

# Dream Network Journal



THE TRUTH

# Golden Gateway to Dreams

31st Annual Dream Conference  
DoubleTree by Hilton Hotel Berkeley Marina  
Berkeley, California, USA  
June 4 - 8, 2014

The Conference will feature world-renowned keynote speakers, about 150 presenters from around the globe, an opening reception, the Dream Art Exhibition and reception, a Dream Hike along the shoreline nature preserve, the annual Psi-Dreaming Contest, the ever popular costume Dream Ball and a Sunset Cruise on San Francisco Bay.

The DoubleTree by Hilton Hotel Berkeley Marina is located on San Francisco Bay with sweeping views of San Francisco and the Golden Gate Bridge. The hotel, with a pool and fitness center, is surrounded by a waterfront wildlife sanctuary with nature trails that offer spectacular views, hiking, bird-watching, and fishing. Berkeley is a uniquely historical university town and home of the IASD Central Office. Spend time vacationing in the Bay Area and enjoy such San Francisco sights as the historic Fisherman's Wharf area, Chinatown, Alcatraz and riding the cable cars.



For additional conference information and online registration please visit our website:

<http://asdreams.org/2014>

## Keynote Speakers Announced



**Barry Krakow, M.D.** founded Maimonides International Nightmare Treatment, and is a board certified sleep disorders specialist with more than two decades of research in the treatment of chronic nightmares. He is the co-author of *Conquering Bad Dreams and Nightmares*, *Insomnia Cures*, *Turning Nightmares Into Dreams* (2003), and *Sound Sleep, Sound Mind*.

**Anne Germain, Ph.D.** is Associate Professor of Psychiatry and Psychology at the University of Pittsburgh. Her research focuses on the neurobiology and treatment of trauma-related sleep disturbances, and PTSD nightmares.



**Stephen Aizenstat, Ph.D.** is a Clinical Psychologist, a Marriage and Family Therapist and the Founding President of Pacifica Graduate Institute. He is author of four recent books including *Dream Tending*.

**Clara Hill, Ph.D.** is a Professor in the Department of Psychology, University of Maryland. She was editor of the *Journal of Counseling Psychology*, has received multiple Psychological Society awards, and is author of 67 book chapters and 11 books including *Dream Work in Therapy: Facilitating Exploration, Insight, and Action*.

# THE TRUTH

Standing on the brink  
In the abyss,  
arms around myself.  
holding on,  
then hearing faintly in a distance  
badoomp badoomp badoomp  
and growing louder,  
badoomp badoomp badoomp

The tide is low,  
lower than it's been in over 20 years;  
badoomp badoomp badoomp;

going deeper and deeper than ever before,  
seeing life below the surface,  
exposed and uncovered;  
it's true, it's true, it's true;  
Inside me there's a knowing,  
it's true, it's true, it's true;

Discovering the braided gold  
shining in my hands,  
there's been nothing like it in over 20 years;

I've been imprisoned,  
on the grounds,  
then locking the place down  
for my own safety;  
badoomp badoomp badoomp;

on the brink,  
arms around myself,  
holding on  
in the dark;  
nothing like it in over 20 years;

hearing the drumbeat of my heart,  
the impulse  
growing louder and stronger,  
be true, be true, be true,  
cracked pot,  
leaking energy,  
the life is sucked from my bones,

be true, be true, be true,  
nothing like it in over 20 years;  
darkness persists  
with imaginal discs,  
holding memories  
of butterfly wings and antennae...  
but my legacy! no, wait!  
live, laugh, love,  
be true, be true, be true...  
nothing like it in over 20 years...

stuck,  
holding on,  
hoping,  
believing,  
leaking,  
being,  
be true, be true, be true...

imagining,  
dreaming,  
believing,  
expanding,  
be true, be true, be true;  
Breaking free!  
breathing,  
reaching,  
being,  
it's true, it's true, it's true...  
expanding,  
being,  
be true, be true, be true,  
nothing like it in over 20 years;  
be-ing true, be-ing true, be-ing true.  
being, being, being ...

by Sherry Puricelli

# Mission Statement

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## Dream Network Journal

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## Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture

Since 1982

Our purpose is to raise individual and cultural appreciation for the value of dreams. We will provide information that will assist and empower readers.

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

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

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

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

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

## Dream Network Journal

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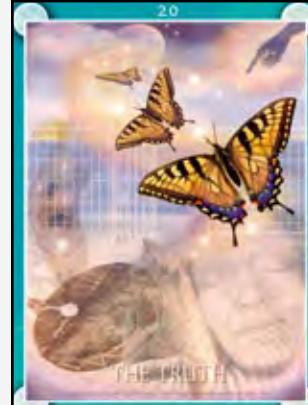
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Upcoming Focus  
SUMMER 2014

### Dreams in Relationship to Mythology

How have dreams assisted in revealing your Personal Mythology?

Lifeline: 4 Weeks after you receive this issue.



### About Our Cover

Brenda and Sherry are co-creators of <http://www.dreamingglobalillumination.com>

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## Editorial



Photo taken at UN Day event, 1981

**A**fter nearly twenty-five years of stewardship of *Dream Network Journal*, a project to which I have devoted so much of my life, I am announcing my retirement from this work. Winter issue 2014, Vol. 33/ No. 4 will be my last issue as your publisher/editor. It remains to be seen what the fate of the publication will be, and as the year proceeds I will be sharing news of that with all of you. As you can see, by making my announcement now, my "farewell address" will be an extended one, offered in installments over the months ahead. For now, I would like to present a brief, retrospective account of the dreams and events that led to stewardship of *Dream Network Journal*.

### **Beginnings: Taking the Leap**

In 1977, I was in the latter stages of my "hurricane years." My children were in their mid-to-late teens and I was working at a full-time job. I was also working on an undergraduate degree at Evergreen State College. One Saturday afternoon, while napping, I dreamed:

*I am in the community center where I work. A celebration is taking place, and the building is full of people, laughing, talking, and having what appears to be a wonderful time. I'm startled, as the building is typically quiet, mostly service oriented. Each room I enter has a different kind of artistic activity in progress:*

*Dancing, artistic painting, singing, many exotic and ethnic food booths, information tables with pamphlets amplifying many different, mostly local, programs and activities. There is a 'buzz' in the building; an overall atmosphere indicating something very special and important is taking place. I am a witness to all of this activity, yet enjoying everything.*

I awakened in wonder. This was the first dream I had recalled since childhood. It was like a long and detailed vision; I felt like I'd just seen a full-length, Technicolor movie. And I didn't have a clue what had just happened to me. I recorded the dream in my journal, though I regret to say I left that journal in a La Jolla café a few months later. When I returned to find it, it was gone.

