these sources, are not agents of hope, but agents of change, bearing hints and intimations of the future, of things we do not already know, but intuitively desire.

[To be continued.]

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