

# Dream Network Journal



## DREAMS ARE AGENTS FOR CHANGE

*Kissing the Bear* Lorraine Grassano

*The Birth* Sandy Steckling

*Old Gold in Dreams* Marlene King, M.A.

*Beginner's Luck* Arthur Strock Ph.D.



# Dreaming with the Other

PsiberDreaming 2014

Sunday, September 28 - Sunday, October 12



Dreams can tell us much about ourselves. But some dreams may take us beyond the familiar boundaries of ourselves. Have you ever had a dream that seems to be from, or for, or as, or with someone else? Another person? Another species, animal or alien? A different culture or distant world? Some other dimension? The “other side”?

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IASD encourages its members to host regional meetings and co-sponsored events, and IASD will provide logistical and financial support to promote such events.

The benefits of regional meetings and co-sponsored events are twofold. First, they help IASD members in a particular geographical region to meet each other, socialize, network, and share their different approaches to dreams. Second, they help to advance the basic mission of IASD, which is to broaden public awareness and appreciation of dreams.



# Change



Just yesterday my poem lamenting the power Of time to sweep away  
all trace of the beautiful Seemed done at last, but the light this morn-  
ing Shows it to be a sketch, evidence that my vision Cleared as I slum-  
bered, that my sense of beauty Grows in the night like corn or bamboo.

Maybe a poem in praise of time Ought to be next on my agenda, The  
time required for seeds to open, For leaves to push out on tender stems.

Yesterday, the teacher didn't believe the excuse Her student offered  
for missing his appointment— A tire gone flat on the Thruway—but  
today His story seems almost convincing, Suggesting how quickly the  
bruise to her ego Has begun to heal, the first small step From the tire-  
some realm of insult and umbrage.

Yesterday the lover couldn't commit himself. Today he wants to write his  
beloved A check for a million dollars, Though the time hasn't come, he  
admits, For her to cash it. Meanwhile, though he has nothing, Whatever  
he has is hers.

*by Carl Dennis*

# Mission Statement

## 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. ☺

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Upcoming Focus  
WINTER 2014-2015

Revisiting Old Dreams  
& The Best of  
Dreaming Humanity's Path  
Lifeline: 4 Weeks after you  
receive this issue.

## About Our Cover Artist Tony Macelli



"Wings of Night" 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.  
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## EDITORIAL



As I begin writing this next-to-last editorial, I am keenly aware that to do justice to what I feel and want to say would require a book.

Mainly, I recall the many magnificent individuals I've had the privilege of communicating and working with over the past 25 years, and I wonder how my 'stepping back' will effect future communications among us. Certainly, the context will change: I will be no longer 'publisher/editor', although I must say that the most meaningful connections I've experienced have fallen outside that role.

My hope is that we will continue to communicate, with more focus on dreamsharing, doing dreamwork with one another, and simply sharing our life experiences—as friends. My door will always be open.

I want to give thanks and praise to all of you who have been involved in DNJ, in the past and the present: excellent columnists, authors, artists, copy-editors/proofreaders, poets, reviewers, publishers, readers ... *all of you*. You have

given of yourselves in countless and generous ways, willing to share your hard-earned wisdom, skills and souls in the most intimate and personal of ways. And during very turbulent times. You *have* made a difference in the world! I also want to thank those of you who became a part of the Dream Circle; your contributions and involvement have made it possible for DNJ to remain in print over the past several years. May countless blessings visit you always, my kind-hearted friends.

Worthy of note: All contributions to this publication have been offered voluntarily, free of charge. Not once has any author, artist or poet requested payment! All have given freely. Nor, in all my 25 years as editor/publisher, have there been any payments missed or checks returned, for subscriptions, renewals, advertisements or gifts. This fact speaks very highly of the character and quality of individuals—**you**—who are drawn to this soul-sharing.

I've never measured 'success' by numbers of readers or dollars. Of the latter, magically, there have always been enough. I regard this as evidence that this work is guided and gifted from *above*. This publication *is* a success in that it's been in print for over 32 years.

**The very good news** is that it appears Dream Network Journal will continue to grow and evolve beyond my tenure. We are in the early stages of negotiations, working out a myriad of details, and I couldn't be happier, feeling totally assured DNJ will be in good hearts and hands. Can't say more right now, sorry; I'll certainly provide you more information in our winter issue!

### Points of interest:

- I'd like to call your attention to the incredible creativity and commitment of Star Edwards (pg. 24) who has birthed a grass roots, street level *Dream Library* in her neighborhood. Anyone motivated to create a *Dream Library* in their community, please know that I am happy to donate a collection of hard copy back issues. Please contact me at PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532.
- Inspired by Marlene King's article "Old Gold in Dreams," we will focus our winter issue, in part, on **Revisiting Old Dreams**. Which of your dreams have emerged years later with clarity of meaning and/or purpose?

"You must give birth to your images. They are the future waiting to be born.

Fear not the strangeness you feel.

The future must enter you long before it happens.

Just wait for the birth, for the hour of the new clarity."

*Author Unknown*

- And ... in the winter issue we call again for your **Big Dreams**.
- As of our winter issue, we will discontinue our Regional Contact page. Those of you who are listed, I highly recommend you consider listing yourselves on the International Association for the Study of Dreams website [www.asdreams.org](http://www.asdreams.org), if you haven't already. IASD has developed active Regional programs, where representatives offer conferences, seminars, etc., in their own areas.

Love ~ Roberta

## LETTERS

### Gratitude

You know how much I have appreciated all your patience and kind and encouraging words over the years. Helping you with DNJ made a HUGE difference in my life; whenever I most needed a reprieve from those horrid battles with anxiety and depression, you and DNJ seemed to ride into the picture like (K)nights in shining armor to whisk me away to a brighter reality that I had forgotten.

Thanks for putting up with my Lud-dite ways so that I could continue to edit/proof the magazine as technology marched on and I did not, and feel a part of something very special and bigger than myself--for keeping me in touch with so many incredible dreamers! Your life is an inspiration--especially the way you found your calling with DNJ; and I wish you even more incredible adventures and connections after letting go of DNJ. Like writing your memoirs, maybe? (<:

*Lorraine Grassano, San Francisco*

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### Pat Prefers 'Online'

I am new to online reading; though it is definitely my preference, so don't know much about what is possible.

I do not need you to send paper issues anymore. I love love love the colors of the artwork available in the online issues. How nice to have the issues archived to go back to whenever. I am a senior and learning to do without all my paper files and magazine files. Happy about the change to digital.

I am astounded at the thought of your retirement, though, after all, why should I be, being mostly retired myself. It's just that I can't imagine our lovely journal without you, Roberta. I have never written to thank you but please consider this a huge hug and gratitude. I hope to bless you on your

way, knowing that there are probably many of us who have never written to share their appreciation of you and your efforts for us, like me. I hope whoever follows you gives such gifts as you have, although in their own way, of course. *Love, blessings, hugs,*

*Pat Kampmeier, San Rafael, CA*

~ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ∞ ~ ~

### When I Step Back ..

If you retire could we still keep in touch with you and write? I feel horrid that I would lose touch. Please confirm receipt and really, let me know how you are feeling and for now, have a great day. *Thank you!*

*Millie Rosario, Puerto Rica*

I so much enjoy writing for DNJ and sharing. I will miss you terribly upon your retirement. I can't thank you enough for your acceptance, encouragement and sharing over so many years, and for bringing this journal into my life, and giving me the gift to share it with others. But I know we will be in touch, and other projects are to come. I look forward to hearing about your next chapter, and a much-deserved rest, too. *Big hug,*

*Sandy Steckling, Kingston, WA*

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### Re-Engaging

I have ordered, and am reading two of the books reviewed in the last DNJ. I had kind of let my dreaming go, but after starting to read Robert Moss' book, "*The Boy Who Died and Came Back*," I was moved to write to him and thank him for writing such a treasure on the subject of dreaming and dreamtime. Robert wrote back and reminded me that he conducts dream workshops at Mosswood Hall in Duvall, so I signed up for the September workshop: "Imaginal Healing." It starts September 8 and ends the 12<sup>th</sup>.

I have a dream article I may submit one day, the problem is that it is still

in progress ... have to wait for the outcome.

Will really miss you being in charge of DNJ, you have put so much devotion into it. Also, realize there is a time to let go of the old and engage in something new. Enjoy the rest of the summer,

*Judith Picone, Edmonds, WA*

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I just want to let you know that I keep thinking about your DNJ situation and how complicated and difficult it must be for you.

For some reason, a thought has been popping into my head over the last week or so. I will present it, but with the understanding that I have no idea whether it will make any sense to you at all, whether you've already considered it and rejected it, etc., etc., etc. In other words, I have no personal stake in this. To repeat: It just "popped into my head," and I like to pay attention when that happens, whatever the result.

The thought is simply that you might actually buy some time for yourself to make this transition by carrying DNJ into next year, but only on these conditions:

1. Go strictly digital. Online only.
2. No more paper, no more printing and no more mailing costs, etc.
3. Cut back to *two issues* per year instead of four. No more quarterly effort. Maybe even one annual issue would work. Who knows?

I suspect that the quarterly-issue print routine, after all these years, has just gotten to be too much for any one person. *Enough already*—as they say.

It's something to consider. And if you could make *that transition*, it might make it easier for you to make the *complete transition* in some fashion, after you've had a chance to pare it down to manageable size, Just a thought.

*Paco Mitchell, Santa Fe, NM*



**Upon seeing the mis-assembly of pages in our Summer issue (V33#2), and informing as many readers as possible, I sent the following letter via email to all those who could be reached that way:**

*"Dear Friends and Sister/Brother Dreamers,*

*I just received copies of our Summer issue late yesterday and oh, my goodness! Upon opening to review the finished product ... inside the front cover, I see the centerfold/page 23 where page 3 ought to be! I leaf through and turn to the centerfold, and there is the Table of Contents. The entire issue is in chaos, mis-assembled somehow by the printer in this most unusual way!*

*In all of 25 years, nothing like this has ever happened.*

*We have a wonderful printing company; I've worked with them for years. I'm sure that they will make good whatever gets decided about ... 'what to do'. A reprint? (but then duplicate costs for re-mailing and it would be another 4-6 weeks before you'd receive the reprint). A refund? I received copies too late in the day/Friday to call and it's probably a good thing.*

*I'm still shaking my head ... and would deeply appreciate your thoughts on the matter. I don't know what to do, honestly. I won't be able to reach all readers of the print publication, as many have not provided email addresses. They will be so surprised ... oh, dear!*

*My initial thoughts were to see this mis-assembled issue as a microcosm of the events occurring on this Earth: chaos. Then I thought: well, the content is all here; perhaps readers would enjoy the exercise of piecing the content together as one would assemble a puzzle.*

*Please share your response to this early morning missive and help me.*

*Sincerely for Dreams, Roberta O*

**Just look at the numerous helpful suggestions and wonderful support that has arrived: How fortunate to have such supportive and insightful readers!**

.....

Received a copy of the DNJ summer 2014 issue just now & apparently something has gone wrong with the binding. The first page is not numbered & contains a text about Mr. Corn Man & Mr. Pillar Man, then I get the pages 22-38 & a "Dreaming Humanity's Path"-page. Then follow the Mission Statement & the Table of Content pages, followed by the pages 6-19 & as final page "A question for Mr. Corn Man", also not numbered. Thought I'd let you know. Took the issue apart to see what was wrong & found out that all the pages were put in the wrong way round. It was a question of simply flipping them over, the issue starting with the page "Dreaming Humanity's Path" & Mr. Mitchell's piece about Mr. Corn Man on the two pages in the middle. Put the magazine together anew by using needle & thread, which worked a treat. If you get more questions from readers about this issue, you can use this info if you want to. Thanks for putting together a somewhat mysterious volume at first, which - with a bit of work - turned out to be another enjoyable one!

*Regards, Alma Verbunt Isselburg, Germany*

~~~~~

As usual, I was overjoyed to see that the magazine had arrived and haven't had time to go through it, but I expect I will be able to put together the pieces. It will be a dreamlike experience, after all. No need to do a thing about it as far as I'm concerned.

I expect to dive into it early next week, when my own personal, happy chaos settles down. It's always good work, Roberta.

*Janet Emmons, Santa Fe, NM*

~~~~~

What a stunning issue of *Dream Network Journal* for Summer 2014! I was particularly inspired, even overwhelmed by "A Living Mandala: The Mythic Journey of Jerry Wennstrom." His art is sooo powerful,

and of course his journey of self-discovery. Bobbie Primm's "Water, Water Everywhere" and the Dream Inspired Poetry "The Tide is Turning," which leads me to send you two of my poems which came to mind, "Like a child I splash" and "I dream of water."

For a long time I have admired Brooke Medicine Eagle. Beautiful photographs of her, as well as her well chosen words. Rachel Norment is someone new to me. Her article is powerful.

