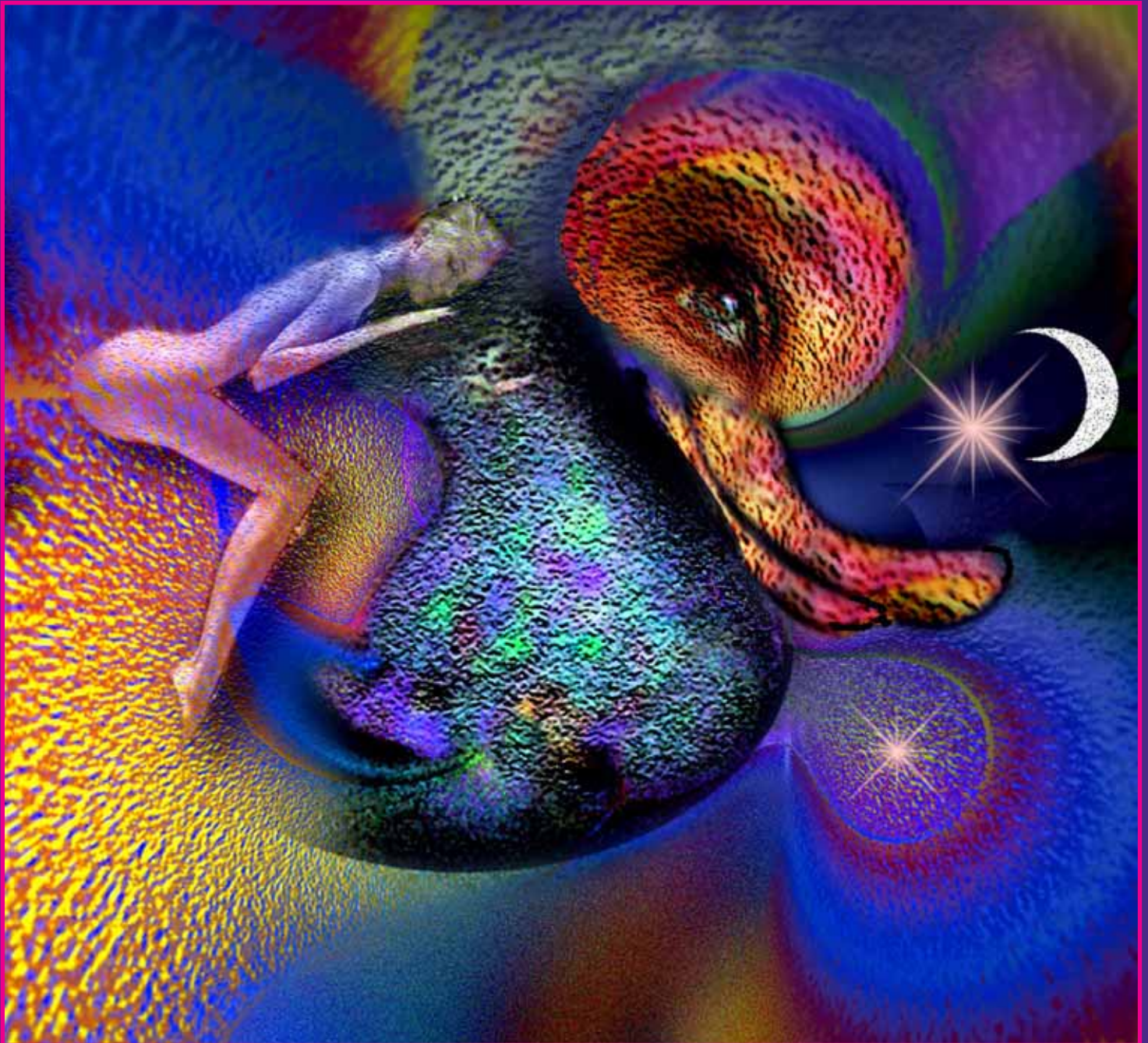


Dreaming Politics

Autumn 2012



Dream Network Journal



The Plight of the Elephant People Deena Metzger

The Gilgamesh Cantata Part Two Curtiss Hoffman

Bateson's Nightmare: Cybernetics, Global Warming & Dreams Paco Mitchell, M.A.

30th Annual Conference of the International Association for the Study of Dreams

Dream Castles in the Sand

June 21 - 25, 2013

Virginia Beach Resort & Conference Center
Virginia Beach, VA

The Venue • Virginia Beach Resort Hotel and Conference Center is located on the beach at 2800 Shore Drive in Virginia Beach, Virginia with sweeping views of the Cape Henry Bay. The bay front location provides an ideal venue for beach activities.

The Conference will feature three world-renowned keynote speakers, over 160 presenters from around the globe, an opening reception, the Dream Art Exhibition and reception, a Dream Hike, the annual Dream Telepathy Contest, the ever popular costume Dream Ball and other fun special events appropriate to the beachside location. Come meet and converse with your favorite authors and personalities as well as a multitude of kindred spirits interested in sharing the joy and benefits of understanding dreams and dreamworking.

The Program is multidisciplinary with a little something for everyone, professionals as well as those simply interested in dreams. It is organized in tracks for the best opportunity to participate in the discipline of interest to you and recordings will be available so that you can catch up on any lectures you may have missed. Sessions include: presentations; symposia; panels; workshops; special events; morning dream groups; and poster papers. Tracks include: Research and Theory; Arts and Humanities; Culture and Anthropology; Education; Religion, Spirituality and Philosophy; Clinical Approaches; Dreamwork Practices; Extraordinary, PSI and Lucid Dreaming; Dreams & Healing; and the Dream Castles Conference Theme.

Keynote Presenters



Tenzin Wangyal Rinpoche
"Lucid Dreaming from a
Bön Buddhist Viewpoint"



Kevin J. Todeschi
"Edgar Cayce and the Use of
Dreams for Self Guidance"

For additional information and to register:

www.asdreams.org/2013



Dreaming Humanity's Path



“Guardians” Art by Tony Macelli

*I am driving downtown with my grandson doing errands.
We are confronted instead with Chaos;
the town is on fire, people are running helter-skelter in panic. I say to him,
“We best get out of here...” as I make a U-turn and head south, up out of our valley.
When we have gained safe distance from danger, I U-turn again so that we can better
see and evaluate what’s going on. As I stop the car, another car which had been
following us pulls up across the road and stops just opposite us. A man rushes out of his car
and begins running.... straight up into the sky! As we watch, we can see that he is running
toward a ship in the sky ~ a spirit ship. There are translucent beings aboard watching the man’s
approach. When he reaches the ship, he begins to communicate an urgent message.
Once conveyed, the spirit beings begin to dive from their ship.
I can see the air ripple as they descend, as one would see water ripple.
The sight of all of this awakens me. Coming into consciousness, I hear a voice say:*

“There is nothing to fear. Help is on the way.”

Mission Statement

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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. We will provide information that will assist and empower readers.

We hope to aid in the personal development and healing of our physical, emotional, psychological and spiritual responsibility and well-being, with the help of dreams.

We aspire to unite and serve people who respect dreams by aiding the integration of dreamwork into the everyday life of our culture, always mindful of the dreamer's integrity. We believe dreams can become agents of change that often reveal important new insights about the health and developing life of the dreamer.

Recalling a dream is a signal we are ready to begin understanding the information presented. Our primary mission is helping readers glean meaning from dreams through journaling, studying and dreamsharing one-on-one or in groups. Enacting or manifesting your dream's hint can lead to healing and empowerment.

We seek balance, giving all cultures, nations, voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard. There will be times when a particular area will be given greater emphasis, depending on what is surfacing. Given the limited print and online space the emphasis will change from time to time. Still, a wide range of ideas and opinions will be explored and expressed.

We invite you to indicate areas of interest and questions you want to explore or pose in future issues. ☺

Dream Network Journal

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Table of Contents

Dreaming Humanity's Path

- 3 Help is on the Way
- 7 United and of One Mind
- 12 The Final War
- 21 Creating Realities
- 22 We Are All One
- 23 Abundance For All
- 33 Signs in the Sky ~
More Signs in the Sky
- 43 The New Earth

DREAMING POLITICS

- 8 The Plight of the Elephant People
by Deena Metzger
- 13 Bateson's Nightmare:
Cybernetics, Global Warming & Dreams
by Paco Mitchell, M.A.
- 16 Hopi Elder Speaks
- 17 Dream of Death & the Way of the Shaman
by David Sparenberg

Art of Dream Sharing & Dream Education

- 18 DREAMS IN THE NEWS
Dreams as Angels Part Three
by Russell A. Lockhart, Ph.D.
- 24 Dreaming the Dream Forward
Music, Art & Ritual in Dreamwork
by Jennifer M. Peters
- 27 BACK TO BASICS
The Heart Connection
by Arthur Strock, Ph.D.
- 29 The Night of Enchantment... Ends
by Sandy Steckling
- 31 DREAMTIME: DREAM EXCHANGE
"The Visitation"
by Marlene King, M.A.
- 34 The Gilgamesh Cantata Part Two
by Curtiss Hoffman
- 38 Book Review *by David Sparenberg*

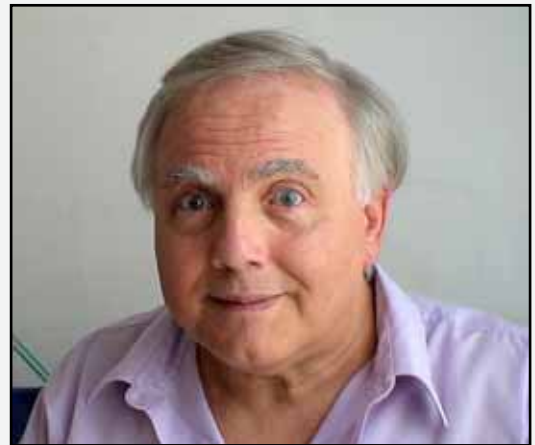
Upcoming Focus
WINTER 2012

2012: Prophecies,
Visions & Dreams

& Forgiveness: How have
your dreams helped you in
forgiving yourself or others?

Lifeline: 4 Weeks after you
receive this issue.

About Our Cover Artist Tony Macelli



"Happy Dreams" artist Tony Macelli is retired and lives on the Mediterranean island of Malta. He is a volunteer with a local Foundation that works with the most vulnerable. He delivers an Emotional Freedom service to persons with emotional distress. He does artwork, poetry, and facilitates groups doing Christian contemplative practice. Contact: tonynora@maltanet.net.

NOTE Regarding Submissions

Individuals from all cultures and walks of life are encouraged to submit dream related manuscript, poetry and artwork to be considered for publication.

We invite you to share transformational experience and any insight regarding effective dreamwork and dreamplay techniques.

Feel free to send in a submission, even if it falls outside the scope of the suggested focus or theme. Your article may be appropriate for publication in one of our other regular features, *The Art of Dreamsharing* and *Dream Education*, or *The Mythic Dimension*.

Given the overall synchronicity that shapes the *Dream Network Journal*, your submission is likely to 'fit' perfectly in an upcoming issue. We always love to hear from you in our Letters column; whether you were inspired or infuriated by the latest issue, please let us know!

Typical article length is approx. 1600-2000 words. A photo of yourself and art work to enhance your submission is requested (.pdf, .tif or .jpg files are preferred for text, ads, artwork & photos). **Always share your dream(s) in the present tense.** We prefer that you use **Word.doc** for email submissions, **sent as attachments.** Artists wishing to have their work considered for our covers, please contact the editor: Publisher@DreamNetwork.net.

Include SASE with Postal Service queries & submissions. Mail queries & submissions to DNJ PO Box 1026, Moab, UT84532. Visit our website for more in-depth Writer, Artist and Poets' Guidelines: <http://DreamNetwork.net>.

Dream Network Journal 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 previously published in future issues or in subject-specific booklets and/or monographs.

We look forward to hearing from you!

Letters, Questions, Dreams

Dreams for the Listener

I am asking for your assistance in promoting Dreams for the Listener--a pair of unique international competitions in writing and art, presented by The iMAGE Project, with \$500 cash prizes as well as prizes in each category for Extreme Creativity. If I could say anything to request your assistance, it would be: Dreams for the Listener is about helping people follow their dreams. Everyone in the world needs this.

Dreams for the Listener is not just any writing or art contest either. A look at our panel of judges at <http://dreamsforthelistener.com/about-the-judges/> will tell you that. The most recent addition to this panel of Judges is author Jody Lynn Nye, who is president of the Science Fiction Writers of America. Because the Dreams for the Listener competition is so unique, all of the judges are eager to see what the outcome will be in terms of contest entries.

Of course you are welcome to enter these contests yourself. The competition is open to people of all ages from all over the world. We expect some wonderful work, and I would love to see your work represented there too.

But this particular message is a request for you to help spread the word about Dreams for the Listener, and to become involved at a deeper level. I would like to see the opportunities expand for creative approaches to dreams and art. In order to do that, I encourage you to become a Listener yourself, a person who contributes to the development of dreams, hopes and aspirations. (You are probably already that kind of person, or you would not be receiving this:)

Yes, some of my request involves money...but not a lot. You might want to contribute. I hope you do. But some of this request involves nothing but enthusiasm.

Would you be willing to promote Dreams for the Listener to your friends? To fellow artists? To students? Contest regulations can be found at www.dreamsforthelistener.com along with a downloadable poster provided for you on our Media page. Feel free to distribute information about Dreams for the Listener on your e-mail lists or FaceBook pages.

In part, the effort of these competitions is to encourage global participation. Though the language of the competitions is, of necessity,

English we hope to see entries from countries in which English is not the standard. This is a primary reason for our prizes for Extreme Creativity.

In order to accomplish the long-term goals of Dreams for the Listener, including sponsorships for entries from those who may not otherwise be able to enter and also including funding for future competitions, I am asking that you become a Listener yourself. There are two ways to do this:

Become a Sponsor: For a donation of \$60 or more, your logo or business card will be displayed on our Sponsor Page. Deadline for the current contest is December 31, 2012, but the Sponsor Page will become a permanent feature of the *Dreams for the Listener* web site. Sponsorships will be used to fund entries from those who cannot otherwise manage fees.

Become a Listener: As you may have noticed, I believe in this project to the extent that I contributed to it not only the title and first paragraphs of the first short story I ever wrote about dreams, but also the prizes for the Extreme Creativity awards: a poster of Menolly from *The People of Pern* signed by artist Robin Wood and author Anne McCaffrey and a boxed, numbered limited edition of William Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* signed by its illustrator, Charles Vess.

