

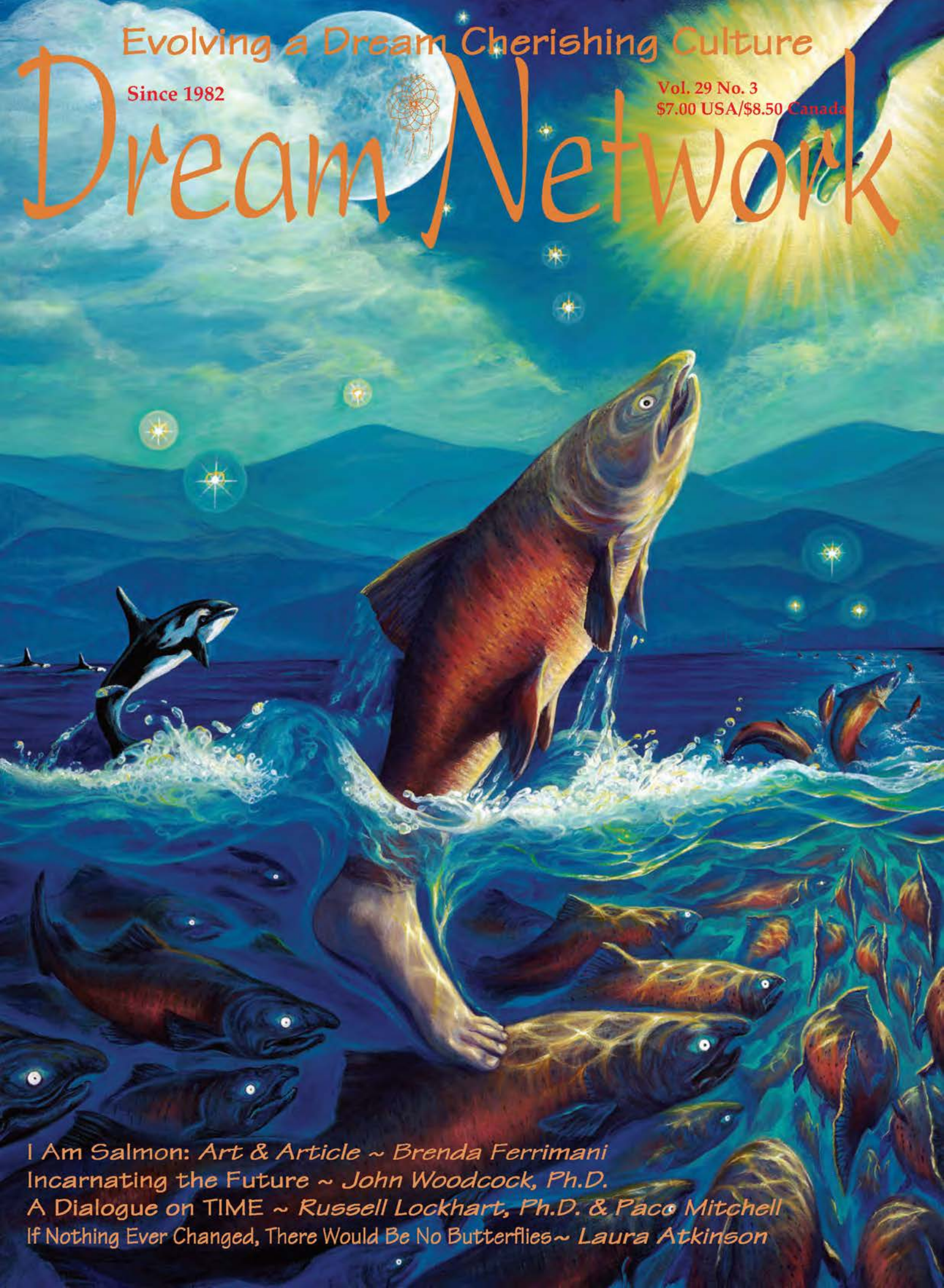
Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture

Since 1982

Vol. 29 No. 3

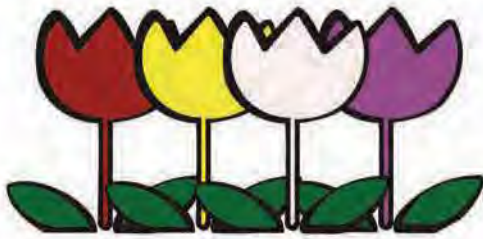
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# Dream Network



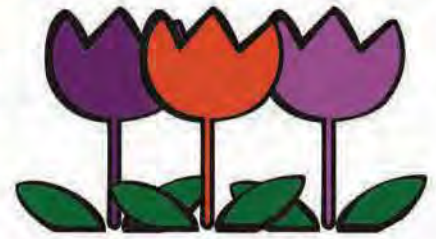
*I Am Salmon: Art & Article ~ Brenda Ferrimani  
Incarnating the Future ~ John Woodcock, Ph.D.  
A Dialogue on TIME ~ Russell Lockhart, Ph.D. & Paco Mitchell  
If Nothing Ever Changed, There Would Be No Butterflies ~ Laura Atkinson*

# THE 28TH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE STUDY OF DREAMS DREAMS AND CULTURAL DIVERSITY



Rolduc Conference Center  
Kerkrade, The Netherlands

JUNE 24-28, 2011



## Call For Presentations

**The Venue:** The conference will be held at the former monastery of Rolduc, Kerkrade, near the boundary of the Netherlands, Germany and Belgium. It may be accessed by the airports of Düsseldorf (Germany), Amsterdam and Eindhoven (the Netherlands) or Brussels (Belgium) as well as highway networks and railway infrastructure from all three countries.

**Submission Themes:** High quality proposals are invited, particularly those that explore the conference theme, **Dreams and Cultural Diversity**. We request that submissions fall into one of the following tracks: Research & Theory; Arts & Humanities; Culture, Anthropology & History; Education; Religion, Spirituality & Philosophy; Clinical Approaches; Dreamwork Practices; Extraordinary, PSI and Lucid Dreams; and Conference Theme.

While the conference is in the Netherlands there are two special themes within the conference theme track: one of them specifically Dutch and the other specifically European. A special session is dedicated to the famous Dutch psychiatrist, poet, lucid dreamer, and author on dreams Frederik van Eeden. A second theme emphasizes the visions on dreams in the philosophical tradition of Europe.

**Submission Categories include:** Paper Presentations; Symposia; Panels; Workshops; Special Events or Major Presentations; Morning Dream Groups; Hot-off-the-Press and Poster Papers

**Deadline for submissions is 30 November 2010**  
(except for Hot off the Press and Poster Sessions which is 1 March 2011)

**All Submissions Must be Made Online.**

For Instructions and the Online Form go to [www.asdreams.org/2011](http://www.asdreams.org/2011)  
For all questions regarding submissions write to [submissions2011@asdreams.org](mailto:submissions2011@asdreams.org)



*Rolduc Conference Center  
Kerkrade, The Netherlands*

The International Association for the Study of Dreams  
1672 University Avenue, Berkeley CA 94703  
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IASD is approved by the APA to sponsor continuing education for psychologists. IASD maintains responsibility for the program

# Ancestor Book Sculpture

by Star Edwards



*"I am in a mining pit of Mount Antero. It somehow looks all paved and smoothed over.*

*I sit down and right in front of me are some aquamarine crystals. I scoop them up and put them in my pack. Then I look up and see people coming through a doorway from the other side of the mountain all the way on top.*

*They are tourists and have taken a walk up here. I go up there and get in line."*

This book/sculpture is the result of this dream. I believe the dream is a result of the previous night calling on my "healed ancestors" in my bloodline to assist me in my own healing of family issues.



# Statement of Purpose

©2010  
**Dream Network**  
 ISSN #1054-6707  
**Autumn 2010 Vol. 29 #3**  
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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.

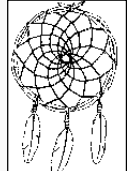
Recalling a dream is a signal that we are ready to understand the information that has been presented. Helping you to learn to understand the meaning of your dream—by journaling, studying, sharing your dreams with others one-on-one or in groups—is our primary mission and the purpose of membership in 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.

## **Dream Network**

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## **Upcoming Focus**

for WINTER ~ Vol. 29 No. 4

**What Are 'They' Trying  
to Tell Us?**

**Exploring the Symbolism  
of Crop Circles  
& Dream Experiences You  
Are Inspired to Share**

**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>



## Editorial

Since we last met in these pages, the big buzz out there about dreams was the release of the movie, *Inception*. For insight, whether you've seen the movie or not, I highly recommend Fariba Bogzaran's review (pg. 30), as well as commentary from a good number of dream researchers posted on the IASD website, [www.asdreams.org](http://www.asdreams.org). Here are some of Stanley Krippner's comments:

"Dream sharing certainly happens in the sense that people who know each other well and share life experiences may then both dream about said experiences. That does not mean that they are, in point of fact, "together" in dream space. They may well be, but we really do not know at this point. The advantage of anecdotal experiences is that they serve as a potential source of hypothesis generation. But the disadvantage of the same anecdotal cases is that they give the impression of proof, when in fact they are open to various self-report biases that psychologists have studied. Radin points to selective memory, wishful thinking, coincidence, misperception, embellishment, and mental illness to name a few."

Having only seen the movie once, I can tell you that once was not enough for me to grasp the complexity of the plot, let alone the various levels of dream-state consciousness explored in the film. What a journey! I will probably watch it several more times for clarity.

From my beginnings with *Dream Network Journal*, I've been intuitively inclined to trust and stay with my own dream-makers' wisdom, and have resisted pressure to devote more space to the 'exotic' realms of dreaming in these pages. I did decide,

however, to allow occasional space for explorations into lucid and mutual dreaming. My feeling has been that a larger number of individuals interested in learning more about their dreams would be better served with the kind of information typically provided in this publication, e.g., I had this dream. This is what I learned. This is what it meant to me. This is what I did about it. The section on "Dreaming Humanity's Path," of course, is devoted to visionary dreams that affect us all.

I also have personal reasons for my caution with regard to extraordinary dreamstates. Early in my own dreamquest, I was quite attracted to a skilled dreamer who was also a very handsome man. Shortly after meeting him, I began to have a series of dreams, over a period of two or three years. This dream-series started with images of his courting me and ended with a proposal of marriage! In both the first and the final dreams of the series, all members of our families were present as witnesses. I was certain something of great significance was bound to develop between us in waking reality.

In the midst of this intriguing dream-drama, he invited me to an actual event. That night I had a most stirring dream. I didn't realize that, in reality, we were sleeping in adjacent quarters. As we both emerged from our respective cabins at the same time the next morning, he immediately made detailed comments about the content of my dream. In effect, he knew what I had dreamed!

It wasn't until the whole series was complete (after the marriage proposal), that I realized he had—without my knowledge or permission—intentionally entered my dream-space.

From this experience, I learned how important ethical boundaries are in this most delicate area of "lucid and mutual dreaming." If someone intends to enter someone else's dream-space,

prior and mutual consent is crucial. Without it, a violation is taking place.

Overall, the experience was valuable. With his creative help, I learned a lot about not having expectations... and we remain friends to this day. But it was a very instructive lesson in the importance of precious and private space!