I do so hope a new editor can be found, will appear, to follow in your admirable footsteps. Namaste,

*Karen Ethelsdattar, Gladstone, OR*

*Editor's note: Ms. Ethelsdattar did not receive the electronic 'letter' I sent; she is a print only subscriber. What a dear Heart, she didn't even mention the inside-out until we talked later on the phone.*

~~~~~

Bummer! But I think it's best to just let it go . . .

*Lorraine Grassano, San Francisco, CA*

~~~~~

If this is the first printing error in 25 years, I think the odds have finally caught up to you. I'm sure all of your faithful readers will understand that sometimes things just go wrong beyond your control -- and maybe even get a giggle or two over seeing it. With that said, as far as the printer goes, he should make it right by you. Since there really is no point in re-printing this issue, he should offer to print the next issue at no charge or at a substantial discount. I used to work for a printer as a customer service rep and that is what I would offer to the client if that had happened to us. Hugs!

*Bobbie Pimm, Charlottesville, VA*

~~~~~

I have found that there is usually a reason for everything so send my copies just the way they are, I will explain to those friends whom I have gifted with subscriptions. It will be interesting (I like your chaos theory.) Hang in there, what a shock it must have been for you.

*Jean Leonard, Palm Desert, CA*

~~~~~



What a shock you must have had! I agree with you, however, that this is "a microcosm of the events occurring on this Earth: chaos". Frankly, I will be delighted to spend time sorting out my copy ... it will at least give me control over *one* thing in my daily (somewhat chaotic) life! :-). Thanks for the "heads' up"! Of course, there's the rub. In your position I believe I would stick a note inside the print issues for those you cannot reach electronically. Just a suggestion... I would be glad to help out financially if you need extra postage, and I'm sure others would help also.

*Barbara Bluck, Forest, CA*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

How disappointing about the mishap with the summer issue of DNJ.

Looking at the issue online, it certainly is a wonderful issue with the article about Jerry Wennstrom and the one by Brooke Medicine Eagle, as well as the other contributors. But as you say, despite the mis-assembly, all the contents are there.

I like the puzzle perspective and suggestion of reassembling it. I would just take it apart, and put it in order in a folder. Perhaps a note to the subscribers that can't be reached via email would be appropriate, as well as giving them the option of accessing the issue online, or receiving a reprint for the additional mailing cost if they prefer a hard copy. My guess is that most subscribers will be understanding of the situation and if given other options about how to access a corrected form of the issue, or dealing with the copy they have, will be satisfied. Just some thoughts, which I hope will be of some help.

*Estela Bourque, Juneau, AK*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Breathe! I have been in a whirlwind, too, but my first comments to your dilemma would be to issue a re-print to subscribers (albeit late) with insert regarding the printing error of earlier issue. Given the relationship you have with the printer you should be able to compromise on re-mailing costs --- I would frankly insist on it. For those who have e-addresses, I would notify that way, too, with apologies for errata. That's my two cents' worth.

*Marlene King, Poulsbo, WA*

I forgot to comment, in our phone conversation, that we **don't** think you need to have the issue reprinted. People will certainly understand what happened when you send a letter of explanation. As you say, people can put the puzzle pieces together to read the contents. Hope you won't worry too much about this. It was not anything you either did nor didn't do. It evidently just mysteriously happened. I agree it is a good metaphor for the state of the Earth at this time.

My continued best wishes and appreciation for all you have done and are doing with *Dream Network*.

*Rachel Norment, Greensboro, NC*

*Editor's note: By the time I learned about this snafu, print copies had already gone out via bulk mail.*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I had to laugh when I received this notice. Yep, it sounds like the whole planet right now. I vote for the solution that costs the least. I can figure out how to read the journal, even if it is messed up. Late delivery is OK, too. You may receive a few calls, but everyone in the dream community should pretty understand. They will laugh it off when they get their copy. Do what is the least stress for you.

You are so wonderful for doing all of this work for all of us. I cannot begin to tell you how grateful I am for you.

*Pat Pionke, Saint Peters, MO*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

If this was a dream ... I'm fine with getting it as is. *Blessings* ~  
*Robert Gongloff, Black Mountain, NC*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Wow. Well, my vote would be to have them make it right and send it to us late. But if the majority says read it as it is, I can go with that!

*Love, Azima Lila Forest*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

**AFTERWORD. These are but a sampling of the feedback/suggestions received. THANK YOU to each and every one of you who responded to this unusual dilemma.**

**Our printer was kind enough upon being informed to print the issue you now hold in your heart, free of charge.**

**Thank you!**

**"I think that the courage  
to confront evil and  
turn it, by dint of will,  
into something applicable  
to the development  
of our evolution—  
individually and collectively  
—is exciting, honorable."**

*Maya Angelou*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

**"I've dreamt in my life,  
dreams that have stayed  
with me ever after, and  
changed my ideas;  
they've gone through  
and through me,  
like wine through water,  
and altered the color  
of my mind."**

*Emily Bronte English novelist*

# Mother Bear Comes for Me or Earth / Self Breaking Free

*I stand between the old neighborhood of my childhood and a new neighborhood I have never seen. Up the hill of the past is the convent that frightened me as a child. I stand at the bottom gazing at the new neighborhood before me. My awareness shifts and I am in a barn-like garage of the new neighborhood witnessing a Mother bear trapped and pounding the walls to break free. She wants to find her baby. I know this. Also knowing that she will soon be free and rampaging the neighborhood, I go running to warn everyone on the street and on their lawns to get inside their homes. More people seem to come outside instead of fleeing.*

*I succeed in getting a group of seven-year-old girls to listen and follow me into my parents' house and up the stairs toward the second floor. We hang out on these stairs where it seems safe. One young girl is upset to be hiding like this. My father decides this is a good time to fix all the doors in the house and takes the basement and back door off their hinges. Frantically, I tell him to stop and hurry to get the doors back on. Returning to the girls, I feel safe because a door at the bottom of the stairs bars the way of the bear getting upstairs.*

*To my chagrin, my father and an unknown woman who is with him decide to open up the door and peer up at us. Just then, Mother bear comes from behind them and up the stairs heading for me. Her face reaches mine when suddenly she seems to melt down the stairs into the woman below and the woman/bear tells me "Everything will be fine!"*

*I know very clearly I am the Mother bear's child, which she was seeking and that we are all her children. She is the Earth searching for us all with intense determination during this time of planetary crisis, earth destruction, pain and disconnection to let us know not to be afraid, as she breaks free. It will be through her that we will once again find nurturance, a healing fierce love and a real source of security to be found in our interconnect- edness with one another and the natural wild world that is our home.*

# Kissing the Bear

By Lorraine Grassano



Art by Chris Grassano

**A**LTHOUGH I REGULARLY RECALL SEVERAL DREAMS A NIGHT (actually, in the wee hours of the morning), it has been a long time since I've been moved to record them or been touched by the muse to write articles about them. Nonetheless, I treasure my dream state and trust that it mindfully influences my waking life in a positive, albeit mysterious manner. I always try to be patient, note patterns and incubate for understanding.



For the past year, I have been plagued by anxiety dreams with a recurring theme: futilely attempting to pack a suitcase amid chaos. Too many things, so little time and space. A cast of thousands. I awaken exhausted.

Now, on the surface, the meaning of these dreams is far from mysterious. In less than a year, I am anticipating a move. The very idea is stressful to me: uprooting from a neighborhood I love; harboring misgivings about whether or not I am making the right decision; all the red tape and masking tape. Change is hard. I get it! I get it! Is this unrelenting barrage on the part of my unconscious really necessary? But, of course, there is way more to the message than meets the closed eye!

In waking life, I have become obsessed with the negative changes happening to San Francisco: *Manhattanization* at an exponential rate; more and more tall buildings going up; overcrowding of parks and busses; excessive, unceasing noise pollution; newcomers with, not flowers in their hair, but cell-phones in their ear; rampant greed displacing long time residents of moderate means. My anger and bitterness and utter heartbreak were eating me alive. I knew that I had to either make peace with the changes or leave my beloved city. Then I dreamt...

### **KISSING THE BEAR** (April 3, 2014)

*I am walking around San Francisco. It is so changed that I cannot easily find my way. Van Ness Avenue (Route 101) has turned into a one lane, serpentine roadway with electric trolleys. I just miss one (trolley), and realize that if I don't start running, I will be very late to my destination.*

*I make my way through narrow alleys with older architecture reminiscent of European cities, but then emerge into a totally modern/futuristic area with shiny, wide and colorful square buildings that are for the most part only 4 or 5 stories high; one is constructed of mirrored glass with black and red stripes. There are few skyscrapers and many spacious, clean plazas and no automobiles or mobs of people. As I continue to run furiously, I get the idea of being in two places at once, so I visualize myself in the place I am supposed to be right now: helping my friends to sort things out and pack. The room is gigantic and full of people folding*

*and trying on clothing. It reminds me of a bargain basement sale. I see myself there calmly mixing and mingling and lending a hand.*

*Suddenly a gigantic brown bear—the size of a dinosaur-- plops itself down in the middle of the plaza. Everyone starts screaming and scattering, except one woman. It is L. from my neighborhood. I stop running and watch with awe as she floats up to the bear's monstrous head and kisses it gently on the lips.*

When I awake, I know that this is a special dream, the one I have been waiting for. Immediately, I write it down and start composing this piece for *Dream Network Journal*. I feel energized rather than anxious, which had been the case for months now when it was time to get up and face 'reality.' My chronic block against thoughtfully examining my dreams lifted and ideas and associations began flowing.

The most dramatic image in my block-buster dream, without a doubt, is the larger-than-life bear. Official emblem for the California Republic, and incidentally enough, also for the Italian region of Abruzzi, where my grandmother was born. The woman 'L.' who fearlessly approaches the beast, lives in my neighborhood in 'real' life. Polk Gulch is one of the areas in San Francisco that is in the process of drastic transformation. On three sides of the older, rent-controlled apartment house where she has resided for many years, the buildings are being torn down and replaced by high-rise, high cost condominiums.

After months of expressing justifiable rage and helplessness at the relentless noise and dust and encroaching darkness, she took the bull by the horns—or should we say, the bear by the jaws—and boldly initiated a transformation of her own by embracing the change and the changers. The owner and other tenants of L's building rallied around her to mediate certain conditions; for instance, the landscaped inner courtyard with Bocce Ball courts and barbeque grills that is part of the new complex will be accessible to them, also. And she convinced the foreman of the construction crew to prune the sprawling avocado tree in their backyard for no charge, saving the landlord a great deal of money or the possibility of having to destroy it. The last time I ran into L. she was beaming and insisted on giving me a tour of the construction sites, focusing on the positive aspects: "See how much wider the side walk is now?" and "No more 'used condom alley' out my side window."

So, it's no wonder that L. showed up in the dream in the role that she did. And what of the dreamer's role? I am

directed toward helping my friends 'sort things out and pack.' Here we go again with that recurring theme, except this time, the atmosphere is calm rather than chaotic—once I encounter the Embracer of Change kissing the Bear.

The day before I had the dream, I met with an old, dear friend, who also feels negatively impacted by the onslaught of changes going on around her. Instead of giving one another support, we ended up arguing and pitting our anger and fear against each other. I was particularly distraught because M. in her youth was a great source of strength and inspiration for me, by the very virtue of her ability to adapt to new situations as she navigated around becoming a slave to the Status Quo.

The dream made it clear that I need to 'bear' the transforming cityscape in a more constructive manner in order to help M. and other friends who are feeling even more vulnerable and scared than I am—especially those with less financial resources and options (which the dream alluded to via the suggestion of a bargain basement). Unlike the other characters that are rummaging through clothes and preparing to leave, the dreamer has a choice of being in two places at once: in the plaza with the Bear and in the basement with her friends; in addition, she exists both in the dreaming and waking realm.

Curiously enough, although it is my dream-self that is running through San Francisco's distant future—one that has evolved beyond the seemingly short-sighted, unenlightened changes that are happening right now, it is not until my waking-self recalls the dream that I realize how the City presented in the dream is actually in tune with my idealistic hopes and visions: No cars. Narrow, meandering roadways offering environmentally-sound public transportation. Few sky-blocking buildings. Lots of light, greenery and open space. Older architecture preserved (or rebuilt?) to honor the past. Ah, yes, I could embrace changes like that! So why does my dream-self not take notice of the details of her gloriously redesigned (though barely recognizable) homeland? Could it be to remind me that I must not get too attached to any particular change—good or bad—because, it too, will change?

And why does the theme of change manifest in the form of an animal? Perhaps to convey the concept that change is part of the natural order of things. Which is not to say that we, as humans, should not question change or completely capitulate to it.