The iMAGE Project believes in the dream of global community and creativity. So do I. Think about what you might contribute to this venture and contact me. Listeners come in many forms and contributions do as well. Cash contributions for Dreams for the Listener are tax deductible for US donations. The iMAGE Project (www.imageproject.org) is a 501(c)3 US nonprofit organization.

I appreciate your help, but even more the people you encourage to enter these contests will appreciate your help. Someone is going to win. It could be you, or one of your friends, or a student, or someone you love. Encourage people to enter. They will benefit from your encouragement!

Thank you. Dreams for the Listener is an Adventure of the Heart. From the bottom of my heart to yours, best dreams!

Jean Campbell jccampb@aol.com

Letters, Questions, Dreams

When Dreamtime is Realtime

I am writing to express an interest in a dream topic; dreams that occur while something related to the dream happens in real time.

The dream I am sharing is an example of this but the dream occurred while my friend died and—as we can't say for sure what happens in death— it is a little different than what I have in mind. Here is one quick example of my own.

“Not the right time yet”

My father is lying on the floor. Medical people in white coats are all around him, looking down on him. One of them says he might be dead. I get really upset and tell them that the time isn't right yet. The time isn't right yet. Then, I wake up.

I learned my father had a heart arrest (he lived in a different town at the time) and was rushed to the emergency room at *exactly the time* I had the dream. The medication he was taking for his cancer had caused the heart arrest. The medication was shortly thereafter taken off the market. I knew my father was terminal, but, in the dream, I felt they were interfering with the time he was meant to go. I felt it was important that he died when the time was right for him and that the time had already been set.

Sandy Steckling, Kingston, WA

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Angel Issues: Comforting & Informative

How timely for me your angel issue. Two weeks before, my beloved cat died unexpectedly and I was moved to realize that she has been my angel. I'll add Angelica or Angelina or both to her name.

The art work, both cover and inside back cover & the quilt photos that accompanied “*Spontaneous Resting Reverie*” and “*A Path to Soul*” and “*The Heron's Demand*” were fantastic. I keep taking them in and I was delighted to read about Mikey in Arthur Strock's “*Are Angels like Santa Claus!*”

The articles “*Spontaneous Resting Reverie*” and “*A Path to Soul*” spoke to me especially so deeply.

Karen Etheldattar, Union City, NJ

Deja Vu ~ Perplexing

Why am I seeing the future, but not enough to change anything or understand *why*?

My name is Vanessa Hatton. I am 32, married with a 2 yr. old daughter. I am Caucasian from a middle income family of divorced parents.

My first obvious deja vu experience was when I was about 10-12 years old. We were vacationing on a mountain and had a good time. As we were leaving, driving down the zig-zag road, I realized that I had seen the scene I was looking at before. It was like a photo of that corner, with its bushes and gravel road; how I saw it was exactly as I had seen it but it only lasted a minute or so, until we had gone around a corner. I had the feeling that comes *with* these experiences, a funny sort of ‘spinnny, slightly detached’ feel. That road scene I had dreamed a couple of months (or so) previous to the trip. I had started a dream diary and that scene had struck me as out of place for the rest of the dream. Since then, I have had many more of these kind of experiences. Always recognizing a particular ‘scene’ from a previous dream. I had one a month or so back of being out on my deck, but when I had the dream, the deck wasn't built.

Whenever I get that ‘deja’ feeling, I always remember a scene from a dream, like a snapshot that's been pre-filed into my subconscious.

I don't get bad feelings from it and it never seems to be any more than a scene that I recognise from a dream. It never seems to hold a ‘message.’ I never have anything that I can predict from it. I just take comfort that it must be I am living my life as it was planned. I have no other way to justify it! There just doesn't seem to be any rhyme nor reason to it. Some have people in them, some don't. Sometimes I don't remember the dream until I see the scene

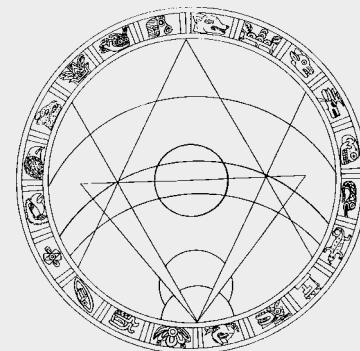
They haven't been less or more through any of my life's dramas: pregnancy, demolishing our house & rebuilding, teen angst, job troubles, etc.

Why am I seeing the future, but not enough to change anything? Why are the scenes quite mundane? What's the point?

Kind regards, Vanessa Hatton

Please send response to publisher@DreamNetwork.net

Dreaming Humanity's Path



United and Of One Mind

I am at a gathering of people at which everyone is at odds.

No agreements can be reached and we are all milling around.

Suddenly, I begin singing “We Shall Overcome,” but I can't remember all the words and sing only the first three lines, then hesitate.

Everyone is stunned and turns to look at me and then another woman's voice takes up the song.

Suddenly, everyone is holding hands and swaying to the left and the right, in unison.

We are all singing and I know there is hope of our all being united and of one mind.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~



The Plight of the Elephant People

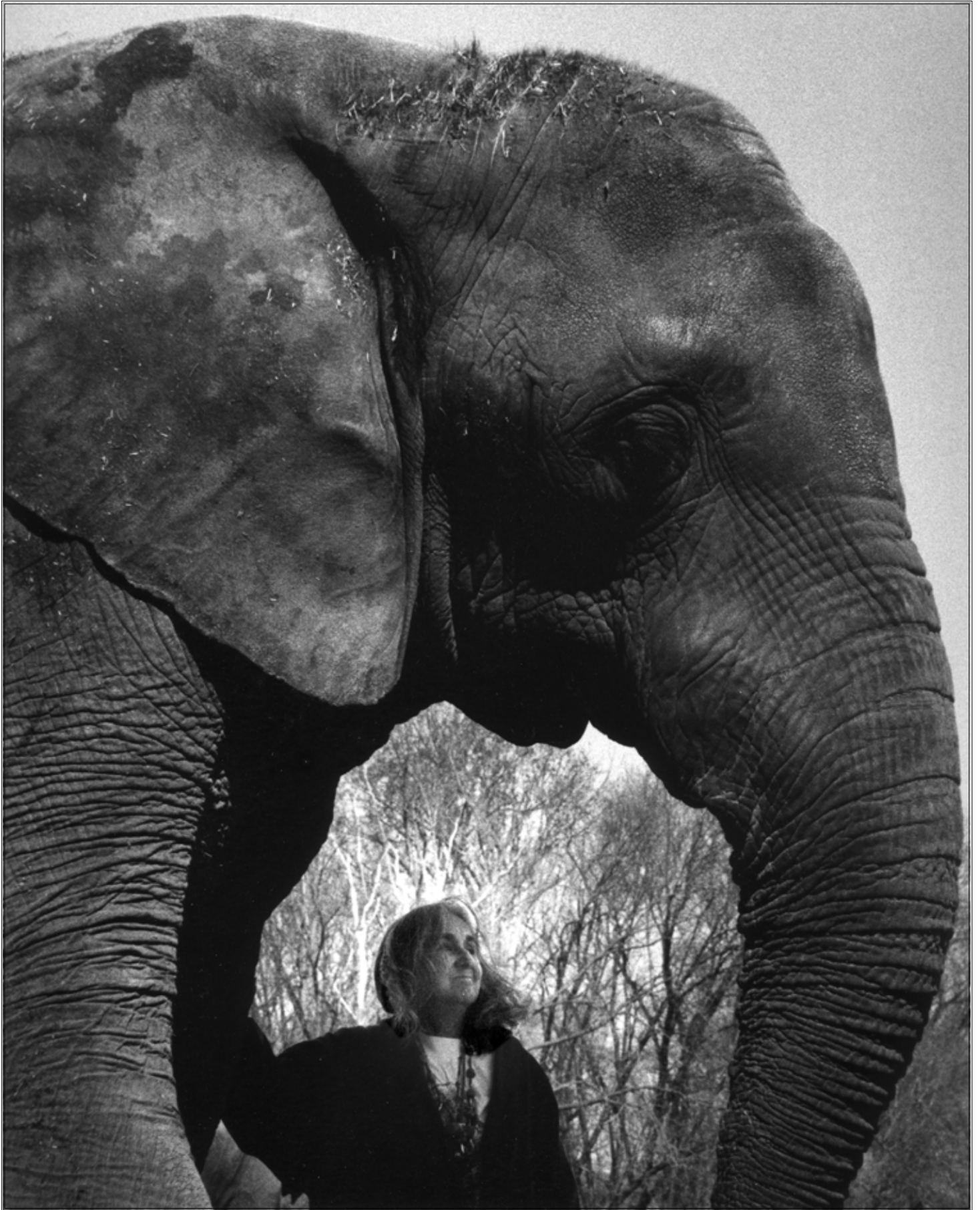
by Deena Metzger

I dream that a conventional appearing middle class woman is calmly and confidently shooting two young lovers with a rifle. She shoots the young woman point blank and then turns the rifle on the young man who stands there horrified as he is shot to death. She is standing in the shadow of the roof of one of those concessions that lined the Boardwalk of Coney Island near where I lived as a child. I can't see into the room, but by its dimensions this might have been an amusement gallery, the kind with the fortuneteller doll in a glass case in the center who will hand you a paper fortune for a penny or a nickel.

Having killed the lovers, she turns her rifle toward me, where I am watching from about a hundred yards away across the Boardwalk. She wants to silence me, to prevent me from writing about the extraordinary intelligence—and the plight—of the Elephant People. In the dream, my essays are being reprinted and becoming influential. I manage to escape her by fleeing to the Boardwalk entrance ramps where I meet Ron Kovic, the Vietnam veteran anti-war activist whose own story is told in “Born on the Fourth of July.”

We greet one another, having been in the anti-war movement at the same time.

Suddenly, I am with him in a small room. He is not in his wheelchair but is standing. I am standing with him and we are embracing each other as comrades. He has healed almost all of his wounds in the course of these years. And he is still Ron Kovic standing up for what he believes.



Deena Metzger framed by Elephant Photo by Patricia Langer

~ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ~

"The No-Enemy way is
committed to undoing war
without engaging in war.
We will have to be so very
clever, determined
and dedicated to
clean up the grand mess.
We will have to do it together.
Many of the peoples on the
planet, like the Wolf People,
the Elephant People,
the Tree People, cannot defend
themselves just as indigenous
people have ultimately been
unable to defend themselves
against the warmongers
over the years.
And yet the planet
must not die."

~ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ~

I write down the dream and then learn that there was a showing of "Born on the Fourth of July" at the Museum of Modern Art on July 5th, 2012. Alexander Reed Kelley wrote about the event in Truthdig, on July 19th http://www.truthdig.com/report/item/speaking_truth_on_the_fifth_of_july_20120819/. There is a scene in "Born on the Fourth of July" where Kovic, played by Tom Cruise, and a small group of veterans enter the 1972 Republican National Convention in Miami Beach, Florida:

"My name is Ron Kovic. I am a Vietnam veteran," Kovic says as he attempts to stand up from his wheelchair. "I am here to say that this war is wrong, that this society lied to me. It lied to my brothers. It deceived the people of this country, tricked them into going 13,000 miles to fight a war against a poor peasant people ..."

After the film, speaking to the audience, Kovic said,

"There's a chill in the air. People are intimidated. ... Protest is supposed to be part of our constitutional right and our freedom of assembly, the freedom to question authority and the freedom to redress our grievances, which we saw during the Occupy movement. ... Since 9/11, those who protest are almost made to feel as if they're the enemy. ... They're afraid of being called traitors and being called un-American," as Kovic himself has been called continuously, since speaking out against the wars, while sitting in his wheelchair, bearing wounds he sustained while attempting to defend his nation. "I think one of the most American things you can do is to speak your mind, to gather on a street corner and express yourself."

As in the dream, it is easy to pick off individuals one at a time, but perhaps the gathering of minds is a different matter.

Kelley's article hits home. I was preparing to lead a writing retreat among the ancient stones and megaliths of Ireland, and had just read of the defeat of the Druids by the Romans.⁽¹⁾

The power of the Druids was so feared by the Romans that in 60 CE, their legions ... made the crossing to the island of the dreamers and began the destruction of the sacred groves.... With great effort the Roman governor, Suetonius Paulinus, rallied his men to attack this "band of females and fanatics.... The next step ... was to demolish the groves consecrated to their savage cults.

How long these wars against the innocents have been going on!

The conventional woman in my dream has no difficulty killing the innocents; it is what she does, just as the militarists have been engaged in endless war for millennia. It is how things have been and it is what must be undone. We know that consciousness is real and so we can change and reintegrate ourselves into the ecology of creation. Why else would spirit have sent this dream at this time?

The woman aims at me with her rifle because I stand with the Elephant People. Let us not imagine for a moment that the aerial war against the wolves, the hunting by helicopter of elephants and rhinos, the conscrip-

“ Let us not imagine for a moment that the aerial war against the wolves, the hunting by helicopter of elephants and rhinos, the conscription of dolphin into suicide missions, the devastation of the forests, the sacred groves, the mountains, the waters, air and land, the contamination of Mars with plutonium, the requisitioning of aboriginal lands and their resources everywhere, are not the same as the horrific acts of war we have witnessed and are living through in this and the last centuries against all the different peoples of this earth.”

~ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ~

tion of dolphin into suicide missions, the devastation of the forests, the sacred groves, the mountains, the waters, air and land, the contamination of Mars with plutonium, the requisitioning of aboriginal lands and their resources everywhere, are not the same as the horrific acts of war we have witnessed and are living through in this and the last centuries against all the different peoples of this earth.

In the dream, I meet the violence and probably save my life by making an alliance with an elder anti-war activist. After a long common history, we still stand together.

Why this dream at this time, I asked and then looked for Ron’s recent activities, not even knowing if he is alive. Then I found the article about the talk he had just given.

In the dream, anti-war is anti-war. A No Enemy Way.

At Daré, on Sunday, the 19th, a woman told a story of an old ghost in the attic of a church who asked for help cleaning up a mess. She knew it was his mess that he needed to clean. He had caused her family injury. She resented having to help. But when a ghost wants help in cleaning up the past...