This experience was followed over the years by several more, deeply significant dreams and visions, which have since formed the backdrop against which I endeavor to live my life. I've shared many of those dreams in these pages: *The Journey Within*, *The Tide is Turning*, a song "I'm your friend forever if you will only follow me," *Kundalini*. There are dreams in which oceans, whales, dolphins, elephants, snakes and lions, eagles demanded my attention—the list is too long to record here.

My physical surroundings are replete with artwork depicting the images seen in these vision-like dreams. Some have required being recorded poetically. I utilize the titles, phrases and many of the stark images for many purposes; my life revolves around the dreams. They have formed my *personal mythology*. The accumulation of extraordinary images over several years resulted in a hunger, a yearning, and a demand from my soul to learn more. At that time, there wasn't much information available in my small Northwest town. Fortunately, there was Paco Mitchell.

Four years after that visionary dream, the local newspaper carried a weekly column by the town mayor, in which

he put out a call for someone in the community to create a way to honor the anniversary of the United Nations. I don't recall even wondering about the "call" in the newspaper—it was an automatic Yes! within me, as if I *had* to do it. I brought together a group of colleagues, and in the community center we brainstormed ideas. What could we, in this small community, do to fulfill the mayor's request and honor the concept and intent of the United Nations? Many upbeat ideas were offered, and in the midst of the session, I said, "This reminds me of a dream I had four years ago!" One man—without skipping a beat—said, "We've got to do it then!" With that, the meeting was over, each person leaving with what they perceived to be their piece of the work to be done. We didn't form committees, have follow-up meetings, or even "organize" the event in a typical way at all. It just came together.

On the afternoon of the UN anniversary event, when I entered the center, I felt as if I had re-entered that first dream. The whole event was a living rerun, lasting until the wee hours of the morning, concluding with Sufi dancing. I was on "cloud nine" throughout—at that precious intersection which I will always seek to experience again and again: the sacred space where dream and reality meet.

The then Assistant to the Secretary General of the UN, Dr. Robert Muller, had provided an information packet and, in it, there was a request to have all in attendance observe a few moments of silence, in a prayer for World Peace, which we did. Dr. Muller had also provided an audiotape to be played during the silence and, as I listened to his words, I knew that this was one of the most important things that had ever happened to me, personally, in my life. One deeply valued member of our meditation group later told me I had been chosen to 'focalize' the event ... and I continue to wonder all these many years later, "Why? Why me?"

Luckily for me, Paco was in town. I was feeling very powerful and flying

high—too high, in fact. Unbeknownst to me, I was suffering a pretty serious inflation. I made an appointment with him and it was a gentle and welcome grounding experience.

During those years I was too busy earning a living and going through several major crises of my own and my family's lives to do much with the dreams, but there came a time when my soul would wait no longer. In 1988, I had to let go of the best paying and perks job I'd ever had. It was going to kill me—on a soul level. There was no question but that I *had* to learn more about my own dreams and about dreams in general. At the time, I was working full-time for the State of Washington as a social worker. My far-too-many-to-do-justice to clients were the elderly and disabled, a difficult job.

In the late summer of 1987, for the *Harmonic Convergence*, I journeyed to an event near Boise, ID, *Dancing the Dream Awake*, called together by Brooke Medicine Eagle. You would not believe the number of obstacles that occurred, as if to prevent me from attending, but I got there—whew! That event also had a dramatic effect on my life. Upon returning to work, I took a leave of absence and was to return on February 29, 1988. On the 28<sup>th</sup> I dreamt:

*I am attending a staff meeting, flanked on either side by my co-workers. Our supervisor is dictating the agenda of the meeting via speaker-system behind closed doors and through her office window. She proceeded to outline a plethora of changes in policy, etc., that were to be put into effect. When the meeting concludes, I turn to my co-workers and ask: "Can you believe what you just heard?" They do not respond. One of them gets up and walks down a hall, past what appears to be a low-to-the-ground gurney upon which was a coffin-like container. As he walks past, it rises, of its own volition, to his waist-level. He pays no attention—but I do. I walk over, open the coffin lid and see an old woman inside. She looks*

*ill, her skin is crusty. I ask her, "What are you doing in here?" I clean her off as best I can, then help her out of the coffin. She abruptly, and with a firm degree of force, takes hold of my arm and begins walking toward the door. She says, "Let's get the hell out of here!"*

The next day, Leap Year Day 1988, I quit my job. Thus began my journey to fulfill my dreams, a journey that will continue for the rest of my life. I began graduate degree studies shortly thereafter, was guided once again to Paco, who courageously served on my committee. In the early stages of the program, I traveled to Ojai, CA, to work with college faculty and another committee member, Joan Halifax, in developing my study plan. While creating a bibliography, I found a reference to *Dream Network Bulletin* and I subscribed to it. I had actually been introduced to the publication shortly after the UN Day event, wrote the then editor, Bill Stimson ... and when I received no response, forgot about its existence. With my study plan approved, I headed back home. Mid-way there, I stopped overnight in a Navajo motel, west of Hopi land, I dreamt::

*I see a sheaf of papers hanging from the branch of a tree; the papers are being blown gently by the wind. A voice says, "If you don't do it, someone else will!" I remember that dream clearly to this day; at the time, I didn't have a clue.*

Then one day, shortly after returning home, I stopped by my mailbox before hiking up a nearby canyon. There was my first issue of *Dream Network Bulletin*! Yeah! When I arrived at my destination, I opened DNB at random and my eyes fell upon the words, "The publication is seeking a new editor/publisher. Contact . . . etc." I did make contact, was offered responsibility for the magazine—and here I am, nearly twenty-five years later. My hope is to write a book in which I tell the larger story of my dreams, of people, places and experiences sometime in the very near future. ∞