We *do* have the power to positively influence the undesirable transformations by kissing the bear, so to speak, rather than fleeing from it or wildly charging it with spears. The dreamer is inspired by L.'s amazing way

of interacting with the Bear and stops running. She has reached her destination: a state of mind in which she can be in harmony with this powerful representative of change as well as with those it is most affecting, including herself. The Bear is no longer *in the way*, but *is* the way.

In her position above ground, the dreamer is indicative of the *outer* circumstances I need to *adjust to*; her simultaneous presence in the basement, often a symbol for the unconscious, points to the *inner* workings I need to *adjust*—namely, my attitude and perspective. So then, I am at once the changer and the object of change; I am invited to take an active part in harnessing the unstoppable forces that are altering my world. I can evolve beyond the mentality of *victim* and *perpetrator*.

The sorting and packing scenario speaks to a more obvious and minor concern (Ursula Major and Minor!): changing my address. In the larger scheme of things, this is not a big deal—especially since I will still be residing in San Francisco. Nonetheless, the prospect has been the cause of enough anxiety to get the attention of my unconscious; thus, the series of dreams about preparing to relocate—whose multiple meanings/messages I am just beginning to cultivate. For example, another association that I am exploring is Bear as spirit guide ... considering that the creature appeared in the dream by dropping out of the sky. And do I ever need the steadfast presence of a Higher Power to encourage me to remain strong and mindfully detached in the trials ahead! The changes to San Francisco are happening over night, but my ability to better deal with them will be an ongoing challenge. Bear is not only a bastion of strength, but knows when to lie low, disengage from the battles of life for awhile; hibernate and then emerge a bit more vulnerable, grateful and eager to seek out the miracles of a renewed landscape.

As winter turns to spring, one change depends upon and precipitates another. The transformed San Francisco that so pleased the awakened dreamer could not have come into being without the nightmarish transition that is currently taking place. Learning to embrace the smaller transitions can help us to prepare for greater ones; the time may indeed come when I need to let go of San Francisco and move on—if not during the course of my life, then most certainly at the end of it. For, there is no escaping the greatest transition and transformation of all. I'm sure that even the passage from this life to the next—the most inevitable and all encompassing of changes—can be negotiated with a fearless, open-heart if we pay attention to and honor our dreams. Easier said than done, but I feel blessed to be taking the first small steps with Bear at my side. ∞



# A Radical Shift in Consciousness

By Christina Donnell, Ph.D.

**T**HE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY PERSIAN MYSTIC POET known to Westerners simply as Rumi wrote of a continuous essence moving through form; like the sun, its presence is sometimes palpable, sometimes not and yet always there. Similarly, the intelligence that guides creation is sometimes palpable, sometimes not and yet always there, generating life force. The fact that many artists, mystics, and poets throughout history have developed the ability to tap into the wisdom bubbling up from a deeper level of existence indicates that our consciousness has the ability to have an experience with the vital essence from which forms emerge and by which they are nurtured.

I call this deeper level of reality, this creative intelligence behind and within creation, the Dreaming. It is the life force of all living things, galaxies, human beings, and trees, as well as the power in corporations and communities. I have found that dreaming is one way to commune with this creative intelligence that guides creation. Awakening within the Dreaming allows you to experience a connection with this immeasurable, indestructible force that is paradoxically you and yet much greater than you. When we awaken within this source, we become one with it and our infinite nature emerges.

My first dream that revealed to me the radical shift in consciousness possible by entering the Dreaming contained imagery that emerged from my experiences with Zen meditation and shamanic training. While lying in bed with my eyes closed and my awareness centered between them, image after image appeared in my mind's eye. Meditation had accustomed me to letting images rise and evaporate without breaking my concentration. Then a heavy, syrupy feeling, which I eventually learned to associate with transcendent dreaming, blanketed me, pulling me into sleep.

I awakened within a dream in which *I was doing exactly what I had been doing before the dream, lying in bed with*

*my awareness centered between my eyes. Then the image of the black jaguar sitting in its tree, intently watching the jungle below, appeared and distracted me.* The part of my awareness that was watching the dream thought it was peculiar that the jaguar image had appeared in a dream. With this thought, my awareness was drawn into the dream and became so immersed in the image of the jaguar that I lost sensation of my body and felt suspended in midair.

Although the sense of losing awareness of one's body and physical surroundings happens to many people who practice meditation, this was not meditation. In fact, I soon felt my awareness itself begin to dissolve. The sensation was so extraordinary and pleasing that my attention was irresistibly drawn further into the jaguar image. Suddenly, a piercing brilliant light, accompanied by extreme heat, entered my brain. Unprepared for such an experience, I became anxious and aware of my body again. As the illumination from inside of me grew brighter and brighter, I experienced a rocking sensation and then felt the point of consciousness that was myself gradually expanding beyond my body.

Meanwhile, my body had been dissolving until I became unconscious of it. I was now all consciousness, without form, feeling, or sensation, spread out in every direction without limitation. I was no longer as I had always known myself to be, a small point of awareness confined in a body, but instead an infinite consciousness bathed in light and reveling in a state of exaltation.

After some time, I felt my consciousness contract, becoming smaller and smaller until I again was vaguely aware of the outline of my body. I spent some time wondering if I was going to slip back into my body but did not know how to do this. Eventually, it just happened and I awakened from the dream, once more aware of my body and the cars passing on the street outside my window.



I felt dazed and bewildered, as if returning from a foreign land but was soothed by the sun shining on my face through the window. My friend Miriam was sitting on the edge of my bed. I tried to lift my arms and hands, but they felt limp and lifeless. While I could understand every word Miriam spoke, I could not sequence a thought or speak. I learned that I had been in this state for almost thirty-six hours. I had missed a full day of work and a dinner engagement with her and when I did not answer the phone in the morning, she had come to check on me.

Eventually I stood up, although my legs felt weak and wobbled beneath me. After a while, exhausted and ill at ease, I went outside for a short walk, thinking it would help me return to normalcy. I soon doubled up from an unbearable heat in my abdomen that rose to my throat and I felt as if I would vomit fire. I returned to the house and sat on the couch, taking no interest in anything and feeling detached from my surroundings. Miriam spent the day to make sure I was okay, and left in the evening. Retiring early, I slept fitfully, having strange dreams yet aware that a part of myself was watching me sleep.

Around 5:00 a.m., the same heavy, syrupy feeling descended upon me again and I awakened in the same dream as the night before. *The jaguar was sitting in the same tree, intently watching the jungle below.* Again I was pulled into the image, and light pierced my head, filling me with rapture and vitality. As I felt myself dissolve, my consciousness once again expanded in all directions then slowly contracted. When I finally became aware of my body, my heart was racing, there was a metallic taste in my mouth, and my exhaustion was even more pronounced than after the first dream.

I did not feel like the same woman I had been only a few days before. Something intangible and powerful, which I could not grasp or analyze, was happening and I could not free myself from a sense of apprehension. From that day forward, I would never be my old self again. For the next several years I would live suspended between spirit and matter, between heaven and earth.

The days immediately following the dream were a prolonged nightmare. I was aware of an intense internal glow, always in rapid motion. The nights were especially difficult since the stream of light that had pierced my head in both dreams seemed to increase in speed and intensity during the hours of darkness. I could feel my energy increasing, decreasing, and repatterning. I could distinctly feel and perceive the luminosity emanating into a field surrounding and connected to my body and habitually lay awake all night watching myself sleep or dream. With the increased energy coursing through my body, my arms and hands seemed to take on a life of their own. When I was lying, my body would vibrate, regardless of the surface it was on.

Images rapidly Rolodexed through my mind's eye. When one became fixed, I was gripped with fear because I had no control over being pulled into it and having my awareness consequently dissolve. Soon the images began to occur even with my eyes open, seemingly a solvent working on the glue that held my awareness together.

Even more alarming was the fact that my consciousness was not as stable as it had been before but now expanded and contracted, regulated in a mysterious way by the images, making me fearful that a fine line now separated me from insanity. The expansion and contraction of my consciousness altered the way my mind functioned. I perceived a luminous glow around objects both in my mind's eye and in the physical environment. This glow never remained constant in dimension or intensity, but rather waxed and waned and sometimes changed color.

Gopi Krishna, author and renowned twentieth-century yogi and teacher from India, noted a similar perception in response to first experiencing the awakening of kundalini, but for me it went further. When the glow increased in size or brilliance, the urge to merge into it grew stronger, until my awareness dissolved into the unseen energies behind the manifest world. It was during this time that I began to have experiences of simultaneously lying in bed and walking around downstairs, with my awareness in both places.

Three people, two friends and one client, independently told me they had awakened from sleep and seen me standing at the foot of their bed. I remembered lying in bed and simultaneously standing at the foot of one friend's bed, wondering what I was doing there, while I had no conscious recollection of the other incidents. I knew these experiences had something to do with the amount of energy coursing through my system and my merging with images.

For a long time, I remained uncertain about the meaning of my condition. From the point of view of my Zen meditation practice, I surmised that I had turned from witnessing the rise and fall of awareness to participating with objects or images in my field of awareness. The amount of energy concentrated in an image, the merging into a participatory exchange with it and the energy from which the image itself had risen had shifted my perception. My perception had also become rooted in the sensual dimension of experience, born of the body's natural capacity to resonate with other forms. Thus what had been considered a distraction in my Zen meditation practice had become a new way for me to engage with the sentient world. ∞

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Christina Donnell, Ph.D. a classically trained clinical psychologist, has studied Eastern traditions and the shamanic energy practices of the Q'ero Indians of Peru for nearly two decades.

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# A Visit with Angels

*I'm with a group of people talking and someone says there is a fire at a home nearby. We go as we see the large flames in the distance. We thought the house was consumed as we neared the scene. I said no, it is just a large tree in the yard on fire. As I spoke, the fire jumped from the house to the tree.*

*The house is unharmed and the tree is engulfed in beautiful flames reaching the sky but it is not damaged. Flames disappear as the scene changes.*

*I am outside of a building that I need to enter. I am with a beautiful angelic-seeming woman who can help me get in the building. "She is my mother who passed away several years ago," I tell the guard at the door. He enters with me but others question how we got in. The guard introduces the woman to the people (they seem. He introduces the woman as Diana xxxxxxxx who died over a year ago. We go to an elevator and ride to the third floor. I notice that all this time I have been totally naked .... but no one notices my nakedness in the presence of the angelic women.*

*We get to the cafeteria where an employee is trying to put food away into a locked freezer. She cannot unlock the door and is worried the food will spoil. As I walk near, the door unlocks and she opens it and thanks me for helping her.*

*Three of us get into a small service elevator to go back down. I explain to the person that the woman and I are about to visit with my mom and Diana in Heaven. He looks bewildered but I ask him if he has ever "seen" God. I tell him that I have been in God's presence with mom and Diana and that God's beauty can be only felt not really seen through our eyes. His beauty is brighter than the flames that did not consume the house or the tree, seen earlier in this dream.*

*There is a great sense of peace in the elevator as the wall opposite me bends toward me so I can tap it to prove to the man with me that **God is with us and that our world around us can be changed if only we try to make the changes.***

*As the wall returns to its normal shape the door opens and we leave. It is just the guard and I in a beautiful field. A beautiful sunset is at our backs as a glorious rainbow arches across the sky before us. We are filled with a great sense of love and peace.*

*I awaken feeling God's love.*





# The Birth

By Sandy Steckling, MA Psychology

**T**HIS DREAM WAS LIKE DREAMS I'D HAD BEFORE: First there is a sense that something sneaks up on me; soon I know something else is present; it is something I don't like, and I have no control over. In fact, I begin to feel this other presence has control over things I don't. What this something is I don't know. I only want it to leave. I want to gain back the control I believe should belong to me.

Looking back, I can see from a larger perspective what is playing out in dreams like these. This something else in the dream is the surfacing, or rising to consciousness, of the other, the larger self, the numinous, the soul. My response in dreams to this *other* has been two-fold; either I feel excited by this presence, trust it and see it as an indication that something good and wonderful is underway ... or, I feel threatened by it. In this dream, I felt threatened.

*I am in a restaurant. It is located on the top floor of a high building. It is a very nice restaurant with windows all around. It is a beautiful sunny day and the restaurant is very busy. It appears to be lunchtime, with a lot of activity, hustle and bustle going on. Out of the corner of my eye, I notice something disturbing. I think, "no, that can't be."*

*I look across the room out the window and I see there is nothing there, that I was wrong.*

*Then, it happens again. Only this time I see it more directly. I see a little ripple-wave of water come up into view through the window that is across the room. I wonder how water can be there because the restaurant is so high in the air. Very soon, I start to see water rising up outside, through all the windows. I become extremely panicked. I realize we are all surrounded by water; it is rising up all around us.*

*Given that the restaurant is so high up in the air, I know this water is vast and far bigger than we are. In my panic I run to the elevator. I am not thinking. As I am standing, waiting for the elevator to open, I see an enormous wave rise up from the water coming toward me.*

After waking, I want to further evolve the dream, and open to it. I reentered the dream by seeing it, and tuning into the way it felt energetically. My intention is not try to change anything. I want to see what the dream wants to do and express, and then help if I can.