I remember a line from a play I saw many years ago. The identity of a former Nazi officer living incognito among French resistance members is uncovered. Their intention is to kill him in retribution. “Hate the deed, but not the man,” he pleads for his own life.

The No-Enemy way is committed to undoing war without engaging in war. We will have to be so very clever, determined and dedicated to clean up the grand mess. We will have to do it together. Many of the peoples on the planet, like the Wolf People, the Elephant People, the Tree People,

cannot defend themselves just as indigenous people have ultimately been unable to defend themselves against the warmongers over the years. And yet the planet must not die.

I met Ron Kovic in my dream last night. He stood up and I stood up next to him. Today, Day 119 before 2012, a dream calls me to stand up with / for the young lovers of the world, the Elephant People, and ‘the others,’ that is, for ourselves. ∞

1*The Secret History of Dreaming*, Robert Moss, p.22

~ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ~

Deena Metzger is a poet, novelist, essayist, playwright and storyteller. She is also a village healer. Story is her Medicine. Her latest novels are *Feral* and *La Negra y Blanca*, both published by Hand to Hand, 2011

Other books include *Skin: Shadows/Silence A Love Letter in the Form of a Novel*, *What Dinah Thought* and *The Woman Who Slept With Men to Take the War Out of Them* that is in the volume *Tree: Essays and Pieces*, that features the celebrated Warrior Poster on its cover. *Tree* testifies to a woman’s triumph over breast cancer. It is an example of her many formal and spiritual explorations imagining a literature responsive to the complexities and necessities of our time, especially the value of actively respecting the numerous voices that constitute an ecology of mind attuned to a sacred universe. All of Deena’s work is informed by dreams.

As a spiritual practitioner, Deena is devoted to the Pathless Path and the No Enemy Way. www.deenametzger.com

BLOG --Ruin and Beauty www.deenametzger.wordpress.com

BLOG -- To Consider 2012 www.toconsider2012.wordpress.com

deenametzger@verizon.net

The Final War

I am above, yet inside, a huge movie screen on which I am watching a chronicle of every war that has ever been fought - until the last one. I experience the sights, smells, sounds and "close-ups" of men's faces in battle and dying on battlefields; I notice the different Asian, Caucasian, Black, Mediterranean, Native American and Latin faces.... the final war was in Egypt, and not in the far too distant future.

I'm hovering above the Sphinx and pyramids and see all is militarized below and that the weaponry, humanity and fighting are destroying these incredible monuments.

I'm very sad and outraged by this and I "zoom" up close to people on camels who still travel the desert in a primitive way - I hear and smell the camels (their scent is very strong and gamey) and I realize this is the final war.

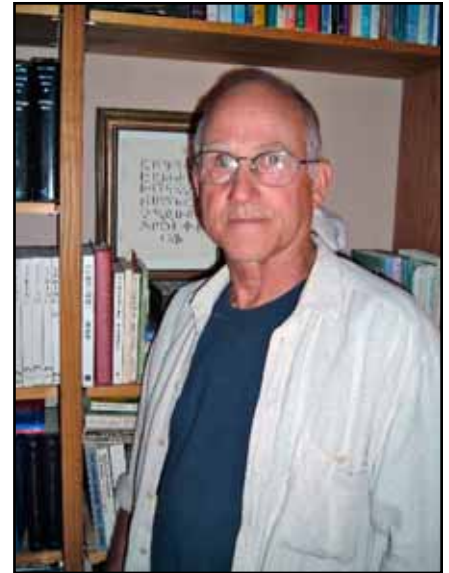
This dream was recorded on May 25, 1995. The Gulf War was behind us, and it was a time of relative stability in the world at large. The recent changes in the last year in Egypt prompted me to look up this dream, as I see Egypt as the lynchpin to the epic transformations happening in the Middle East.

Is this a glimpse through the dream window of the final war? Does it represent the future of the global community? Only time will tell.

Bateson's Nightmare: Cybernetics, Global Warming and Dreams

Part One

by Paco Mitchell



THE GECKOS WERE WORKING THE NIGHT-SHIFT ON THE PLATE GLASS WINDOWS, hunting insects drawn by the exterior floodlights. The back-lighted, translucent bodies of the small lizards gave them the appearance of slow, creeping X-rays—the Age of Reptiles meets Mr. Science.

Against the backdrop of this drama, Gregory Bateson and I sat indoors, discussing cybernetic theory. Bateson had been an instrumental player in the development of cybernetics during the post-war years. He was a master at applying cybernetic analysis to all his fields of interest: anthropology, ecology, ethology, biology, genetics, dolphin communications, schizophrenic communications, ethical problems in science, and so forth. Cybernetics had even led him to a grand vision regarding Mind and mindfulness in the universe—Bateson's version of a religious or spiritual perspective.

I was just out of college, teaching foreign languages at a private school on the Big Island of Hawaii. A friend of mine who knew Bateson wrote a letter of introduction on my behalf, resulting in an offer to serve as care-taker for Bateson's house, dog and pet gibbon ape on Oahu, while he went on a European lecture-conference tour for the summer. Before his departure and after his return, I spent many evenings with him, talking into the wee hours of the geckos' night-shift. The wide-ranging discussions amounted to a basic tutorial in cybernetics.

One conversation in particular sticks in my memory. What follows is a loose reconstruction of that conversation from memory. I used quotation marks for readability, and for the convenience of separating his voice from mine. The wording, though not exact, conveys the essence of the conversation:

"Gregory, what do you think about humanity's prospects for the future?" I asked, on the spur of the moment.

Naturally I was referring to nuclear war, a topic of some concern at the time. It was 1967 and the Cold War was in full swing: The US reportedly had a stockpile of tens of thousands nuclear weapons and the Soviets were

racing to catch up. Red China had just exploded its first hydrogen bomb, JFK and Khrushchev had already taken the world to the brink of nuclear war over the Cuban missile crisis, and LBJ had begun escalating the war in Vietnam over the trumped-up Gulf of Tonkin incident. The name "Dr. Strangelove" had entered popular discourse like a nervous tic, along with euphemisms like "mutually assured destruction" and "nuclear deterrent."

In light of this context, I was stunned by Bateson's reply.

"I'm not so concerned about nuclear war," he said. "That would only mean several million fewer people on the planet." He paused a split-second to see if I was listening. "What I'm really worried about are *runaway feedback loops in nature*."

Bateson didn't have to tell me how horrific a nuclear war would be, so his differential comparison between nuclear war and his worst ecological nightmare calibrated the degree of horror he was warning against. Surprised by his response, I must have hesitated a moment. I could figure out what a "runaway feedback loop" would be—some systemic, exponential increase reaching the point of irreversibility, a vicious circle run amok. Earlier, he had given me an example of an out-of-control feedback loop—the early steam engines that ran faster and faster until they blew up—until, that is, James Watt invented the *flyball governor* that put a limit to the possible steam input. But what did Bateson mean by runaway feedback loops "in nature"?

"Can you give me an example?"

"Well, for example, the build-up of greenhouse gases in the upper atmosphere," he said. "Combustion products and other pollutants, stuff like carbon dioxide, water vapor, methane, chloroflourocarbons, and so forth—but especially carbon dioxide."

I waited. Bateson continued.

"The atmospheric gases function just like the glass roof in a greenhouse. Solar radiation enters the atmosphere at higher frequencies—the *light spectrum*—and it passes through unimpeded. When it hits snow or ice

on the Earth's surface it's *reflected outward* at more or less the same frequency, back into space. That's the *albedo effect*—the reflectivity of whiteness." Bateson drew a little diagram with circles, straight arrows and bent arrows. "If the solar energy is absorbed by darker substances, however, like the ground or sea water, it *re-radiates* back outward, but at a lower frequency, in the form of *heat*." Now he drew a bunch of wavy arrows. "Those longer, infra-red wave-lengths don't pass through the atmosphere, they get trapped by the gases. So the heat builds up and the planet gets warmer. That's the *greenhouse effect*."

When I asked how runaway feedback loops come into play, Bateson went into greater detail, explaining how more carbon dioxide traps more heat, melting more snow and ice, resulting in a greater loss of albedo, resulting in more dark surface area radiating more heat, melting more ice, lowering the albedo still more, generating more heat, leading to more melting, and so on. Sooner or later, so much ice has melted that sea levels begin to rise, and everything continues to circulate in what he called a "positive," i.e., self-reinforcing, feedback loop.

"If there's no significant change in all those and other related inputs, the planet could lose its ability to maintain *climate homeostasis*, the whole system could be tipped out of balance and go into runaway mode. At some point it's irreversible, like the early steam engine—there's no stopping it, and it could "blow up" in some form of systemic collapse. *That's what I'm most worried about.*"

This was the first time I'd heard about such a possibility, and the scenario Bateson was presenting was sobering indeed. But he wasn't done.

"Here's another thing. These things spread in a chain-reaction of related effects. The loss of albedo in the arctic also leads to the thawing of the permafrost, which then releases huge amounts of trapped methane into the atmosphere. Methane has a much more powerful greenhouse effect than carbon dioxide, so the warming increases further—"

I was torn between scribbling my terse notes, and listening to Bateson, transfixed.

"Sooner or later the rain forests disappear, areas of desertification spread, all of which releases more carbon dioxide stored in the trees and soil, temperate forests get cut down or die because of drought or insects or over-population. Weather patterns change, the oceans acidify and can't absorb as much carbon, ocean currents change because of disturbances to the salt water/fresh water balance, etc. You can see how the consequences tend to snowball and the whole thing could accelerate beyond control. Especially since, once carbon dioxide gets into the upper atmosphere, its effects can last for thousands of years. And we pump *millions of tons* of carbon dioxide *gas* into the air every year."

"OK, I can see that now. But I'm still not sure how a three-foot rise in sea levels is worse than nuclear war. Maybe there's some serious flooding, people get displaced, but what else?"

"The sea levels are just the tip of the melting iceberg," said Bateson, patient as ever. "You see, everything is affected by this: the chemistry of the atmosphere, the chemistry of the oceans, the temperature of the oceans, the chemistry of the soil, the fertility of the soil, the viability of the rain forests, the life-cycles, habitats and migration patterns of animals, the entire water cycle, the prevalence, frequency and scale of storms and

wildfires, and so on. It's all related, because it's a *circular, closed biological system*. Sure, there's Darwinian competition for survival, but that's not all. Every biological system consists of Darwin's competition *plus* mutual interdependence. In other words, biological systems are cybernetic. Upset the balance, and you're in trouble."

This was my first glimpse of Bateson's Nightmare, a complex series of mutually reinforcing, systemic natural events, moving inexorably toward the possibility of the exponential phase—runaway—at which point there is no stopping it, short of collapse. Since our discussion had gone this far, I went for broke and asked Bateson what would be the *absolute worst case scenario*, in his mind.

"If we reach runaway levels," he said, "it's theoretically possible for enough carbon to end up in the atmosphere that the Earth could go the way of Venus, whose surface temperatures approach 900 degrees F. The atmosphere there consists overwhelmingly of carbon dioxide. It's far too hot for liquid water to exist. There are probably no, or very few, life forms left. I don't think we want to go in that direction; but unless we undergo a *radical* transformation in our thinking and our motivation, that's the direction we could be headed."

The systemic imbalances described by Bateson occur so gradually, and are interwoven with such complexity, that most of us don't see them happening at all, let alone see the potential consequences they foreshadow for the future. And although the cybernetic principles of biological systems he enunciated have been plainly available for anyone to see, for well over half a century, they have scarcely affected our common thinking or the way things are done. In *Steps to An Ecology of Mind* (1972), after laying out a simple description of how cybernetic principles affect everything—from our bodies to our cultures to the environment—Bateson wrote, "*In general, governmental decisions are made by persons who are as ignorant of these matters as pigeons.*" He could also have said—financial decisions, corporate decisions, military decisions, educational decisions, marketing decisions, ad infinitum.

In the forty-five years since my conversation with Bateson, I cannot say that much has changed, in terms of how we pursue our human-centered aims, planet-wide. I have watched what seems to me a slow, inexorable movement in the direction of Bateson's Nightmare. Perhaps we have not yet reached the exponential, runaway phase of those countless thousands of interlocking feedback loops in nature, but we are certainly inching closer, and the trends are clear. Short of a fundamental change in attitude in the halls of power and centers of wealth, I see no movement sufficient to prevent our progress toward the exponential phase of critical systems, with potentially apocalyptic outcomes. It is a great irony that all this is the result of our values, attitudes, ideas and actions—colliding with the truth of a greater cybernetic reality. As historian Theodore Roszak once said, after describing the crisis of modern civilization, "How did we arrive at this crisis? *We progressed to it.*"

Bateson planted in my mind the seed of his nightmare vision in the most gentle way, but there is no doubt that he intended that I, at my neophyte's level, should see the logical consequences of our willful ignorance, consequences which he referred to as a kind of "punishment":

"Lack of systemic wisdom," he wrote, "is always punished."

We may say that the biological systems—the individual, the culture, and the ecology—are partly living sustainers of their component cells or organisms. But the systems are nonetheless punishing of any species unwise enough to quarrel with its ecology. Call the systemic forces ‘God’ if you will.”

For my part, I call Bateson’s insight “shamanic,” because it offers a powerful perspective enabling one to see things from a bird’s-eye view. And even if what it reveals is a dark prospect, we are better off knowing than not. In this respect such knowledge is much like the moral problem of the shadow in psychological analysis—a narrow passage all must traverse who would know themselves.

One of the great questions we will be answering, now and in generations to come, is whether human beings are really so *sapiens* after all. We are a clever species, to be sure, but in the long run, will we prove ourselves to be a wise, i.e., a truly adaptive, species?

* * *

In this all-too-superficial account of Bateson’s ideas, I have not presented a happy or optimistic prognosis, the way we are expected to do when we write about dire environmental and political questions. Yes, a truly viable future for humans, and the other species affected by us, is still *possible*, but it is a sad and galling truth that we are squandering the precious time we have available to us. Every optimistic article I read has an “if only” clause attached to it, like the fine-print in an insurance policy. “We can move into a new and wonderful future, *if only* we find the political will to change this, or change that, etc.”

Marie-Louise von Franz once said that the desire to change the world is “a childish illusion.” What one must do, she insisted, is *change oneself*. This seems to be the gist of wisdom teachings throughout history—from the old shamanic healers to the Chinese sages, through the Midrash teachings to Jesus and the alchemists, from Jung to Bateson and many others. And for all that I have wrestled with these questions, childishly wishing that my words could “change the world,” in truth I can add nothing new to the sum of wisdom that already exists. *Today* is the day for us to start, not just envisioning, but most of all *embodying* the future we want to see.