So we, here, primarily stay true and tuned to the dreams that spontaneously emerge and their manifestations in the form of articles, various dream-art forms, poetry, etc.

~~~~~

I've received many uplifting and complimentary comments in response to my article "*Why Was I Called?*" published in our summer issue. I thank each and every one of you. ~RO ∞

## 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](mailto:Publisher@DreamNet-work.net). Electronic/email, .pdf, .tif or .jpg files are preferred for text, ads, artwork & photos.

*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 are perpetually 'Exploring the Mystery.' Your participation & questions are warmly invited.



## Letters, Questions

### Ah, Synchronicity

You kindly sent me at least two issues of Dream Network after I wrote explaining I couldn't afford to renew my subscription. Such generous support went straight to my heart.

Recently, I qualified for and will begin receiving a federal housing subsidy, beginning September 1, easing financial stress. When the current issue of DNJ arrived, I immediately determined to show my appreciation and renew my subscription. Days later, a note from you arrived in the mail, making it easy and synchronistic to do so.

Thank you, thank you and Aloha!  
*Anonymous, HI*

p.s. I'm another big fan of the paper/print format of DNJ, by the way.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### Regarding Asclepius' Death

Here is a somewhat quick response to the Jeff Lewis' letter in Dream Network/Summer 2010:

The story of the death of Asclepius, like the story of his birth, is well-known. His manner of death is not "the most significant thing we know about Asclepius." Neither is his unusual manner of birth: caesarian section from a murdered mother. The most significant thing we know about Asclepius is the Process of healing which he taught and practiced. Lewis' recognition that Asclepius was working in opposition to Dark Powers, the old gods, of course has merit and a place in the history of mythology and perhaps even the history of religion. His detective story does not. The means by which Asclepius became recognized first as a hero, then a demi-god, then a god, took place over several centuries and has much to do with developments of human consciousness of the divine and new "versions" of the gods that were seen to be more benevolent than the old. The ancient Near Eastern process of changing men into gods in popular imagination, I am sure, has been applied to many people over the ages.

Look at Jesus. The truth is much more interesting, and more valuable, than mere speculation. However, the simple truth is also complicated to explain. So I will leave it at that.

*Robert Petrovich, Reno, NV*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### Great Review of The Red Book

I'm enjoying my way through the latest issue of DNJ, and I'm pleased to see that Bob Haden has written a very lucid review of Jung's Red Book.

*Regards, Curtiss Hoffman, Ashland, MA*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### Response to our Summer Issue

I absolutely LOVED your article in the last DNJ! The photo and quote! It was so inspiring to hear your story and thanks for encouraging us take that leap into the unknown. I also was taken by San Meredith's article--loved her spirit and style; and the Lockhart/Mitchell dialogue was particularly endearing with its etymological references and ideas of "mental sclerosis" vs "tutelage of intuition" in regards to healing our society. Simply Brilliant!

*Lorraine Grassano, San Francisco, CA*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I don't know how you all keep doing it! Another Whiz Bang Gee issue! I just realized that the front cover puts me in mind of no one so much as Rembrandt, rich with the ages and of course the back cover which is another Koff-Chapin work. And Laurie Lipton's "*Delusion Dwellers*" which accompanied Russell Lockhart's Guest Editorial, which, in turn, was powerful. The line "Hope is what keeps us chained to the system" is a humdinger! Paco Mitchell's "*Born Posthumously*" is magnificent.

I was so glad to see some of Roberta Ossana's lineage in "*Why Was I Called?*" What a brave task she undertook, & what fruitful results! A real encouragement to "listen, to follow your dreams, to be attentive to the signs along the way, to take the leap and to lessen your fear of the unknown."

The page of Common 2012 Prophe-

cies sent shivers up & down my spine.

As usual the continuing dialogue between Russell Lockhart and Paco Mitchell was illuminating. Lockhart's wordplay was Something Else & Mitchell's reference to Keats' "Negative Capability," an all time favorite of mine from Keats' letters.

San Meredith's tale of finding her power animal, & the way that her husband's dreams confirmed her own. Janice Baylis' "*Whale of a Dream*." Dennis Saleh's dream about the ancestors, and the "*Dreaming Humanity's Path*," all whales of a dream.

The review of Jung's The Red Book especially interested me, as I had not made it to the exhibit in Manhattan & Jung has always been an inspiration to me. In fact there was no article that did not hold my interest. Bravo!

*Karen Ethersdatr, Union City, NJ*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

### The Dream Lives On

I most sincerely thank you and compliment you and Dream Network on the excellence of your Journal and the four part series authored by Robert Petrovich for Project X and also for foresight and vision in their commendable and courageous efforts on behalf of the Asclepiads. We are honored, indeed!

I have just read your article, Why was I Called? I have asked that exact same question myself. In the article, you mention August 17, 1987 as being a significant date in your journey. There was indeed a very powerful current celebrating that day. That was the same day we celebrated the Asclepiads on a round the world phone hookup with various Asclepiads from many countries. Many of them are 'gone' now but the dream lives on and so it is. Carried forward by this wonderful publication, Dream Network.

I plan on submitting for consideration an article perhaps not dissimilar to yours, about the Call to destiny and how it has changed and effected the lives of so many individuals, such as we. Best of all dreams to you.

*Dr. David De Loera, Asclepiads, A.H.O.A. Hammond, IN*



# I AM SALMON

by Brenda Ferrimani

## The Dream

*I am in the spirit realm and I ask Spirit for a name. The name I am given is Salmon because "I try so hard and through my struggles new creation is born." As I try to tell the people in my dream about my name, I find myself swimming in the ocean. There are thousands of fish around me and I'm moving with the currents. I feel a big fish under me with my foot and in the distance I see a Killer Whale breaching...*

I REMEMBER AS A YOUNG CHILD hearing Mom call, "Little Jimmy or (in my case) Little Brenda come home! Dinner's ready!" Hearing mom's voice calling was so comforting and I was always so grateful I had a home and a family with whom to share dinner. I would drop what I was doing and run straight for the house! I knew exactly where I was going and how I would be greeted. More importantly I knew my name and when I was called my immediate thought was "Home." The dream "I AM SALMON" is about my spiritual call home, my special purpose as an artist and my place in our collective human struggle.

The giving of a spirit name is a very ancient practice, usually marking a type of rebirth, an initiation to a new path. I have never consciously wanted a new name but my higher self has witnessed my efforts to change through difficult personal struggles and deep soul searching to be authentic. In all my struggles there was an unspoken wish for a new name.

In many myths and cultures the name Salmon is connected to Wisdom and Spirit. Salmon's body is so rich and nourishing, it is literally life sustaining to many earth creatures. My spirit name Salmon ensures a new spiritual path for me and seems to point to a work that provides a source of nourishment to sustain the spiritual lives of others.

Salmon's literal journey home is quite miraculous! After spending years in the deep, they're signaled by a creative urge to spawn. All their energy is devoted to this urge and they're driven to return home. Most of them don't make it, becoming food to predators, exhausting themselves in rivers. It's uphill all the way, against the current, jumping over huge obstacles! This so describes my path as an artist! There are millions of us passionately trying

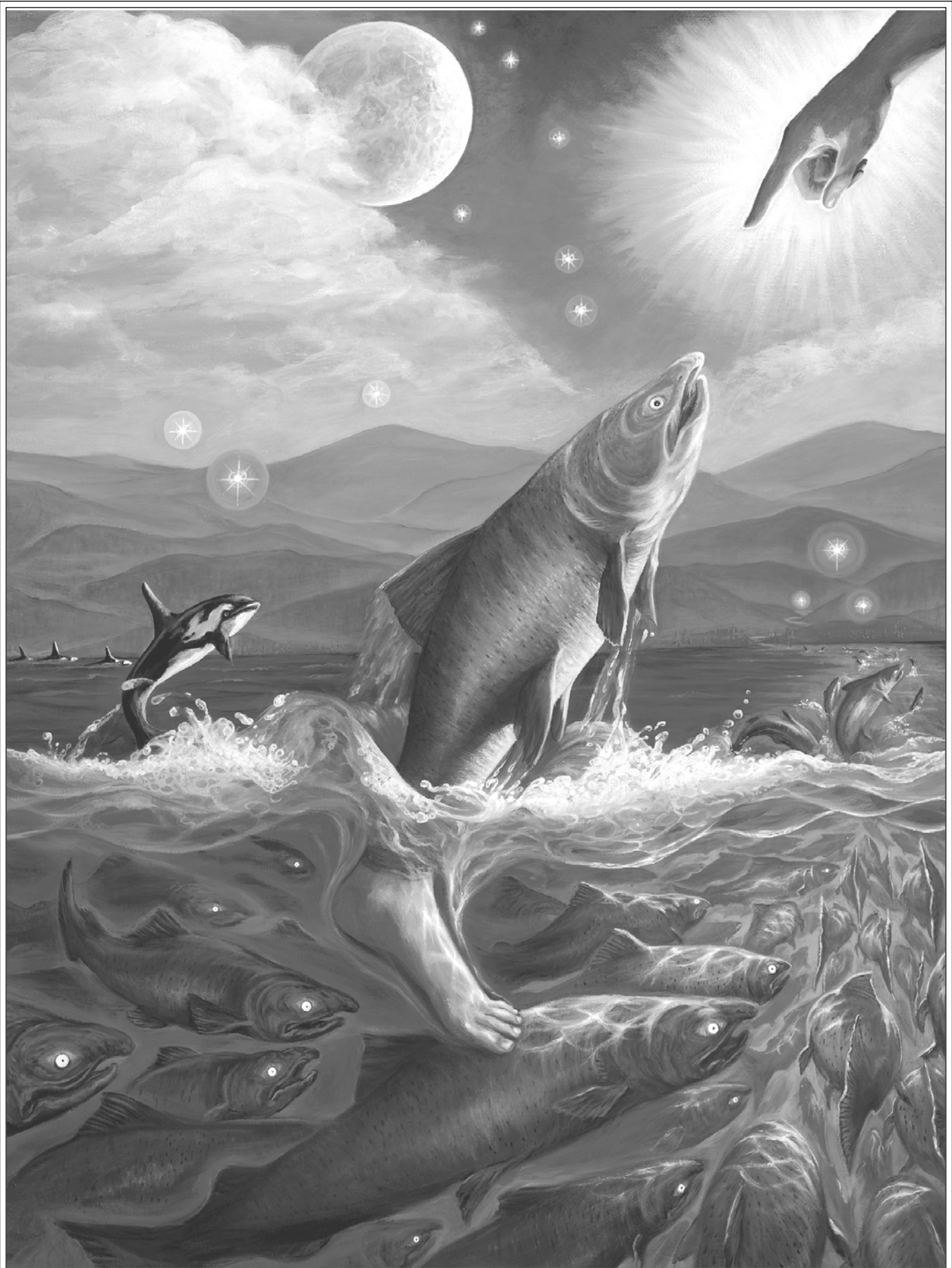
to express ourselves! Artists lead the way, pointing to what's coming into consciousness in the collective. In this way, we have to fight tradition and push our way through obstacles to new thinking.

When my husband saw my painting of the Salmon with the foot he made a connection to evolution and the question of what's next? I thought the connection brilliant, for many people now hold the belief that humans are on the cusp of a huge evolutionary leap! There was the sense upon awakening from the dream that we are all part of something much bigger than ourselves and that we are being moved by currents toward a destination that is out of our control. At this moment we are in the midst of a great economic recession. How we all struggle! How difficult our situation! However, the implications are much more grave than the loss of a weekly paycheck. There are great planetary issues coming to the fore that have to be resolved if our children's children can survive.

Now is the time to use Salmon Wisdom. Now is the time to journey home to nature's harmonious ways. Do we hear our Mother calling? ∞







Dream painting by Brenda Ferrimani  
Acrylic medium 40"x48", Gallery wrap. Available also in prints





# Incarnating the Future: The Way of the Artist

B John Woodcock Ph.D.

THE CRISIS IN WESTERN CONSCIOUSNESS is described by Tarnas (1991) this way:

*We have the post-Copernican dilemma of being a peripheral and insignificant inhabitant of a vast cosmos, and the post-Cartesian dilemma of being a conscious, purposeful, and personal subject confronting an unconscious, purposeless, and impersonal universe. (420)*

A cursory glance at the literature today confirms this description of modern life. In a way, not much more needs to be said about the abyss that is felt between the life of the person and that of the world today. We have arrived at a kind of ultimate moment in which we have detached so completely from life that even our own bodies are "outside" us, functioning only as a machine, like the rest of the universe. We no longer feel ourselves to be participating in the world at all. Instead we look upon it as isolated observers or units.

The consequences and perils of this development in Western consciousness are also well documented within many disciplines. I do not believe there is much more to be said about these facts, either. We know how we got here, and we know where we are now, as Tarnas puts so well. However, I do see room for an enormous effort

in addressing the question "Where do we go from here?"

We receive hints of the future and where to go from here from the same sources as we always have when a transformation in culture is in the making: our artists. Within their own depths, artists connect with intimations of what is to come. Through their craft, they then bring these intimations into form, making the invisible currents of the future manifest for others. Some forms convey disaster, fragmentation, catastrophe, or horror; some are foreboding as in the poetry of T.S. Eliot's *The Wasteland*; some are hopeful and even eager as in much "New Age" literature. Thus many futures lie before us today, yet still within a realm of chaos.

## The Further Task of Incarnation

The way of the artist involves the incarnation of the future into artistic form, but this form has not yet fully entered material reality. The effort of the artist brings us tangible news of possible futures but the task of incarnating the future into the concrete reality of our ordinary lives still remains and *this* task poses particular difficulties for us. We can get a sense of the difference between these two tasks by noticing how many artists seem unable to integrate the results of their creative work into the concrete details of their own ordinary lives which often are troubled, pathological or worse.

It seems to me that there are two almost insurmountable difficulties inherent in the task of incarnating the future into ordinary reality:

1. It is only in the last few centuries that we have developed and cherished a *personal* self: our subjectivity. This is the post-Cartesian side of the dilemma that Tarnas refers to above. Within our subjectivity we are "conscious and purposeful" and

believe we control the future of our *personal* lives. Our western culture supports this attitude completely. The future that is approaching us is an *unknown* future (therefore uncontrollable by subjectivity) and does not necessarily concern us in a personal way at all; that is to say, the future is not merely about "my" future. As our artists have shown us, the currents of *this* future seem rather to concern the fate or destiny of the entire world! And so the extraordinary difficulty of incarnating the future into the reality of an ordinary concrete personal life becomes apparent. The *person* must become a vessel for the destiny of the world to unfold within him or her. He or she must enact this world destiny on the scale of his or her ordinary, concrete life. The *whole* must somehow be expressed through the *part*.

I gained a feel for the immensity of this task through a dream I had several years ago in which:

*Three singers were planning to sing the last movement of Beethoven's ninth Symphony and wanted me to join in. I agreed eagerly for that symphony is my favorite. I poured out my heart in spontaneous song until I was stopped by the others who became unsettled and critical of me, saying that my timing was off, that I was not singing my part in accord with their individual parts and I was ruining the piece.*

*They asked me to leave and so I did, ashamed and angry.*

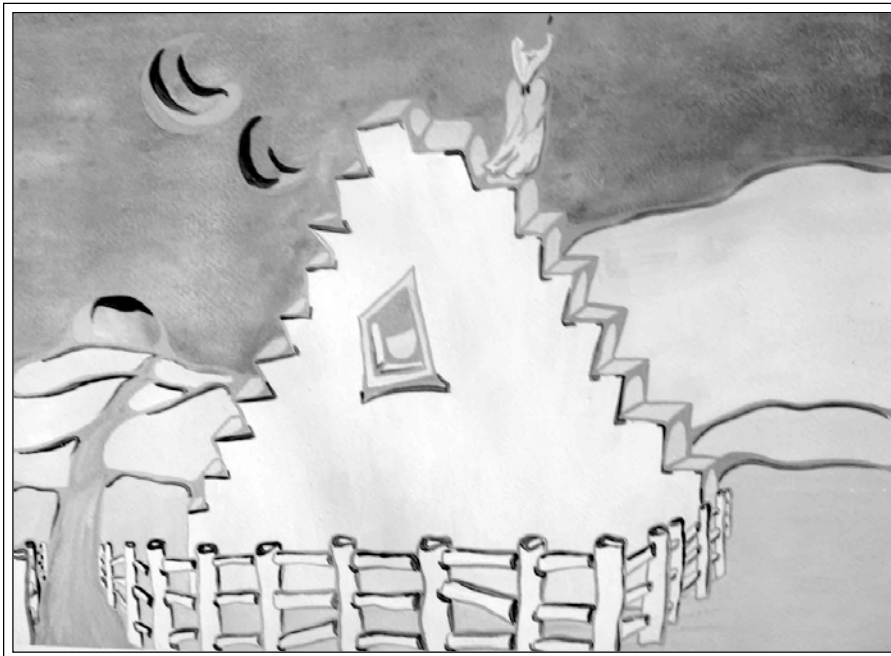
When I rose to sing, my participation was based not on what was expected of me by the others. Each was expected to sing his part and together the whole (the 4th movement) would be created from the parts. In my dream, as I was getting ready to sing with the others, I began to "hear" the entire 4th movement, not just one part and the whole 4th movement was insisting on expressing itself through

(Continued on page 14)





## DREAMS IN THE NEWS



"Woman with two moons" Art by Pamela Hayes. Watercolor and acrylic on paper 18 x 24

"...maybe if I drew what I was thinking, I would escape the horror of the word." ~Maira Kaplan

THE NATURAL TOPIC WAS CHRISTOPHER NOLAN'S BLOCKBUSTER FILM, INCEPTION. Or, a Sara Kershaw article on dreams from the *New York Times*. Instead, a stack of unsorted stuff was knocked off my desk by my cat Samantha. In trying to straighten the mess, I caught hold of a single piece, a workshop announcement, three months earlier, on "Art Therapy for Grief and Loss," under the direction of Pamela Hayes. Valuing the serendipitous, I could not ignore this. In exploring Pamela's website (<http://www.hayesarttherapy.com>), two things struck me: her "mother/daughter" collaborative art project and her comment on the difficulty of maintaining one's own creativity while watching others create. Interviewing Pamela would follow the lead of the serendipitous hint resulting from Samantha's stretching herself. Pamela graciously agreed to respond to my questions.

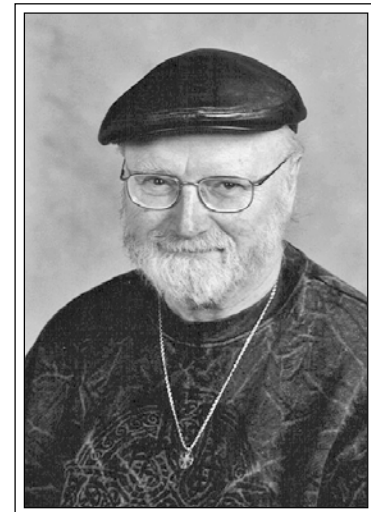
**Russell:** Pamela, why art therapy?

**Pamela Hayes:** My high school art teacher brought us to a gallery of artwork done, not by artists, but by people suffering from migraine headaches. My artistic path took me to Parsons School of Design in NYC. After graduating with a BFA, I worked in galleries, even art restoration. Years later, I received a gift, a calendar of patient artwork from Napa State Hospital: drawings, sculptures, paintings. This reignited my interest in art therapy. On the back of the calendar was a name and number. I called and said: "I want to do what you do. How do I do that?" Within a week, I quit my job, applied to Notre Dame de Namur University's art therapy program. Twenty years later, I've never been disappointed with that choice.

**RL.** A beautiful example of following "serendipitous hints"! You note it's

## The MetaWorld of Art, Dreams & Imagination:

An Interview with  
Pamela Hayes



by Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph.D.

tough being an art therapist, always watching other people make art. Can you describe how you maintain your own passion for art and not fall into the occupational hazard of not doing the work oneself?