I went into this dream from the beginning and observed. In this dream I am in the restaurant and a big wave comes. The restaurant is at the height of activity. I am impressed by the intensity of conscious activity and the busyness of the restaurant. I don't feel the dream wants anything of





me in regards to the lunch activity in the restaurant; all that is happening in regard to eating, cooking, and being waited on in the restaurant appears to be fully expressed. The big wave is another matter. With the wave, I feel it is still in motion, and that the motion has not been fully expressed. I feel the movement that the wave wants to do is up, up, up and out. I bring my energy to that wave, and feel with it, going up, up, up and out. I feel the movement again, and I am with this movement. I soon feel the energy of the wave getting enormous and I stay with the feeling and the intention of moving with the wave, up and out. The wave continues moving up and out, and becomes as enormous as it can be, when suddenly, the whole visual and energetic field of the dream rises up, and completely falls to the right side. Collapsed, the energy and contents of the dream move on.

Wow! When this happens, I remain. I am now seeing the realm behind the dream, a realm that preceded the dream, that from which the dream came ... and that remains after the wave has collapsed and moved on. It is very deep and vast and still here. I love being here because it feels healing and restorative. I love the absence of all the previous activity, with so much focus on the concrete mind and the consciousness that includes only that. Here, there is no focus on activity. Rather, here ... there is quiet and depth and vastness. I feel released, relieved and soothing healing.

After seeing the entire dream, and its entire content rise up, collapse, and fall to the right, I am drawn, now, to look to the left in this vast realm behind the dream. Down a ways I see it. I am seeing way, way back in time. Here, it is hard to describe because I am attempting to give form, through words, to the formless. This must have been a challenge that the dream undertook also, that of how to show, in form, something formless.

But here it was. I felt, sensed, saw, a swirling of energy. Very subtle, it felt like several planes of energy meeting, converging, and coming together, at one focal point, all within a place of a dark light. I say dark light because it was not any bright light, but it was not darkness either. There was light in the darkness, but neither the dark nor the light was separate from one another. One of the challenges I find in describing the formless, is that the formless changes anytime you try to put it into form, and you find it is not any form you are trying to communicate. This focal point of energy had a quality to it, a note, a tone, a vibration, a pattern, and a consciousness. And all this was within a presence. I knew this presence was the presence of soul. I knew it was me.

I knew I was seeing back in time to a birth, a birth in consciousness, to when I first experienced—*knew*—that I had a soul. The beauty and purity of this experience of soul transcended everything else I knew, or could know,

because the soul transcended everything.

To have a meeting of the smaller self with the soul is like experiencing life for the first time. Breath is freedom. Everything looks different because everything is infused with love. There is no longer separate, concrete consciousness anymore, because the underlying unity of everything is experienced. The soul is everywhere if you have eyes to see and consciousness to know. It is the priceless gift. Nothing is as important; it comes before all else, and shows us everything we are and can be.

This dream came at a time I was stressing and struggling, trying to manage it all; I was out of balance. How do I so easily forget to look for, and listen to, soul? If I am trying to remember this vast presence that is infinitely wiser and more compassionate than this smaller self I live in, what must I do with this gift of experience and awareness? What is required of me?

I believe those are the right questions for me to ask and act upon. But, I know my tendency is for my ego to just grab hold of whatever is happening and think it needs to manage everything. When that happens, the kind of consciousness carried by the soul doesn't have the opportunity to be expressed, or to help. Yet, out of this vast realm of the unknown—the quiet depths, the other side of who we are—comes our wholeness.

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Carlos Castaneda's character in "*Tales of Power*", the teacher and sorcerer Don Juan, called this other realm, the great creative unknown, the *nagual*. Our everyday concrete consciousness he called the *tonal*. For the sake of analogy, he compared the *tonal* to a table. Everything we can name in our world, we can put on the island of the *tonal*. Don Juan also said most of us spend our entire life only living on the island of the *tonal*. If the *nagual* surfaced, it would go unnoticed, because the *tonal* would seize the baton and take control. The *nagual*, though, is the power that hovers around the table, and extends into the vastness beyond it. Don Juan said entering the *nagual* was key to arriving at the totality of oneself. Men of knowledge could enter the *nagual* at will.

I believe we need that other, and that it needs us, to live fully. Our dreams give us that other side. This dream, which was so threatening to my little ego, was a great gift, a way to enter the other side of the *tonal* ... and once there, to be infused anew by soul, which *is* the carrier of love and life; soul is ancient, deep and healing. ∞

Carlos Castaneda, "*Tales of Power*", p. 121 – 129. (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1974).

# Change the World ... One Dream at a Time: Dreaming Our Way to a Global Awakening

By Cody Sisson

## The Ultimate Mourning Dream

I AM IN A WOODED AREA WHERE I HAVE TO PERFORM TWO CEREMONIES. The first ceremony is like a practice run. There is a grave-like spot of fresh dirt with an ugly woman's face on it. There are other people around trying to teach me this ritual dance. I am thinking to myself that I will never be able to remember this dance and the words of the chant that I have to recite. Someone else just went first and now I am doing the ritual. I am remembering the words of the chant but I still am worried that I won't be able to remember this chant when I have to perform the real ritual.

I have to circle this grave-like area to the left once then to the right once continuing the right hand spiraling out for one and a quarter turns. I am three quarters of the way through and I hear someone saying, "It's OK." The spiral I am making is becoming very large and I am now circling back to the left, ending up on our hearth made out of bluestone where our woodstove sits. As I get to the hearth, I start to break down crying, very mildly, for only a few seconds.

I realize that it was only a practice run, now the real ceremony is starting. I have to perform the exact same ceremony, only this time it is the real thing. For some reason, this ritual dance is to protect someone or something. I am starting out by chanting the chant and dancing the dance. I am feeling amazed that I am remembering the chant after so long but I know that I am dreaming and I still feel very concerned that I will not remember the words when I wake up from the dream.

The grave that I am to circle around is older-looking now with roots growing over it and with some fresh dirt on it. It also does not show anyone's face on it like before. I am reciting the chant as I dance, circling first to the left, then to the right, then back to the left, spiraling out on my way to hearth and stove. I hear someone from the grave saying to me, "It's OK, you will be fine but you have to go through this before it gets better. I know it is going to be hard but everything will be fine. I will see you soon, I will see you soon."



As I hear this, I am smiling and feeling great but at the same time I am feeling apprehensive about what I am about to go through. As I approach the hearth, I am feeling this HUGE surge of emotion and as I get to the hearth, I completely break down to an 'ultimate mourning' crying spell for what feels like about ten seconds.

I feel such tremendous grief and pain that I cannot take it anymore and I wake up. My head is pounding and my body is shaking. I feel totally stunned, frightened and confused.

When I awoke, I had no clue as to what this dream was about, but I was so shaken and so scared that I could not even lie back down. For the first time in my life, I went and got a piece of paper and wrote the dream down in complete detail with pictures and comments about what I was feeling.

When I first worked this dream with my Jungian therapist seven years ago, the major 'aha' that I recognized was that when my mom died when I was twelve years old, I never cried or mourned over the loss of her. This dream

Continued on page 36

# I dream

I dream.

A young woman holds out to me a vase  
brimming with cool, clear, magic water,  
sacred water, holy water.

Water is sacred, is magic, is holy.  
It makes life to grow.

The vase is glass,  
is large & curves upward,  
streaked with purple & green,  
shimmering with silver,  
shimmering like the water within.

The question is on my lips,  
dare I sip some of the sacred water for my own?  
dare I taste it?  
dare I sluice it over my face, my body?  
dare I bathe in it?

A small glass vase appears in my hand,  
shaped like the original vase, the Mother one,  
streaked with purple & green like it,  
shimmering with silver like it,  
the surface frosted, textured,  
so it will not slip from my hand.  
I dip water from the Mother vase,  
I take water  
as if it were milk from the Mother's breast.  
I take & taste.

There is a drought in New York and New Jersey  
where I live,  
no longer does a waitress, a waiter  
offer water, pour it without being asked.  
Thirsty, I am surprised that I must ask,  
then remember how water is precious.  
I am grateful that if I ask for it I will receive.

I am reminded of the desert  
& how water is rationed there,  
how the traveler who thirsts is tempted  
again & again  
by mirages of water,





# of water



until she/he does not know  
what is real or unreal,  
& prays for the miracle of a well,  
an oasis, a tree.

I think of the have & have-nots,  
of the man in Texas who has bought up  
all the water rights of the land,  
& will sell them to the highest bidder.  
Who are the people who will suffer,  
who will thirst & not receive?

There are places where the rich squander water  
& the poor have no water taps,  
have to pay for it by the jug,  
out of the few coins in their hands.

Burgeoning cities in the West  
draw more & more water from the rivers  
that wend their way to Mexico  
& the rivers are drying up  
& there are no longer fish  
for the fisherman, the fisherwoman,  
to eat,  
there is no longer livelihood  
to trade for the needs.

Factories  
dump chemicals & waste  
in the water of the poor.  
People look the other way  
who do not care  
who buy water filters for themselves  
who assume  
it will not poison them.

I have a dream  
that all of us who thirst  
may sip, may drink  
That our water may be pure,  
our water may be clear & clean.

*Karen Etheldattar*

# Soul's Cry:

## A Life-Altering Dream Experience

By ©Edward Bonapartian

**I**N WAKING LIFE, THE CHALLENGES OF DAILY LIVING CAN LEAVE US FEELING CYNICAL AND DRAINED. These challenges often tie up our energy; consuming our thoughts and feelings to the extent that we are too preoccupied to see the opportunities for personal growth which life provides.

Dreams, on the other hand, are the antidote to life's challenges. Acting as catalysts, they bring an awareness of the reasons behind these challenges. Similar to a blustery wind blowing the leaves off a tree, dreams strip away the superficial surface layer, allowing us to see the actual shape underneath. In understanding dreams, the trick is applying this observation; that is, allowing the *superficial* to fall away in order to uncover the core beneath. Once uncovered, the true lesson behind life's challenges and the dream itself can be learned.

Uncovering a lesson through a dream can be a life-altering event. These types of dreams speak bluntly and allow no room for games of the ego. I speak from experience, because last year I had such a dream, perhaps if for no other reason than to soften my cynical outlook on life. After the dream I could no longer embrace my cynicism because similar to Charles Dickens' character, Ebenezer Scrooge, in *A Christmas Carol*, the dream literally taught me about the meaning of life.

In the dream, I find myself ... looking down at the small figure of a man walking by a small lake. It is twilight and as I notice the fading sunlight reflecting off the water, I start to sense the man's feelings and know that he has lived a happy life by this lake.

*Then, there is a rather swift transition into his body; I am the man and his thoughts and feelings become my own.*

*At this point, I realize that his/my time on this earth is up. I know I am going to die yet choose to ignore this knowledge and continue on with my day as if this action will deny the aspect of my death. Suddenly, my body falls to the ground with a finality reminiscent of euthanasia.*

*Finding myself unable to move, awareness of my surroundings remains. I see that I am on the floor of a small square area surrounded by total blackness. Standing next to me are two middle-aged women wearing white bonnets, dressed like early century midwives. I hear them talking in reference to my struggles against the aspect of my death; it's as if they have seen this scenario play out many times before. Shaking her head sadly, one-woman comments: "It is always like this".*



*I watch them carry my physical body away as everything fades into total blackness. Although I can no longer see the women or my body, I feel a "sense" of my life and I realize with a dawning anguish that I will completely forget the beautiful life I have just lived. There is harsh realization that every memory of it will be gone from my consciousness in a matter of seconds. In the anguish created from this realization,*

*I start to cry, the sound of my pain echoing out to the four corners of the world that I am leaving. It is the cry of a soul remembering a beautiful life, a life reduced*

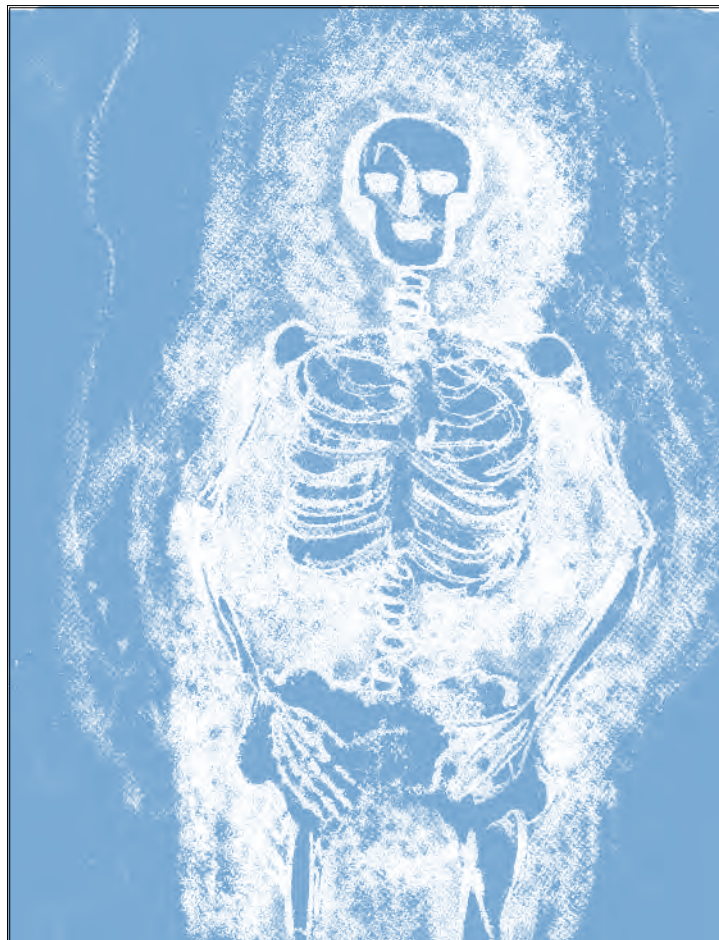
*to a series of images fading into the surrounding blackness, never to be remembered again.*

After having the dream, I awakened feeling completely dazed. It was days before I could shake the lingering sense of anguish from the dream. I found myself left with two nagging questions: first, why was I allowed to experience this man's passing; second, why was I shown it *now*? In other words, how did this dream connect with my waking life experiences?