## Writing for DNJ: The Careful Consideration of Dreams

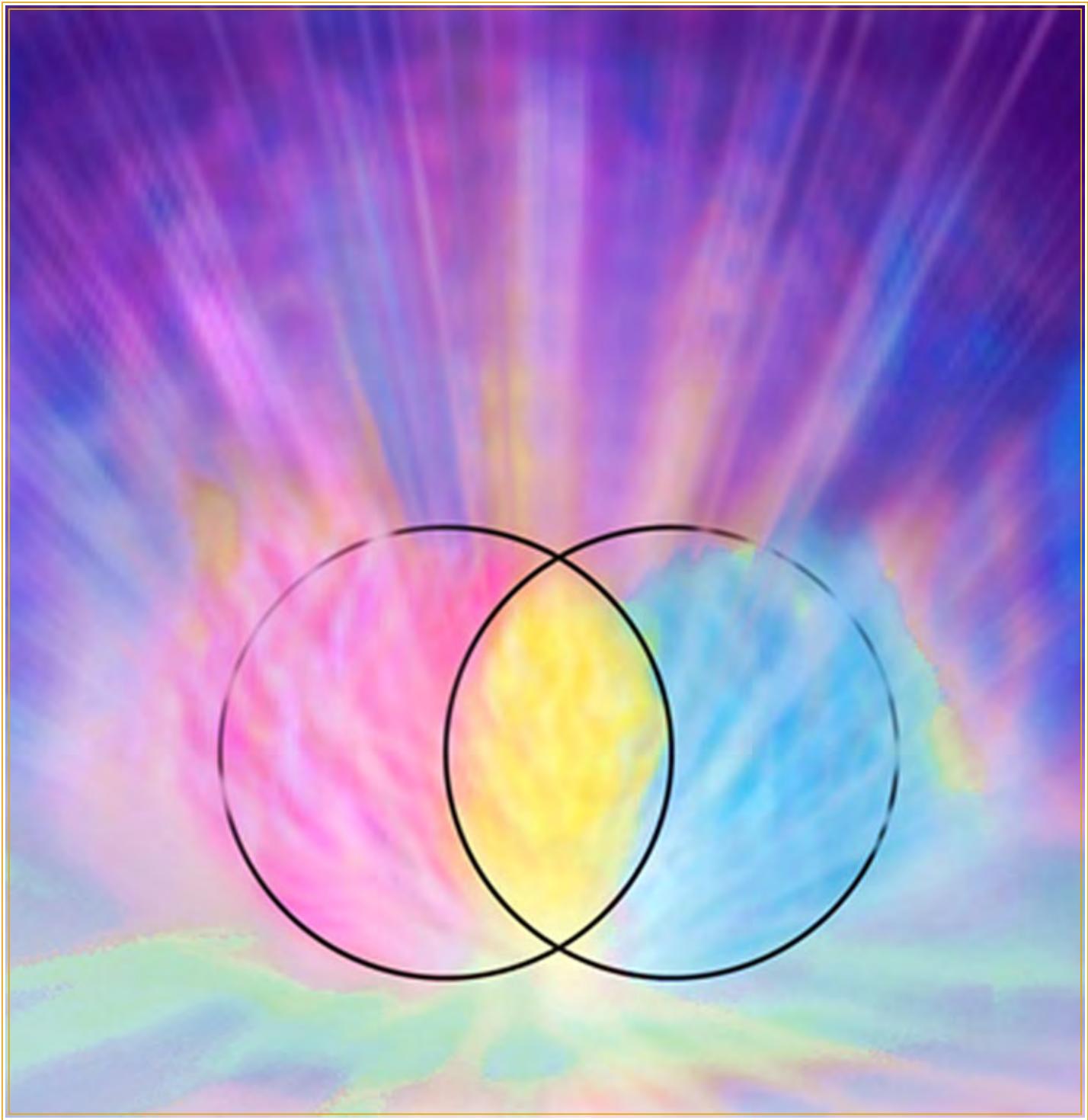
I can't speak for others, but for me, writing articles for DNJ over the years has been a crucial experience.

Rare indeed is the opportunity for a writer to devote prolonged attention to *dreams*. An in-depth study of dreams and their psychology can yield countless lessons and insights—yet the number of dream publications has always been small. And if we discount scientific and academic journals, which as a matter of principle omit personal accounts of the *actual experiences of dreams*, the number is even smaller.

Dreams—the ingenious stories they weave, the autonomous figures who populate them, and the super-intelligence that informs them—will always surpass our efforts to corral them with categories. Perhaps this is what the DNJ Mission Statement, which I recently wrote about, is hinting at when it refers to a "dream-cherishing culture." How can we possibly evolve beyond our *dream-killing culture* if we do not—we, ourselves—actively *cherish dreams with the substance our own lives?* And by "cherish" I especially mean the ethical and creative productions we are prompted to offer up *in response to our dreams*. The word "response," from the Latin, means "a sacred promise, a betrothal in return." This is what I find most meaningful in what we call, prosaically, "dream-work." If working with dreams involves a sacred promise, a betrothal in return, would it be too much to call it, also, a "love of dreams"?

I have known Roberta Ossana since the inception of her stewardship of DNJ as editor/publisher. That in itself is a kind of "dream," which she has pursued for nearly twenty-five years with commitment. I, for one, owe her a debt of gratitude for her generosity in granting me the privilege of circulating my thoughts, ideas and experiences surrounding the beauty and mystery of dreams. Thank you, Roberta.

—Paco Mitchell, Santa Fe, NM



## Vesica Piscis

### **The Vesica Piscis, the Three-Fold Flame and the Violet Flame of the Seventh Ra**

The Vesica Piscis is easily one of the most profound geometrical images of ancient and modern times.

The right-side circle is an iridescent blue (or a bright blue) for our Father God; the left-side circle is an iridescent pink (or a bright pink) for our Mother God, and the third, center section (which is the Vesica Piscis symbol), the cosmic womb of Creation, is a golden color.

# The Invisible Frequency & Cities of Crystal and Gold

**PREFACE:** I deeply believe that dreams and visions are exactly the same thing. Perhaps we might consider a vision a lucid dream. They both occur in highly altered space-time and consciousness. Although I'm not sure that visions are not on a slightly higher wavelength/frequency than dreams. But both come from The Source. We all know when we've had a "BIG DREAM." That's what a vision is.