In a sense, everything we have learned from Jung about dreams, the reality of the objective psyche, the individuation process, the creative imagination, and so forth, belongs to this process of bringing into being the re-generative, healing values of the future. But one of the most crucial features of that engagement with the unconscious, and the resurgent values that flow from it, is the necessity for *humility* in the face of the greater context, whether we call that context individuation, the Self, the cybernetic environment, or God. *Hubris* has given us our titanic status on the planet, our biblical *dominion* over all creatures, our fantasies of control. And that very same hubris could bring us down.

In Part II of this essay, I will discuss some of the ways Bateson’s ideas support the crucial role of *dreams*, and how they might exert a creative influence at this tremendous moment in our evolutionary history. For, at bottom, it is dreams that are shaping us, gifting us with inklings of the future we so desperately need to create, if we are to avoid an oblivion of our own making. ∞

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Hopi Elder Speaks

We Are the Ones We've Been Waiting For

You have been telling the people that this is the Eleventh Hour.

Now you must go back and tell the people that this is The Hour.

And there are things to be considered:

Where are you living?

What are you doing?

What are your relationships?

Are you in right relation?

Where is your water?

Know your garden.

It is time to speak your Truth.

Create your community. Be good to each other. And do not look outside yourself for the leader. This could be a good time!

There is a river flowing now very fast. It is so great and swift that there are those who will be afraid. They will try to hold on to the shore. They will feel they are being torn apart, and they will suffer greatly.

Know the river has its destination. The elders say we must let go of the shore, push off into the middle of the river, keep our eyes open, and our heads above the water. See who is in there with you and celebrate.

At this time in history, we are to take nothing personally. Least of all, ourselves. For the moment that we do, our spiritual growth and journey comes to a halt. The time of the lone wolf is over. Gather yourselves!

Banish the word struggle from your attitude and your vocabulary.

*All that we do now must be done in a sacred manner
and in celebration.*

We are the ones we've been waiting for.



Dream of Death and the Way of the Shaman

by David Sparenberg

OLD ONES CAME TO ME AND CRIED OUT, "WAKE UP! GET TO YOUR FEET. COME WITH US NOW. HURRY, FOR GOD'S SAKE. LOOK INTO THE CIRCLE, EVERYWHERE, POINT BY POINT. URGENT: SHE IS DYING!"

Out of fear I peered into the mystic and out of bewilderment, tremulous, I replied, "What does God have to do with this?"

One of the elders answered in voice distraught, "Everything. God's anguish is beyond the boundaries, even beyond the horizons of human thought, feeling, and emotions. Should she die, God's suffering will be boundless, ineffable—a suffering both infinite and eternal. We speak here of a wild god. Yet, perhaps, as akin as microcosm is to macrocosm to your own bereavement should you lose to death your bride, your beloved, the peerless living jewel of your thundering heart and envisioning soul."

Then again in chorus the old ones cried aloud, "Awaken! Stand. Be quick. The need is pressing and excuses are but denials playing into the ubiquitous power of the degrees of death. Know—she is dying! Why then do you delay?"

How terrible here was my fear, how profuse the sweat chilling my confused flesh; how bewildering the horror of this midnight summons, disturbing me out of mind in that anguished swelter of light eclipsing and devouring darkness!

But next one of the elders revealed his face from out of the encompassing night and spoke his desperate, revelatory declaration: "Spirits wander about this time, coming to each and all living, to plead with a singular message and let you know that we too are afraid. We, who have nothing to fear of death, fear this impending death. So profound was and is our love. Yet we are weak now beyond these gossamer apparitions and faint beyond this haunt of breathless words."

In the passage of a moment, writhing like a ragged cloth in wind and

rain, the ancient added, "So upon you, you and none other, does the ultimate rest: shall she live or die?"

Whereupon on third occasion, in pleading hurt and outrage, the united voices of the old ones cried, "Wake up! Rise to noble height, deep rooting into ageless instincts. Acts of beauty are required and your love is the holy medicine of this hour. Only hasten. Take nothing with you from the industries of men and give no thought to tomorrow more than that the dawn is guaranteed in floral light and bird song.

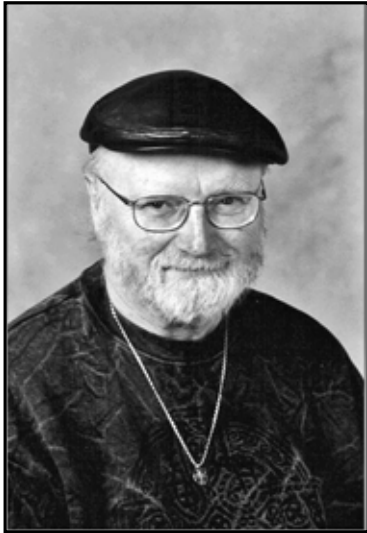
"Now is the presence and now the power. As it is now that she is dying and extinction is threatened to the womb of life and time. Now too, upon the pin point of decision, is the hour of healing."

Forthwith my eyes opened with pathos and sanity, and I awoke with my face a field of rain and the drumming hard of my anguished and repentant heart. Without physical hesitation or mental reservation, but feet together on the ground, I walked out into and through the insecurity and uncertainty of darkness, determined to move toward a renaissance of light. For once awakened and alert I understood that my dream was a dream of sacred poetry and my dream a dream of holy prayer.

For I had here, through visitation, a sense within of my part in healing the Earth. For Earth—she who is mother to all living and bride to God of creation—is dying. Yet her death cannot happen—this must not be.

Here then is a dream of death that is a speaking truth and here then what follows is the way of the shaman and the warrior's choice, opposing death. For life is in the blood as in the breath and both blood and breath are common.

Tell me this: In a narrative universe such as this of consciousness, if a person uses a story to tell a truth, is not the story part of the truth being told? And what is such storytelling but remembrance and what is the narrative of mythic memory but the shaman's dream as story come again to offer guidance? ∞



Dreams as Angels

Part Three

by Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph.D.

The previous two columns have illustrated that the root idea in considering dreams as angels, is first that dreams are experienced as something other (that is, strange, foreign, uncertain, ambiguous, irrational, etc.) and second, this simile is one way of “personifying” otherness. Personifying (following Hillman) has the effect of attributing the fact of dreaming and the message of dreams to “something” having the qualities of a person, that is, a “being” having intentions, desires, and purposes different than those we claim for our conscious selves. Call it angel, a courier from an unknown geography, a messenger with a message.

Add to this, Henri Corbin’s question, quoted in Paco Mitchell’s *The Heron’s Demand* (Vol. 31 No. 2), “How do we feed the angel?” And, Corbin’s extraordinary answer, “We feed the angel with our substance.”

How, then, do we feed dreams, feed them with our substance, in contrast to mining, harvesting and reaping from the dream (the angel) to feed our ego? Whether we turn away from dreams (by all the various means from forgetting to drugging to discounting as nonsense), eagerly embrace them (seeking their meaning, cajoling their guidance, courting their counsel), or interpret them (with all the ubiquitous ways of turning the dream into something we can bring under the sway of understanding), all of this is different than the idea of feeding the angel, feeding the dream, feeding the other with our substance.

You will recall that in talking about this topic of dreams as angels, I found myself spontaneously saying, “The courier awaits my reply.” The nesting of these ideas suggests that I must give the courier something of my substance to take back to the realm of the other.

What can that be?

I’m working on an answer to this question, but I am not there yet. Consider what follows as scattered “notes” toward an answer.

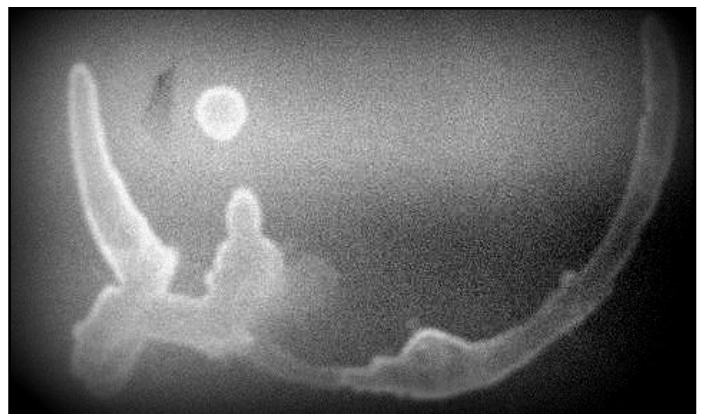
Otherness comes in many forms, not just dreams. Consider what I call the “accidental other.”

To illustrate this quality of otherness, I take close-up photographs of coffee spills, oil patterns in the street, bark of trees, clouds in the sky—literally anything that is not a product of my direct intention, but of “something

else.” This something else captures my fancy and stimulates my imagination. I pay close attention to the experiences these found images bring forth in me. I call this way with images a “Goethean way of seeing” to contrast it with the highly intentioned and more familiar “Newtonian way of seeing.” What one finds in this odd activity is that images so encountered “speak” in ways that would be difficult to come by from intention alone. In this sense they are like “found dreams” and this is why I call them experiences of the “accidental other.”

I experience “seeing” these images, that is, the “finding” of them, as a gift. They are so easy to miss, so easy to dismiss, so easy to misrepresent as inconsequential, meaningless, without significance—just like dreams, or visions, and all such. Yet, like slips of the tongue (and all the other “parapraxes” of daily life), they are expressions of something other than our conscious intentions. I take these things as messengers with a message. Here too, I believe, the courier awaits my response.

After dinner one evening, by “accident,” I spilled some coffee on a ceramic table surface. Before the table was cleaned off, I took a picture of this spill, adding it to my collection without examining it closely at the time. Later, I had a dream. In the dream, I was in my studio area and a voice called out: “only riding the moon enables one to see the coming guest.” I knew that the voice—whatever its source—was talking about this most recent spill. Voice dreams are difficult to ignore. They have quality of truth speaking. Behold the image below:



“The Coming Guest”

Now in looking at the image (on which I have used some contrast and darkening tools in order to see it better, the original being very light, but without altering the image in any other way), I invite you to see the figure “riding” the crescent moon, looking out at the earth, and seeing that approaching figure the dream calls “the coming guest.”

I have been talking and writing about the coming guest since 1982, prompted by Jung’s letter to Herbert Read in 1960. Here is the portion of the letter I quoted in *Psyche Speaks*:

We have simply got to listen to what the psyche spontaneously says to us. What the dream, which is not manufactured by us, says is just so...It is the great dream which has always spoken through the artist as a mouthpiece. All his love and passion (his “values”) flow towards the coming guest to proclaim his arrival...what is the great Dream? It consists of the many small dreams and the many acts of humility and submission to their hints. It is the future and the picture of the new world, which we do not understand yet. We cannot know better than the unconscious and its intimations. There is a fair chance of finding what we seek in vain in our conscious world. Where else could it be?

Even though I have worked for 30 years on “the coming guest,” the coffee spill and the dream that followed bring a new message, “news” if you will. The dream pushes me to become aware of the implications of the “accidental other” pictured in the coffee spill, a rider riding the crescent moon, able to see the coming guest as it approaches the earth. We can’t see it from earth. It is not something we can readily point to from our earthbound perspective.

I’m sure that part of what Corbin meant by “substance,” is one’s time, energy and soulful engagement in depth with the other—most particularly the other that comes to us from dreams.

I’m also sure that in our time, the possibility of this kind of engagement is becoming ever more difficult. Why? The “economics of corpocracy” (to borrow David Mitchell’s chilling phrase from *Cloud Atlas*) is driving our time, energy and soul into enslavement to the surface and into ever more engagement with each other in superficial ways. This is where the money is and it can be drained from the many to the few in ever increasing flow as we lose connection to taking time, making place, and engaging deeply with our individual psyche. The ego seems almost happily drawn into this ubiquity of consumption, what I have called the commodification of desire. It is not accidental that the icons of these phenomena are labeled “I” (I-Pod, I-Phone, I-Pad) and the company that has mastered this process to perfection has become the most valued company in the history of the world. It is Walt Disney’s dream of mastery and control through entertainment. It is the pinnacle of achievement of Edward Bernays’ (double nephew of Sigmund Freud) principle that “if we understand the mechanisms and motives of the group mind, it is now possible to control and regiment the masses according to our will without their knowing it.”

Given this, given that this process is so pervasive, and is overwhelming any meaningful opposition, does it make sense to ask how one rides a crescent moon?

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“... add to this, Henri Corbin’s question, quoted in Paco Mitchell’s *The Heron’s Demand*, “How do we feed the angel?” And Corbin’s extraordinary answer, “We feed the angel with our substance.”

How, then, do we feed dreams, feed them with our substance, in contrast to mining, harvesting and reaping from the dream (the angel) to feed our ego?”

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“I drop off to sleep with more lines swirling. I awake with a dream. In this dream, I see an owl, a tree, a moon. The owl is formed by pistachio nuts. I do not “understand” what the dream “means.” But I do understand that I must make this owl, that in some way this owl will become part of the substance I feed the dream.”



I think so.

And what would that be? I don't know for sure, but I imagine it begins in the imagination. And for that I must disconnect from the wired and wireless world, turn inward, and turn on to my imagination, to let it lead. I think this is what Jung was getting at when he said that "it" speaks through the artist as mouthpiece as the "great dream." It may be from my imagination, then, that I can recruit the substance I can give to the courier and send him on his way. And, if Jung is correct, part of what I send back with the courier must be something of a welcoming of the coming guest, that is, "art." It is perhaps a foretaste of what Harold Rosenberg speaks to when he talks about the necessity of "a society in which everyone will be an artist."