I have always felt the key to understanding dreams is in recognizing that dreams speak in the language of both image and emotion. Each area needs to be approached as having an equal voice in the story being told through the dream. What I found unique about this dream was that the dream acted *as an adviser before I posed a question*. Because of the intense nature of the images and emotions experienced, I felt very strongly that the dream was a lesson from Spirit because nothing in my waking life carried the magnitude to generate such an experience.

Not long after having the dream, I took an early evening walk along the Mohawk River with a woman friend with whom I had shared the dream. Deciding to stop for a moment, we sat down on a bench facing the water, silently watching the sun sink behind the distant mountains of Vermont. I thought about the man from my dream. He, too, had enjoyed the sunlight during his life by the lake.

Although I may never learn who he actually was, I realized his presence left me with an understanding that life is simultaneously both beautiful and fleeting. As I replayed the dream in my mind, I knew I was left with no choice but to release the superficial aspects of my cynicism towards life in order to discover the true lessons behind my travels; I could no longer take my life for granted, because I now knew what it was like to lose it.



***“As I look back on the dream and its impact on my life, I wish I could say that my understanding of it is complete. The truth be told, it is not. Perhaps, all is as it should be; instead of being given a single lesson, I have been given a life-changing dream and am being allowed, over time, to draw my own conclusions. One cannot ask more from life.”***

As I look back on the dream and its impact on my life, I wish I could say that my understanding of it is complete.

The truth be told, it is not. Perhaps, all is as it should be; instead of being given a single lesson, I have been given a life-changing dream and am being allowed, over time, to draw my own conclusions. One cannot ask more from life.

During a recent trip to Utah's Canyonlands National Park, I found myself immersed in the quiet solitude one experiences while hiking. I thought about the many paths we travel in dreams. Each dream brings us a step closer to the answers we seek for our lives. In my own life, a dream changed the lens from which I view the world, bringing with it the message that life cannot be taken for granted.

Instead, I learned that life offers an opportunity to experience everything this world has to offer, so that when I, too, reach the end of my journey, there will not be one regret left for me to hold. ∞



# INVITATION TO VISIT MY LITTLE DREAM LIBRARY

## Why Not Create One in Your Town?

By Star Edwards



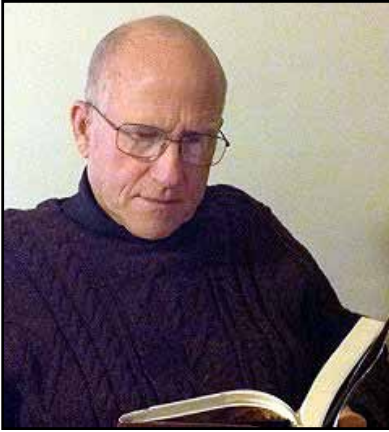
**Y**OU NEVER KNOW WHEN INSPIRATION WILL SHOW UP. I was out walking my dogs on a hot afternoon and came upon a very interesting sculpture nestled under a tree in front of a someone's house. It was a free standing structure using unique materials and bright colors. My first response was an Ahhhh! I walk this way many times with our dogs to meet my husband at the park. Another week rolled by and we passed the sculpture again and I happen to see three books laying on their sides inside a small opening of the structure. My second response was an Ahhh Haaa!! Being a avid bibliophile and creating art work with books, I was immediately intrigued. I frequently listen to NPR radio in the morning and heard only one sentence that the announcer said. All I caught was "Little Free Libraries." This was all that was needed to light my fire and create a Little Free Library myself.

While making dinner and cutting carrots I thought, why not, make a little library with a focus on dreams? This can include animal books, fairy tales, myths, legends, fiction, non-fiction and books about dreaming. Needless to say, I got very little sleep that night and went about creating the plan and design of the Dream Library. I found a used portable wine rack from a thrift store just the size I needed and only had to modify one wall panel and give it a roof and doors. The library is stocked with free dream journals, free bookmarks that tell people of the importance of dreams and free wallet sized cards that give people tips on how to remember their dreams. I purchased used dream books from Amazon. It's very exciting watching people take a book, flip through the books and leave with anticipation of learning about their dreams. And it's all in view of my front door! ∞

If any one wants to donate books, you can mail them to PO Box 18464, Denver, Co 80218. I will put a sticker on the inside of the book that says "Donated by ----" (first name only). Library photos: <http://www.starharp.com/dreamwork/dreamlibrary.html> For more information about my dream work : <http://www.starharp.com/dreamwork/index.html> dream art books: <http://www.starharp.com/starbooks/dreamart.html>







## Animal Prescience, Climate and Dreams:

# A Way of Plotting the Future

By Paco Mitchell,, M.A.

"The trajectory we're on is to awaken a runaway climate heating that will ravage global agricultural systems leading to mass famine, conflict. Sea level rise will be a small problem by comparison. We simply MUST lower atmospheric carbon emissions ... This is an all hands on deck moment. We're in the age of consequences." —Dr. Jason Box, Greenland glaciologist

"If you do not change direction, you may end up where you are heading."  
— Lao-Tzu

"All the bells say: too late" —John Berryman, "Dream Song 29"

**W**HY ARE HUMANS SO PASSIVE WHEN IT COMES TO PRESENT AND PENDING CLIMATE PERIL? Whence this inertia, this resistance to change, when all the bells the earth is ringing sound out their urgent alarms, calling not just for change, but for radical change—and soon?

When I ask myself this question, I get many answers. But an unusual one came to me recently. For simplicity's sake, I'll frame it in declarative terms: *One of the reasons we are so passive is because we have forgotten how to use our animal senses.* The truth is that we are too high, too mighty, too proud and important, too caught up in our conscious purposiveness. We try too hard to exercise dominion over every creeping thing on earth, having forgotten that we too are creeping things. And our ability to exercise stewardship over the planet, let alone dominion, has always been an overblown pretension.

When this "animal" insight came to me, I was actually thinking about how certain dreams might help us see more clearly and deeply into the global climate crisis we are in.

Then a corollary thought arrived: *Dreams themselves can be seen as vestiges of the animal psyche, closely related to intuition, and wired into the evolutionary layers of our nervous systems that we've blocked out from consciousness, but that the animals haven't.*

If this be true, then we can regard our dreams as deeply rooted in evolutionary animal awareness, supercharged and interwoven with language, history and culture. By thinking along these lines, we might be able to discern within our own dreams an *archaic power of anticipation* that could help us better adapt to the climate crisis. We might even recover a portion of the ancient animal wisdom that we've lost. Here, I'm thinking in particular about the legendary, uncanny ability of animals to exhibit prescient behavior when faced with environmental disturbances like earthquakes, tsunamis, storms, etc.

I know there is a prejudice against this kind of thinking, because it is not regarded as scientific enough. Well, perhaps not. But it is intuitive, and I believe we need to learn how to re-value our intuitions and re-connect with our instincts, even while we accept the scientific model of knowledge—as far as it goes. But in my view science should not be the absolute and sole determiner of validity. As Jung eloquently put it:

Science is not, indeed, a perfect instrument, but it is a superior and indispensable one that works harm only when taken as an end in itself. . . . Science is the tool of the Western mind and with it more doors can be opened than with bare hands. It is part and parcel of our knowledge and obscures our insight only when it holds that the understanding given by it is the only kind there is.<sup>1</sup>



Biologist Rupert Sheldrake is one scientist who has bucked the tide by studying examples of animal prescience. One of his books, *Dogs That Know When Their Owner Is Coming Home*<sup>2</sup> includes many documented reports of animals who not only knew when their owners were coming home at quite unexpected times, but also about animals that seemed to sense impending earthquakes, well before the coming disasters were detected by humans. Some instances of this happened during the tragic Indonesian tsunami of December 2004, when, at 3:00 AM the night before the tsunami, a group of elephants began shrieking frantically, and continued through the night; at dawn they were seen struggling to reach higher ground. That same morning, dogs refused to go for their usual morning run on the beach, and flamingos left their low-lying nesting grounds to fly toward safer areas. Bats flew frantically away from the beach, while snakes and rats had already climbed into the trees where humans sought refuge from the wave when it finally hit.

Naturally, the orthodox explanations for this behavior were based strictly on physical models—animals' superior sensory detection of vibrations, sounds, smells, etc. In fact, there is a phenomenon known to physicists as "Rayleigh waves," after their discoverer, the English physicist Lord Rayleigh. These are long, acoustic, low frequency "infrasonic" waves, inaudible to humans and propagated through solid materials like the earth's crust at ten times the speed of sound. Many animals can detect these waves, and it is even claimed that humans *should be able* to detect them by means of something called "Pacian corpuscles" in our joints. But apparently we have forgotten how to listen to the signals emanating from these corpuscles. Hence, all over the Indian Ocean basin in 2004, Lord Rayleigh's waves passed by us unnoticed as, some time later, the giant wave advanced toward land. But the animals noticed.

Sheldrake is unusual in that he does not accept the orthodox, strictly physical, explanation for animal prescience. And he stands his scientific ground by issuing this challenge to think more imaginatively:

" . . . if animals can detect earthquake-related disasters by sensing slight tremors, why can't seismologists do so?"

He has gathered an impressive archive of documented examples of animal prescience similar to what happened in Indonesia in 2004. Many of these accounts simply cannot be explained in causal terms. It is clear enough that, in all of the tsunami anecdotes, it is as if some evolutionary intelligence, working on the animals through their keener senses, their instinctual impulses and who-knows-what-else, was telling them to clear out. Sheldrake is actually advocating the development of animal-based, early-

warning, earthquake-detection systems to be used in densely populated areas subject to destructive tremors—places like San Francisco, China, and so forth. Such early-warning systems might save many lives, because the animals know things we don't, and before we do.

Our tendency is to ask: Why should we listen to our animal bodies, let alone our dreams, when we have tools that can do the work for us? After all, we've extended the reach of our senses immensely with the aid of our powerful instruments. My concern is that our technology doesn't tell us everything we need to know, nor does it always provide the emotive and metaphorical terms we need to *feel the importance* of that knowledge. We may simply have left too much emotional, instinctual intelligence behind. Still, according to my intuition, some of that animal intelligence is available to us in our dreams—and we may need it sooner than we think.

\* \* \*

Between 1954 and 1958, at the Jung Institute in Zürich, Barbara Hannah delivered a superb series of lectures on Jung's general views of animals and animal symbolism. In the Foreword to the collected lectures, the editor states:

Like Native peoples, Jung felt that the animal was sublime, that it was indeed the 'divine' side of the human psyche. Animals live much more in contact with a 'secret' order within nature itself and—far more than man—live closely connected with the 'absolute knowledge' of the unconscious. In contradistinction to man, the animal is the living being that follows its own inner laws beyond good and evil. And herein lies the superiority of the animal.<sup>3</sup>

Jung's viewpoint heightens the correlation I am making between the anticipatory power of animals and the anticipatory power of dreams. Jung also says:

There are certain difficult situations in life when everything you have learned, everything you have slowly built up, crumbles away, nothing helps.... So people who can follow their instincts [in certain situations] are much better protected than by all the wisdom of the world.<sup>4</sup>

This same principle of *guidance by instinct* is reflected in countless myths and fairy tales where the loyal animal—domestic or wild—provides the crucial clue that saves the day for the hero-in-distress. Following one's instincts means following animal wisdom.