Yes, I do realize that the future dreams presented in Dreaming Humanity's Path are stand-alone and published anonymously. These visions I share here are a gift to me to give away to as many people as possible at the appropriate time. Apparently this is the right time to send them. God always knows the right time.

But you must realize that "*The Invisible Frequency*" and "*Cities of Crystal and Gold*" are linked and deeply related. One follows the other, and this was clear to me when I received them. One is a how-to, how we get there, road map. The other is a future vision of what the Earth becomes after Ascension—occurring I do not know how far into the future. I always think HOME is around the corner and 15 minutes away. Imagine how impatient I've been over these many eons.

When I had these dreams I had never heard of Ascension. And it wasn't until "*The Celestine Prophecy*" was published some years later that I received any confirmation of the accuracy of "*The Invisible Frequency*".

I read that whole execrably written book *for the last page*—when people start to disappear. A chill went down, or perhaps, up my spine. And I knew it was time to get that dream out there.

I am a powerful re-dreamer. All I have to do is walk back into a dream landscape for the next hit of ether-mail information to come pouring in. It's a question of making myself available—which I'm not always willing to do, as my Sources keep complaining. However, the altered space I enter on the acupuncture table is one of the most profound, deep, and high wavelength/frequencies that I've ever accessed. Possibly because all those little antennae have been deployed, and I'm totally present, and totally out there at the same time.

Did anyone ever quibble with Saint Theresa or Hildegard von Bingen about whether they were dreaming or stoned on Communion wine when they saw the City of God? Not that I'm comparing myself with them in any way. It just seems like a silly waste of time. And I know that you know exactly what I'm talking about. We download the information in whatever way it's being transmitted, and we're incredibly grateful for it.

These two visions came within 4 days of each other and are two of the most powerful visionary dreams of my life—and I've had a few in my time.

Again, I dreamed "*The Invisible Frequency*" long before I ever heard of *The Celestine Prophecy*. But when I read the last page of that book the hair stood up on the back of my neck, because I had told very few people about this "disappearing" dream of mine. It was a true response from the Universe. It wasn't until after this dream that I began to hear about "ascension," and to read whatever books were coming out about it.

This dream told me the truth of it.

# The Invisible Frequency

*There's some great social experiment going on involving a group of women--but they're being studied by men. Each woman is being observed in parts, according to the various roles she fulfills, not as a whole being, and so is the entire social experiment. I know the social scientists can't possibly understand what's going on if they don't understand two crucial factors: firstly, the complete pattern of each woman's make-up and how she blends herself into the fabric of the group; and secondly, the whole interaction between all the participants.*

*I gather all the women together and we plan an insurrection. We tell the men that we're tired of being an experiment. We want to continue to live together as a self-sustaining group in this large country house/estate. We give the male social scientists the choice of leaving or joining us as part of the community. They have a lot of power to destroy this experiment, and we're not sure we'll even survive physically, much less as a community.*

*My final triumph is talking the old elevator woman into joining us. Somehow I know that if the whole maintenance staff joins us, we'll make it. Our united front will win out. If all the parts of the whole stick together, then we're indivisible, powerful, free, and viable. If the scientists can't divide us up into parts they can't stop us.*

*Their problem is that they're like the blind men and the elephant. They can't even see, or conceive of, the whole community—only its individual elements. Not being able to see us—literally with all of us together, we become actually invisible to them—they become so frightened that their group loses cohesion, and most flee like rats off a sinking ship.*

*A great powerful irresistible change is taking place. Each of us becomes a cell in a united mind, like a*

*hive of sentient bees. We're not inhuman or mindless, not a social insect mentality. We're a whole new type of human social system—an evolutionary leap in human possibilities. And yet, each of us retains all of our individuality and special gifts—each of us is indispensable to the whole.*

*It's as though together we "kythe" at such a high level of purposefulness that difficulties get worked out at a subtle psychic level before they manifest as problems at the personality level or as interpersonal difficulties. This is why we appear to be invisible. We've learned to function at a higher order of organization.*

*The elevator woman was our final step to wholeness because she is the communicator between the Great Below and the Great Above—she's literally the mechanism of full communication.*

*The minute any of the men decide to join us, they become instantly tuned into the group frequency. Fear disappears as they discover they can see us, themselves, and all the "visibles" as well. Their fellow scientists feel only a presence, one that threatens their whole worldview, the whole context of their reality; they feel they must flee to save their sanity.*

*Together, we become joyous and inventive in a whole new way, and expand our possibilities as a living system. Although the change is overwhelming, none of us have ever felt so free or so safe, so individually creative and potent, so fulfilled, loved, whole, home. We're happy and excited, but also steady-state, inwardly peaceful and secure.*

*Naturally, problems arise, personalities remain unique and different. But the inner upsets and imbalances of any of the individuals in the group*

are felt by the whole group at an embryonic stage, and changes are made, adjustments are fine-tuned in such a way that emotional conflicts—inner or group—never become divisive or chronic. Creative differences exist—relative conflict that leads to new and resourceful approaches in the resolution—but these conflicts never reach a stage of violence, animosity, or polarization. Some new ideas are retained whole cloth; some are blended with others and take on a whole new dimension and depth. Other creative solutions appear as needed, last only as long as the need continues, and then disappear, evolve into other forms, before habitual dependence forms around them.

We can hardly believe what is happening to us. It is so exciting and miraculous. Although our oldest evolutionary brains keep trying to revert to our old selves, something within us keeps responding to each new challenge with loving acceptance, and a creative solution/adjustment within the wholegroup, the living system. We simply are no longer who we were, and this has happened within a single lifetime. We didn't even have to reincarnate into new bodies.

We know we need to be a fully functional society and the only way is to include all the sexes and sexual possibilities. We need more men, and we need children in the group—entire family units, all ages—so we can learn to develop whole life patterns, learn how to educate the young, learn how to create a full society and learn how to offer ourselves as a teaching pattern.