Before sleeping, I gaze on the moon rider. Words begin to

tumble together in my reverie forming something that might become a poem. "Moon rider: May I join you?" is one of those lines. It does seem as if the voice in the dream suggests that it is possible to become a moon rider and from this vantage point witness the coming guest. I drop off to sleep with more lines swirling. I awake with a dream. In this dream, *I see an owl, a tree, a moon. The owl is formed by pistachio nuts.* I do not "understand" what the dream "means." But I do understand that I must make this owl, that in some way this owl will become part of the substance I feed the dream. And I understand as well that The Pistachio Owl comes as a gift and that I feel impelled to circulate it, knowing that it is this gift circulating that forms the basis of community. Communis means gifting (munis) together (com). I give you The Pistachio Owl and ask you to pass it on. ∞



"The Pistachio Owl" Russ Lockhart

For a full color view The Pistachio Owl, see <http://tinyurl.com/c8pesjv>

(Endnotes)

1 "Spontaneously" is an important word here as it was when I uttered "the courier awaits my reply." The word comes from sponte, Latin for "of its own accord," and refers to the intention of something other than the conscious ego. Deeper, the root is spen- which means to "draw across," "to stretch," "to spin." This root gives rise to our word "spider." We may not like spiders, but at the root of spontaneous, is the spider as other, entangling our conscious ego in its web, in its intention, in its desire. It is this spider's spinning that connects the image to the idea of "fate," and why "the other" will always bring us closer to the reality of our fate than will our conscious intentions. This is why we try to turn away otherness, to turn our backs on the other, to shy away from relationship, and therefore from a genuine eros (erotic) encounter with the other.

Dreaming Humanity's Path

Abundance for All

*I see a crystal clear pool of water. I have no idea how big or small,
just see that it is dazzlingly, crystal clear.*

On the bottom are lots of silver and gold coins.

No notes – just lots of coins and only silver and gold (no bronze etc).

Like the Trevi fountain in Rome.

*As I watch, more and more silver and gold coins keep slowly falling
into the water. Like snowflakes falling. Floating. Softly.*

*What is most interesting is they don't 'stack' on top of one another
but the coins keep spacing themselves out – equally.*

This is a gentle and calm process...

*They slowly, slowly space themselves out until the whole
of the bottom of the pool is covered in silver and gold coins.*

Only then do they begin stacking up and up and up, but evenly.

Layers upon layers across the pool (but not in a pile).

It is beautiful to witness and it is also like watching "special effects" –

as ALL the coins have their own special shimmer, sparkle or

glistening – and they keep laying themselves gently

on top of one another, evenly.

*It is instantly very clear to me that the new money system has started
and the gold and silver is about to pile up, evenly, equally, equilaterally.*

There is lots and lots of it – never-ending – for everyone.

*I do not get a date, but what is being shown to me is that it is
underway and happening... A very vivid image!*

And when I ask, all I get is 'YES... that's it!'

We Are All One

I prepare a meal for a voluminous crowd of people who I know are destitute and searching for answers to their state in life.

I open the two large ovens in front of me and begin pulling out food of all kinds. Whatever the people desire to fill their hunger is produced and given to them without ever depleting the contents of either oven. I explain that God always provides for His children; one just needs to have faith and believe in Him.

It is at this moment of understanding that I am suddenly reading a document to the world. The document has been locked away for two millennia in a vault by the early fathers of the Christian movement.

A copy was also found in several other places around the world, each in a locked vault at the center of a major religion.

The documents are all written in Aramaic, in the hand of Christ.

The document explains how we are all God's children and our differences are to be set aside as we enter into a new millennium of peace and love. As the documents are opened and read throughout the world, a great glow of love embraces the inhabitants of the earth and hatred is abolished.

The multitude of religious beliefs merge into one foundation of sharing God's peace.

All weapons of destruction are destroyed and the desire to kill is replaced by an inner desire for peace.

I feel a great sense of inner peace, greater than I have ever felt before. I know that God has finally gifted humanity with total awareness of His love for His creation. No single religion is raised above the others as the one true religion. All humanity is being told that the inner feeling of contact with God is God's gift, NOT the outer pageantry of pompous church leaders.

All of humanity is one with God and with one another.

(I awaken from my dream hopeful of a brighter future for all living things.)

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Creating Realities

I dream that I believe I can create my own reality.

I sense the need to let people know that all

they have to do is believe,

then they can create their own reality as well,

and have their destiny fulfilled.

I go down a path and speak to everyone I meet,

telling him or her this truth.

The people's needs seem to center

upon housing and hunger.

All of a sudden, apartment buildings and

supermarkets spring up.

There is no longer a use for money.

People just manifest what they want.

After this occurs in my locality, people

all over the world begin doing the same thing,

as though it took only one person to believe

in order to transform the world.

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Dreaming the Dream Forward

Music, Art, and Ritual in Dream Work

by Jennifer M. Peters

*Overboard, I'm thrown out to see what you are and what I mean to me.
But I will always have my dream where you can swim to me.*

—Charlotte Martin, "On Your Shore"

ON A RAINY SEATTLE MORNING IN THE SPRING OF 2011, I awoke and started my day. While muddling my way through mundane morning chores, I found myself humming a melody, which is not an unusual occurrence. However, this time the tune held a haunting familiarity. As I sought to pinpoint the origin of the melody, I remembered that the song was a pivotal part of a dream I experienced the previous night.

The Dream of the Children on the Ocean Shore

I view the dream in a split screen format, as if am watching it on TV. Two individuals are performing a song. I know that they are former contestants from American Idol that did not make it to the final rounds of competition. On the left side, a young African-American boy, about 10 years old, is playing in the ocean. The water is a lovely, crystal clear Mediterranean blue. He wears khaki shorts and his feet are barely submerged as he splashes his right hand in the water. On the right side, a teenage African-American girl is inspecting a small sailing vessel as she prepares to push it out to sea. Both children are singing a song:

I'm feeling alone

Nowhere to go

And I'm drowning here

On the ocean floor

The song is fully produced with instrumentation and background singers. It is some sort of anthem and more voices join until the atmosphere reverberates with multi-layered harmonies.

*I see the boy from a bird's-eye perspective. Next to his feet, a phrase is inscribed on the ocean floor, written in blood:
"I didn't do anything wrong."*

Upon realizing the song was revealed in a dream, I quickly sat down at my baby grand piano in order to transcribe the melody. Within several minutes I had the simple chord progression memorized, or so I thought. I was certain I would remember the melody and the chord progression and failed to write it down or record it with my phone or computer. Consequently, several days later, I realized I could not recall the song or the chord progression.



Jung said, “Often the hands will solve a mystery that the intellect has struggled with in vain” (Hunter & Struve, 1998, p. xiii). His sentiment proved true for me when I once again sat down at the piano hoping to retrieve the mysterious dream song. Fortunately, my muscle memory revealed the forgotten tune. This time, I did not repeat my foolishness, and properly transcribed and recorded the piece, so that I could continue to work with it.

Working With the Dream Song

On several occasions, I attempted to write more of the song, but additional lyrics always seemed to be out of place. As a life-long musician, song-writing and composition were not foreign endeavors. Therefore, I was perplexed that I could not develop this seemingly simple song fragment. Since I felt as though I had hit a roadblock with the music, I turned to other dream tending techniques to help with the process.

Active Imagination

I decided to try active imagination, in the form of a heart meditation, as way to connect with the message the dream was trying to impart in me. I began by choosing an image in which to focus my meditation and selected one inspired by the lyrics of the song, “Drowning here on the ocean floor.” In my headspace, I held the image of the two children submerged on the

sandy floor of the ocean waiting to be rescued. I then moved the image into my heart space and held it there for several minutes. The image slowly began to change as I saw a boat sail to the location of the children. Next, an anchor was lowered and the children grabbed onto it and were hoisted up to the surface. I returned the image to my headspace and saw the children safely aboard the vessel.

Working with the dream via heart meditation provided new images with which I could contemplate and engage. The next step in my process was to work with the images in the form of a mandala artwork.

Mandala Artwork

I found myself frequently thinking about the image of the children being rescued from the ocean floor. As a result, I felt compelled to honor the image in my artwork. I thought I would start with the anchor as the center of the piece, but found myself drawing a heart instead. I was going to place this heart on a fishing hook to be lowered down to the waiting children. However, I drew the fishing line for the hook first, and when it was completed, I realized that it resembled an umbilical cord.

I placed the children in the lower right quadrant of the mandala and in the lower left was the specter of an ominous octopus with restless tentacles. Betwixt the two was the heart as both savior and protector.

The Dream and Ritual

I had done copious amounts of work with the dream, and yet I never felt the resonance of hitting upon the meaning. I let the dream be for several months. Occasionally, I would still play the song at the piano, but I left it short and sweet as it was in the original dream.

In January of 2012, I took a course titled “Dreams and the Earth,” which culminated in a 24-hour dream retreat. The retreat was based on the ancient Greek dream incubation rituals that transpired in temples dedicated to Asclepius, the god of healing.

Dream Incubation Ritual

The retreat experience included many group activities designed to strengthen our dream community while connecting to the land and our ancestors. One such activity was a drum circle around a bonfire. Beneath a blanket of stars and the alignment of the moon with Jupiter and Venus, our group of 17 engaged in meaningful ritual.

Inviting the Ancestors

After singing and drumming several songs and chants, our instructor encouraged us to invite our ancestors into the circle. He taught us an African tribal song with the words *podo samane* (which means grandfather) and *podo mamane* (which means grandmother) repeated over and over. The atmosphere became trance-like and I started to pay attention to the sound of my voice.

At first, the timbre of my voice had a young, clear, girlish quality. However, over time I noticed my voice growing deeper and more resonant. When I sang in a women’s chorus many years ago, the director called the alto section, the “Earth mothers.” As I sang around the fire, I definitely felt like the dynamic tone of my voice was somehow connected to the Earth and to my ancestors.

Throughout the remainder of the retreat, the words and melody of the song to my ancestors hovered around me and within me like a comforting companion. Even after I returned home, the song permeated my daily activities. Thus, once again, I found myself back at the piano.

The Cycle of Return

The song from the drum circle was a simple three-chord progression in the key of F major. I delighted in being able to play the song on my own and re-experience the serenity of welcoming my ancestors into my life. As I played and sang the song, I realized that it was in the same key as the song the children sang in my dream. On a whim, I joined the two pieces together:

Podo samane

Podo mamane

I’m feeling alone

Nowhere to go

And I’m drowning here

On the ocean floor

Podo samane

Podo mamane

I immediately felt the resonance and synchronicity generated by combining the two pieces. As I perceived the situation, the original dream song needed this older tribal song in order to be complete. As such, I completed a cycle of return on the dream spiral.

Finding Meaning in the Dream

My years of engaging in dreamwork have taught me that when I overlook an important dream element, it will come back and find me. Working with this dream was no different. For instance, when I originally began to work with the dream, I focused foremost on the song itself. Later, I began to work with the images of the children; however, I never gave much credence to the fact that the children were African-American. In retrospect, I realize the significance of the old African tribal song that served as the missing link in completing the song that was sung by African-American children in the dream. As a result, I have a deeper understanding of what the dream was trying to impart in me.

Personal Symbolism

I believe the children in the dream represent aspects of my own inner child that needed to be rescued. The idea corresponds to the image of the umbilical cord that showed up when I drew the mandala. As such, the umbilical cord can be perceived as a restored ego-Self axis, that had been ruptured early in my childhood, despite the fact that “I didn’t do anything wrong.” The message in the dream was written in blood, and in turn, the truth of the statement lives in my lifeblood. Also, the message was in a double liminal space; it is placed at the threshold of water and land and at the same time, it is submerged but can also be seen. The message itself is rising up to conscious awareness.

Collective Symbolism

I believe the dream can also have collective significance. The children are both former *American Idol* contestants. Therefore, they possess potential but they are not in the spotlight. Also, the masculine figure is in the water, while the feminine figure is on land preparing a sailing vessel. As such, this could represent the way that archetypal masculine energy is firmly ensconced in mass consciousness, whereas the archetypal feminine is lacking. However, the feminine figure is moving in the right direction and maintains a vessel that will keep her aloft on uncertain waters.

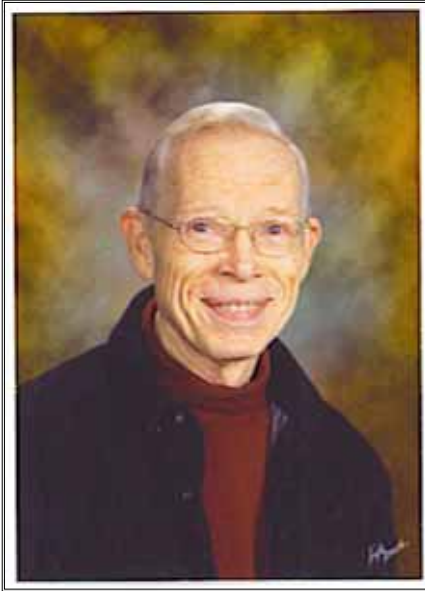
Conclusion

My experience of working with this dream over the last year has been transformative and healing. By tending the dream with art, music and ritual, I was able to bring the dream song and images into my waking world and give them life. In turn, by dreaming the dream forward, I have been able to incorporate the dream with multiple aspects of my waking life; thus, creating a bridge for the unconscious to become conscious. ∞

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The Heart Connection

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WE NEED TO SLOW DOWN. It's the only way we're going to be able to stay healthy and become truly spiritual beings who can live in keeping with our highest ideals. Of course, we tend to forget that we're already spiritual beings with a need to communicate with the Divine.

When we get sick, it's very tempting to think that we're just dense physical beings and forget that we're literally made of energy. At the same time, we're tempted to think that all we need to do is take a medication to fix our physical bodies. Medications may be effective for a while, although the result may be due to the placebo effect. Alexander Loyd discusses this in his book, *The Healing Code*. He explains how the placebo effect is often temporary. He reminds us that we're energy beings and need to use our own subtle energies to heal. Compounding the healing problem is the fact that our conscious as well as unconscious thoughts, memories, beliefs, and emotions are vibrational frequencies that can contribute positively or negatively to our physical health.

I recently attended a workshop entitled *Heart Mapping* sponsored by the Stillpoint Foundation. Dr. Meredith Young-Sowers, a gifted educator and modern day spiritual mystic, gave the workshop. Her extensive work as a medical intuitive made her an ideal person to give such a workshop. She explained how on a spiritual level, the physical heart allows us to connect with Divinity, to the Oneness. The heart plays a role in the ability to love ourselves and through the blood provides an energetic flow of emotional and spiritual energy throughout our entire bodies. When we're out of balance or sick, we need to connect to what some people call our "spiritual deep heart" in order to identify the disruptive emotions, thoughts, and unconscious cellular memories that are contributing to physical problems.