\* \* \*

As I pondered all the above, I recalled a dream that manifests some of the "prescience" that I'm talking about.

Granted, it did not feature animal images—there were no boa constrictors, jungle swamps or tigers. On the contrary, the image it presented was modern, geometrical and mathematical—a *plotted graph*. But it had enough prescience, enough anticipatory value, that I could imagine myself responding to it like the elephants on the beach in Sri Lanka, trumpeting in horror and lumbering up the nearby mountain slopes to safety. Here's the dream:

*I see a simple, plotted graph with an X-axis and a Y-axis. The chart has the shape of a square, divided diagonally by two straight lines that criss-cross in the exact center.*

*The left (vertical) axis represents "the increase in global population," ranging from one billion in 1830, to eight billion in 2030.*

*The bottom (horizontal) axis represents "the time we have left to create a viable mode of existence."*

*The dream-graph makes it clear that, with every increase in the human population, there is a corresponding decrease in the amount of time left for us to change our ways. At the point when we reach eight billion in about 2030, the time we'll have available for developing a more viable mode of existence will have expired. [End of dream.]*

As I implied above, I see a parallel between this dream's ability to plot a graph of future dangers, and the ability of animals to sense a pending disaster. The dreaming animal within me—the elephant, let's say—senses imminent peril and wants to shriek in alarm, stomping its feet to send out Rayleigh waves to any other animals capable of detecting the infrasonic signals over a distance.

One point Jung made about our relation to animals is that a mere descent to the animal level within ourselves will amount to nothing but a regression, if we lose contact with our hard-won conscious reason. At the same time, if we sequester ourselves within the strict chambers of reason, losing touch with our instincts, we will probably fail to meet the present and coming challenges. Both reason and instinct are needed. But since the crisis we face is due in large measure to our abandonment of instinct and our over-valuation of reason, science and technology, there may be more survival value in a modest recovery of intuition and instinct than in further, arrogant extensions of our power.

Most of us no longer hear the signals emanating from the Pacinian corpuscles in our joints, so we may not appreciate the metaphorical stomping that issues from my dream. But I hear it, and the alarm it sounds could not be clearer. "Tsunami coming. This will be a big one. Head for higher ground."

To me, this dream is impressive, self-explanatory and scarcely needs comment. But not everyone will feel this way, so let me just observe that I see nothing in the dream to quarrel with, factually speaking. It is close enough to

the actual global situation to constitute a kind of Rayleigh wave—a warning for those who have ears to hear. We will indeed reach a population of around eight billion by 2030 or so. And whoever tracks the many measures with which we chart the advancing progress of the global environmental disaster—melting Arctic ice, the break-up of the West Antarctic Ice Sheet, the rising sea levels, release of methane from melting permafrost, advancing desertification, disappearing glaciers, ocean acidification, burning peat bogs, logging of rain forests, etc.—knows that the numbers we are racking up are *not sustainable*.

A curious feature of my dream was that *the plotted lines were moving*, as if I was seeing an advance, time-lapse version of the actual process. In a sense, this is like imagining one's own biological life-span as a fast-forward video, and seeing it reach its end. We all know we're going to die, and a necessary task of maturity lies in our coming to terms with that. The difference here is that we are faced, not just with the need to "accept death," but with the simultaneous need to change our most basic assumptions and devise a radically different, simpler and more modest mode of existence. In such a process, it will make a big difference how we deal with our animal emotions—our fear, grief, outrage, and so forth. I suspect we will need all our animal energy and courage in order to respond with due vigor and haste to the pending tsunami, even as we apply the lessons of reason to sorting through the chaos.

The dream says that we have sixteen years to accomplish the task of devising a viable mode of existence. I don't know how literally to take this time-frame, but the number certainly imparts a stiff jolt of animal concern. Whether we succeed in our great project or not, I think we would be fools not to try our best. And in my view, one of the most important and overlooked places to begin the search is in the animal vestiges of our dreams, listening for hints of Rayleigh waves. We may have scientists scrupulously watching their seismographs on our behalf, but I wouldn't rule out the elephants. ∞



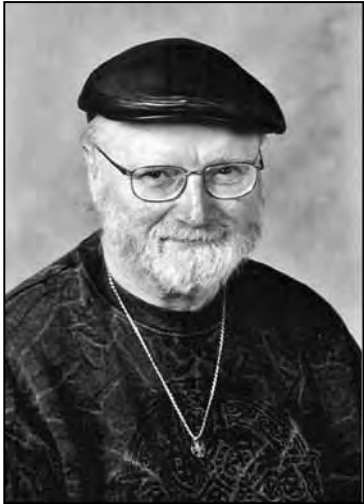
(Endnotes)

1 Jung, C. G., *Commentary on The Secret of the Golden Flower: A Chinese Book of Life*, by Richard Wilhelm (London: Routledge, 1931, reprinted 1999), p. 82.

2 Sheldrake, Rupert, *Dogs That Know When Their Owner Is Coming Home*, (New York: Crown Publishing Group, 1999, 2011).

3 Hannah, Barbara, *The Archetypal Symbolism of Animals: Lectures Given at the C. G. Jung Institute, Zürich, 1954-1958*, (Wilmette, IL: Chiron Publications, 2006), p. viii.

4 *Ibid*, p. 7. This quote was taken from Jung's *Visions Seminars*, (New Jersey, Princeton Univ. Press,



# The Fictive Purpose of Dreams

Part Five

## Revisiting the Penetralium of Mysteries

By Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph. D.

*Penetralium* (n.) the innermost secret sanctuary

—*The American Heritage Dictionary*



**I**T WAS FORTY-FOUR YEARS AGO that Charles Olson penned his stunning analysis of Keats' concept of negative capability. Of Keats' formulation in a letter to his brothers in 1817, Olson concluded that no one had yet caught up with the 22-year-old's insight into what characterized the "Man of Achievement."<sup>1</sup> Olson's perception is even truer today. Modern culture is moving further and further away from the astonishing edge Keats' singular brilliance had led him to. In his brashness, Keats took even Samuel Taylor Coleridge to task (an accomplished poet twice Keats' age) for failing this "Man of Achievement" test. I wonder how Keats would look upon today's scene, where not only has his negative capability found little or no home, but his penetralium of mystery seems to have found no place at all in the popular culture. I can only imagine his sense of defeat and his writing an *Ode to Defeat*, desperate to wake us up.

I have referred to *Negative Capability* many times through the years in these pages. But now, the times are such that I feel a need to focus on it more intently, more urgently, not to "catch up" with Keats, but to point out for our modern eyes and ears *why* we must begin to heed the warning hidden in Keats' revelation. That warning in its deepest sense is that power will suffocate love; that "lies and image" will replace truth and beauty; that the "spirit of malignant narcissism" will win over all else (to use Walter Wink's trenchant phrase<sup>2</sup>), and that we will never realize what Shakespeare did: "Both truth and beauty on my love depends."<sup>3</sup>

Keats characterized a "Man of Achievement" (referring to Shakespeare as exemplar) as having the quality of *Negative Capability*, by which he meant, "...when man is capable of being in uncertainties, Mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact & reason..."<sup>4</sup>

I want to dwell on this line. Keats uses the word "capable." It is not clear whether he is thinking of an inborn capacity or one that could be developed. Being the Romantic idealist he was, I believe Keats would see the capacity as inborn but *neglected* by most until it withers to a mere nubbin, a fruit undeveloped. There would be *tragedy* in that—always attractive to the sensitivities of the Romantic mind.

Next Keats uses the phrase "being in." In this I believe Keats antedated Heidegger's concept of "dwell." The word dwell is rooted in the Gothic *wunian*, with the sense of "being in peace." I think this is the sense Keats was expressing. His idea of "being in" was not just "tolerating," not just "enduring," not just "suffering," but rather entering into, guest-like, a being-at-home sense of peace.

Yet, how often do we achieve such an at-homeness, such a peace, with uncertainties, mysteries, and doubts? Rarely, I think. And if the tenor of public discourse is any guide—*never*, in the halls of power, *never* in the machinations of the "Powers that Be,"<sup>5</sup> *never* where it counts on the collective stage. Nor are we ever taught to tolerate, endure, or suffer uncertainties, mysteries, or doubts, let alone welcome them, achieve peace in them, hold them dear.



‘It is up to us to embrace these visitations with negative capability, to hold the uncertainty, to tend the mysteries, to eschew the sweeping away of doubt and to do so without irritably reaching after fact and reason.

Hard to do. But we must. We must because it seems not only are all our problems but all our solutions, all our efforts based on “outer” sources, are falling into the maw of the machinations of power, the sway of money, and the enchantment of entertainment provided by our ever-increasing entrainment to the “web.”

Instead, in all manner of ways, we irritably reach after fact and reason (and all other qualities of this train, such as meaning, interpretation, understanding, information, etc.). Think of how you regard a dream. Do you welcome the uncertainties, the mystery, and the doubt? Are you “at home” with not knowing its meaning? Can you invite the dream in as *guest* with all its uncertainty, mystery, and doubt? Can you let it *be*? Can you dwell *with* it as it presents itself?

Irritable. If we *irritably* reach after fact and reason, we are in a mood, and this mood is a signature not of relationship *with*, but of power *over*—in short, dominion. There is no love in that. Hence, what comes from the reaching after fact and reason bears all the earmarks of what Keats would call the “Man of Power.” There is no shortage of this sense of power. It is rampant and at work at all levels. It is impacting everyone. There has never been such a density, such a hegemony, such pervasiveness of this corrosive quality of power. In seems only to escalate as we face yet another financial calamity, climatic disaster, a quality of apocalypse at every turn. We need something else.

While Keats was addressing his concern to poetry and poets, it is but a small leap to see that his insight calls to and for much more. Literally, it may apply everywhere, to everyone, in relation to everything.

But *why*?

*Negative Capability* is not an end state in itself. If it were, it might just be another form of meditation or musing or mulling. What then is it for? It is for something hardly on the radar of contemporary consciousness. It is a

means, a state of mind, a peculiar but particular form of consciousness that when held for a period of time *without* reaching after fact and reason, becomes a “receptive field” within which a *portal* to the Penetralium of Mysteries presents itself. It is what I have called the *presentational* psyche.<sup>6</sup>

Penetralium, for Keats, is the innermost sanctuary, an inner world with a definite geography, a place where we might experience a river of ever-deeper cascading mysteries. To be fully *in* the state of negative capability opens one to this flow of mystery, of what Keats would come to call the “vale of soul making.”<sup>7</sup>

What one receives, what is presented, is not predictable, not subject to one’s intention, is not of one’s doing, but is the creation of something “other.” Often what comes is totally outside of one’s prior experience, memory, or knowledge. Listen to this description of such an experience (in 1884) by another young man who would become a great poet:

By the time I was seventeen or eighteen my brain began to flicker with vivid images. I tried to paint these.... Something ancient and eternal seemed to breathe through my fancies....I asked myself what legend I would write under the picture. Something beyond reason held me, and I felt like one who is in a dark room and hears the breathing of another creature, and himself waits breathless for its utterance, and I struggled to understand what wished to be said, and at last...and intent, something whispered to me, “Call it the birth of Aeon.”

These are the words of George William Russell (more familiarly known as *Æ*) who, with poet William Butler Yeats, led the Irish Renaissance. At the time, he had had no exposure to anything wherein he would have encountered “Aeon.” You can see the otherness from some deep interiority, beyond reason.<sup>8</sup>

When Jung fully embraced negative capability, having no choice but to let go of his scientific certainties in order to deal directly with the “mysteries” pressuring him, he “fell” into the chambers of the penetralium of mysteries, and was swept along in the myriad currents he would experience there. His writing out and picturing his encounters with “others” there over several years would become what we now know as his *Red Book*.<sup>9</sup> And, they would become something else. As is described in *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*,<sup>10</sup> in referring to these experiences, Jung is quoted as saying, “All my works, all my creative activity, has come from those initial fantasies and dreams which began in 1912...Everything that I accomplished in later life was already contained in them....” Thus, not unlike

Kekulé's vision of the hexagonal snake swallowing its tail that gave him the foundation of organic chemistry, Jung's dreams and visions and mysterious encounters gave him the foundations of the psyche.

Robert Olen Butler tells us that "Art does not come from ideas. Art does not come from the mind. Art comes from where you dream."<sup>11</sup> This is what I am referring to as the "fictive purpose of dreams." Thus, we may take dreams and visions and fictions as visitations from the penetralium of mysteries that Keats pointed to as "the source." It is up to us to embrace these visitations with negative capability, to hold the uncertainty, to tend the mysteries, to eschew the sweeping away of doubt and to do so without irritably reaching after fact and reason.