However, we also know that to do this, and to help facilitate the process, in time, we will all have to split up as a unit. This makes us very sad, and yet, we know that as a kything unit we remain connected together and whole. But each of us is now a morphogenetic trigger. Wherever we go—even though we remain invisible—we instantly enable

those who are open to this great change to tune into the new frequency. We know that within a year this movement/evolutionary change will be cracking wide open—people keep disappearing like some horrible plague, and they can no longer even hear us, much less see us. Our only hope is that as the movement grows, the sheer power of the intensifying critical mass will aid more and more of the visibles to make the change safely. Otherwise, we fear much madness, suicide, illness, and death in those unable to make the change within this lifetime. The invisible global community joins consciousness to attempt to create a planetary vibratory field of such peacefulness and joy that all the visible will be naturally attracted to it in order to feel good. Alas, there is a growing atmosphere of terror and panic in the visible world.

It amazes and deeply saddens us how we have all been addicted to fear and anger. We are concerned about those "visibles" who are the most solidly resistant to change. We don't know how to make them feel safe and loved, because their world is changing. The one thing we seem to have been unable to do is to communicate what is occurring to the remaining visibles. It's as though a leap of faith, a moment of total surrender, release, to the infinite mystery is crucial to the process of retuning to the higher frequency.

Each individual must voluntarily create a space within their beingness to allow for the inrush of the new. There must be an instant of willingness to walk away from all that was, to gain all that is. The invisibles seem not to be allowed to make this process any easier for any individual; all we may do is add our new awarenesses to the planetary field, pray, and send love. Even our dream fields seem to be limited in some way. Unless there is a willingness in the recipient to suspend judgment on what is "possible" for at least a twinkling of an eye, even the most focused shared dreaming groups cannot enter into that consciousness. This must be how angels feel ∞



# Cities of Crystal and Gold

[Visualization during an acupuncture treatment]

**OPENING VOICE OVER:** "The little children of this generation have their crown chakras wide open so they will be able to reproduce God's golden blueprint beautifully.

"But, the children of the next generation will be able to design themselves in an act of co-creation."

*My angels showed up as I lay on the acupuncture table, bristling like a porcupine and asked, "Would you like to go to a where or a when?" No choice about going, only where or when? Typically, I answered, "To a when." And suddenly we were zipping out into a blank blackness, not outer space, more an interface frequency—perhaps a wormhole in time—in a whirl of wings.*

*We're homing in on a planet far beneath us, green, green, green, some blue. I assume that it's Earth, but it's not Earth, I know. Everywhere there is land, it is green. No browns, ochres, or maroons. No huge stretches of desert. I recognize Earth only by the outlines of its land masses.*

*We begin to fly high, at orbiting satellite level, up across the planet from the South Pole toward the North, only now as I type this do I realize there were barely any ice caps. But the size of the seas don't seem to have appreciably increased, the continental shapes are more or less recognizable. What is disturbing is that there are no cities. No checkerboard divisions of fields and towns. There are mountain ranges, but little bare rock or snowy peaks. Rather, there are massive forests, and rolling plains, and savannahs.*

*It is as though the Earth has become a vast park. As we approach the equator, I see that the global belt of rain forests is still intact. It is narrower, but*

*still there. And yet, there's something odd about it, a sizzly nerve-ending feeling as we approach the rain forests. Then I realize that they are protected on both sides by a massive force field.*

*I am told that the force fields are no longer needed, but they have been left there as monuments, warnings, sign posts. Humans put them up centuries ago to totally protect the biosphere, and the trees, plants, creatures, and humans that lived within them. Now people can get permission to visit the rain forests, and enter and leave them at will. But the force fields remain as reminders of who/what we once were and must never allow ourselves to become again.*

*Just as I'm beginning to despair that there ARE no humans left, a beautiful sight appears low on the horizon—a small city-sized arrangement of frosted crystal structures with geometrical designs of gold running through them. Some of the buildings are tall and tower-like, faceted, with pointed tips, others are low and rambling clumps of structures—the whole is exquisitely laid out and balanced. No street grids. Rather patterns of settlement laid out according to ley lines—circles, spirals, arcs, and only occasionally verticals and horizontals.*

*These people have learned to kythe with the crystalline substructure of the particular spots on Earth where the towns are placed—like a system of chakras in a planetary body. By working with the Earth forces/devas and imaging the structures they need, crystals will grow for them with spaces between the lattices to create buildings with living spaces—with a slightly irregular, home-grown charm. Some grow in single hexagonal spires—like apartment or office buildings; others grow in*

horizontal familial clumps as one-storied edifices.

All the crystals grow with wide gold rutilations in geometrical designs very near the surface of the crystals—usually along the edges of the facets, outlining them. While this is quite beautiful, it also serves to focus the internal energies of the crystals along specific axis.

As we continue our pole-to-pole journey, I can see that there are very few of these crystalline cities. I am told that the population of the Earth is very small now, only caretaker groups are needed to maintain the human portion of the planetary brain, to oversee the welfare of all the life forms of the planet, and to communicate with our own solar system and other, more distant star systems, such as the Pleiades, Andromeda, Alpha Centauri, etc. Although planetary and interplanetary forms of travel exist, they are very rarely used (usually only in emergencies) because the communications system is so good, and out-of-body and bi-locational travel capacities have become so finely developed, it is rarely necessary to leave one's home base.

Earth has served its tutelary purpose. Its massive population has learned, and developed, and is now functioning on much higher frequencies, or has gone on to other developing planets to carry on the work of growth and transformation. Earth is now a pattern maker, a morphogenetic seeder, a self-organizing garden planet.

Although we're still flying fairly high up, I keep looking for the people, to see what they look like. But I see none. In fact I see no moving life forms at all. Just the greenness, the oceans, and occasionally, a city of crystal and gold. I feel the presence

of people. I feel lines of transmission, communications—tied into the golden lines of force within the buildings. But I see only the forms of the kingdoms of minerals and plants.

I know they're there, but I cannot see them, and I don't understand why. I want to land and look about, but we're moving too fast, and the time I

have to spend on this journey is very brief. It seems more important to get as much of an overview of this "when" as possible than to see or learn the details.

All I learn as the scene begins to fade is that this is five millennia hence. Although it is very beautiful and peaceful—all the things we say we want—it makes me

a little sad. Where are all the glories of our past history—the tale humanity has to tell of its growth and beingness? Where is all its creativity now?