Considering physical problems, it seems that more people than ever are having trouble with their knees. Several of my friends have had knee surgery and even knee replacements. I've been thankful that I haven't had such problems and couldn't understand why they seem almost epidemic. But without warning, I was jolted out of sleep one morning by excruciating knee pain. Puzzling over possible causes, I was reminded that I had had a minor knee injury


years ago and that my chiropractor has had to realign the joint on numerous occasions. A quick trip to the chiropractor gave me respite, but only for a couple of days before the pain came back more intense than ever. It became impossible to walk without limping. An appointment with a physical therapist resulted in the advice not to limp, as it would cause misalignments of joints and make things worse over the long term.

My next step was a consultation with my family doctor. He explained that the problem was a damaged ligament. Injections of non-steroidal plant-based material helped considerably over a several week period. The last injection, however, was so painful that I decided there must be a better way. The Edgar Cayce material indicated that salt and cider packs might be helpful and were begun.

Like many people dealing with chronic conditions, I came to the conclusion that medications and purely physical healing methods were not sufficient to provide a lasting cure. I turned to the Harmonic Triad sound CDs that had helped heal early stages of a torn retina years ago. The CDs, developed by Dr. Young-Sowers, alter energy currents within the various chakras of the body. For ligament problems, the primary chakra involved is the third chakra that governs the soft tissues of the body. In addition, the third chakra is related on an emotional level to one's ability to trust self and use one's gifts and creativity in order to further a life mission. I also began using Alexander Loyd's healing codes that are also based on energy flow, although through healing centers of the body rather than the chakras. The remedies were helpful, but took a seemingly inordinate amount of time out of my life. And while most of the joint pain was gone, I had not regained full strength of the knee.

I called on my dreams for help. For me, dreams are the best way to contact the Divine or the spiritual deep heart. Dreams failed to respond at first, but finally I got what seemed like an obscure dream with mention of an *Edgar Cayce study group*. So, I joined the group located in my area. I was secretly hoping that one of the members would know of some magical knee joint remedy that would have me back to full functioning in record time. It didn't happen. But, it did occur to me that after leaving my church some time ago, I had not found a replacement spiritually oriented group

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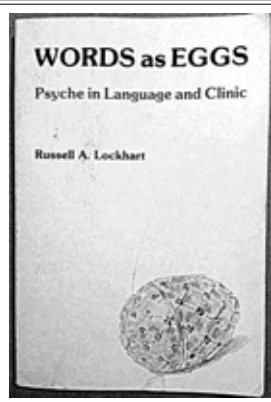


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that would offer opportunities to be of service. The Edgar Cayce group turned out to be a Godsend. I was given a lasting warm welcome and have received far more than I have given. Without the knee problem, I might have missed opening up a wonderful life-enriching activity - a true source of joy.

I felt that I had done my homework. I also wanted to connect again with my deep heart to determine if there was anything else I needed to do to effect a healing. It was time to revisit my dreams. The result was hearing the tune, *"Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star"* upon awakening. What I call dream music provides some of the "highest" information I receive. The dream music was evidence that I had connected with my deep heart. It also provided evidence of the Creator's desire for us to be healthy. The dream required little interpretation. The tune title immediately brought to mind an image of a bright star that reminded me of an energy. I had avoided using it in the past, not wanting to be bothered with learning something new. I had also been wary of the dark star aspect of the visualization. As a result of the dream, however, I knew that it was important for me to learn the "Dark Star/White Star" healing exercise. After reading about it, I realized that any past resistance that I had was misguided. The procedure involves visualizing a dark star over the area to be healed. The visualized dark star is used as a magnet to pull out all negative mental or physical aspects that are participating in the problem. A large white star is then placed or visualized over the dark star. The dark star, complete with its absorbed negativity is in turn absorbed into the light and disappears. Thanks to contact with my deep heart through dreams, I'd been shown a way to heal.

Years ago, Coca Cola had a catchy commercial that mentioned Coke as "the real thing." With dreams, we need to make sure that when seeking guidance, we've received the real thing - not simply wish fulfillment or some other imitation. We need to learn when we've received guidance from our deep heart. For me, the connection is through dream music. Please let me know how you connect with *your* Deep Heart. ∞



More information about Alexander Loyd's work can be found in his book, *The Healing Code*, published in 2011 by the Grand Central Life and Style Hachette Book Group, New York. More information about Meredith Young-Sowers' work can be found by going to www.Stillpoint.org or calling the Stillpoint Foundation at 603-756-9281. You are invited to visit my website, www.livebyyourdreams.com. Please contact me by email at arthurstock@comcast.net or by telephone at 908-475-3203.



The Night of Enchantment... Ends

by Sandy Steckling

THE WEEK ONE OF MY BEST FRIENDS, KATHY, DIED, I had two dreams. The first dream came two days before her death, the second, the night of her death.

In the first dream: I am in a house where I lived for many years. I have friends over and someone comes to the door. When I open the door I see it is my friend Michael. He comes into my living room and I am glad to see him. I go into the kitchen and I notice that they have remodeled the house and added on a row of rooms on the back of it. Then, I wake up.

In everyday life, my friend Michael makes his living as a psychic and seeing him in my dream was the dream telling me that I was going to have a psychic dream.

The Second dream: I am in the house where I lived for many years (the same house as in the first dream). I am in the kitchen, and I see a doctor I used to work for lying in bed in the bedroom. I know he is close to death and peaceful. I go through the bedroom to get to the bathroom and notice there is no bathroom there anymore, and that they have remodeled and added a row of rooms onto the back of the house. The work is done well and the rooms feel spacious. Out of one of the rooms comes a therapist (I counseled in such offices/remodeled homes, for a number of years). I ask the therapist where the bathroom is and she doesn't know, but suggests that I look outside. This seems reasonable to me, perhaps because I have a septic system where I live, and there is a

loose association of bathroom to the outdoors.

So, I go outdoors. Once outdoors, everything changes all at once, and very quickly. It goes from day to night. Just as quickly, all the life of the night, quiet during the day, awakens. It comes to life. Field mice, the stars, cats, crickets, owls, raccoons, bats, everything that comes out at night: I can feel their presence. I know there is life everywhere and that it can see me better than I can see it. It feels good to be surrounded by nature and all the life that is present.



I see two larger than life white rabbits hopping down the street, and then I see my friend Kathy and I are riding on top of them. We are both so happy! I see how exhilarating it is for Kathy, how much she loves the rabbits, and she's thrilled that we get to ride them together. We hop all the way down the street. I watch as we fade out of sight and all I see are the back of the rabbits; and their big, white, round bunny tails.

At that moment a grey wolf comes up to me. I have no fear; I know he will not hurt me. He brushes by me, so close I can feel his warm fur on my skin. He goes in the direction Kathy and I had gone. I know he is not there for me, but has a destination. I decide to go back into the house, but when I get to the front door I see it is boarded up and the house is dark. More than that, I feel that all of the life is gone from the house. It is a startling, dreadful feeling.... a shock. Then, I wake up.

After the dream, I learned Kathy had died that night from a heart attack. The dream was a gift; it was a rich, vivid dream, with many symbols to capture. Several come quickly: In the dream we were outside when darkness came on very quickly. I learned Kathy had died during night, a very quick death. Then, there is the house with no life left inside. I couldn't get back in the house because it was boarded up; the life had left it. I am sure, once Kathy's life in her body had ended, that she couldn't get back in it either. For my part, I wouldn't be able to enter our friendship again without her present.

I was already sensing Kathy was gone, although I didn't allow myself to be conscious of it in the dream. That explains the dreadful feeling that came over me when I went back to the house, and found there was no trace of life there anymore and that it was boarded up. I also felt shock then, and I felt it again when I heard Kathy had died, even though she had been ill. She had had diabetes since she was 11, and in recent times, she had had several strokes that left her mentally and physically impaired.

I like to imagine that the doctor showed up in my dream for a reason: to let me know he was close by and would facilitate Kathy's crossing over. In everyday life, he had had a stroke and then died of a heart attack, the same as Kathy. He was one of the kindest individuals I had ever met. Kathy was so like him in that regard, a kind woman. Both Kathy and her doctor were ready for death, and went peacefully about it. Both were helpers: she was a nurse and he, a physician. Both were friends of mine, although they had never met one another.

The cardiologist, Kenneth Ring, M.D., has many wonderful books out about what people experience in near death experiences; he talks of how common it is for these people to experience that loved ones and helpers, who have died previously, come to meet them when they experience (near) death. It would make sense, then, the doctor meeting Kathy.

Kathy was so exuberant in the dream! This was a dream made to order for Kathy. She was happy to be on an adventure with her friend (me) and I can't help but think—knowing Kathy as I did—being free of her body at death would have been exhilarating for her. Kathy had been sick for a long, long time. She wanted out. Riding atop a big white rabbit would

be great for such an animal lover as Kathy; it was a lot of fun and Kathy loved fun like no one I have ever met. She could create fun out of thin air, and often did. We had jokes we laughed about for 30 years... the same ones. We would even add to them as the years went along.

I see the ends of the bunnies, their larger than life, and big, round bunny tails; they stand out in my mind as I remember the dream. One of the meanings for me is a play on words: the bunnies are furry... and I see their (back) ends; put the two together--fur and ends-- and you have furends, or friends.

There is a lot of synchronicity surrounding the dream; both in what occurred in real time simultaneously with the dream, and in apparently unrelated things that actually do relate to the dream by their appearance or meaning. I believe synchronicity is a sort of law of the higher, soul realm and that it is stimulated by love of a person or purpose; synchronicity brings us into more with the soul.

Kathy loved animals and the wolf was one of her spirit guides. In the dream, the wolf was going down the street in the direction of Kathy—coming to her as a friend, I sense. St. Francis of Assisi was said to have been able to communicate with animals and to have a special connection with wolves. He would have been the saint for Kathy. After Kathy's memorial service, I had dinner with her family. Her niece was there and had just started working at Wolfhaven, a sanctuary for wolves. She had Kathy's ring on, the one with a wolf on it. I remember when Kathy got that ring. She loved it, and would be so happy to see her niece wearing it.

I believe I was really there, with Kathy, on a night of enchantment and fun... with all of the animals, where Kathy would want to be. We are friends to the end.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Sometime after the dream, I went by the house where I used to live, the house in the dreams. The house was built around 1910 and hadn't changed much since. I had to go by it twice. I couldn't believe my eyes. They had remodeled it! They added a row of rooms onto the back, exactly like in the dream. I love when this happens; when images in the dream coincide with matter in real time, we get a glimpse of that larger mystery. At those times, the dream appears to be speaking to us directly and it feels like we are closer to a higher realm, or it is closer to us—wanting us to break through, or wanting to break through to us.

On the mundane level, I went up to the door to ask the occupants if I could see the inside, let them know I had lived there for 13 years and maybe even tell them about my dream... feeling they could think I was crazy. Alas, there was no one home. I was hoping to shed light on one important thing: what happened to the bathroom?

I thank the spirits for giving me that experience with Kathy. Upon seeing that the house had actually been remodeled, I now think the dream was telling me to BELIEVE. That would be a keynote for Kathy. She was always ready to believe in anything good, true, or magical... especially when it came to believing in her friends. ∞



The Visitation

©2012 by Marlene King, M.A.

BEING NEAR THE OCEAN UNCORKS MY PSYCHIC ENERGY including having richer and more prolific dreams and experiences. During a visit to the coast last April, I enjoyed the panoply of my dreamworld each night as I always do there, but was not prepared for the extraordinary dream I had on the night before leaving for home. I was further unprepared for the “follow-up” dream that occurred two months later, also when at the coast.

We’ve all had them - those dreams that are über tactile, real and larger than life, but rarely are they populated with an entire cast of dead people. All dead people. The experience was so intense, I suffered from a dream hangover for nearly a week where I couldn’t fully transition back into my body and waking level of consciousness. Here are the particulars of the dream and how I processed the surreal visitation of loved ones who came to life:

I am with my cherished childhood friend, Susan, who died seven years ago. She tells me how she misses Michael (her son) since he died - I tell her it was Richard, her husband (who had pre-deceased her 10 years earlier), not her son who died, but she kept talking about Michael. We are in her home, although it isn’t completely like the one she had in the Bay area, and she asks me to heal her like the last time I visited her there. Then she takes me by the hand to show me the room she says she’s been preparing for me—she decorated it with Peruvian artifacts from her childhood—it is different than before - now very orange. In the hallway near this room I am surprised to see my husband’s mother (who died 32 years ago); I go to her and hug her, then I see Mama Helen in white (my ex-husband’s grandmother) behind her at the far end of the dark hallway. She is the age she was when she passed (46 years ago) - in her 70s - and not young in her 20s like she was when she last appeared to me during my NDE in 1966.

Then I find my way to the kitchen (an alchemical reference to transformation) and my Aunt (who died five years ago) enters; she looks like she did when she was in her 50s and is wearing a brown dress. She has a chunk missing from her right cheek that had healed into a scar and her right eye is red and she is worried and upset she will have to have it removed. I hug her and say it will be ok, but she is still distressed. Then Richard and John (another childhood friend’s husband who died the year before) come in and are busy doing and discussing something and I am surprised to see them there, too. Susan is always on the periphery and keeps asking me what I think about the dress she is wearing, which is very formal and black with ruffles.

This extraordinary dream evoked a range of intense emotions. My first reaction was fear that it was a warning that indicated my impending demise, because my friend who’d passed before me prepared “a place.” It rattled me that every person in the dream was deceased (I recognized this in the dream as well), but loved the experience of being with them.

As a dream worker, I knew I needed to process the dream in depth, and I solicited the help of a colleague to help me gain insights and perspectives. When he cited a Seneca prophet, “...dreams in relation to this world and spiritual world are as wide as the edge of a maple leaf,” I realized it may be a prophetic dream and a true visitation with departed souls. The questions are, do I need to “release” them emotionally or do other work with them so they (and I) can continue to evolve on our respective cosmic paths?

He pointed out that there was a strong color theme in the dream - orange, red, black, white and brown - and wondered about my associations to them - archetypal and personal. He suggested that the colors could correlate to the chakras or to alchemy. I noted another theme was clothing and he suggested I explore these areas further through journals and art.

He said to title the dream, which I did immediately, “The Visitation,” and to make a piece of art around it. Like the shoemaker who goes without shoes, I am an art therapist who needed prompts to make art to process the content of my dream! Since I know art moves energy, I chose a mixed media collage to express the visual imagery in my visitation dream to see if it freed further layers of emotions or insights.