**PH.** Watching my clients, I think about what I would create given the same directive and the same materials. Sometimes, not often enough, I stay at my office after clients are gone, stealing time alone with the art materials. I forget how balanced I feel after making art, have to remind myself to schedule creative time, just like exercise, hanging with friends or reading. What works is writing it in my calendar as an appointment. It is as important as a doctor's visit or a yoga class. Another help: recruiting a friend to make art with me.

**RL.** I love your logo: be creative every day. If only we could go into creative expression as easily as we go into



email or browsing or texting, what a difference this would make in our health and well being. So much distraction! I like your communal perspective, especially doing art together with your children. Say more about that.

**PH.** I home schooled my girls until fifth grade. It was difficult being their art teacher. Too often I would take over and interfere. That was not good teaching. But now, as teenagers, they are both toying with the idea of going into artistic careers. My daughters keep me passionate about art making. They are artistic, and we like to create together. I can share my knowledge and skills with them. Making art together allows for free and open discussions. I have learned that when people are engaged creatively (and not having to make eye contact) sharing is open, less inhibited.

**RL.** Do you make use of dreams in any deliberate way in your work? Does an example come to mind?

**PH.** When clients bring up dreams I ask them to draw or paint them. This serves multiple purposes: it allows me to see and it helps the client recall and recapture that experience. Jung said, "if we meditate on a dream sufficiently long and thoroughly, if we carry it around with us and turn it over and over, something almost always comes of it." Having a drawing of a dream, allows us literally to carry it around and turn it over. It is easier, and more effective, to draw dreams than to describe them. A seven year old female client was brought to my office by her mother because of recurring nightmares. I asked her to draw the scariest part of her nightmare. She drew a right-leaning house on fire with herself and her family standing to the left. Then I asked her to draw any parts of her nightmare that were not scary. She drew herself, mother and brother standing together. In a third drawing I asked her to draw

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something that makes her feel brave. She drew herself, mother and brother standing together on a sunny day with flowers and a butterfly. After reviewing the drawings she realized that her family is with her in all drawings. No matter what happens, as long as she is with her family, she feels safe. That helped her change her perspective. Seeing the images in daylight reduces fear.

**RL.** A good example of how art enables one to deal with fear when just talking "about it" might not. Many years ago I worked with a mute 70-something man on the geriatric unit of a state hospital. The staff assured me he was totally unresponsive, had

been for many years. Side by side, with paper and crayons, I drew a circle. I did this for several days and finally he picked up a crayon and made a circle too. Over the next sessions, he was able to copy the simple face I kept drawing. Then he added something new: a pipe, with smoke rising. His big smile was wonderful. Then, in the next drawing or so, the pipe was there, but no smoke. Then, no pipe. His tears flowed. He died shortly after. In pursuing the forgotten records, I discovered a pipe had been taken from him when admitted, some 40-years previous. He'd never been allowed to have it. This experience impressed on me the extraordinary value of expression through images entirely lost to other modes. What convinces you of the value of expression through art?

**PH.** I am amazed at the power of artistic expression. I work with an eight year old girl with a diagnosis of Reactive Attachment Disorder. She's markedly disturbed and developmentally inappropriate in most social contexts. It had been almost a month since I had seen her. As her mother was catching me up, her daughter became more and more upset. She picked up my toys and held them over her head threatening to throw them. She jumped up on my lap and tried to bite me. I reminded her that if she bit me, threw my toys or intentionally broke anything, there would be consequences. She made good choices, but was still upset. I directed her to my art table where I showed her an example of the art project I wanted her to do: a small glass bottle that was filled with layers of different colored sand. She yelled that she wanted to choose the activity, didn't want to make my stupid art project, and again threatened to smash the glass bottle. But I could tell she did want to use the sand and create her own bottle. As she started choosing





the colors, her breathing slowed, her shoulders relaxed and her voice softened. She became so focused, she spent thirty-five minutes selecting the colored sand, and carefully pouring it into the bottle, making very little mess. Carefully, she carried the glass bottle, now layered with beautiful sand. As she left, she asked if she could make another one next week. The creative process has a way of calming aggressive behavior, focusing awareness on the present, and enhancing self-esteem.

**RL.** Schaverien, in her 1992 book on the scapegoat complex, brought an intriguing perspective to bear on the art "object," namely, that by leaping so quickly into interpretation or critique or other "discursive" modes, we treat the art object itself as a scapegoat. What are some of the ways, Pamela, that you work toward keeping the art object itself "alive," "vital," and "psychoactive," both in your own work and with your clients?

**PH.** In the early stages of therapy, it can be healthy and helpful to use the object as a scapegoat. Clients may not fully be ready or willing to face/admit/accept what is behind the presenting issue. The unconscious motivating force may be fear, but they may not know that or want to admit it. When they draw a tree, they may tell me the tree is scared, or alone, or uncertain, projecting their hidden feelings onto the art objects long before they are ready to embrace those feelings as their own. It is very important for me not to interpret because I most likely will project my own feelings. I try not to make assumptions, but to point out specifics, ask open-ended questions. When doing my own art, I try to turn off my "Art Therapist" brain and not interpret. If I over think the art before I even get started, I almost remove myself from the art object. More recently, art making has become more

comforting and relaxing, more process than about the final product. I try to let go of "Am I making pretty art and where will I display it?" and enjoy being in the moment.

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**Pamela:** *"The use of Art Therapy in groups, be it corporate groups, social groups or families, has shown to be effective on multiple levels. There is a sense of empowerment, because a set task has been proposed and completed to a degree of satisfaction with the final outcome—an esthetically pleasing final product has be created."*

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**RL.** When you observe someone's spontaneous art work, a large portion of it will be expressing "personal" material. On occasion, I'm sure, you encounter images from much deeper layers, more cultural, collective, rhizomic. Do you find yourself responding differently to images from this more mysterious dimension?

**PH.** There are images, as well as ways of creating, that are culture specific. In western culture, we read from left to right. A drawing or painting (any two dimensional artwork) can be "read" from left to right. The left side of the paper may represent the past, the center the present, the right side the future. If I direct a client to "draw a bridge, and place themselves in the drawing," they may draw themselves just stepping onto the left side of the bridge, and they may describe the

artwork as a beginning of a transition in their lives. However, I do not make any assumptions about colors or shapes. Some cultures say red represents depression, death and sadness. In another culture, red may be a sign of aggression. In still others, red is vibrant, strong and powerful. Even within these different cultures, personal attitudes change daily, even hourly, based on moods and personal experience. I want to stress that I try to make no personal, cultural or environmental assumptions about someone else's artwork. My job is to provide space and materials to facilitate art, giving my clients opportunities to express and interpret their own art. I assist that process by asking questions and by pointing out things that they may not notice.

**RL.** Some years ago, I read an article by a business consultant. A business located in Israel was having "troubles." The employees were young, hip Israelis and Germans. The consultant spent a weekend with them with the proviso that they could only discuss dreams. One of the participants had a dream featuring white-barked trees. In all innocence, someone said, "Ah, Buchenwald," meaning "beech forest." And then it dawned on them. They had not dealt with their "parents problem," that is, the whole holocaust history as symbolized in the Buchenwald death camp. Once this awareness was opened, they went profoundly deeper with one another. Might we see art therapy become a way corporations, political parties, governments could heal themselves? Do you see possibilities in this direction? Have you experienced any openings, invitations?

**PH.** It is happening today! The Arts in Health Care website (<http://www.thesah.org>) notes: "More and more creative Art Therapists are making inroads into the business

(Continued on page 40)



## THE WAY OF THE ARTIST (Cont'd fr/ pg. 10))

me, through one person. I sounded strange to the others because I and they had no idea how to carry that task of expressing the whole through a part (myself).

2. The second almost insurmountable difficulty concerns the modern structure of consciousness that Tarnas addresses above. The "post-Copernican" consciousness is the consciousness correlative to the reality of the modern universe and our place in it, while the "post-Cartesian" consciousness is our subjectivity that still conducts its life as if the reality of the modern universe were not so. Subjectivity remains *unaffected* by what we know in our "post-Copernican" consciousness. Together this structure is a dissociated consciousness. In other words, we tend to act in our ordinary lives from within a subjectivity that remains unimpressed by the real world ("post-Copernican") in which we live today, as described by Tarnas.

The incorrigibility of this dissociation can be seen in reports of scientists such as Erwin Chargoff (as quoted in Giegerich, 2008), "I have been a natural scientist my life long.... But in everyday life I live under the Ptolemaic system - Copernicus leaves me cold. For me the sun rises every morning" (372). That is to say, Chargoff's (and our) subjective belief and personal felt experience is totally unimpacted by the "Copernican revolution" and the consciousness that is correlative to it.

The task of incarnating the unknown future into the context of an ordinary lived life is thus faced with these two almost insurmountable difficulties: the difficulty of *thinking* the whole as emerging from the part and the difficulty of penetrating a subjectivity that is immunized against reality by dissociation. These two difficulties are intimately related and in fact contain their own solution but this is the

subject of another essay.

### A New Cultural Form

The incarnation of the unknown future in the context of an ordinary lived life is new. It is the soul task of our modern times. Putting it another way, the soul is interested in expressing its concrete universality in the particular. This is another way to speak of individuality and the individuation process. The soul wishes to become a "self" and this can happen only in and through human beings. Almost anything we try in the effort of such "soul work" can become a contribution to this as yet unnamed cultural form.

Therefore, as well as listening to our artists for intimations of unknown futures we need to listen carefully to ordinary people in their efforts to pay attention to these intimations and to live differently as a result of what they see or hear. I have no doubt that this new form will emerge from the thriving dream culture of which *Dream Network Journal* is an eloquent representative. We need to hear one another's stories, closely without prejudice. No one has a monopoly on a method of participation in the life of the soul at this time, although many are participating in the formation of a method.

The method, when it emerges as a cultural form, will and must reflect the union of concrete universality and particularity - i.e. individuality.

If I may mention just one emerging cultural form that appears in the pages of DNJ regularly, pay close attention to what Russell Lockhart is saying! He is using words like *resonance, penetration, presentational, negative capability, participation....* These are the words that belong to the new as yet unnamed cultural form in which we can begin to *consciously* participate in the life of the soul for the first time as it continues to unfold

its *telos* into the material world.

To quote one other pioneer in this development of the new cultural form, Owen Barfield (1963, 202):

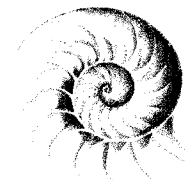
*... the ordinary man is being inexorably impelled towards becoming an extraordinary man. A man able, for instance, not only to be his own emotion; but to guide and direct and use it in the service of evolution... It is either to this, or to despair that we will be driven by our hapless predicament between two terrors: the terror of our positivist solitude in the body (our "post-Cartesian" consciousness) and our terror of transcending It (our "post-Copernican" consciousness)... for us ordinary men, the mind is indeed bound indivisibly to the brain and the senses and there are only two ways to disentangle it. One of which is death and the other initiation... The ordeal connoted by initiation is to be sustained only by moral integrity and moral energy raised to a power not ordinarily encountered. ∞*

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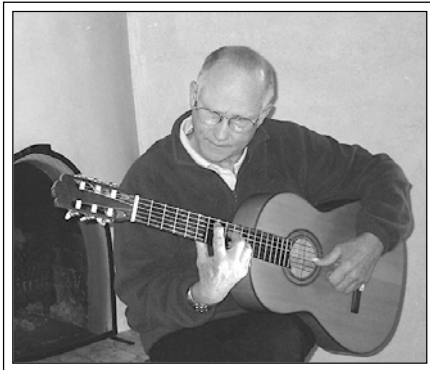


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## Dreaming Planet



by Paco Mitchell

# The Shadow Between Dissociation and Integration

*It is in the nature of political bodies always to see the evil in the opposite group, just as the individual has an ineradicable tendency to get rid of everything he does not know and does not want to know about himself by foisting it off on somebody else. Nothing has a more divisive and alienating effect upon society than this moral complacency and lack of responsibility, and nothing promotes understanding and rapprochement more than the mutual withdrawal of projections. —C.G. Jung*

**T**HREE WORDS CAME TO MIND when I first considered this issue's topic of conflict resolution. Each word was fraught with psychological implications: *dissociation, shadow, and integration*. When intuition fires off such a terse packet, it's not easy to de-compress the file, as it were, so that it makes sense. It's worth the effort, though, because today we find ourselves in terribly confusing and dangerous conditions as individuals, as groups, as a species. Any effort to bring a little perspective to bear on our situation seems justified. I would therefore like to examine these three notions, some of the ways they interact and how they might bear on our theme.

**Dissociation.** Despite its use as a scientific term in psychiatric diagnosis—e.g., dissociative disorder—dissociation touches all of us every day to some degree. I don't mean we're all walking around half-crazy, though I sometimes wonder if humans

aren't becoming collectively unbalanced. Dissociation, as I am using the term, refers to the psyche's tendency to function as a collection of disparate contents only partially or intermittently related—or even completely unrelated—to consciousness. The very existence of the unconscious, and of dreams, should alert us to that fact.

This is not an especially popular insight today, since a common fallacy prevails that psychic life is limited to consciousness. Ironically, we readily capitulate when told that the psyche can be reduced to little more than brain chemistry, but we get into a huff—if not a towering rage—when asked to imagine that our psychic life extends beyond the limits of what-we-know-while-we-are-knowing-it. We would sooner see ourselves as chemical machines than imagine the ego as anything but absolute master. When people say "I never dream," they unwittingly subscribe to the

modern fallacy. Rather than explore the porous boundaries surrounding the field of their own awareness, many people occupy themselves only with what appears in the viewfinder of their mind's eye and its consciously-directed mental operations. It is as if they are devoid of curiosity regarding the penumbra surrounding consciousness, let alone whatever lies beyond. This mildly dissociated complacency often passes for "normal."