I am told that time has lost its meaning here. That all time is available, past, present, future, parallel, and curved. To see what was, you have only to envision a period and you are there. All the past is alive and well and continually functioning, as are the other time zones. For the past, you have only to wish yourself there, and you are there, fully able to see, touch, smell, hear, taste—although invisible because the frequency at which you function is faster than the time you are visiting. Some sort of interface frequency allows you to "dance" in tandem with the slower frequencies of the past or faster ones of future, etc., without doing harm to your own beingness or that of any other creature. Each human memory is a complete "museum" of the Earth's history and can produce it at will. Nothing has been lost, no storage room is needed, and interpretation is always fresh because the primary sources still exist. ∞





THE TRUTH

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# A Journey of Mystic Illumination

by Sherry Puricelli and Brenda Ferrimani

**T**HE EXPRESSION "THROUGH THE VEIL" may remind some of the separation between humans and the invisible realm and that to go through that veil you must become a spirit first. Yet, as incredible as it sounds, sensitive dreamers are learning how to dissolve the perceived separation, so that the invisible can always be present in their awareness. It only takes discernment and paying attention to make this happen! Peeling away the veil is the foundation for the new soul-alchemy journey Sherry Puricelli and Brenda Ferrimani have embarked on together, for the past year and a half.

We call it "Mystic Illumination" -- an adventure consisting of three stages: "The Initiate," "The Apprentice," and "The Master". So far, 12 archetypal themes have been identified and activated in our sleeping and waking dreams, each with a lesson and challenge. We've never been involved in a project that felt SO ALIVE! We've never before been so inspired and moved by the obvious oneness of what we experience as real life and the imagined. This is how it all began:

It was 2012, after the Berkeley IASD Conference. In hindsight, we've realized the opportunity to live the archetypal themes was probably there all along, but we didn't notice until we missed the boat –literally.

We had planned to go on a whale watching tour, but we must have made a wrong turn somewhere. We got lost, arrived too late, and our boat was gone! We couldn't help noticing the metaphor. Then one day in late summer, we had a phone visit, our first one after our misadventure. We hadn't talked for over two months, (Brenda and Sherry are business partners and co-creators of [Dreamingglobalillumination.com](http://Dreamingglobalillumination.com)). One of our goals had been to create an on-line Oracle with our own dream-inspired tarot cards. We both felt we were ready but how to start? "Will we start at the beginning with the Magician?" Brenda asked

Sherry. "What would that look like?" they wondered. Then Sherry, with a bolt, recalled the dreams we had just shared only minutes before... We were surprised they were so much alike! ...Brenda had a dream about dreamers acting out "The Ascension" and Sherry had a dream about a spiritual group in a circle being elevated and levitating. In Brenda's dream she didn't feel she was ready. In Sherry's dream she didn't feel she belonged with a group that mandated how spiritual practice had to be done. At the end of Brenda's dream, she was already atop a mountain with her antenna and at the end of Sherry's dream, she was already holding her spiritual tools.



Both dreams had a common element of rising up, both dreams revealed obstacles or challenges, and both dreams depicted solutions or new insights around personal power and magic. We felt that we had been hit over the head with the obvious. We were doing it. We were living archetypal themes!

And so Mystic Illumination (The name of our new Soul Alchemy Process) had already begun without our “conscious” permission. All we had to do was acknowledge that we were receiving mutual inspiration from the invisible realm and voila! - veil gone! Inspiration literally began to pour in, resulting in the creation of artwork and poetry/commentary for “THE MAGIC OF NOW”, card number one. We’ve continued to trust.

Since then we’ve experienced #9, the “Door Within”, #8 “Soul Strength”, #13 Death Portal, #2 Artist Priestess, #6 Heart Pathways, #17 Emerging Star, and finally #0/22 “Divine Child”. These we identified as archetypal themes in becoming an initiate to soul alchemy. By the time we had learned the lessons and faced the challenges each of these themes presented, we both felt we had reclaimed an important piece of ourselves that had gone into shadow or the unconscious. Brenda stepped into the power of “teacher” and “mystic” and Sherry claimed “abbot” and “psychic”. With these new powers we began to experience the next series of archetypal themes, #10 Wheel of Possibilities, #5 No Words, #20 The Truth, #11 Justice. Notice we are not creating any of these in order, (with the exception of the first, #1, Magic of Now) but are allowing them to come into our lives as they will, in the way the dream wants to present them.

#### Cover Art and Poetry - “The Truth”

Our archetypal theme of ‘THE TRUTH’ began with 3 dreamers in one night, all experiencing dreams with Sherry in



them. Sherry dreamt a repetitive mantra, “*nothing like it in over 20 years*,” about the lowest tide, and the discovery of a braided gold belt; Brenda’s dream depicts her as prison warden and Sherry as a prisoner. Fearing for the prisoner’s safety, Brenda locks the place down; Sherry’s friend dreamt an image of Sherry ‘in expanded consciousness’.

Sherry connected the aforementioned three dreams with her waking dream during the same time period, which was about cracked pots, butterflies and cocoons. The dream component of being locked in could be reminiscent of the caterpillar inside the cocoon; discovering the gold calls to mind alchemy, the metamorphosis of the caterpillar changing into a butterfly; the cracked pot, possibly analogous

to the breaking open of the cocoon, and expanded consciousness seems to be the butterfly as it emerges out of the cocoon, winged, and free. Sherry did some research and discovered that, while inside the cocoon, caterpillars digest themselves, turning into a soupy mixture until imaginal discs remember and create their butterfly wings, antennae, and other butterfly body parts. This begs the question: As humans, do we also contain imaginal discs, holding the memory of who we are destined to be?

Sherry’s process in writing the poetry is to embody all of the dreams simultaneously in order to feel the emotional progression. As she was doing so, one morning she woke up imagining the sound of a drumbeat, a rhythm, and the words *badoomp, badoomp, badoomp, be true, be true be true*. To Sherry, the repetitive mantra of “*nothing like it in over 20 years*” felt like a drumbeat signaling the call from inside, a call to come home to herself, and a call to break free.

We had a discussion and decided our theme felt like ‘Judgment’ from the traditional tarot. This idea was reinforced

when we remembered the Judgment card is #20, the number that is echoed in the dreams' "nothing like it in over 20 years."