After completing the project, I was gratified to have a concrete record of the dream. The orange color/images turned out to dominate the right upper quarter of the paper surface and I was surprised by that - as well as how small the images of Susan appeared on top left and bottom right of the paper - especially since she was a dominant presence throughout the dream and "larger" than she appeared in the final piece of art. Central in the collage was Mama Helen and my husband's mother - they were also in the hallway (center) of the house - and the ones who have been deceased the longest. And my Aunt—who anchored the bottom center of the composition in the brown dress—was the most haunting of the images with her red cheek and eye. As I assembled these loved ones and rendered them through art, I revisited my grief, but also was imbued with a level of comfort to have "experienced them" again enjoying that we connected and they had something to communicate.

However, the dream work didn't end there; it continued with another chapter when two months later (July 9, 2012) I had the following dream:

I am in Peru and feel connections with Susan (deceased childhood friend who was showcased in my April dream) and I am buying souvenirs (key rings and jewelry) for Janice (minister friend) and Patricia (therapist friend and colleague) before I leave for home. For myself I find a large (about 8" tall) silver egg that is etched with black hieroglyphs and I want to add to them around the base of the egg where there is an empty space, but can't find a stylus. I am sad I can't show Susan "my find" (because I knew she was dead) and I remember my April dream where she is preparing a room for me with her Peruvian artifacts and I think the egg would look good in the room.



The Peruvian theme (I was aware in the dream of the previous dream and the "room" that was being prepared for me) plus the archetypal icon of a silver egg, begged exploration. I chose this enigmatic artifact/object for myself (vs. someone else choosing for me) and I could personalize it as MY souvenir (talisman?) from a foreign land and culture. I intended to put it in my "dream room," i.e., my interior psychic space and this ideation was empowering.

As I researched the multiple meanings of the egg, I discovered that ancients used eggs to symbolize hope and rebirth into a new life after death. "Eggs were found in many pagan and Christian graves and tombs as a symbol of this hope and, in the case of pagans, as nourishment

for the deceased on their final journey. In some religions, the egg was a symbol of reincarnation." (The Lamp, p. 278) I also discovered that in Russia and Sweden clay eggs were found in tombs as emblems of immortality. (Cirlot, p.94) I found this tidbit of history fascinating, as I am of Swedish heritage.

Walker relates that in "...the Greek Orphic creation myth the heavenly father stood in awe of primal black-winged Night who first laid the silver egg of the cosmos in the womb of Darkness." (Walker, p.347) Silver has many other connotations and meanings, e.g., silver represents the feminine (moon) and gold the masculine (sun). "Silver is regarded as the metal of the moon...a divinatory metal, even in the Bible...Joseph's divinatory tool was a silver cup which represented the moon as a source of 'waters of enlightenment.' [Genesis 44:5]" (Walker, p.522)

In Peruvian mythology the Sun dropped three eggs to earth. The golden one gave birth to the nobility, the silver egg gave birth to women and the copper egg gave birth to peasants. Chinese, Greek, and Roman heroes occasionally sprang from eggs which may have been spat out by dragons, swallowed by their mothers, or hatched by the sun or a bird. Because of these myths, eggs are a symbol of the universe, the creation of the world, beginnings, birth, and rebirth. (Valborg, p. 224) I further learned that in particular, "The Chimú Indians of Peru are descended... from the original egg -- the moon." (Henes, Huffpost Healthy Living) Therefore, the artifact or souvenir of my dream has esoteric associations involving feminine creation on all levels.

In regard to the amazing black etchings that collared the egg, what I called "hieroglyphs" in the dream, the following applies by tying the two together in a perfect combination: "The alphabet - all letters - were originally sacred symbols whose literal meaning was hieroglyph.... The Cosmic Egg of mystical iconography carried all the Arabic numerals and alphabetical letters combined within an ellipse to show that everything that can be numbered or named is contained within one form from the beginning." (Walker, pp. 4, 117) For me, I gleaned that my silver egg is a valuable tool of feminine creative power.

Like the Tarot's Death card that can represent either symbolic or literal death (i.e., the theme of the first dream), a dream of an egg as a symbol of life and rebirth and creativity allowed me to ferret out archetypal and personal associations to the symbols and honor the dream experience at a positive and elevated level.

According to Marie-Louise von Franz in *On Dreams & Death*, "It seems to me that one can 'feel' whether the figure of a dead person in a dream is being used as a symbol for some inner reality or whether it 'really' represents the dead.... At best it can be said that if interpretation on the subjective level makes little or no sense, even though the dream has an especially strong numinous effect, then interpretation on the objective level might be taken into consideration." (von Franz, p. xv.) And with that, I choose to believe my first dream represented "the dead" loved ones who gathered to comfort and relate an important message through my dream and thus demonstrating the thin veil between us. And the second dream bestows a gift that allows me to prepare my own place for transition (rebirth) and creation.

I am ready for the "next visitation dream chapter" whenever I am by the ocean and perchance to dream. ∞

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Signs in the Sky: ~ A Giant Wheel Turning

*I am watching the sky with friends. It is like seeing a giant wheel turning,
with constellations going around and around.*

It is like time is turning but we are in a place of no time.

Not everyone can see what is happening.

*I know the identity of all the constellations by name, old and new...
and by 'connected' names.*

*At one point, I can see everything in the sky going by: planes,
satellites, hot air balloons, military equipment. All sorts of sky traffic and
'trash,' and the sky keeps getting more and more congested.*

*With a friend, I look at the sky in total awe and ask,
"Do you see THAT?" and describe a sign in the sky.
The stars are making connections!*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

More Signs in the Sky ~ A Shared Dream

*With my friend, Marsha, I look at the sky in total awe.
I ask "Do you see THAT?" and describe a sign in the sky.*

*It is like the stars are making connections. I have a special name
I describe it by, a sky _____ (that I can't remember).*

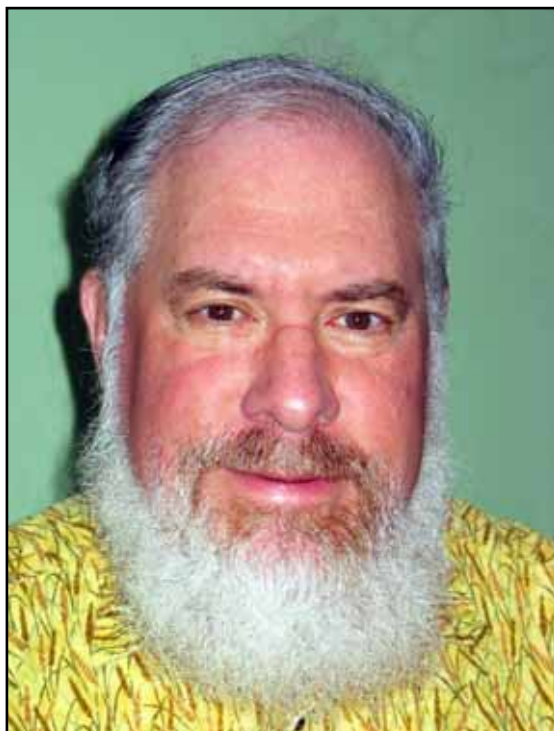
*Watching the sky signs is awesome, vivid, colorful, mesmerizing
and feels prophetic. Some people see exactly what I do,
others watching don't see anything.*

The wheel turns in the sky showing all the seasons and cycles.

*It is like looking through time,
seeing past, present and portents to come.*

*I saw my friend Marsha a few days after this vision and described it to her.
She also had a similar vision, involving signs in the sky.*

*(These two Visions/"Signs in the Sky" submitted by two distinctly different
dreamers unbeknownst to one another. ed.) Drawing by Joy Gates*



The Gilgamesh Cantata

Part Two

by Curtiss Hoffman

As I recounted in the Winter 2012 issue of *Dream Network Journal*, I had a remarkable dream right after attending a music camp in the summer of 2010, at a time when I was reading Jung's recently published Red Book. This dream led me to understand that I was being "commissioned" by the Unconscious to write a cantata for a capella voices (soprano, alto, tenor, and bass). The cantata is based upon a series of incantations from Jung's own dreams. Jung had encountered the Babylonian hero Gilgamesh, whom he mortally wounded. Jung felt sorry for him, so he convinced Gilgamesh that he was a fantasy. This enabled him to condense the hero to a tiny size that he put inside of an egg, which he then took to a nearby village for healing. He and the villagers then performed the incantations, which form the text of the cantata.

I felt the intuitive need to translate the incantations from their original Swiss-German into the language of the Gilgamesh epic, Akkadian. This language, which I learned in graduate school, is quite dead, known only to a small number of scholars. It is akin to Hebrew and Arabic, but is more mellifluous than either of them, with fewer hard consonants. It has not been spoken, let alone sung, for over 2300 years! The translation took me the better part of the Fall of 2010.

While I have enjoyed classical music for all of my life, learned how to read it at an early age, and played wind instruments in my youth and again over the last 10 years, I had very little experience in composition or harmony. Starting in the Spring of 2011, I took a series of three college-level courses in music theory, so I would have a better idea of what I was

doing – although in many cases the dreams moved the music forward in ways which the classes simply helped me to understand better. I also acquired a music composition program, Finale ©, in order to transcribe the music upon awakening, either in the middle of the night or the following morning. This was necessary, because my piano skills are very limited.

The original dream came at a time when I felt that I was in a state of spiritual stagnation, and I needed a new direction or outlet. This was why I was so ready to accept the original dream's commission, despite the fact that I had no idea how to carry it out. But soon after, I started to receive dream-derived themes for the cantata, as well as specific dream instructions as to the order of presentation and the integration of the themes, and instances of cantata performances. In this article, I will detail this creative process, with a link at the end to a recent performance of two movements of the cantata.

To date, I have had a total of 96 dreams relating to this work, containing 72 musical themes, 22 dreams about how to organize the themes, 11 dreams in which I give or am given explanations of the work, and 16 dreams in which performances of parts of the cantata are being planned or take place. In 31 of the dreams containing themes, I heard the tune, but then I had to reconstruct it in musical notation. In 32 of the dreams containing themes, I saw the theme printed out on a musical score, but without a clear sense of how it would sound. In the remaining 9 cases, I both heard the tune and saw the notes. In most of these short dreams, all I got was a single line of music, almost always in the home key in

The Gilgamesh Cantata

Score

Part Two

Curtiss Hoffman

Andante ♩ = 120

Soprano
be - ru be - ru qud-du-shu-u-u il - lu - pu - u-u be - ru be - ru

Alto
be - ru be - ru qud-du-shu-u-u il - lu pu - u-u be - ru be - ru qud - du - shu - u-u il - lu - pu - u-u

Tenor
a - me - lu-u-u-ti-i-ya-a dal - bu -

Bass
be - ru be - ru qud-du - shu il - lu - pu -

5

S
qud-du-shu-u-u il - lu - pu - u-u al - lu a-na-ku mu-a-a-a-li - da -

A
be - ru be - ru qud-du-shu-u-u il - lu - pu - u-u be - ru be - ru qud - du - shu - u-u il - lu - pu - u-u

T
ma laz - za ush - shu - ush mp be - ru be - ru

B
u be - ru be - ru qud - du -

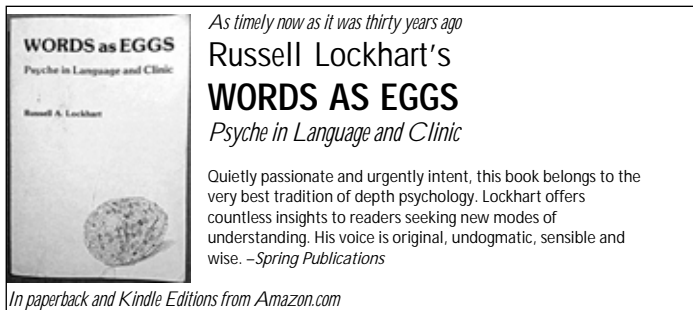
9

S
tu u laz-za ush - shu - ush mp be - ru be - ru qud - du - shu - u-u il - lu - pu - u-u

A
be - ru be - ru qud-du-shu-u-u il - lu - pu - u-u be - ru be - ru

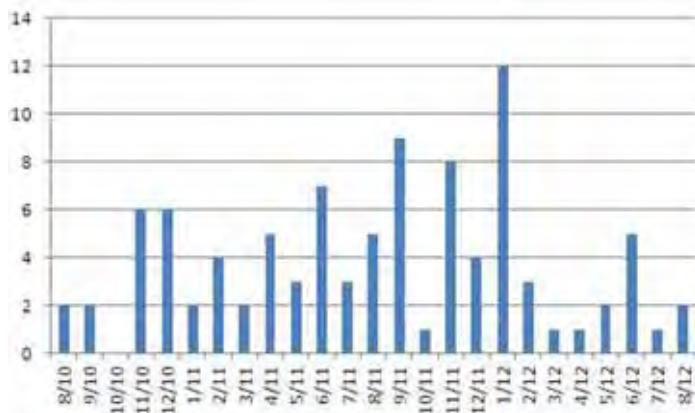
T
qud-du-shu-u-u il - lu - pu - u-u be - ru be - ru qud-du-shu-u-u il - lu - pu - u-u be - ru be - ru

B
shu il - lu - pu - u fe - ma ta-a-a-al-pu-u-ti-ya akh i -



which it would be sung in the final version, but with no clear indication of where it would go in the cantata. Some of the themes became melodic lines; others turned out to be counterpoints or harmonizations beneath the melody line. Many of these dreams were very short, and contained nothing except the musical theme. The average word length of dreams, which were entirely concerned with the cantata, was 60.75, and some of them had as few as 14 words. The longest was 314 words.

Dreams that were concerned with the organization of parts of the cantata were also fairly short, on average 68.14 words. These dreams were unlike my usual dreaming, and I learned to pay attention to them as sources of cantata content. In other dreams with musical themes, the theme occurred only at the very end of the dream (17 cases), or only at the begin-



ning (4 cases). These dreams were significantly longer; word lengths on average were 179.18 and 220.44, respectively. Dreams which provided explanations of the work, or which featured performances of parts of the work, also tended to be significantly longer (194.82 and 239.38 words on average, respectively), more similar to my usual dream lengths.

The dreams came in spurts, sometimes two per night, with strong concentrations during certain periods of rapid composition. The graph below charts the number of dreams by month over the two-year period from August 2010 to July 2012.