Some take a more energetic approach, actively suppressing their awareness of inner experiences as they interpret and manage outer reality: *That person just punched me in the nose for no reason, but I'm not really affected by it.* Or the reverse: One suppresses or deforms outer reality in order to justify interpretations of inner experience: *I am afraid, therefore this person must be a threat.* In these ways one can avoid unpleasant affects, embarrassing inconsistencies and painful conflicts,



but at the cost of increased dissociation. This not only passes for normal but often rises to the level of national policy: *America sets the highest standards for moral superiority among nations, but is willing to bomb civilians whenever it feels a threat to its security or its "interests."* In this way, an entire nation can function in a dangerously dissociated, delusional way.

The scale of dissociation progresses from mild to severe, and increasingly the right hand does not know what the left hand is doing. Eventually we reach the twilight zones of amnesia, multiple personalities, schizophrenia, paranoia, etc. In all fairness, we should also include heightened states such as mystical transport, creative inspiration and the like. Splendid and many are the mansions within our breasts.

Anyone who works with dreams will have first-hand experience with the autonomous, "wandering" elements of the soul. They come to us in the form of the persons, places, objects, buildings, animals, situations and so forth, that make up the richness of dreams. And the more we come to terms with our dreams, the more we are able to meet the lost parts of ourselves head on. Granted, the encounters are not always pleasant. Still, each dream carries the potential for a festive reunion, an occasion to bring out the fatted calf and celebrate the return of the prodigal son, the one who reappears after a long absence—returning from the wilderness of oneself, back to oneself.

**Shadow.** When taken as the moral task it really is, the process of recovering the lost parts of the soul drops us neck-deep into the "hot bath" of shadow-work, which figures so prominently in Jungian analysis and therapy. The dissociated parts of oneself that have "wandered" into the world via projection, or that infest one's inner life with divisive conflicts,

are painstakingly drawn into relationship with consciousness.

**"Hence Jung's pithy comment that, before one can ascend, one must descend. The path toward 'higher consciousness' leads downward through darkness."**

Shadow-work is rarely fun and never easy, because one must own up to the very qualities one has so assiduously disowned. Hence Jung's pithy comment that, before one can ascend, one must descend. The path toward "higher consciousness" leads downward through darkness. In effect, one approaches the Self by way of the shadow, a paradoxical formulation bound to grate on the ears of many moderns, both religious and secular. Christians have been taught to put Satan behind them, to eschew darkness. Similarly, New Age followers of Oriental wisdom are often encouraged to stay "above the muck." Rationalists reassure one another that dreams are "balderdash," unfit for serious consideration, so why bother? In each case, one finds ample justification for *not facing up to one's own shadow*.

Jung once said that *the source of all coming evil is man himself*. If this is true, we might well re-visit that source with renewed interest and heightened concern. Considering the amount of strife in the world, and the degree of inner division in individuals, the importance of shadow-work should never be underestimated. And the two are related: the amount of conflict in the world reflects the degree of division within individuals. I am not

saying that outer conflict has no objective reality: *there are and will be differences of opinion*. It's just that there would be much less destruction and violence in the world if more individuals came to terms with their own shadows.

**Integration.** The more integrated one becomes, the less dissociated one is. Although this sounds like a mechanical, teeter-totter relationship—as one side goes up, the other goes down—we should beware of positing "mechanisms" when it comes to the psyche. I suspect the truth is much more fluid, paradoxical, surprising, tricky, organic.

Nevertheless, whenever we become more conscious of what has been suppressed or repressed in ourselves and projected out into the world, we have moved a notch closer to integration. We have also increased the moral burden involved with being who we are, for it is far easier to let someone else carry our darkness than to shoulder the load ourselves. Yet this is just what happens too often, and the result is widespread cruelty, destruction, injustice and all the evils associated with the "base passions" of humanity. But as Jung never tired of pointing out, it is not a matter of simply following the conventional moral precepts of the age and resting content in the assumption of virtue. What I am suggesting amounts to a genuine ordeal: consciously bearing one's own conflicts instead of inflicting them on others. This requires a willingness to undergo *conscious suffering*.

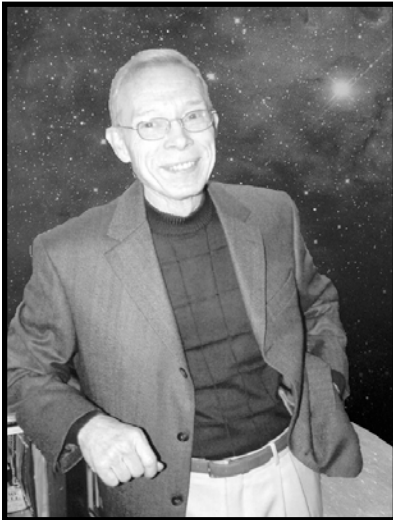
But there are compensations. If we can withstand the storms within, we are better equipped to withstand the storms without and we have the satisfaction of knowing we have reduced the level of general turmoil by at least one infinitesimal grain. For this alone it is worth the effort to come to terms with one's dreams and, thereby, oneself. ∞







## Dreaming the Light of Insight



Arthur Strock, Ph. D.

### Conflict Resolution

**T**HE CONFLICT BEGAN AS I WOKE UP. I needed to use the bathroom but realized that if I got out of bed or even moved too much that the dream—which in itself was about conflict—might disappear.

The conflict strengthened with the need to move out of an awkward back aching position as I considered how to reach the pen and clipboard. I took time to think about what to do first, while repeatedly going over the dream to keep it alive. Thinking seemed to make the decision of whether to go to the bathroom or not even more difficult. Finally, I just reached for the pen.

The dream dealt with conflict beautifully by presenting conflicting thoughts and ideas at every turn.

*I was in a public school setting as a student actively enrolled in three courses. But as I walked down the hall, I realized I had stopped going to one of the classes because it was too difficult, causing me to wonder if I was enrolled in three classes or just two. Regardless, I was feeling defeated. The walking brought me to a laboratory classroom where I*

*was not a student, but a staff member counseling one of the students. We were making some kind of paper airplane, although it must have been made out of more than just paper. When the student threw it, it stuck into the wall next to a new light fixture that really couldn't have been in the wall because it was a ceiling fixture. Whatever the fixture was, (and maybe it didn't matter) the plane or whatever it was, was resting on the fixture. The pressure of just being there activated a manufacturer's defect that resulted in sparks coming from the fixture, some kind of electrical short circuit. The entire situation brought up a hazy memory of a different fixture, possibly from an earlier dream or the knowledge that the fixture had been defective and possibly repaired by combining the old fixture with the new which obviously carried with it its own problems... or possibly not so obviously.*

The mixed up hazy murkiness of the dream continued. *It is unclear what happened to the boy, but I ended up going to the principal who reminded me of another principal named Paula Hartmann in waking life and at the same time reminding me of a teacher I knew in waking life. The woman and I stood in a laboratory classroom with a number of other teachers who were involved in casual conversation. As I spoke to her about the problem of the faulty light fixture, the teachers who were aware of our conversation made side comments. They believed that the problem with the fixture was the boy's fault, backing up their position with the knowledge that in the past he had gotten into trouble.*

*It felt good that we were in a room that was the same as the one where*

*the incident took place, because it made my explanation easier. But then I realized that the room was not the same. It had a different shape and different tables. We moved to the room in question where I could show the principal the actual light fixture, thereby more clearly explaining the incident that had involved the boy.*

*I had almost decided that I should return the light fixture to the store for a replacement. Then I noticed that children had written their names on the paper label at the bottom of the fixture, making it look old. I also recalled the past consideration that the fixture was a combination of a couple of fixtures due to previous problems, something that would complicate a return and certainly added to the confusing complexity of my thoughts.*

The dream must have ended there.

But what if the dream hadn't ended? Possibly I had missed learning of the decision about what to do. I realized that I had no recollection of listening to the principal, at the same time still not being sure whether she was a principal or a teacher. And what about the boy? Why had he disappeared? He was a part of the problem/situation.

As I lay in bed considering the dream and trying to make sense out of it, I was aware of the confusion and conflict caused by my own opposing thoughts and ideas. A teleconference from the night before came to mind along with the main thrust of the conference: that our life purpose involves being creative. This was the first bit of clarity I'd had since waking up. As the idea reached a sharper focus, I recalled a catch phrase used during the conference, "I'm the creator, the Creator created to create."



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You can imagine that by this time, a real need to resolve the inner conflict about whether or not to use the bathroom was becoming more urgent.

I realized that the inability to resolve my conflicting thoughts lay in the fact that I was immersed in duality. My linear thinking needed to be replaced with something simpler. My mind leaped to the idea that holding on to old fixtures of thought was going to prevent opening up to what was really needed: insight and inspiration provided by the Creator. The thought about the Creator was a reminder that I had never gotten input from the principal in the dream. Edgar Cayce's recommendation for an affirmation also came to mind, "Not my will, but Thine be done in and through me. Let me be a channel of blessings for those

who seek". Somehow, the feeling of inner conflict was weakened. Thank God! Now I could go to the bathroom.

The intention of dreaming about conflict resolution had brought a dream that was filled with hazy conflicting thoughts. Was I taking three classes or two? Was I a student or a counselor? Was the plane made out of paper or something else? Was the light fixture a wall fixture or a ceiling fixture? Was the short circuit in the fixture the kid's fault or not? Was the fixture new or old? Were the two classrooms alike or different? Was the woman a principal or a teacher? Should I take the fixture back or leave it in place? It seemed that all the effort to think my way out of the inner conflicts led to the virtual end of the dream, a blank with no resolution.

The dream was an explicit reminder of how the process of linear, either or, and yes or no thinking can sink us into indecision and block the creativity so necessary for any form of meaningful conflict resolution. There's no question that our own inner conflicts reflect the enormous conflicts in the world. Keeping with the reminder to avoid linear thinking, it's safe to say that the enormous conflicts in the world reflect our own inner conflicts. Our lack of clarity and conflictual thinking hinders our collective ability to resolve conflicts, disputes and issues by limiting heartfelt creativity. We know it's time to delete a lot of our thinking and replace it with listening for guidance from the Creator as a way to approach conflict resolution. Let us *think* about that. ∞





*"Butterfly Party" Photography by Laura Atkinson*

# If Nothing Ever Changed, There Would Be No Butterflies

## Reflections on Butterflies, Dreams & Synchronicity

by Laura Atkinson

AS I UNLOCKED THE POLISHED WHITE DOOR OF MY HOTEL ROOM, I recited the inscribed jet-black lettering that read: "June 12th, Procession of the Unmarried Woman. In which single women walk through the centre of their village looking for a husband. (Palestrina, Italy.)" I felt obligated to check the calendar. Yes, indeed it was June 12th. On an afternoon that supplied an abundance

of heavy, dark clouds pregnant with moisture, I had set out on a solo journey to navigate a foreign railway system determined to find my own way to the city. I asked the universe "...please show me some signs to follow..." In retrospect, that fine lettering seemingly indicated the type of day it had been.

Months before, I began selling my belongings; furniture, knick knacks,

dishes, paintings and more. I left behind the city apartment which I had called home for 14 years and started my journey to be with my partner of 5 years in his beautiful European country. Too soon after arriving, I found myself on a plane returning to the States. These events would prove to be the pivotal moments for my individualized catalyst of change.

Being an artist, photographer and





devoted dream journalist, I had always considered myself to be moderately skillful at recognizing dreamscape symbolism. Admittedly I am not an expert interpreter, but I consider myself capable of identifying their appearances and working with them. As I wandered my way back to the States, uncertain of any pre-determined destination, it felt natural to ask my dreams for guidance. My dreams had been my constant friends in the past, but now I was depending on them.

### Thin Veil of a Butterfly

*I dream of being wrapped in thin silk from head to toe.*

*It is wrapped around my legs and arms, quite difficult to move.*

*I wiggle my arms above my head and push my hands outward against the silk. Through its transparency I am able glimpse a view to a new world....*

7/12/10

### A Visit to the Butterfly Garden

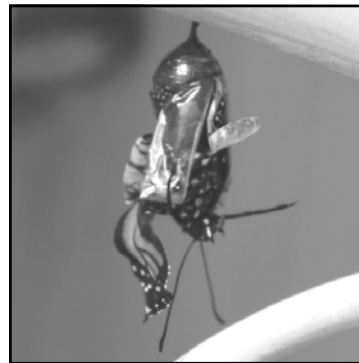
It was my second visit to the garden nursery in Rhode Island. The warm, milky sunshine and abundance of flora provided a sweetly scented backdrop to what would be the beginning of an ongoing and wondrous experience in synchronicity. With my camera



impatience and was ready to put my camera away.

*Dream Journal Entry 7/30/10*

From the corner of my eye I caught sight of a grey-blue painted, metal chair sitting alone at the corner of the garden.



Delicately dangling from the curved edge of the chair was the chrysalis of a Monarch butterfly. It captivated me, those fine details of tightly folded orange and black wings that could be seen through the translucent casing. As I gazed upon it, my dream from earlier that month immediately entered my consciousness.



I became the solitary cheerleader for the emergence of this little creature. I stayed with the Monarch for over 45 minutes as it struggled from its outer shell. In my mind I heard unspoken words "*You cannot rush a butterfly,*" nor can you help it break free of its cocoon, otherwise the risk exists of damaging delicate wings. I simply watched and waited patiently while I slowly snapped photographs of the small miracle unfolding before my eyes.



strapped around my neck, I walked upon a pebbled walk-way through a beautiful butterfly garden. Like fidgety toddlers, the butterflies were not behaving and refused to sit for the portraits I longed to take. Rarely would they land on a flower and if they did it was never long enough to catch their image. I shook my head with

### A Visit to the Consignment Store

After arriving in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, I was introduced to a lovely little consignment store. Nestled among four butterfly dessert plates was Jung's book





**Synchronicity.** Having never read it before, I purchased it, thinking: "Well isn't that a nice coincidence!" Little did I know that this synchronicity of change and butterflies was still in play.

8/24/2010

### The Mountain Top

I drove with my car windows down to an overlook pass on the top of Buffalo Mountain, my camera and Jung's *Synchronicity* on the passenger's seat. I parked my car and grabbed my newly purchased book. It was at that moment a lemonade-yellow butterfly fluttered in through the passenger side window, landed on my arm for a few moments, and then flew out the driver's side window.

My internal dialog asked: *Is this a dream? Am I awake?* And my inner voice answered my question with another question: **Does it make a difference?** I decided to simply be moved with the moment, enjoy the metaphor, the beauty, the symbolism, and just become present with the experience.

I followed the flight pattern of this single yellow butterfly as it landed on a group of soft-purple milk thistles. Then I watched in awe as at least a dozen more multi-colored butterflies of various species began landing on the flowers surrounding it; each one, carried by the soft wind, landing right before my eyes.