For almost two months, as we experienced the archetypal theme of THE TRUTH, we continued to dream floods of dreams and to notice the connections with the dreams of others. We felt the shared content echoed in the current news, in music we listened to and programs we watched on TV. These dream experiences added to our ever-evolving themes, helping us progress and grow along the way. As we learned more about ourselves, we discovered and overcame personal resistances. Each resistance felt like the stories we had told ourselves over the years for our own protection. But these stories no longer held true for us. We had to break through each one of them as surely as the butterfly must break through the barriers of her cocoon. No matter how uncomfortable the process, we knew we could remain in our 'safe zone' no longer.

We had to break free! ~



*How powerful and life changing this experiment in Soul Alchemy! How amazing to allow cosmic patterns to teach and guide us along a new pathway, where there is no real separation between the visible and invisible. We invite all you sensitive, and discerning hearts to join us! Our "Mystic Illumination" cards, and process will be featured in a presentation at the IASD "Golden Gateway to Dreams", Conference in Berkeley CA. A demo deck, e-book, and class will be offered to dreamers there, and on-line, at [www.dreamingglobalillumination.com](http://www.dreamingglobalillumination.com).*

#### Bios:

Sherry Puricelli is an author, minister, professional dream coach, owner of Connecticut-based AwakeNDream, and a member of the International Association for The Study of Dreams. She leads retreats, classes, parties, and sessions using her Transformation Dreaming™ technique and empowerment program, combining mystical tools, shamanism, embodiment and ceremony. <http://www.awakendream.com/>

Brenda Ferrimani is a visionary artist inspired by dreams. Her artwork is often featured in *Dream Time* and *Dream Network* magazines. She's certified for dream work through the Marin Institute of California, and member of the International Association for The Study of Dreams. <http://www.brendaferrimanidreamart.com>

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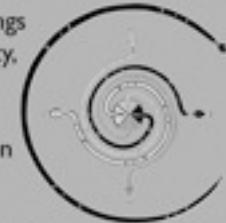
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## A Glimpse Behind the Veil: Nightmares as Initiatory Callings

By Travis Wernet

THE EXPLORATION OF HOW OUR DREAMS HELP US CONNECT WITH FAVORABLE SOLUTIONS to the challenges of waking life is a central task of dream work. A helpful place to begin or continue such a quest is to look at the dreams that most disturb us. Why? Not because we ought to over-emphasize what feels difficult or that we want to deny the delights to be found in the beauty, joy and pleasure of our dreams or waking lives. Rather, we may tend to want to sidestep the many rough-edged images, scenarios and circumstances that we find in our thorny dream experiences and amid the obstacles of daily life. When we can face "all that is," our experience opens us up to a more robust, fulfilling sense of being alive.

My mind and heart are deeply encouraged when I read Paco Mitchell's beseeching commentary from the Winter 2013 issue of DNJ, in which I perceive him to be making an invitation for honoring what I'll call the trials present in dreams. His words ring out as a call to engagement, "We must be willing to stare into the face of troubling, even intolerable, images... This truth-telling aspect of dreams, their 'negativity' is what makes them regenerative engines of salvation and conveyors of divine wisdom."<sup>1</sup>

Not long ago, I was invited to speak about working with dreams and sound healing on a radio program, which seeks to honor the intellect in relation to spiritual disciplines. The interviewers asked how I got into doing dream work as a profession. A dream from childhood stirred to the surface and I shared this early experience as an example of a vision that bespeaks elements of a vocational mission.

The dream, which appeared to me at age four, is as follows:

### ***The Eagle Who Darkens the Sky***

*In the dream, I'm in the back yard of my childhood home, lifting up and down on the swing-set. As I rise higher and higher and feel the elation that comes with the promise of flight, I view an enormous eagle up in the sky. As it approaches, it blots out the sun with its imposing body. I know that it's going to release its bowels and that nothing I can do to avoid this liquid white-brown mass as it descends to the earth will allow me to survive the suffocating effects of its arrival. I see that the powerful bird's far-reaching projectile of fecund waste is headed right for me and will consume the surrounding*

*houses and fields. The thought of running occurs to me, but I understand that trying to escape won't help. There's no time and I know I can't move fast or far enough. I waken with the telltale emotions of a nightmare, terrified.*

When sharing this dream on the radio program, I became quite self-conscious about naming the *dark matter* in the dream, the eagle's excrement. My hosts also seemed uncomfortable having the topic introduced during the interview. The reluctance to face such direct dream messages, however, is exactly what we want to be dealing with. As Carl Jung is well known for saying, the darkness we avoid within tends to become fixed in the form of outer fate in our waking lives. This notion rings true in my experience.

I relay the dream here to illustrate the way that, even as children, we are invited by our dreams to honor such exigent energies. If the dreaming source is capable of determining that even a child's mind, heart, soul and body are up to the task of going through difficult dreams like this one, it would seem to be true that we can work helpfully with and learn from them. This dream potentially raises the question for all of us: what dreams have we witnessed in which we are being asked to engage? Dreams which have challenged us? Such dreaming experiences hold the very energy we need in order to find solutions to our lives and for relating to their essential messages about how to embody a full breadth of wholeness. Paradoxically, these troubling scenarios are also the ones we might overlook due to their repulsive quality. Often, we might wish to put away difficult dreams in favor of more pleasant, sparkling visions and images.

Jeremy Taylor has made "facing up" to disquieting dreams a primary principle of his *projective-style dream work* by declaring, "What is true of nightmares is true of all dreams: what is remembered is worth remembering because it always contains valuable information. All dreams bring us creative energies and insights into the meaning of confusing emotions."<sup>2</sup> When teaching in public, and in his revelatory writings, Taylor adds that this doesn't mean the dreams or associated feelings aren't difficult to witness and undergo.

The above dream, "The Eagle Who Darkens the Sky", provides an example of a guiding vision, which has informed a lifelong quest for purpose and meaning. It also contains several universal symbols and flavors. Ancient and contemporary teachings state that we each receive at least one glimpse behind the veil of our soul's deep yet hidden agreements made prior to this lifetime in our youth. These intuitive spiritual hunches and forms of instruction based on experience say that we tend to forget our larger vocations through the necessities of being and becoming human via the rigorous process of socialization.

Mythologies and folktales, the world over, speak to this proclivity for a kind of *amnesia* in relation to the Divine. Robert Bly discusses this forgetfulness in his and Marion Woodman's book about a Russian fairy tale *The Maiden King*. In that tale, it's Ivan's fate to fall asleep when the divine feminine appears. There are countless other such wisdom tales to be found in various cultures.