A dream early in the process informed me that the cantata would be in six sections. In actuality, there turned out to be eight sections, but to keep within the parameters of that dream I labeled the two extra sections as “4A” and “6A”; they precede the regular numbered sections. I did not compose the sections in order, though the order in the final version fol-

lows that of the Red Book text. In general, I worked on one movement at a time, but I often left movements unfinished and returned to them later, usually with more dream-derived material. The work of composition was largely a matter of fitting themes to the text, though in some dreams this was given. In many cases, I had no idea where in the cantata a theme received in a dream would go, until I began to work on it. This work required maintaining an intuitive openness to where the music seemed to want to go. Had I not maintained a record of the dreams, it would be difficult for me in retrospect to tell what came from dreams and what from daytime intuitions; the two eventually blended together.

My intellectual involvement in the process included selecting which of the many themes worked best together, creating linkages between sections, and writing harmonizations where these weren’t given by the dreams, so as to create mostly consonant passages. It also involved deciding what sections should be repeated, and in what order. In some cases, material from one movement shows up in other movements, and the final movement quotes all of the preceding ones at the end. However, some cases where I had a clever idea about what to include turned out to be blind alleys, and I learned that it was important to follow the dreams as my primary guide. My study of music theory helped me to identify the forms of each of the movements (mostly rondos and theme-and-variations), but these forms were always intuited or dreamt, and only identified later. This led to some surprises! For example, I had intuitively written the ending of one movement out as a series of ascending scales going from bass through soprano, based upon an earlier theme in the movement. But an early dream had given me a coda theme—which I thought was to be for the entire cantata—to represent the opening of the egg. I had not figured out how to use this theme, but on examining it much later I discovered that it was nearly identical to what I had consciously composed as the ending for this movement.

Very early in the process, I was informed in a dream that the cantata would quote from the final chorus of J.S. Bach’s St. Matthew Passion. This was one of the more difficult sections to set within the larger frame of a long, complex movement. In this case I had a fairly clear idea of what text to set, because of its similarity to the text of the Bach chorus. But leading into and out of the Passion music in a way that felt natural was far from easy. Four additional dreams specifically addressed this setting, and helped me to solve the problem.

The last dream to provide a cantata theme was on June 6, 2012. As the composition process approached completion, more of the dreams from 2012 have given me information on how the cantata should be organized – half the dreams of this type came from this period. Several of the performance dreams also date to this period.

The cantata is now complete, and two movements of it enjoyed a first live performance by the Bridgewater State University Chamber Chorus in April of 2012. These are available on YouTube (Google “Gilgamesh Cantata” or go to www.youtube.com/watch?v=QIY3iJ6HP6g).

I look forward to a complete performance of the cantata, which is about 46 minutes in length. Meanwhile, my dreams have begun to give me themes for a new composition, a Threnody for combined string quartet and wind quartet. I will follow them where they lead me! ∞

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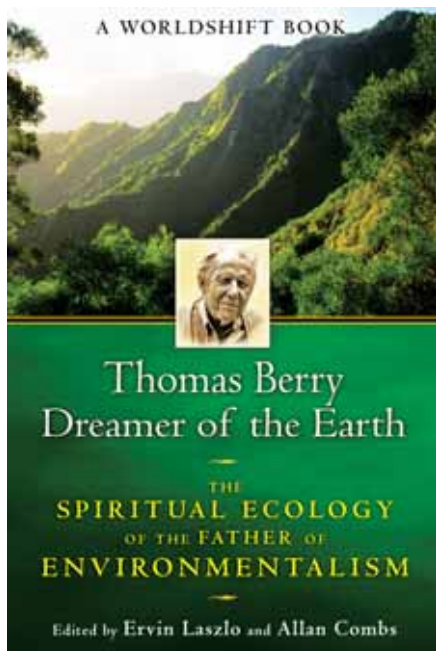
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“WE ARE THE STONES DANCING” –
review by David Sparenberg

THOMAS BERRY DREAMER OF THE EARTH:
The Spiritual Ecology of the Father of Environmentalism,
edited by Ervin Laszlo and Alan Combs,
A Worldshift Book published by Inner Traditions, 144 pp, \$14.95

What Arne Naess is to the foundations of Deep Ecology, Matthew Fox to Creation Spirituality and Theodore Roszak to a popularization of Eco-Psychology, so is Thomas Berry to Environmentalism and Eco-Theology. Berry stands forth as a beloved *uber*-champion of the Great World—the eco-shamanic, holistic, global alchemy of our time—as a leading worldshift and crisis necessitated re-Earthing pioneer, serious celebrant of the “spontaneities within us,” cosmologist and pathfinder, dreamer of responsibility, visionary of maturity, defender of biotic democracy. Berry referred to himself as a “geotheologian.” This volume not only showers accolades on the subject but shows how easy it is to love the man through his dedicated genius as well as his life of wonderment, humility and honesty.

Here is an impressive way of opening the door to the unfamiliar or revisiting the devoted work of Father Berry, an American monk of the Passionist order. The book, a small cornucopia, contains a significant forward and ten essays from engaged contributors. As Thomas Berry is personally highly regarded, I hasten here and delve directly into extensive quotations from the forward and the single essay chosen for highlight. I trust that my evaluation will provide a fertile parcel of common ground.

THOMAS BERRY DREAMER OF THE EARTH is edited by Ervin Laszlo, twice nominated for a Nobel Peace Prize and founder of the Club of Budapest, and Alan Combs, professor at the California Institute

of Integral Studies.

Let me begin opening the pages with this from Dr. Laszlo’s Forward: “Clearly we are facing critical problems, but what is it that needs to be done? Berry’s advice remains clear and timely. Basically he tells us, ‘What we need, what we are ultimately groping toward, is the sensitivity required to understand and respond to the psychic energies deep in the very structure of reality itself...’

“Accepting the spontaneities of the universe, calls for a vision that is dreamlike. Imagination functions most freely in dream vision, and so we tend to associate creativity with dream experience. ‘The dream comes about precisely through the uninhabited spontaneities of which we are speaking,’ says Berry. ‘In the beginning was the dream. Through the dream all things were made, and without the dream, nothing was made that has been made.’...”

Of course it is to be understood that this dream—dream of Earth and dream of creation; the cosmic dream—is the divine dream. This in turn brings into reference one of the books of bodywork psychologist and physicist Arnold Mindell, *The Dreammaker’s Apprentice*.

Continuing from the Forward: “It is through a complex, continuous and subtle interaction that we maintain ‘our intimate presence to the function of the earth community and to the emergent process of the universe itself.’

“Berry’s basic insight remains entirely valid. ‘The present situation is so extreme that we need to get beyond our existing cultural formation and back to the primary tendencies of our nature itself, expressed in the spontaneities of our being.

“The brightest glimmer of hope shimmering at the darkening horizon of the current global crisis is, in Berry’s words, that ‘the universe is revealing itself to us in a special manner just now. Also the planet Earth and the life communities of the Earth are speaking to us through the deepest elements of our nature’.”

To encounter the phrases, *in the beginning was the dream; the primary tendencies of our nature itself, the spontaneities of our being*, is to feel a deep excitation and arousal that engenders hope while even more impressively demanding dedication.

Next, the essay I have chosen to look into is **INSCENDENCE—The Key to the Great Work of Our Time** (pgs 42-71) by Bill Plotkin. Plotkin is a depth psychologist and wilderness guide, author of *Soulcraft and Nature & the Human Soul*.

The term Great Work may be familiar from alchemy and variations played out by Jung and his followers. Incendence, however, is a word requiring definition. Plotkin (following Father Berry) gives us this: “Incendence”—as over against the other worldliness of transcendence—is ‘sinking back into the source of everything,’ during which we no longer belong to the world in our old ways... There in the presence of ‘the source of everything’ we hope to be suffused by and informed by what Berry calls ‘the guidance and the powers of the Earth’.”

This has to do with Earth's organically creative intelligence, of which we are told, "The dream of the Earth, the pull of numinous gravity, draws us down toward 'the heart of the world.' By means of this communion, we can re-member ourselves, enabling us, when ripened, to 'rise up rooted, like trees'."

Of the inner-downward-evolutionary-re-connectivity of Inscendence, as praxis in the world and with the Earth, we have this: "Inscendence practices...support the individual to cooperate with, to surrender to, the pull of the dream of the earth, also known as the call of the soul. This descent is experienced as a psycho-spiritual dying. We must die to our old ways of belonging to the world to enable us to uncover something radical, something new, something we could never have rationally deduced, something that our lives depend on."

It is not possible to overemphasize the importance or urgency of this statement. As we look over the condition of the planet, who can deny the pressing of the issue, signs of a gathering storm, nearing horizon of an event of cataclysm, and the extremity of risk at which we are putting human existence and life itself? Even former skeptics in the scientific community are revising or reversing their prognosis due to accelerated environmental imbalance and changes.

Bill Plotkin also applies the defining of Inscendence to Thomas Berry's reflections on the re-emergence of shaman and shamanism, that which in my own writings I have come to call green troubadour, eco-shaman and the eco-shamanic. Here then a further set of book quotations, beginning with Father Berry himself:

"More than any other of the human types concerned with the sacred, the shamanic personality journeys into the far reaches of the cosmic mystery and brings back the vision and the power needed by the human community at the most elemental level. The shamanic personality speaks and best understands the language of the various creatures of the Earth."

Plotkin pursues these thoughts: "So far in this passage it seems that he (Berry) meant the realm of vision to be the domain or mission of the presumably rare individual in a society, the shamanic personality. But then in the very next sentence, 'Not only is the shamanic type emerging in our society, but also the shamanic dimension of the psyche itself. In periods of significant cultural creativity, this aspect of the psyche takes on a pervasive role throughout the society'..."

"Whether or not the healthy societies of the past were replete with mature members who experienced and embodied revelatory vision, I believe, along with Thomas, that this is both possible and necessary in this century if we are to successfully reinvent the human." (*Reinventing the human at the species level is a major component in Berry's Ecozoic challenge.*) "Sustainable societies, at this turning point in human and Earth's evolution, will come about through neither human rationality nor the vision of a few individuals alone but through the pervasive emergence of 'the shamanic dimension of the psyche'. Although the vision of the one can catalyze the many, the vision of each is needed to build the new cultures."

Spontaneously I am inclined to shouting out an energetic, resounding (green) hallelujah of affirmation to the foregoing expression. Indeed,

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Bill Plotkin's essay is superlative in a volume that is reader worthy and excellent from start to finish. Space does not allow me to do equal justice to the contributions from Joanna Macy, Duane Elgin, Stanley Krippner, Geneen Marie Haugen, Matthew Fox and the others. Rather, I must leave the now engaged reader with but scant few provocative quotations.

Thomas Berry: "Foundations of a new historical period, the Ecozoic Era, have been established... The mythic vision has been set into place... The dream drives the action. In the larger cultural context the dream becomes the myth that both guides and drives the action."

And: "The greatest single need for the survival of the Earth or of the human community in the twenty-first century is for an integral telling of the great story of the universe. This story must provide in our time what the mythic stories of earlier times provided as the guiding and energizing sources of the human venture... The three basic tendencies of the universe at all levels of reality are differentiation, spontaneous self-organization, and bonding. These tendencies identify the reality, the values, and the directions in which the universe is proceeding."

Of course for a portable—and tender, joyous—touchstone of Thomas Berry as pathfinder and fellow Earth-walker, one need go no further than to recall the most enchanting and memorable of his discoveries and reflections. In these five words—a comfortable fitting into a human palm—Father Berry's ecosophy: "*We are the stones dancing.*" ∞

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Table of Contents (example) for Dreaming Politics Vol. 27 No. 3

Dreaming Humanity's Path

- 10 One of the Last on Earth
- 24 A Dream Within a Dream
Inside and Outside the Church

Dreaming Politics

- 11 Dream Tending and Story Telling
an Interview with Stephen Aizenstat by Jeanne M. Schul
- 16 Coming On Poetry *by David Sparenberg*
- 17 Let's Wake Up ~ Help Save Our World
by Rachel C. Norment

20 Dreams and the Future: Part II

- A continuing dialogue
between Russell Lockhart and Paco Mitchell*
- Dream Appreciation in Memory of
- 28 Montague Ullman: A Personal Reminiscence
by William R. Stimson

The Art of Dreamsharing & Dream Education

- 23 Recurring Dreams & Their Messages
by Ann Sayre Wiseman
- 39 Dreaming Down Under *by John C. Woodcock, Ph.D.*
- 43 Lucid Dreaming: Your Own Virtual Reality
by Christine Breese, Ph.D.

Columns & More...

- 6, 7 Editorial, Letters, Questions & Dreams
- 3, 26-27, 45 Dream Inspired Poetry *by Fredrick Zydek*
- 39 Poetry: Ask the Dream Lady *by Dianne Johnson*
- 30 Dreams in the News:
When Dreams are the Enemy *by Russell Lockhart, Ph. D.*
- 32 Dream Inspired Artistry:
"Branching Woman" *by Brenda Ferrimani*
- 35 Dreaming Planet: Wisdom in Dreams
Part Two ~ *by Paco Mitchell*
- 38 DreamTimes: Cuddle Up with your Shadow
by Marlene King, M. A.
- 41 Book Reviews *by David Sparenberg & Susanne Fincher*
- 46 Thunder Heart ~ Poetry *by David Sparenberg*



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The New Earth

This dream begins with a blank page and a Voice reciting from Isaiah the following words:

“And He shall judge among the nations and shall rebuke many people, and they shall bear their swords into plowshares and the spears into pruning hooks. Nation shall not lift up sword among nation, neither shall they learn war anymore.” (2.4)

Immediately after this, I see myself standing on a platform which is suspended in space and which resembles the platform movie-makers use to hoist the cameraman, so that he may film the scene from a ‘bird’s eye view.’

I am not alone on this platform. Leaning against its railing a group of men and women are watching in awe the growing disk of a planet that comes rushing toward us from deep space.

Most of these observers are professional people—scientists and doctors and such—and only a handful of us are ordinary folk.

While we all watch, marveling from which section of space the new planet hails, the same Voice I heard reciting from Isaiah says,

“It is Earth.”

And there it is—this New Earth... wrapped in layers and layers of white clouds. After the clouds part, the New Earth begins turning on its axis, its mountains gleaming in the sun, its soil ready to be seeded.

I feel good because I know the Earth is again as the Creator intends it to be.

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