Among the many there was a Monarch with its recognizable markings, a deep black butterfly with metallic blue luminescence spotted with pumpkin orange and white droplets, a butterfly speckled with colors of curry and saffron, and my special lemonade-yellow butterfly sitting tall on the highest thistle. Softly and gently they went about their daily business of sipping nectar and picking up pollen, each pausing briefly on the tips of the thistle. I stood alone for an hour on top of the blue-green mountain with only the butterfly-party as my

company as I captured their images.

8/25/2010

So how do I define the butterfly-experience? Great question. I had been navigating without a map for several weeks, asking the universe to provide guidance, some signs about the path I am on; provide some sort of divine inspiration I could draw upon. And in response, my dreams answered as did the collection of "coincidences" happening with my eyes wide open.

The continuing butterfly events were dreamlike and awe-inspiring. With my camera I have been intentionally, physically and symbolically "shifting my focus." My 20/10 eyesight provides minor details at great distance on the horizon, but in doing that so frequently, I often fail to see what's right in front of my eyes. What I had been doing is purposefully noticing and appreciating the finer details.

This series of experiences not only raised the bar but it shifted it as well. It triggered a new awareness from within, and united it with a new appreciation for symbols and synchronicities. Just as I am capable of interpreting the metaphors and symbols that dreams provide, the time has come to start acknowledging and working with the signs and symbols while awake. Quite possibly, this is what it is all about. Shifting focus to see the microcosm, the macrocosm, the foreground, the background, connecting it all and being open to "seeing" it all, including the coincidences that thread it all together.

I will openly embrace synchronicities that may unfold in both future waking and sleeping dreamscapes, for I know that my personal transformation is not over.

You cannot rush a butterfly. ∞



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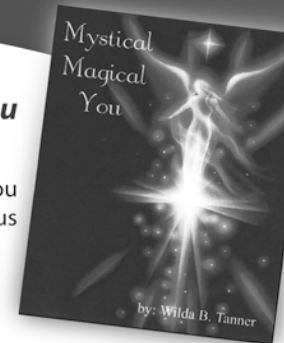
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## Dreaming Humanity's Path

### Transformations Occur

Crouched near a curved wall hiding from people or beings that are searching for my friend and I. He is on the other side of the wall hiding near some trash cans. A couple of the beings come near as I tell my friend to hide with a wave of my hand. A trash collector comes by and sees me and my friend. He has his co-worker take the full can and he places a clean empty can next to my friend who gets in it. The collector takes the can across the street to a small doorway in a building. I stealthily follow. Outside the door I hear a commotion within and open the door. The creature who saved my friend was laying dead near the empty can. In a corner I see a green lizard or dragon that scurries through a hole in the wall to escape. The dragon's eyes look into mine and I notice he is my friend who has been transformed into this reptilian creature. He then disappears through the hole which seems to have been burnt through the wall by acidic saliva he spit on it. I leave the building feeling out of place with everything around me. I walk near a small hill and notice an old man dressed in a wizard's robe at the top of the hill. He seems to spin and dance, his feet barely touching the ground. As he twirls, golden glitter or sparks seem to emanate from him in a swirl of color.



He beckons to me and I begin to dance the same dance. Skipping and twirling in an Irish jig-like dance down the street. In the middle of the square I jump up and notice that as I jump I can float higher and higher with each jump. I can glide through the air at will. I float around the wizard's head and return to the ground. We go into a beautiful building on the top of the hill. We meet a man and woman who seem to be performers also. They are preparing to sing to the wizard's music as I dance. The man says he must enjoy his singing today as his voice is going. The woman looks sad as she confirms his truth. The wizard picks up a homemade instrument containing three wires strung on a wooden frame. He plucks the strings and beautiful music comes forth. The man and woman start to sing a beautiful lore ballad as I slowly dance on the balcony looking out over the peaceful valley below. I comment to the others that

if I were ever to

know I was ready to die or leave the world I was in that I would want to spend my last days here in this hideaway of peace and love surrounded by God's beauty.

It is so wonderful here I keep saying as I glide around dancing, listening to the music.

I awaken feeling peaceful and full of love.





## Children's Space



### Help! Help! Help! Moving Your Child's Dream Forward

by Ann Sayre Wiseman

#### Here is what helps:

- TELLING THE DREAM HELPS
- BEING HEARD HELPS
- HAVING SOMEONE KNOW YOUR TROUBLES HELPS
- HAVING A CHANCE TO EXPLAIN HOW YOU FEEL HELPS.

Dreams and Nightmares offer the dreamer information about the kind of fears she or he faces. Like a parable, when we find the metaphor we understand, our dream is like something in our life story.

Invite your child to *look for alternatives*, explore some options, realize there are more possibilities than just being the victim of the dream.

*Asking questions empowers* the child in ways he/she didn't realize were available when fear makes them feel helpless.

Here are some examples of how a dream can be moved forward:

First, give the dreamer "*permission*" to *save his life* rather than hide under the bed.

Invite the dreamer to *imagine a way to make himself safe* enough to talk to the "enemy."

*Exercise the power of the dreamers' waking mind* to aid the challenges of the night mind.

John 8 years old:

*"I am a space man yelling HELP!  
There are aliens on my ship  
holding me hostage with their eyes.  
I am paralyzed."*



#### The Metaphor

Helpless among strangers (adults).  
Eyes see everything.  
Held hostage and paralyzed by the power of eyes.  
Paralyzed in his own space.

#### What are John's options?

He said his voice works; he can yell help.  
His eyes can see.  
His ears can listen.  
His mind is not paralyzed, just his body.

(When we feel paralyzed, we think all of us is paralyzed, until we stop and think what else can I use?)

Giving John permission to think may be a new idea to him. If John used his voice what could he say besides HELP?

(We cannot change the facts of their lives but we can empower children to face the future.)

We can tell them to imagine themselves safe enough to ASK QUESTIONS, like...

What do you want?  
Why Have You Come?

#### Changing the Dynamics Helps::

Little changes help.  
Shifting the focus helps.  
Confronting the enemy will astonish the enemy. He/she might say:

"What, you are not afraid?"

"Yes I am afraid but I still want to know why you are frightening me."

Use the day mind to expand the situation.

HOW?

Return to the scary scene in your dream (with eyes closed you can hear and see more clearly)

John heard the monster in his dream say, "*Because I'm lonely, no one likes me, I don't have any friends.*"

Jules said the enemy in his dream said "*Because I'm the boss, I own the world and I don't want you around.*"

What ever answer the child hears will give you (the helper) a direction to follow. "Why do you suppose she/he doesn't want you around?"

Put the child in charge; he/she knows MORE THAN YOU THINK, and they will have a solution that gives them a little more power.

The truth helps, raw as it may be.  
Saying it helps.  
Validation helps.  
Even a tiny new feeling of power helps.

Feelings of loneliness, the inability to make friends, worry about parents, feelings of abandonment, helplessness, fear, hatred, blame, are all helped by words. Knowing you are alive and you have the right to be alive, helps.

Finally, teach your child negotiation skills, teach them how to use words, Have them rehearse the words loud and meaningful enough to be believed.

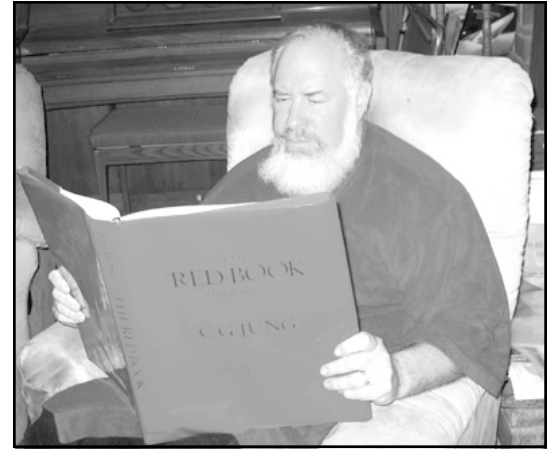
Like Assertiveness training, we empower our timid self by rehearsing this kind of helpful words. ∞





# Read by The Red Book

by Curtiss Hoffman



WHEN CARL JUNG'S RED BOOK CAME OUT in November of 2009, I was fascinated but somewhat put off by the price. A few months later, I was able to acquire a copy while at the 2010 IASD conference in Asheville at a discount, while also getting some exposure to its stunning artistic content from a pair of excellent talks given at the conference by Richard Russo and Laurel McCabe. They advised readers to go slow with this massive volume, not to try to read it straight through... and that is indeed what I tried to do for the first several weeks.

Once I settled down to actually read the book in sequence, it became clear that it wanted to be read only at night, not during the day. Soon, I began to discover striking synchronicities between what I was reading and what was happening in both my waking and dreaming life. The first instance of this came when I was preparing an article on dreaming of Fairies; I was looking for a way to connect the cross-cultural traditions of Fairies being variable in size with the contents of the collective unconscious. Almost at once, the book obliged me with the following quote, in the context of Jung's first encounter with the Spirit of the Depths: "Only the Spirit of this time knows the difference between large and small. But this difference is invalid, like the spirit which recognizes it." (p.233) Around the same time, I got one of those jump-start messages during meditation, informing me that I was marking time in my spiritual growth

"Then there came a night—the first of many during this period—when I was unable to get to sleep; I tossed and turned but finally got up and went out to my living room to read from the *Red Book*. There, I found the following passage:"

"Sleep does not come. I toss and turn—sleep still does not come—must I finally harbor this unsaved soul in myself? And is it this that will not let me sleep? Have I such a novelistic soul? That's all I needed—this would be agonizingly ridiculous. Does this bitterest of all drinks never end? It must already be midnight—and still sleep doesn't come."

and that I needed to find a new direction. It seemed to me that this was akin to Jung's own journey, so I decided to accept my reading of the *Red Book* as an adventure into the realms of the unconscious which I needed to undertake.

Shortly after this, I had this dream:

*I am on a bus with a number of my college students. It has a narrow central aisle. I understand that someone is going to board the bus with an important message for us all. I'm surprised to see that this is a tall, thin man in a red Santa Claus suit. He comes down the aisle. I have a pistol and I'm prepared to shoot him but I observe that he isn't entirely tangible—a bullet would likely pass right through his ethereal body.*

*I put the pistol away. I will listen to what he has to say.*

The following night, I read a passage in the *Red Book* in which Jung had an encounter with the Red Man (pp. 259-260). Like me, at first his reaction to this figure was negative—he associated him with the Devil—but, as in my dream, he decided that he needed to listen to what this figure had to say. It occurred to me that "Santa" and "Satan" are anagrams!

Then there came a night—the first of many during this period—when I was unable to get to sleep; I tossed and turned but finally got up and went out to my living room to read from the *Red Book*. There, I found the following passage:

"Sleep does not come. I toss and turn—sleep still does not come—must I finally harbor this unsaved soul in myself? And is it this that will not let me sleep? Have I such a novelistic soul? That's all I needed—this would



be agonizingly ridiculous. Does this bitterest of all drinks never end? It must already be midnight—and still sleep doesn't come." (p 262)

The time when I read this was, in fact, just around midnight! This definitely seized my attention. I had the distinct feeling that it was not so much that I was reading the *Red Book*, as that it was reading me! I was at once reminded of a stanza from a song in Danny Kaye's musical movie about Hans Christian Andersen—also a powerful dreamer:

*Permit me to show you, dear sir,  
My very latest book.  
Now here's a tale of a simple fool -  
Just glance at a page or two.  
You'll laugh, ha, ha - but you'll blush  
a bit  
For you realize as you're reading it  
That it's also reading you.*

From this point onwards, it became commonplace for materials I read in the book to come up in conversations within a day or two after I read them, no matter how bizarre the subject might be. This has proved to be useful in helping friends deal with difficult life situations. It no longer surprises me when this happens.

But then I began to dream about the *Red Book* itself, sometimes quite directly. Here is a triptych of nested dreams (see my article in *Dream Network Journal* (V22(2):32-33) from the same night, shortly after I returned from a week-long music camp:

*I am in an open classroom on the 2nd floor of an old wood frame building at the music camp. The class is conducted by the camp's head honchas, Sarah Meade and Sheila Beardsley. Sarah sends me downstairs to see who is there in the road. I go out the door, and there I see a middle-aged woman with an old wooden cart across the road. It is yoked to a strange large animal behind it, mostly white with light bluish tinges to its muzzle and back. It appears to be either a small bull or a calf. The woman wants to bring it into the classroom. I tell her*

“The next night,  
I encountered the image  
of a bull in the *Red Book*  
itself (p. 127), in the lower  
right of a mandala as one  
of the four beasts of the  
world-quarters. Two  
nights after that I found  
the image of the man in  
the robe there also—  
he is Philemon,  
Jung's spiritual guide!”

*that she can't do that; the animal is too large to fit in the narrow stairway. She doesn't see that this is a problem; she transforms it into a spineless sea creature which fits onto a small plastic dinner plate, with 3 slices of yellow-green pickle on the left side. I'm surprised, but obviously she may now enter. I usher her into the classroom, holding the plate aloft in her right hand. Inside, there are about 20 students, male and female (including my wife), sitting on wooden folding chairs arranged in irregular rows. Sheila counts how many of us there are, and then Sarah hands out small slips of paper to each of them, each one containing a single word. However, standing in the back of the room, I get a larger piece which contains the entire text. I compare my text with the slips given to the other students and I reach the conclusion that they are in total the same as what I have. I see that the text is an invocation from Jung's *Red Book* and that it also contains an image of the bull calf and the cart. I'm surprised that the image is the same as what I saw on the street. The text is in both Fraktur German and English, at the same time. Sarah asks each student to read*

*their word, in order from the front to the back of the room, while I read the entire text silently to check that it has been read correctly. The first word, in much larger size print, appears to be "Einkauf" or "Einkampf". I'm really uncertain about my role here.*

*I awaken from the preceding dream, in the same classroom. I tell my wife that I'm going to check on the animal behind the cart. I go downstairs again and there is the cart and the woman, only the animal is clearly a medium-sized dog with curly golden hair. I return to the classroom to report on this. I tell her that this is waking physical reality, and that the animal is not a bull but a dog.*

*I awaken from the preceding dream. Now I am in my Museum office, which is partitioned by half-height dividers into cubicles. I tell the people there about my previous two dreams. A dark-haired woman in her late 30s enters with something she wants identified. I immediately recognize it as another page taken from Jung's *Red Book*, though reduced in size to a paperback book. It depicts a man in a yellow-brown robe standing in a gesture of prayer, followed by a page of text in Fraktur. I explain to our elderly librarian—who is fascinated by the image—what this is and where it comes from. However, I realize that it must come from a section of the book which I haven't yet read.*

The next night, I encountered the image of a bull in the *Red Book* itself (p. 127), in the lower right of a mandala as one of the four beasts of the world-quarters. Two nights after that I found the image of the man in the robe there also (p. 154)—he is Philemon, Jung's spiritual guide! The invocation in the first dream is Jung's appeal to the Babylonian hero Gilgamesh, whom he had wounded with his words and transformed from large to small to heal him, then

(Continued on page 40)



# Dreams, Bones and the Future

## Part VII



### A Dialogue on "TIME"

Between Russell Lockhart and Paco Mitchell