Hard to do. But we must. We must because it seems not only are all our problems but all our solutions, all our efforts based on "outer" sources, are falling into the maw of the machinations of power, the sway of money, and the enchantment of entertainment provided by our ever-increasing entrainment to the "web." We are trapping ourselves in our own devices, another version of despoiling our nest. Don't wait for the "app" to solve this. Something else is needed. I believe Keats shows us the way to something else, as did Æ, as did Jung and others, of course. But there is something standing in the way in all of us. It is the Inquisitor. The truly destructive aspect of the Inquisitor is that it is *not* involved in the tension of uncertainty that must be held; has no truck with mystery, has no doubt of its own correctness. The Inquisitor pushes relentlessly toward resolution and is the embodiment of the "Man of Power." The Inquisitor is not always bold and out loud but can be subtle and operate in whispers. When we force our dreams, visions and fictions into the straightjacket of what we (or others) already know, the dream loses its capacity to draw us into negative capability and the penetralium of mystery. When the dream is seen as only having to do with various formulations of "the past," the potential of the dream for providing hints of possible futures is diminished. In one way or another, whether we know it or not, this is the work of the Inquisitor. It is pervasive on both the inner and outer planes. It is life-denying, soul-depriving and fears love most of all.

Keats knew this. He ends his *Ode to Psyche* written in 1820 with these lines:

A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,  
To let the warm Love in!

To me, Keats is here anticipating Æ's "Pilgrim of Eternity," and Jung's "The Coming Guest."<sup>12</sup> This is the future and the promise of negative capability as entryway to what is brewing in the penetralium of mystery. It is this future and promise I will focus on in Part 6 and conclusion of "The Fictive Purpose of Dreams." ∞

## (Endnotes)

- 1 Charles Olson. *The Special View of History*. Berkeley: Oyez, 1970, 15-16. For the complete letter wherein Keat's fist speaks of "Negative Capability" and "the Penetralium of mystery," see Adrés Rodríguez. *Book of the Heart: The Poetics. Letters and Life of John Keats*. New York. Lindesfarne Press, 1993, 39-40.
- 2 Walter Wink. *Collected Readings* (Ed. Henry French). Minneapolis: Fortress Press, 2013, 88.
- 3 William Shakespeare. Sonnet CI. *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare* (Ed. William Aldis Wright). Garden City: Doubleday & Company, Inc. 1936, 1,416. Note that "my love" itself embodies negative capability.
- 4 Keat's meaning of negative capability has been the subject of many treatments, most notably in the book, *Negative Capability: The Intuitive Approach in Keats*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1939.
- 5 Here I borrow and mean this phrase in the way used by Walter Wink. *The Powers That Be: Theology for a New Millennium*. New York: Doubleday, 1998.
- 6 Russell Arthur Lockhart. *Psyche Speaks: A Jungian Approach to Self and World*. Wilmette: Chiron Publications, 1987, 6-7.
- 7 For the letter in which this phrase occurs, its context and elaboration, see Rodríguez (above), p. 167. Keats used this expression in a letter written in 1819. James Hillman opened his ground-breaking re-visioning of psychology by reference to Keat's iconic phrase. See James Hillman. *Re-Visioning Psychology*. New York: Harper & Row, 1975.
- 8 Æ. George William Russell. *The Candle of Vision*. Wheaton: The Theosophical Publishing House, 1974, 71-72.
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- 10 C. G. Jung. *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*. New York: Random House, 1961
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# Old Gold in Dreams

©2014 by Marlene King, M.A.

**A**LTHOUGH IT MAY SEEM OBVIOUS, REVISITING OLD DREAMS from years, even decades ago can reveal unique perspectives, wisdom and often gold nuggets which may (or could) not have been in evidence at the time. We live our lives, move through our world (which is constantly changing and evolving) and gain knowledge and experiences of all kinds that shape and change us. Thus, the dream we had then may have contained information we were not able to see - except in the rear view mirror of life.

This idea triggered the memory of a dream I was compelled to locate in my archived journals, which I revisited and reprocessed; I discovered different elements and meanings that I had not recognized when working with it at the time:

*I am looking at a group of women wearing tiaras - each tiara is different and I know they are antiques. A black woman is wearing a heavy-looking one and another wears a fragile, yet elegant version. I can't quite make out the one I am supposed to wear, but know I have to wear one.*

*I wander outside into the night with my husband and many other couples - we go quickly to our car, which is an Edsel. On the way, I look up at the stars in the night sky and realize I don't have my contacts in and have to squint to focus, as things are blurry. I see the Big and Little Dippers and then I get a FEELING in my body that I have merged with the force in the sky - it is a huge experience and I feel like I'm going to see God or experience something and I literally hear, "Man and beast and God are one." I am fearful I won't be able to get back into my body so I force myself to wake up.*

When re-examining this dream, I picked out literal content that led me to remember the last time I wore a tiara - I was a college freshman in a red satin dress at the prom. And I've never ridden in an Edsel, let alone owned one; it was an *avant garde* vehicle from the '50s that quickly became extinct. However, as with all dreams, unraveling

the layers of meaning can be straightforward in hindsight, and concrete elements are valuable anchors for processing. Further, I realized the car, the antique tiaras, contact lenses, husband (shift from single women to married couples mirroring my shift in status from single to married), are relics from the same era relative to my early 20s. It appeared that I had trouble seeing clearly throughout the dream - things were not in focus because I didn't have the proper lenses, which is generally the case in a metaphorical way for those in their 20s (as it was for me), when the world at large and personal circumstances/roles are not yet clear and are still largely undefined.

The 1950s era values and ways of moving through life (i.e., vehicle symbolism from dream) have indeed become extinct; the Edsel perfectly symbolized it. To me the antique tiaras were dual symbols for how women were viewed in the '50s as 'princesses' - but in modern times the traditional role of women has changed dramatically and monarchies are archaic symbolic figureheads of old power.

Similarly, the message heard in the dream, "Man and beast and God are one" is not as foreign in our modern culture as it would have been in the 1950s; it is inching its way into the awareness of human consciousness. At the time, I felt the voice was only affirming my belief system and I often dreamed of 'merging with the universe' or experiencing the blending of the self with oneness, but now I see it as having both a universal *and* personal meaning.

Life has seasoned me to be more grounded and have greater clarity gleaned through experiences. The different meanings of the elements in this old dream are part of the gold extracted by revisiting it. Dust off your old dreams tucked away in forgotten journals and see how the lens of time allows you to view other dimensions and meaning in them. ∞

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*"In a dream, a vision of the night, when deep sleep falls on men; while they slumber on the bed, then He opens the ear of men and seals their instruction."*

(Job 33:14 LITV)





# Beginner's Luck

## My First Dream Was All It Took

©2014 By Arthur Stroock, PhD

**I** ONCE TOOK A CLASS ON 'MIND CONTROL' and on the evening that our focus would be on dreams, we learned a method for *incubating* dreams. We were instructed to focus on a question or current problem that we were having ... and mine involved a potential mudslide into our swimming pool.

This 'assignment' led me into a life-long respect for and appreciation of the countless ways in which dreams are of highly significant value.

Here's what was happening at the time:

Our first house was absolutely wonderful. What a pleasure it was for Elizabeth and I to sit poolside with a colorful and fragrant flower garden, complete with tall proud zinnias in full view on the opposite side of the pool. The jokes from friends about swimming pools cracking, tilting, and sliding downhill were far from my mind.

But the summer ended and with it, the zinnias. As they withered, they revealed an unusual looking crumbling board that slipped down the hill behind the pool, revealing an ominous patch of sand. I began to walk on the slope, at times finding it difficult to get a foothold. The beautiful lush green ivy ground cover was doing a wonderful job of hiding a hill of sand, but not so good a job at holding it in place.

Those old pool jokes revived themselves and were a good motivator for checking with a pool service to see if there was a potential problem. The test turned out to be a simple act of jamming a broom handle into the ground to see how far it would go.

The pool man was shocked to see it sink a foot and a half down, so he tried it in different places. "You better get a retaining wall fast!"

After many inquiries, a contractor was finally located who said he could do the job.

Once on site, he unloaded a truck full of railroad ties and carefully set the bottom tier in place. Several hours later, he and his helper were carrying all of the railroad ties back up the hill and loading them on his truck. "Hey, where are you going?" His answer broke through some indistinct muttering. "Can't be done, the ties keep slipping out from underneath themselves". The next contractor suggested using a couple of large preformed concrete retaining structures left over from an industrial job, but he couldn't figure out how to get them into the backyard. A third contractor suggested building a sixteen-foot high stone wall next to the hill.

The picture seemed ludicrous to say nothing of the astronomical cost.

But there were things to think about other than retaining walls. A friend had just talked me into taking a "new age" course in mind control. He made it sound mysterious, claiming that everyone was guaranteed at least one psychic experience.

On the way to one of the classes, I was trying to remember what the night's topic would be, when a bright red convertible sports car carrying a couple of gorgeous blondes zipped past me. I don't know what pulled my

eyes off that pretty sight to put them on the car's license plate, but there was the topic of the evening, "DREAMS". That night our assignment was to follow a set of instructions and incubate a dream to solve a problem. The need for a retaining wall was never far from my mind. Why not? That night I incubated my first dream and woke up to inner music, "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee."

As the words merged with the music, I jotted them down, wondering what that old song had to do with my problem. But during the writing process, an entire scene presented itself in my mind.

*I am standing in a large gymnasium, looking at the wall. Sitting at the top of the wall is Maynard Ferguson's Band portrayed by poker playing dogs, including an English bulldog. One of the dogs is playing a trombone with its slide fully extended. In front of me, widely spaced, are several of my colleagues from work, standing perfectly erect and facing the wall.*

It was difficult to know where to start with an interpretation, so out came the phone book. Maybe someone named Robert E. Lee was a local expert on retaining walls. Bingo! Robert Lee and his boat marina were listed. "Hi, my name is Arthur Strock I was wondering if you could give me some information on retaining walls".

He said no, but added he had built a couple of little walls near a lake. That was good enough for me, so, off we went to the marina. But no luck on that trip -we didn't see any walls.

Elizabeth brought up the idea of calling her brother Jim, an engineer with the Army Corps of Engineers. "Hello Jim, how are you doing? I need your help." His response was quick, "Sure, be glad to help, but you'll have to wait. I'm overseeing the construction of the new locks on the Mississippi River." His word "wait" brought to life that dream phrase, "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee". Sure enough, a little research revealed that the Robert E. Lee was a steamboat on the Mississippi River. Nice coincidence.

A couple of weeks later, Jim caught a flight to New Jersey, and within a day had confirmed that the hill had begun to slide and had designed a three tier railroad tie wall. In describing the wall, he finished up with an afterthought.

"We'll put in 'verticals', extra ties in front of the bottom tier to make sure it won't slide".

"OK, but Jim, I haven't been able to find a contractor." He opened the phone book and with one call found the ideal contractor who was hired and completed the job quickly and successfully.

Just being able to get an answer to a problem on the first try at dream incubation seems to be a case of beginner's

luck. In this case, it was much more. Over the years, the dream has revealed itself to have been a powerful lesson in dream work.

The dream beautifully illustrated how dream interpretation goes far beyond symbolic meanings written down on a sheet of paper.

Dreamwork is a creative process that involves the interplay of intuition and logical thought followed by action. If the action taken leads to a dead end, such as my now humorous attempt to find a wall builder named Robert E. Lee, it's time to change direction and look for other possibilities.

The dream also illustrated specific teachings. Plays on words, even with people's names can be important. The gym wall in the dream became Jim's wall. Also, people in our dreams can represent things other than people.

My coworkers standing so straight in the dream were transformed into the "verticals." Even small details in dreams can be critical and often contain hidden information. The trombone's slide going out over the wall was confirmation—in engineering terms—that my pool could "slide."

That one of the poker playing dogs was English, referenced my English mother who later insisted that she help pay for the wall. That fact was confirmed later when I came across a list of Maynard Ferguson's recordings that featured his trombone playing; it was entitled "The Conquistador", the name of my parents' condominium.

In addition, that first incubated dream was an introduction to the role music would play in my future dreams. Music has become a sign of important higher-level dream information. The dream also led to dream sharing that paid additional unexpected dividends. While telling my mother about the dream, she released a family secret that my grandfather had "dreamt true" and had premonitions of what was to come in the lives of his friends and neighbors.

Yes, that first incubated dream can be thought of as a bit of beginner's luck, but was so much more - a far-reaching inspirational introduction to the world of dreams. ∞

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Arthur Strock is a school psychologist, psychotherapist, and author. He is a founding member of the International Association for the Study of Dreams and provides workshops on dreaming for professionals and the general public. Look forward to his forthcoming book, *Gathering Dreams on Main Street*. Arthur welcomes contact with other members of the DNJ community. His email address is [arthurstrock@comcast.net](mailto:arthurstrock@comcast.net). Visit his website [Livebyyourdreams.com](http://Livebyyourdreams.com).