**Russell.** Last time, you brought up *intuition* as a focus. Another aspect to bring front and center is *time*. Our ordinary sense of time, our sense of linear time, the straight arrow of time, the flowing in one direction of time, the succession of events in time—all these concepts of time serve the intentionality of the ego, its purposes, plans and its sense of future. In relation to time in this sense we can measure "it" with high precision. We are on solid ground.

Notice, however, that intuition, dreams, imagination, serendipity, synchronicity, and art are "different" in relation to time. What is this difference? In a word: *fluidity*. In these exper-iences, time is more like the ocean.

There is no singular direction; more like *all* directions.

Two qualities stand out to me: a sense of "being carried" and a sense of "immersion." Time loses its solidity.

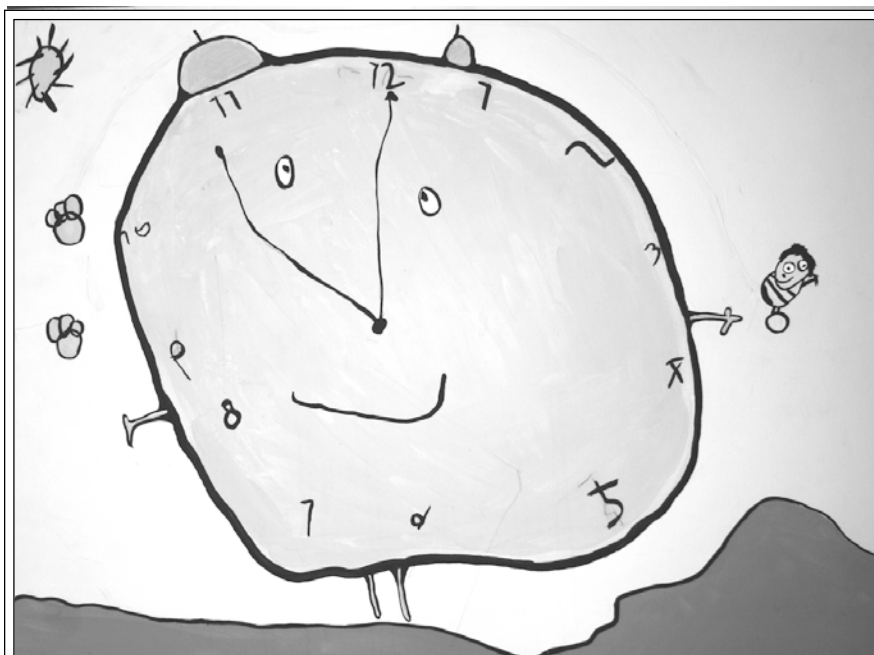
When Alice moves through the mirror (that has become "like a bright silvery mist") into

looking-glass world, the mantel's clock has the face of a little old man grinning at her. This announces that *time* is going to be *different* in looking glass world. And, when time is different, *everything* is going to be different. Everything is going to go all *jabberwocky*. Of course this is "nonsense" to the rational mind and so develops the habit of rejecting everything that does not "fit," a high value of Alice's sister.

But then how much more "non-sensical" is it to read the latest *Scientific American* on the topic entitled, "Does Time Exist?" Can't you just see the Red Queen running rampant shouting, "There is no time, there is no time."

One thing we *know* about these fluid encounters with time in dreams and imagination and art is what Alice noticed when she read the poem *Jabberwocky*: "Somehow it seems to fill my head with ideas—only I don't exactly know what they are!" It's that *not*-knowing that is so hard. As we've noted several times in our dialogue it is staying with this Keatsian *not*-knowing and letting *it* lead that is so hard for our modern consciousness to do. Instead of "making time" to follow the lead of *not*-knowing, we fill up time with *information*, which is then rapidly replaced by newer information—and there is an ocean of new information, a tsu-nami coming from every direction. Why is it that

whatever is happening via the gadgets we are hooking our brains to is felt to be more crucial than what is happening in the jabberwocky world of our dreams, intuitions, imagination? Instead of "taking time" with these things (and the art and story that become their manifestation), our culture seems intent instead on "filling time" with



"Time" by Cydney Hayes. 2000. 16"x20





what Joseph Gold calls “endless distraction,” this endless flow of information. This seems to me some form of *entrainment*, as if we are all in one way or another being gathered, herded, captured.

It takes time to be engaged with the “story” mind that underlies all “nonsense” (read *fiction*). It takes time to become *dis-engaged* from the seductive pull of “distractions.” Whether writing stories, reading stories, dreaming stories, being drawn into the stories of imagination, the stories that birth art, the stories that open up to us in serendipitous and synchronistic happenings, it takes *time* to dwell with these things and to nourish our mind with them, to become bathed in this sense of time.

I agree with Gold when he says that our brains and our health are being endangered by this process. The consequences are portentous and there seems precious little awareness of this.

**Paco:** Fascinating reflections, Russ. It’s true: We seem to be as little aware of time as fish must be of the water in which they swim. The uses and abuses of time to which we have become so dangerously habituated, affect everything we say, think, feel and do. We take it so much for granted that we can scarcely see the damage we are incurring and inflicting on ourselves and others.

Lewis Mumford points to the use of *clocks* in the ordering of daily chores and worship during the monastic period, citing this development as the earliest foundation of the industrial revolution, well before the power looms of the late 1700s. For many centuries we have been slicing up the otherwise unbroken fluidity of time—Henri Bergson’s *durée* or duration—until it becomes, along with the objectification of nature via science, a commodity to be used, exploited and priced. In contrast, Bergson

**Russ:** “Instead of “taking time” with these things (and the art and story that become their manifestation), our culture seems in-tent instead on “filling time” with what Joseph Gold calls “endless distraction,” this endless flow of information. This seems to me some form of *entrainment*, as if we are all in one way or another being gathered, herded, captured.”

emphasized the importance of intuition, of immediate experience, of the *élan vital*—all related, perhaps, to the fluidity you’re talking about. I imagine he would have been quite at home with your “ocean” of time.

I see the abuse of time as an abuse of the soul. How much of our modern alienation derives from this denial of the primordial experience of unbroken continuity? And similarly, how much of what has been called the *tragedy of the commons*, our trashing of the environment, derives from this same abuse? For, to a degree we may not expect, we treat nature as we treat ourselves.

When I recall the Bolivian riots ten years ago over *who owns the rain*—the people or the corporations—I am reminded of this question of time. If people can be dispossessed of the water that falls from the sky, can they also be dispossessed of time? Apparently so. But in the case of the

water riots, there was a public outcry. Will we ever see *time riots*? I don’t know, but an active resistance would not be a bad idea. Who knows? We may hear a rally cry some day: “Throw off the shackles! Slow down! Take your time!”

As you say, we are being *gathered, herded and captured*, until most of us are time—stressed or time—deprived. It is as if time—once our common possession and treasure—is being stolen from us. But we can “steal back” time from our thieving culture, by various methods of *time dilation*. For example, your practice of stopping work long enough to spill coffee on drawing paper to see what results, or to examine books accidentally knocked off a library shelf, you are being dilatory with your allotted fragments of time, resisting those endlessly ticking seconds like some biblical Joshua calling for the sun to stand still.

And really, anyone who bothers to remember a dream, to write it down, to draw the dream, to carry it through the day, is participating in this “retro-fitting” of time, the re-conversion of *le temps perdu* into *la durée*.

But I’d like to hear more about what you are calling the “story” mind. I suspect there’s a great deal implicit in that simple phrase.

**RL.** Articulating “story” mind begins with sleep. Sleep first appears in primitive life forms. From the level of worms on up the evolutionary scale, sleep becomes ever more definite and complex. While the basic questions concerning the “why” of sleep are not fully answered, we know that it is *necessary* for higher animals to “leave” the constant and demanding flow of “waking” experience—what we call the “real” world. Why do we need to leave the waking world? For one thing, it exhausts basic bodily processes—particularly those over which we have no control. Sleep





*restores* these functions and is essential for health and well being. Sleep is also the “theater” in which animals *dream*. If human experience is any guide, a major feature of dreams is that they are *stories* in pictures. Not all dreams are pictures to be sure, but the visual mode is dominant. The similarity to “movies” is striking. But more than pictures. In dreams, whether bare fragments or full-fledged drama, all compelling aspects of *narrative* are present: characters (including versions of ourselves) undergoing conflict leading to actions and potential resolutions. This is what I call the *story* mind. We sleep not only for restoration of the body’s structures and functions; we sleep in order to dream, *in order to experience and participate in story mind*. Research now shows that dreaming is not just “ephemera,” not just “random images,” but shows just how *necessary* dreaming is to our health and well-being. But note how we *must* “leave” ordinary time and the flow of events in order to participate and be fully engaged in story mind. This time change is true whether we are dreaming, reading a novel, watching a film, or *expressing* images in art, writing, or other forms. [See interview with Pamela Hayes, this issue, in *Dreams in the News*.]

In contemporary life, in the pursuit of our waking life, we short change sleep and dreams. I’m convinced this is not only a losing exchange, but one that is disastrous for our overall health and well-being. The modern pressures of life and work are making us sick. If we take medications in order to sleep, almost all of these will deprive of us dreams, or the memory of dreams. If we try to escape our dreams by whatever means, even if they be nightmares, or by shouting claims that dreams are “nonsense,” we are deluding ourselves to our peril. And what is in common with the modern plague of work and ever

**Paco:** “I see the abuse of time as an abuse of the soul. How much of our modern alienation derives from this denial of the primordial experience of unbroken continuity? And similarly, how much of what has been called the *tragedy of the commons*, our trashing of the environment, derives from this same abuse? For, to a degree we may not expect, we treat nature as we treat ourselves.”

increasing demands of “being on-line” is that we lose contact with necessary narrative, with story mind. If we go into therapy, and our story mind gets translated via interpretation into “theory” mind, or the latest version of a consumer six-session “check list,” this amounts to reading critiques of *Moby Dick*, rather than *Moby Dick*; reading reviews of *Inception*, rather than seeing the film; talking *about* your dream, rather than painting the images that are chasing you or writing it out as a scene from your story mind. Being in contact with story mind takes time. Most everything our cultural engines are pulling us into, goes against this and “consumes” ever more precious time. This is why we are forced into “stealing” time if we are to gain any traction from the modern version of *Metropolis* that is gathering, herding, capturing us. The problem is not that we do not have enough time for the ever increasing

demands of waking life. That is the great delusion. The problem is that we do not have enough time for sleep and for story mind.

**PM.** The Zen master calls the monks together and says, “There are many urgent tasks facing us, and little time. Therefore, we must slow down.” Like all good stories, that one deserves repeating, especially since it carries a profound truth. In the middle ages we used to say *Omni festinatio parte diaboli est*. All haste is of the devil. It was true then, it’s true now. How precarious must our psychic health be today when the symptomatic, time-starved condition even penetrates our sleep, in the form of “anxiety dreams” in which we rush to catch an airplane or take a test? The dreamer tries to sleep in order to enter the story mind, but instead ends up furiously striving to “measure up” to external standards. *Metropolis*, with its deranged ten-hour clock, is like the dream of modernity.

It’s intriguing to think of the story mind as beginning with sleep, and sleep extending all the way back to worms. The fact that our planet spins means that virtually every creature, from the very onset of life itself, has been conditioned by alternations of light and dark. No wonder we imagined gods of the night and gods of the day, especially sunrise. I can’t think of any life-form that lives in daylight twenty-four hours a day. These facts feed my suspicion that dreams—and not just sleep—in some mysterious way belong to the evolving biosphere.

Everything you are saying about the story mind is all the more important today because we’ve become so unbalanced. And most of our narratives—from the most personal all the way up to the Grand Narrative of humanity—are suffering from the distortions and pre-emptions of

(Continued on page 40)



## Movie Review by Fariba Bogzaran



# Inception

©2010 Review by Fariba Bogzaran

I am certain many viewers walked out of Inception with great delight at the concept. Its creative expression is brilliant.

However, as someone who has been teaching Extraordinary Dreams such as lucid dreaming, dreams within dreams, mutual dreaming, for a very long time, I left the movie with some questions.

Although the movie draws attention to extraordinary experiences in dreams, I wonder about the message this film is conveying. Of course the movie is Science Fiction, but beyond every novel or any science fiction, there is scientific and narrative truth. In a recent interview, Chris Nolan stated that he did not do much research into dreaming and that the script is based primarily on his own experiences. His personal experience has provided him with enough qualitative material to convey states of consciousness that some people access easily while others manage to attain only through effort. incubation or invocation.

Whether the knowledge is gained from within or outside, the incorporation of his personal experience with dreams and literature in the movie is brilliant and the visuals are stunning...

although the thriller content of chasing and killing were far from being original or interesting. Haven't we all had those "recurring dreams"? Can we be thrilled with something else?

Maybe I am numbed by the state of the world conflict, but somehow taking a subject so incredible and inoculating it with another chasing theme is not an exciting dream-movie to me. Yes, the incorporation was fabulous... but such nightmares are no longer subconscious material. I was hoping that as the characters went (as they called it) "deeper," that their subconscious would illuminate something different than that with which we are already surrounded. Perhaps there could have been a profound solution of how to go beyond our psychic warfare? Violence is no longer deep in the subconscious. Violence is what we deal with on a daily basis. We should not forget that at this moment violence is in our backyard, it is not in someone else's. It is not in the world of imagination, it is here. We just have to tune into world news on a daily basis.

The thrill for me as an audience was the anticipation of waiting to see if they could arrive at a place within consciousness where the seed of wisdom lies, beyond the reptilian brain of fight or flight. I suppose that was my dream: that they would reach a transformative state that not only elevated the characters to greater lucidity but also awakened the audience to new levels of consciousness.

In the movie, the last level they reached within the main character's subconscious, was powerful psychological work and offered the kind of choice-making that lucid dreaming practices have been promoting for years. There was hope that we'd see emotional resolutions. Rather, the movie illustrated that such practices can cause delusions and thus the

danger of not being able to distinguish the dream state from reality. This is a clear example of how great phenomena such as lucid dreaming can be taken out of context.

What I appreciated about the movie was the incredible creativity in visual animations, clever plot of dreams within dreams, perceptual play and the fact that, as an audience, we were captured in the layers of the repetitive dream within dreams to the extent of forgetting where the line is: the distinction between waking and dream reality?

The main actor (DiCaprio) performed beautifully, as do many of our dream characters. We are often caught in those dreams and we believe in them. The actress (Ellen Page) was truly the lucid one who practiced non-attachment to the emotional illusions and made the choices that kept the nightmare from turning into further tragedy.

Of course all of us in the field of dream studies will likely watch this movie over and over again. It provides a great topic for discussion about dreams, extraordinary experiences in dreams and waking reality. But I ask again, can we not create a larger vision, using higher states of consciousness to move beyond conflict, greed and violence? Perhaps as humans, we have no example of "what it is like" to be and live in such a state of consciousness. Is that why we keep repeating our old dreams?

Since Nolan is deeply interested in dreams, I hope, in his next film, that he continues to face the psychological shadow and move even deeper into the spaces of the Soul/Mind where he can allow the natural wisdom phenomena to reveal itself. Perhaps then we will see not only the resolution of the inner conflicts but the display of a workable solution for a world desperately in need of harmony. ∞

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## Dream Education

# Exploring the Mystery of Dreams

By Roberta Ossana

Together we have learned that dreams constitute a field of meaning and purpose as vast and complex as our knowledge of the known universe.

We know that—although we're just becoming re-acquainted—other cultures and civilizations in the world have valued, cherished, utilized, and manifested dreams and visions for centuries.

Many have been persecuted over the past 20 centuries for doing the work we share today.

Like mercury, the field of dreams is elusive, a mystery, expansive, ever evading definition, description, categorization, and forever earning our respect...

Dreams are meaningful and purposeful.

We know that we all dream every night, in fact many dreams each night.

Not all of our dreams are recalled, and not all that are recalled can be readily comprehended or shared.

We know dreams are essential and vital tools in therapy, still they can be engaged in silence, in our journals, with our spouse, our children, our neighbors, in dream groups... because we know we all dream every night.

We have learned that dreams can be incubated to solve problems, answer questions, provide guidance.

Dreams often give timely warnings for ourselves or for another.

They provide insight, bring darkness into light.

They awaken us, frighten us, shake us up, puzzle and perplex us, allow us to awaken within them. And, if we're inclined, to control them.

We can meet together in the dreamtime reality, a time and space beyond time-space.

In dreams, we can fly or die, and be reborn.

Dreams show us the future, shed light on the past, even past lives.

In dreams, we're often prepared for the death of a loved-one, and there is provision of ground for contact with them from the other side.

Dreams are known to have been the catalyst for:

- authoring books,
- composing music,
- creating new inventions,
- inspiring poetry,
- creating art and sculpture.

Dreams prophesize.

Dreams heal.

Dreams are spirits' way of speaking to us.

In one word, dreams Reveal.

## The Peace Mission



A good friend and I are in charge of some national/international peace meeting. I have persuaded all these people to come together. We are at a fancy resort hotel in a large ballroom. We are both going around individually to each person there -- all different races, religions, cultures, handicaps, ages -- to personally greet them, tell them why we think it is important that they are here, and make sure everyone feels comfortable. Most of them have some kind of bodyguard and/or entourage. They each light up as we introduce ourselves and many say "if it weren't for you, personally, I wouldn't be here." I work my way up to the podium. I begin by telling them a dream I had about peace and how they each had an important role in it. I also tell them about my years as a dreamworker and an entertainer, which naturally led me into politics. They laugh, but I tell them seriously why this is so... how similar it all is. My friend and I share some of the positive visions from the Dreaming Humanities Path film. Everyone is in awe at how interconnected we all are. This is an important time and we are about important work.







## DREAMTIMES: DREAM EXCHANGE

### It's What You Don't See

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THE MAIN BODY OF RESEARCH in the study of dreams (outside the scientific arena) has mainly focused on content: images, feelings, universal and personal associations to the dream characters, setting and symbols.

Dreamwork approaches are based on interaction with the content in dreams and their cycles, frequencies, associations and outcomes. However, not much has been discussed about what's omitted from dreams and what those omissions mean.

In reviewing and processing the dream material I receive, I've noticed there can be many elements missing; in other words, "it's what you don't see" that may be equal to or have greater significance to the images, feelings, settings and all other content. What is left out of dreams may be the like the dark matter that flows mysteriously throughout our universe... the glue that holds it together. Or as in music, the spaces of silence between notes that create the melody.

For example, technology is pervasive in our every day experience, yet, I rarely see or hear about folks having dreams about doing work on their computers, listening to or calling/texting on cell phones even though these tools of communication are commonplace in modern life in almost every corner of the planet. I have noticed, however, that they are

included in some updated versions of dream dictionaries, so they must be making visual inroads into our consciousness.

It begs the question, when will our current lifestyle invade dream content? With a fast-changing technical world, does your Bluetooth or iPod appear in your dreams? Do you read from your Kindle or watch HD TV?

When people visited dream temples in ancient Greece and Egypt they focused on healing and incubation, but was it usual for their dream images to reflect togas, snakes or magic oils? I believe intention on healing or fertility governed the outcome of their dreams. In a mainly agrarian society, was it usual to have dreams of golden fields of grain or picking apples? I've often wondered about what our ancestors' dreams were about when huddled in caves covered with animal furs and watching their Platonian shadows on the walls.

Perhaps it is important to realize technology is generally absent in dreams because of generational differences. Do the 20-somethings and younger have techie dreams? New lifestyles take time to absorb into the race consciousness and assimilate. Do Tibetan monks dream of data input or do Aborigines living in the outback do their walk-about in dreams with their M-3 players?

The following dream fragment prompted me to think about what's left out of dreams:

*I am on the second story of this house and an old woman is alarmed by mud coming through the window. All I see is her hands trying to shove back the sludge and I notice her lips appear in the mud and she tries to retrieve them.*

I was struck by the omission of the dream person's face and that lips (communication) were separate in the mud on the windowsill. The elder age of the dreamer and dream person was about the same and I wondered if she was overwhelmed by the murkiness and density of trying to function in a fast-changing technological world and that she was trying to find her voice/ words in order to communicate. The omission of any other device through which to communicate felt like a significant part of this dream and something to which the dreamer could pay attention.

Will technological devices be part of our collection of universal archetypes in dreams? Will the tech gods replace the age-old archetypes and raw emotions we sometimes see and feel in our dreams?

These questions may take some time to be answered as acculturation develops. In your next dream, make note of what you don't see. It could be something obvious or not but I believe there is a reason for its absence. ∞



# The Worlds of Our Dreams

by Nikolaos A. Margioris (\*)  
translated and edited by Ilias Katsiampas (\*\*) and Vivia Doufa

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Nikolaos A. Margioris



Ilias L. Katsiampas

**T**HE DREAMS OF MAN ARE INVENTIONS of the mind having their causes in external, internal, and instinctive stimulations. To put it simply, they come from three causes. These causes appear as soon as our consciousness gives the power to our subconscious. In simple words, we must be under the influence of the subconscious. As the human mind has three expressions—the hyperconscious, the conscious, and the subconscious—we easily apprehend that these stimulations causing dreams originated in the subconscious.

So internal and instinctive stimulations affect the mind, producing high-level dreams and dreams of the lowest level, while external stimulations cause dreams of no importance.

The instinctive stimulations are those that revive to the mind experiences based on the thirteen human instincts and relay pictures and biomes of our past lives. There is an entire esoteric science, the science of instincts, that examines the conditions of the revival of these stimulations that instinctive dreams give us.

Instinctive dreams, or the stimulations of our instincts that gush

into the mind the material to form dreams of this kind, are the most awful and the most nightmarish dreams. There are people who prefer not to close their eyes, not to doze even, than to see those awful dreams, which in the French are called *le grand guinol*. Our instincts keep the experiences that we have accumulated through our countless incarnations in the lowest dimensions of form, and at moments when our mind remains unaffected by other impressions, they gush forth and form our horrible dreams.

Our mind, whether it is in the conscious state or in the hyperconscious or subconscious, has the benefit of entwining events according to the material accepted. So when our instincts find the opportunity, in the subconscious state of mind, they dispense age-old stimulations and impressions, with which our mind easily forms those known stories and adventures that we see in our awful dreams.

Each of these dreams of ours comes from a kind of instinctive impression or experience that is kept deeply in our ethereal file or in the racial file, as Carl Jung wrote at sometime. These thirteen instincts include

countless stimulations that want to come out to the surface of the mind and to stir its quiet waters by creating new, reborn impressions that will contain the old experiences and replace the old ones by renewing them. But this must happen every once in a while because this is the overflow of the inhibitions.

Many fellow healers want to recall the appearance of these stimulations so that the mind cannot lose the art of its flexibility with dynamic disorders, which, if they finally flag, will decrease the ability of our mind to create pictures of highly disturbing value. If the mind doesn't occupy itself with such anymore, even while having dreams created by the subconscious, the mind eventually loses its ability to use its imagination and its will.

Consequently, the sleep that brings the subconscious back to human service is beneficial. Without sleep and with the absence of dreams of all types, the person would be a weak and useless organ of the soul. Our instinctive dreams show the tragic adventures that happened to us sometime in our previous incarnations and those experiences contributed to the shape of the person of today, that is to the shape of ourselves.





Esotericism teaches that dreams caused by instincts educate even today the mind of man and train it to form and to unform facts that aim to protect the person from acting in the same way and for the same reason. They even bring back balance on the part of inhibitions of the mind (apothems) and prevent the appearance of stimulations of another kind that might draw the person into tragic situations. These dreams and instincts are also called the "esoteric doctor," as they impel other kinds of tendencies and desires that are not classified as instinctive causes.

Our physical body, according to its state, its health, and the health of the mind also, facilitates the instinctive revival of these stimulations when the mind composes our dream pictures. Many times people talk about the stomach, gluttony, even psychological states, as the cause of many types of low-level dreams. Accordingly, the instincts get stirred and stimulated under the influence of these factors of bodily health and psychic tranquility. It is true that, generally, the mind of man reacts to the different pictures that appear to its familiar part, called the subconscious. This immediately transfers copies of the images to the conscious area, and as soon as waking consciousness receives the power from the subconscious, consciousness begins to be informed by these copies about events that took place during its absence. This expression is beneficial for every person because it deletes the inhibitions, and such a sleep, by the activating presence of the capable subconscious, contributes to the elimination of the inhibitions that torture the person for a lifetime.

The external stimulations shall occupy us now. We shall leave the internal stimulations for the end of our article because of their high value and their intense spirituality. External stimulations come both during waking

consciousness and during our subconscious state. Often, while in our waking state we exchange our thoughts with someone else, and the subconscious puts into pictures what mental impressions our interlocutor forms during our conscious discussion. These pictures are not relevant to our conversation, and, naturally, consciousness does not catch them; however, the subconscious perceives and receives the impressions of the thoughts of our interlocutor.

During our natural sleep, the subconscious reproduces the pictures that it receives during this conversation, and it presents them when the mind forms a different, multidimensional picture about the person with whom we conversed consciously during the day. Then many questions of ours about the intentions of our interlocutor are solved. Sometimes the whole horrible truth of the intentions of the other person is presented to us, and it protects us from a relationship that would have negative consequences for us.

At other times, our subconscious may inform us of opposite incidents that we had with our recent interlocutor in a previous life, and our subconscious wants, by doing this, always to remind us what the character of the person is with whom we were talking. Here a special study is needed by which the dreamer may know how to recognize which parts of our dream are of a previous life and which warn us about the facts to come. But whatever the matter may be, external stimulations, like the meetings of the day—the conversations, thoughts, and events of the day—play a serious part, because they provides "raw materials" as it were so that the subconscious can form pictures during the night that, as the mind receives them, will create the dream, a series of facts having a structure and a connection between them.

External dreams predominate among persons without any high spirituality. This happens because external stimulations more deeply affect the person in whom spirituality does not prevail. In these types of people, the external impressions of the day will upset the subconscious, which, during the night, in its turn, will reproduce all the facts, sending them to the mind, and a dream that will frighten us and will affect us will come.

Still, the so-called external dreams are born by the thoughts of the day. Those thoughts that will be reset in the archives of our brain (consciousness), in our ethereal archives (subconscious), and in our cellular system, will be transmitted during the night from everywhere in order to verify them, and in this way is created the storyline, the foundation of which came through during the day in the thoughts that person formed.

External stimulations or external causes, as well as instinctive urges, form the lower dreams that are not of great value. As you concluded, it is more about eso-noetic arrangements of stimulations that happened during the day and that now, during the sleep, come true and settle in the different archives of the person. External stimulations. Instinctive urges. The thoughts that are born in the mind unexpectedly, during all the conscious activity of the day, are the basic causes that our mind weaves into dreams in the night and the purpose of which is that many impressions and stimulations become classified in the human archives.

The internal causes of high-quality dreams start from the movements of our soul itself and concern its situations. When consciousness grants its position to the subconscious, then the soul leaves its ethereal-physical vehicle, and, by unwinding the magnetic ribbons, or its umbilical cord, of the frontal lobe,



it departs at an enormous speed to the other adjacent dimension, the thymus-stellar (thymoastriki). There according to its "diving apparatus," it alights on a similar subplane-part of this world, and it herds with the beings of other evolutions that are there, including humans.

It transfers these contacts and their information to the ethereal receptor of the sleeping body, where the subconscious receives them and classifies them. The impressions of this type, the nightly psychical impressions, are the most serious and the most intense that are written in the brain-memory, and they are relayed as soon as conscious wakefulness recovers its service. Here we are involved in the perfect transmission of the works and movements of the soul during its whole movement, from its ethereal-physical vehicle to the thymus-stellar subareas.

However, my writings include the reason for the departure of the soul from her ethereal-psychic body. It leaves, unwinding the magnetic tape, or the silver cord, that is wound in front of our brow like two balls. Naturally, the human soul will always leave. There are moments when it feels the need to leave. Unwinding the balls of the magnetic tape-umbilical cord, it goes away, and it arrives at the stellar subplane parts. It can surpass them and go past them to the whole stellar dimension and ground, to the noetic dimension, the eleventh. (In the Creation there are thirteen dimensions, each with seven sub-dimensions. By counting from within outwards, from God to man [i.e., from the divine to the human], we are in the outermost, or thirteenth dimension. (See the books of Nikolaos Margioris, *Posthumous Life and Birth and Death of the Worlds*.)