# Weaving Dreams into the Classroom:

*Practical Ideas for Teaching about Dreams and Dreaming  
at Every Grade Level, Including Adult Education*

Edited By Curtiss Hoffman & Jacquie E. Lewis  
Brown Walker Press, 2014

*Reviewed by Bambi Corso*

*Weaving Dreams into the Classroom* was conceived during a symposium presented at the 27<sup>th</sup> annual Conference of the International Association for the Study of Dreams (IASD) in 2010, where the theme of Dreams in Educational Environments was heavily emphasized and supported.

The book is a compilation of chapters from 10 educators who provide practical, hands-on models for bringing dream education to students of all ages. It is organized by level of instruction, beginning with elementary and secondary education and continuing to cover undergraduate, graduate and adult education. Importantly, since many dream educators encounter difficulty in gaining approval for integrating dreams into their curriculum, the authors provide creative solutions for overcoming potential objections.

Each chapter offers a diversity of approaches and perspectives from the different authors and there are numerous examples of how educators organize their classes and incorporate various methodologies and dreamwork projects into their courses.

Also discussed are: types of dreams at people have at different ages; samples of students' dreams; how to orchestrate dream groups; the creative influence of dreams as a source of inspiration and imagination; the generative and transformative power of dreams, and the long-term effect dreamwork has had on students from their own point of view. Students also share examples of how they are taking what they learned out into the world.

One special chapter is written by a man who was the youngest presenter in the history at the IASD Conference where he premiered his film *The Dream Mystery: An American Teen's Search for Dream Elders*; he has worked with his dreams since childhood, explored the ways in which various cultures place value on their dreams; he shared how dream appreciation has influenced his life.

Common throughout the book are examples of the tremendous benefits students have acquired by studying dreams, such as increased intuition, self understanding, self-esteem, compassion and overall well being.

One thing is clearly evident: students' lives are enhanced by dreamsharing and dreamwork; the more opportunities they are given to learn about how to work with their dreams, the stronger the possibility of affecting positive and conscious-centered change in regards to themselves, their families and communities, as well as the planet.

Outside the classroom, the authors examine the decline of dreamwork training in clinical psychology, questioning why dreams are no longer a significant component of study—especially given the fact that working with dreams constituted the very foundation of that field. Examples of how and why graduate students feel ill equipped to do dreamwork with clients are detailed, along with suggestions for overcoming this handicap.

\* \* \* \*

Students are our future. As *Weaving Dreams into the Classroom* clearly conveys, young people are the ones who will determine the choices, decisions and actions of generations to come. Providing classes that teach about the wisdom and value of dreams and how to work with them provides a powerful foundation for self-knowledge and healing on all levels: individually, collectively, ecologically and globally.

*Weaving Dreams into the Classroom* is a unique book and comes at a crucial point in human history. We are on the verge of destroying our planet and must seek another way to proceed into the future if we are to create and sustain quality of life for all sentient beings. In this regard, it is vital that we, as a species, learn to connect with and honor our dreams. Whether you are an educator or simply a person who is passionate about sharing the value of dreams with others, this is an essential resource to add to your personal library. ∞



was a huge awakening for me, which helped me to finally experience the grief and loss of my mother, some thirty years later. I had my hands full just dealing with my newfound grief, but the dream also gave me the realization that I was on the threshold of the 'tail-spin,' winding down into the great abyss of the mid-life crisis. I have been able to sit back, look at this dream many times over, and see how my present journey actually relates to the dream, very much like the ritual of the spirals or 'tail-spins' in the dream. The spirals seemed impossible to remember, let alone perform, but their necessity was clear. In the dream, I was being told that I had to go through this process before it would get better and that in spite of its difficulties, everything would be all right. As my work with dreams evolves, and I find myself feeling uncertain and confused over the dynamics that are created out of taking this new journey, the dream continues to remind me that I have the capability to remember where I need to place my focus and that as long as I maintain that, everything will be all right.

As I stated in the beginning of the article, my reluctance to share this dream turned into a passionate enthusiasm once I re-read it, because my awareness of the deep passion born in me to share the sacredness of the gift of dreams was rekindled. I had no idea that this dream held so much potential for change in my life when I initially sought help to find the message(s) it presented. As with most dreams, at face value, it did not give up the gifts easily or blatantly. This dream did not 'tell' me what was going to happen, like a fortune cookie. It was just the catalyst to wake me up to a whole other world of opportunity. Working this dream made me aware of my suppressed grief. But it was the PROCESS of working the dream and the empowering effect it had on me that opened up a whole new world for me. I was a gearhead ... a person easily impressed with fuel injected, alcohol burning, 1500 horsepower engines whose power produced immediate results in a race boat or car. The power of this dream was a different kind of fuel -one that gave me insight into my life and the intuition to trust in the sacred messages of dreams.

As I look at this dream today, it does not seem to be very scary at all. However, at the time, I woke up trembling with fear, crying, with a total sense of helplessness. I cannot recall a time in my life when I felt so frightened. This awareness reminds me of how one person's seemingly benign, but interesting, dream narrative is another person's life changing nightmare. And it confirms for me that when a dreamworker is working with a new client or student, it is important to remember how overwhelming one 'aha' can be for someone, especially in the initial exposure to dreamwork. Trying to 'wring out' every association, metaphor, and symbol of the dream all at once is not necessary because a dream is a long-term gift. Looking at my dream from this

perspective has me asking, "How many other life changing dreams, that on the surface seem to be mundane, do we have that we do not take advantage of?" Furthermore, how many times have we shied away from looking at scary dreams because we cannot see the gifts through the fear? Although this dream does not seem to be scary now, there was no doubt that at the time, I described it as a nightmare. My initial fear was not immediately evident in the dream scene, however as I worked the dream, it became apparent how much pain and grief I had suppressed and how frightening it was for me to face the reality of reliving the experience and deep emotional trauma of my mother's death. Unlocking that emotion was the nucleus of the spiral. Acknowledging its power has been the catalyst for transformation in my life.

The insight gleaned from the dream is the center of the curriculum at NEDI. We encourage each student to take into account the personal experience of a dream-related 'aha' which triggered the beginning of a new journey. The acknowledgement of the sacred message enables people to define and develop a compassionate and effective style of dreamwork for themselves. It is also helpful to remember that the actual dream may not depict the journey itself. However, it can most certainly be the catalyst to awaken each of us to the opportunities available within the realm of all possibilities.

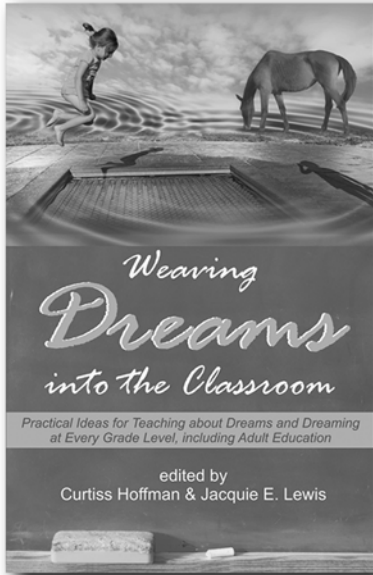
As I was happily typing away what I thought was a good story line for this article, I took a break and opened up an email from a person I never met before who lives on the other side of the country. She shared a dream she had that morning with a varied group of people. At first I was puzzled as to why she did this but as I read the dream and her comments about it, I realized it was truly something wonderful to have shared. As I re-read the dream, I started to have some huge 'ahas' that pertained to my life right at that very moment, which gave me a new perspective and helped me get out of the way of myself to see something I had not been able to see earlier. This gift reminded me that anyone's dream can become my dream. Just as, by now, there are as many versions of my dream as there are readers who have read it! Each and every one of us has different feelings, emotions, and reactions associated with 'The Dream,' there is no 'right' or 'wrong,' only what energy the dream carries for each person.

I then opened up another email from a dream group that I belong to that consists of people from all over the world and meets online once a month to work on dreams. The email contained the narrative of the dream they had worked on last week (I had missed that session). As I read the dream, I found myself relating to it very deeply, just like the other dream I had received earlier in the day. It was as if I had been there and had worked on that dream with the group. Just reading through the narrative of the dream was insightful, powerful, and uplifting.

# Weaving Dreams into the Classroom

Practical Ideas for Teaching about Dreams and Dreaming  
at Every Grade Level, Including Adult Education  
Edited by Curtiss Hoffman & Jacquie E. Lewis

Just published 184pp  
\$25.95 paperback \$24 e-book  
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Available at your favorite online bookseller  
including Amazon.com & BN.com



Hoffman and Lewis, the editors of this remarkable book, have created a unique anthology that is required reading for instructors who plan to launch their students into a world of images, narratives, neural networks, and personal insights that can be found in no other realm of human existence except in the study of dreams.  
Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.  
Co-author *Extraordinary Dreams*

This book is a unique and valuable source of first-hand information and teaching suggestions from educators experienced in advancing dream work. This information has been assembled from various geographical locales, and is based upon material from elementary school settings to the university level, as well as adult education programs. Each chapter reads clearly and provides wonderful examples of potential challenges and solutions. This text also shows how rewarding and satisfying feedback can be from appreciative dream studies students.

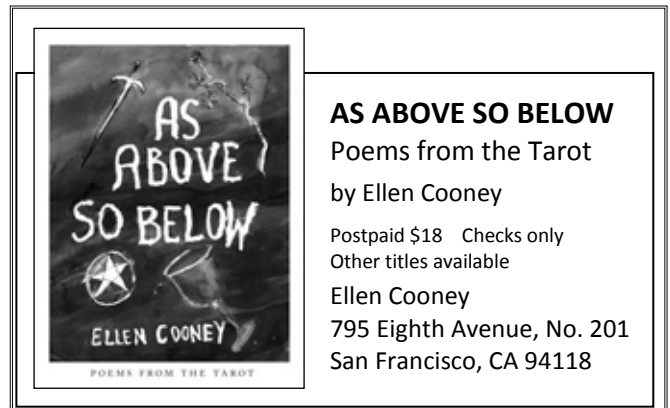
Robert L. Van de Castle, Ph.D.  
Former President of the IASD & Author of *Our Dreaming Mind*

**Dr. Curtiss Hoffman** is professor of Anthropology at Bridgewater State University, and serves on the Board of Directors of the International Association for the Study of Dreams. He has taught an upper level course, Culture and Consciousness, for many years: this course incorporates dreamwork into the classroom.

**Jacquie Lewis, Ph.D.** is an educator, researcher and author on dreams and offers dream lectures and workshops focusing on personal insight, transformation, and spiritual growth. She teaches Dream Analysis at California Southern University and is the Co-Director of the Dream Studies Program at Saybrook University.

That evening, at the end of one of our weekly online group practicum, I was talking with a few students. In the group session I had shared how I felt as if the dream we were working on touched on my own personal uncertainties and vulnerabilities about what is going on in the world right now. This also seemed to hit home for them. I was commenting on how helpful I find it to always keep a certain level of awareness of the global implications that a dream may symbolically hold. One of the students commented on how angry and helpless she feels about the state of world affairs and this war: "I know that there must be some reason that this is all happening but I am having trouble seeing it. I am so angry that I cannot even watch the news anymore; I wake up in the morning feeling so helpless and powerless because this is so big. What can I possibly do?" I felt a warm and comforting flow of energy come over me and I replied, "This is exactly what good can come out of this war - having deep and honest conversations, sharing what we are feeling, and sharing our dreams with one another is a way in which we can raise the global consciousness."

After experiencing these encounters all in one day, the message was clear: sharing my dream creates an opportunity to not only share something of myself, but to share how passionately I believe in the power of creating a shift in global consciousness by sharing our dreams - our sacred stories - with one another. Every human on the planet dreams and we



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all inherently have the ability to tap into this built-in tool. If everyone were to turn to someone else right now and share their dream with them - with no expectation of wanting the dream 'figured out' for them or to have it commented upon, we would be taking the first steps in recognizing the divine spark of light within each and every one of us.

I trust the ancient cultural belief of using the wisdom and guidance of dreams to influence all aspects of life. I am deeply and passionately involved in this work because I believe that ultimately, our destiny is in our hands. Using the guidance of our dreams allows us to face our fears and shadows, gain trust in our intuition, and contribute to the awakening of a global consciousness of peace and understanding. ∞

# Dream Networkers/Regional Contact Persons

We are honored to be able to assist in making quality dream-related information and resources available to you via the willingness of these knowledgeable individuals. All are committed to the value of dreams; each has her/his own area of interest or expertise and can help point the way to the most appropriate resources to meet your needs. Many are available to answer questions from any caller, regardless of location. Please respect each individual's requests insofar as time availability.

If no specific time is indicated, assume that you can call at anytime; you may get an answering machine.

When leaving a message on a toll call, expect a collect call in return. If you would like to serve in this way, please contact us: by Phone: 435-259-5936 via Email: Publisher@DreamNetwork.net or our website: <http://DreamNetwork.net>.

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