This passing beyond will depend first on its evolutionary state. This means

that it must have prepared the proper "diving apparatus," and this requires a great deftness and a high technical evolution of internal content. Then, the dreams of this type are profound and plausible, as their real meaning is impressed in the mind. Certainly, they show their psychic tendencies, psychic troubles (psychic tensions), as well as the things to come, the things that will happen to humanity. Shortly, we lie in front of the real Pythia [oracle], our soul itself, which talks to us about good and evil pointedly.

Internal stimulations, or psychic routes and psychic experiences, give the mind true pictures, by which it creates a great series of facts, incidents that ascend to consciousness and become recognizable upon our awaking. As the reader may notice, it is about primitive experiences of the soul being in time, and even includes the exceptional and the original, being ephemeral in psychic evolution.

These internal conceptions of dreams are easily perceived by their spirituality and by the depth of their meanings. As soon as a researcher hears the dream of a fellow of his, he or she immediately recognizes whether he is before an internal dream, an external dream, or an instinctive dream. So on the one hand, the internal dream is of a deep symbolic value because it is realized by the soul itself, while the external dream comes from fresh stimulations, outside. On the other hand, the instinctive dream comes from the depths of the subconscious, the depths of the centuries, the past lives and perhaps also from pre-millennia.

When there is fear or terror in the plot of the dream, even this alone guides us to the conclusion that these feelings in the dream are one hundred percent instinctive. If there is descent and ascent, if the soul feels blessedness and happiness, if it is taught

to teach, if it associates with godly beings, then we know that it is an internal dream or about the routes of the soul in the worlds of the superior stellar dimension or in the lower worlds of the noetic world. All the other dreams belong to the type of external influence, either during the day or during the night.

In every dream, primarily the subconscious, and then the mind, are always in action. The subconscious accumulates dreams in picture-phases, and the mind unites the pictures or it puts them together in episodes or in cinematic movements. Generally, in dreams the subconscious and the creative parts of the mind participate. Our intellect neither participates, nor even accepts to have an opinion about, the yes or no of any kind of our dreams. ∞

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**Source:** *The Greek Magazine Omakoio*, issue 31, July-August 1982, pages 13 - 17.

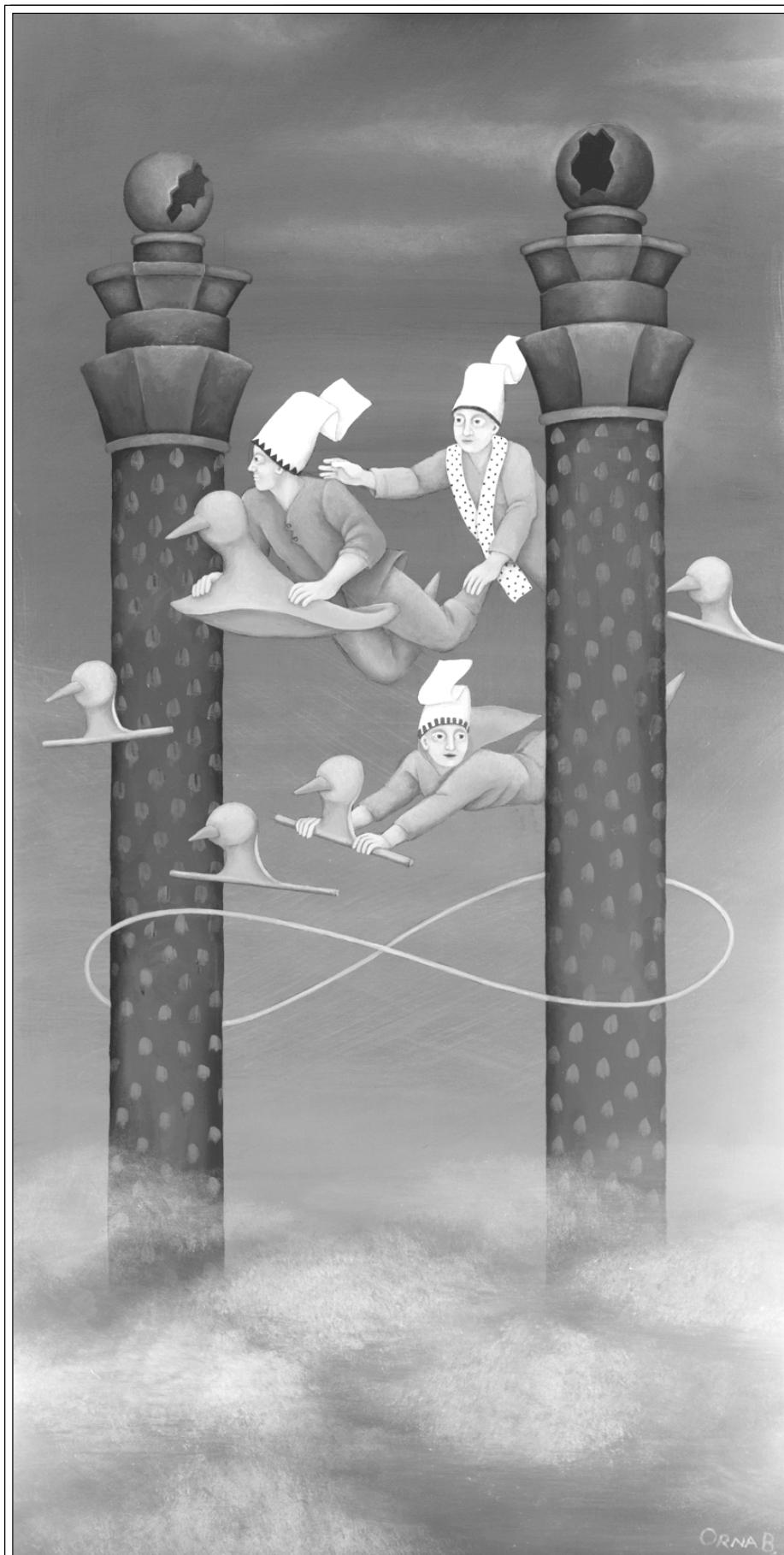
**BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES**

(\*) Nikolaos A. Margioris (1913—1993) was a modern Greek experiential metaphysical master, founder of the Omakoios of Athens, Lamia, and Trikala in Greece and a Christocentric and Christocratic mystic. He wrote about 189 esoteric, spiritual, and practical writings over thirty-five years (1958—1993), taught the esoteric truth of life in Greece and elsewhere, and left behind an immense and timeless esoteric and spiritual legacy.

In January 2009 he was recognized as sixtieth among the one hundred Great Greeks of all the times in an open public poll carried out by television channel SKY of Greece according to the standards of the BBC.

(\*\*) Ilias L. Katsiampas is a journalist, writer, and publisher of *The Search*, the daily political newspaper of Trikala. He is a graduate of physical training and for a decade was a student of Nikolaos A. Margioris. He has written approximately thirteen esoteric works and is responsible for the Schools Omakoios of Trikala (1992) and Thessaloniki (1999), in Greece.

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**"A Trip Diary"** by Orna Ben-Shoshan Vol. 29 No. 3/Dream Network 37





## Releasing Nightmares

By Jeremy Spiegel, MD

Just as you can keep positive aspects from your dreams, so you can dispense with dream elements that undermine or frighten you. The 'nightmare rehearsal technique' originated with patients 'rehearsing' trauma-related dreams in front of a therapist, and gained popularity after British psychiatrist, Isaac Marks, used it in 1978 to successfully relieve a woman's fourteen-year recurrent nightmare.

For example, suppose you have a recurring nightmare of your car careening out of control, smashing into another automobile and killing a mother and her two small children. To release this nightmare, revise it in your imagination. Go back in time to the moment when you began losing control of the car. See yourself regaining control and bringing your vehicle to a smooth stop. In your mind's eye, watch as the mother and her two children serenely drive by your car, completely unharmed. Picture yourself driving on to your destination, safe, calm, and in complete control.

After revising the dream in your imagination, 'rehearse' the revised dream sequence before bed. As a result, the nightmare will cease because the new, emotionally nourishing content reflects your conscious wish fulfillment, simultaneously decreasing your anxiety and enabling confidence to spring from your true self.

# Dream Interpretation for Self-Knowledge

By Jeremy Spiegel, MD

**D**REAMS, said Carl Jung, are "letters we send to ourselves." Properly interpreted, dreams are an invaluable tool for self-knowledge.

Scientists have proposed many reasons for why we dream. Sigmund Freud, over one hundred years ago, concluded that dreams display the dreamer's deep unconscious wishes seeking fulfillment in the theater of the mind. Decades later Jung found that the meanings of dream elements exist on multiple levels, often linked to universal patterns, or archetypes. More recently, the late Francis Crick, co-discoverer of the DNA molecule, suggested that dreams help clear the brain of 'obsolete data files,' making room for the storage of more current, practical information. All these scientists agreed that 'downloading' the content of dreams and interpreting their often-mysterious symbolism is enlightening.

When interpreting a dream, first look at how it unfolds, noting its contents. You will likely discover some of the intrapsychic special effects Freud describes in *Interpretation of Dreams*, especially condensation, displacement, repetition, and wish fulfillment.

Condensation is a distillation of two or more beings or ideas from waking life into one image, frequently manifesting as a composite human being. For example, suppose you

dream of someone who combines the qualities of a belligerent client you treated and your boyfriend of five years. In the dream, the client-boyfriend creeps up from behind you and bites your neck. You reach to touch the wound but feel nothing. Even so, your colleagues surround your assailant and force him into five-point restraints, whereupon he explodes with rage, unleashes a volley of expletives, and is dragged away kicking and screaming. Later, you learn he has died from a stroke. You experience horror, which rapidly gives way to a welcome feeling of liberation. Focusing on the condensation, you uncover the dream's meaning: you must free yourself from your controlling boyfriend, whose emotional manipulation has had an injurious effect on you, preventing you from effectively caring for your clients and yourself.

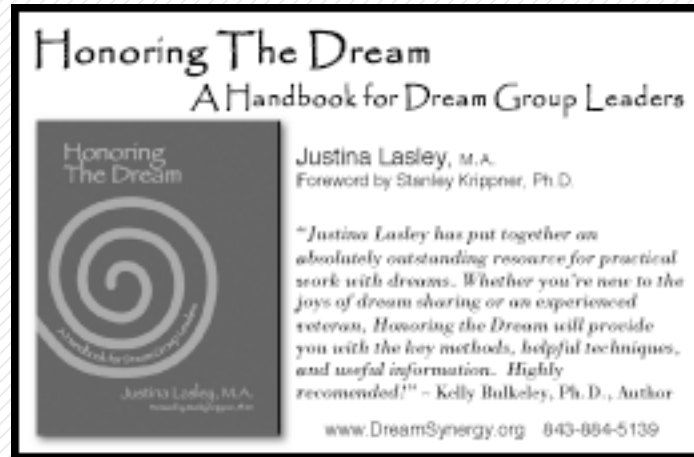
Displacement occurs when dream content involves a feature or action unrelated to the dreamer's waking focus or life circumstances. For example, say you dream about antique wallpaper even though in reality all your walls are painted. The wallpaper is peeling and impossible to patch. The more the wallpaper separates from the wall and the more you try to smooth it back on, the more holes are revealed in the surface behind it. Reflecting later, you realize





the peeling ancient wallpaper represents your increasingly desperate attempts to cover up the 'holes' in your life. Perhaps for many years you've been in denial about the need for a 'repair' in your 'home,' that is—in displacement-speak—a need for healing in your psyche and your life.

Repetition involves the reappearance of a dream element, either in the same dream or in recurring ones, and often in different formats, such as imagery, language and wordplay. For example, suppose an empty bag of saline solution keeps showing up in your dreams. First you see it between the cushions of a love seat, then next to the milk carton in the refrigerator, and later dangling from the rearview mirror of your car, which, you notice, is running on empty. Upon later reflection, you suspect that the bag's recurrence in your dream symbolizes the depletion of your resources and an unexpressed wish to quench your emotional dehydration. It also occurs to you there might be wordplay at work: the solution is to refuel yourself. Wish fulfillment discloses a desire the dreamer may or not be aware of and provides the satisfaction of that desire in dreamtime. For example, say you are a local branch manager recently promoted to regional sales director. The first week on the job you dream you are overseas struggling with a foreign language and discouraged about your inability to communicate. Then you pull a red button from your pocket and press it. Feeling something 'click' in your head, you suddenly unleash a stream of clear communication in the heretofore unfamiliar language. Your dream expresses and satisfies your desire to master your new job responsibilities. Wish fulfillment discloses a wish that the dreamer unconsciously wants fulfilled. In the dream it may be expressed either overtly or in hidden imagery.



If ignored or left uninterpreted, the dream elements of condensation, displacement, repetition, and wish fulfillment can leave you in psychic tumult, awash in disturbing sensations long after waking from your dream. Over time, unintegrated dreams can lead to self-defeating attitudes or actions.

By contrast, the more you practice dream interpretation, the greater your self-awareness and the better your ability to function mindful of, rather than ruled by, the hidden agendas of your unconscious. Interpreting your dreams can help you access and reinforce your true self. Ultimately, you can learn to dispel the tension and anxiety found in disturbing dreams and use the passion of exhilarating dreams to enhance your waking energy. You can decide which elements, themes, and resulting insights you want to hold on to in your waking life... which shells from your psychic sea you wish to keep.∞

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*This article was excerpted and adapted from the book, *The Mindful Medical Student: A Psychiatrists' Guide to Staying Who You Are While Becoming Who You Want to Be*, by Jeremy Spiegel, MD. For more information, contact Elizabeth Wolf, Blessingway Authors' Services, ewolf@blessingway.com.*

### At-a-Glance Guidelines for Dream Interpretation

By Jeremy Spiegel, MD

Place pen and paper near bed.

- Write down your dream content.
- List the people, objects, and actions appearing in the dream.
- Note the intrapsychic special effects appearing in the dream.
- Free associate to your dream.
- Select the insights worth keeping.
- If your dream is a nightmare, revise it and rehearse the new rendition.



Interview w/ Pamela Hayes. Cont'd from pg. 13

world for those companies aware of how investment in well being and mental health is good for the bottom line ROI (return on investment).” Many large and small businesses are using Art Therapists to reveal workplace and inter-personal patterns of behavior, foster creativity and productivity. I was consulted by a large nursing home facility. They asked me to work with their entire administrative team to help instill a sense of trust, shared responsibility and cohesiveness. They knew there were several agency-wide changes coming that would require the administrative team to work together. I met with their team for eight weeks, and we worked on many art activities—some individual art projects and some group art projects. The final task was a collaborative quilt. They made decisions together about the theme and size of the quilt, who would be assigned what duty, where and how it would be displayed. This shared experience provided a basis for further group undertakings, as well as an understanding of how they worked together given individual strengths and weaknesses. The use of Art Therapy in groups, be it corporate groups, social groups or families, has shown to be effective on multiple levels. There is a sense of empowerment, because a set task has been proposed and completed to a degree of satisfaction with the final outcome—an esthetically pleasing final product has been created. There are more enduring meta-meanings of mastery and control. This is accomplished through the ability to work together, make decisions and compromises and even move outside of one’s own comfort zone to try something new.

**RL.** That is encouraging indeed! What you have shown is how art reaches deep into the story mind, beneath even the words of story, reaching a place we might call home, even if we don’t think of it that way. It is the home of art, of dreams, of imagination. Thank you Pamela, for this visit; and thank you Samantha for connecting us. ∞

Read by Red Book. Cont'd from pg. 26

encased him within an egg to incubate (pp. 284-285). It calls upon Gilgamesh to be reborn as a god. In German, “Ein kaufen” means “one to purchase,” while “Ein kämpfen” means “one to struggle against.” I have since received strong dream impressions that I am supposed to compose a “Gilgamesh Cantata” using the words from the Invocations section of the *Red Book*. How I will accomplish this with my limited musical skills is beyond me, but I believe that it does want to manifest in some way! No doubt it will be a struggle and perhaps I will need to buy the services of someone more knowledgeable to complete it?

Finally, I have found myself lecturing about the *Red Book* itself in dreams:

*I am giving a lecture on the images in the Red Book in a large auditorium with a big screen in the front. I have a PowerPoint presentation. I am nearing the end of the presentation and I show the last several images from the book. The last one actually includes, at the bottom, the strip of perforated white paper where Jung tore the page out of his spiral bound notebook. I mention that he stopped writing in mid-sentence.*

In fact, the book does end in mid-sentence on page 189 of Part Two, though the translator has found supplementary material in Jung’s *Black Book* diaries to partially complete the story. My own dream journal is kept in a series of spiral-bound notebooks, before I transfer the dreams to computer files.

My reading of the *Red Book* and its reading of me, have provided me with some very interesting adventures in consciousness. Curiously, the dreams appear to be ahead of the reading while the waking life experiences are behind it. I would recommend it to anyone who is contemplating a similar journey—though, throughout the book, Jung emphasizes that earnest searchers must not follow his path, but forge their own. Don’t wait for the paperback edition to come out! ∞

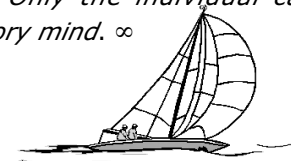
Dialogue On “TIME”. Cont'd from pg. 29)

marketing campaigns and political manipulations. So in addition to reserving time for the story mind, we also need ways to protect the story mind.

**RL.** Whatever protects dreaming, the art impulse, the imagination generally, will protect story mind. But the single most effective protection of story mind is the individual taking this up as a project. Humans are a social species and so herding is natural to our ways of functioning even if what we are being herded into may not be so good for us (not accidental that we spend time browsing, twittering, joining social networks, becoming fans). But protecting story mind is necessarily an individual thing, an individual project, like a writer writing a novel, a painter painting, a dreamer dreaming. Be wary of demands that these activities become “social.”

In thinking about your idea of the need for protecting story mind, I am reminded of Goethe. His work was essentially lost in the flood tide of the Newtonian socialization of science. Only when the quirky “individual” nature of quantum ideas came on the scene, did Goethe become “relevant” again. And I think his work, perhaps even more than Jung’s, certainly more than what Jung’s work has become in its “socialized” aspect, may become a crucial aspect of what you are calling the protection of story mind.

We can explore this further in the next dialogue, but let me mention just this. Goethe’s method requires one to slow down and take time and to engage in developing the fullness of the sensorial imagination. You cannot do this in an instant. You cannot computerize this. You can only engage your own individual mind as the way into this. *Only the individual can protect story mind.* ∞



40 Russell would love to hear your ‘Dreams in the News.’ Email: ral@ralockhart.com





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