Dreams are spontaneous *mythic* expressions that touch into and express the personal and then reach down to the transpersonal, collectively unconscious domains of existence. My own vision, "The Eagle Who Darkens the Sky" depicts a great mythic struggle. The appearance of this larger-than-life dream raptor suggests the presence of the Divine in the budding life of a young boy, which symbolically could be said to typify the tone of any meeting between human and sacred energies, a *dream challenge*. In this encounter, the more limited, small self is met and confronted by the powerful, large, limitless forces of spirit, soul and nature.

The energy of swinging in the dream evokes the possibility of flight, and therefore, freedom. The scene and setting in the dream also exemplify the essence of descent, gravity and *life on the ground*. It reflects the reality and relationship of opposites. Here *humanness* and *animal-as-divine-archetype* meet one another in the dreaming. The eternal dance of light and dark, as enacted in the dream, with the sun being covered by the flying creature's body is central and attention-grabbing. The little and the big, that which is grounded and that which is in flight, and the energy of the invitation to learn how to be between, enlarged, within and encircled by both - all are brought forward in the encounter betwixt the eagle and the boy, rising and falling amid earth and heaven.

The threat contained in my childhood eagle dream is common to nightmares: the impending arrival of this bird's shadowy gift brings with it the understanding that the dreamer will suffer and possibly die. Marie-Louise von Franz has spoken lucidly about this, "Every dark thing one falls into can be called an initiation. To be initiated into a thing means to go into it... The shamans say that being a medicine man (or woman) begins by falling into the power of the demons.<sup>3</sup> (*parentheses added*) The dream eagle from my vision, then, may be seen as demonic, in the sense that it poses a gruesome, dark menace to the dreamer, who experiences the fall/descent in relation to the animal spirit power above him.

Traditional cultures maintain practices that bestow this kind of initiatory experience through quests for vision. The initiate in these rites of passage makes contact with spirit animals or beings who put him or her through an ordeal whose purpose is to enlarge the personality beyond what we could name as ordinary human ego concerns.

This classic archetypal occurrence is often portrayed in the immanence of some form of *dream-death*, whose other face is the renewing provenance of rebirth. My dream eagle comes to say that there are trials to endure and that there will be lifelong invitations to surrender to spirit, which will offer up the vital potencies of *transformation*. Spirit, as represented in the dream, contains fiercely destructive and potentially beneficent powers. Perhaps a true looking into the face of such depth energies always reveals this level of paradox in the search for wholeness by displaying these powers of creation and destruction.

The words of the poet Rilke describe these motifs accurately,

*"Just as the winged energy of delight carried you over many chasms early on, now raise the daringly imagined arch holding up the astounding bridges. Miracle doesn't lie only in the amazing living through and defeat of danger. Miracles are miracles in the clear achievement that is earned."*

In communicating these direct symbolic experiences, the dream says that there will be plenty of "crap" to deal with and it won't be easy. The source of this bountiful darkness, however, especially as it relates to the pursuit of becoming a more fully embodied, spirited human being, is *nature*, as typified by the animal-person of the eagle in the dream and the surrounding energy of the sky, the sun, the darkness, the yard, and the nearby fields. If the dreamer can learn from this form of *suffering* (a word whose root meaning is "to undergo" or "go under") through implied suffocation, the pursuit of genuine freedom—an integral embodiment—may be realized. This tribulation teaches the ability to be under something demanding, and thereby to understand or stand under it, and to potentially break through the inherent hazards of life to a previously unseen threshold of growth and new life.

This study of troubling dreams also calls forth the words of Archetypal Psychologist, James Hillman, who reflects, "The *worst* images are the *best*, for they are the ones that restore a figure to its pristine power as a numinous person at work in the soul."<sup>4</sup> The paradoxical quality innately woven into the trying images and experiences in the above dream, and all dreams, is a living energy that demands recognition. The *trouble* stands out so starkly as to require being acknowledged and, through this, sanctity is found.

How many of us have had similar guiding dreams and how might they have helped to shape and inform the lives that we've led and will lead? Have we been, are we now, and will we be attentive to recalling and working with them? How might they help and inspire others?

That four year-old boy was trying to return to the sky,

to the pure world of spirit. Spirit appeared and said, "No, not now. Now is the time for personifying the fertilizing, gravity-laden and humbling energies of matter, dark and troublesome as these may be. This is the task, and this is the great effort... within such an invitation lies a hidden gift." That treasure continues to unfold in my own life, as I realize that the boons of the dream have offered the felt sense of being able to meet similar obstacles both awake and asleep. This dream gave an orientation early on for the life of one who would eventually come to work with comparable energies in the lives of others and pursue an unconventional path of specializing in dreams and inner work as a professional pursuit.

Nowadays we may tend to think, as a "modern" culture, that we've lost a true connection with valid spiritual disciplines. This may be true on some level. It's also true that our dreams are always presenting us with opportunities for entering into blood-filled, authentically sacred, transformative initiations that influence the entire course of our lives and all the life we're surrounded and supported by. If only we are willing to pay attention to, reflect upon, share and pull closer into their confusing and often off-putting flavors, images and energies, the dreams will guide us. When we honor even our troubling visions, we can then be further acquainted with how the theater of the imagination, taking place in our dreams, is beckoning us into ever-deepening, spontaneous and life-giving ceremonies of enormously enriching and fertile proportions. ∞



#### (Endnotes)

<sup>1</sup> Paco Mitchell, "The 'Mission' of Dream Network Journal," DNJ, Winter 2013, p. 9.

<sup>2</sup> Jeremy Taylor, "The Wisdom of Your Dreams," (Jeremy P. Tarcher, Penguin Group, New York, 1992,2009), p. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Marie-Louise von Franz, "The Feminine in Fairy Tales", 1972, Spring Publications, New York, p. 64

<sup>4</sup> James Hillman, "Re-Visioning Psychology", 1975, Harper & Row, New York, p. 8

# Messages from the 'Other Side'

By Alma Verbunt

**L**EAT ME BEGIN BY EXPLAINING that I am one of those people who firmly believe that death is not the end, but a passage to and a beginning of life in another dimension. I am convinced that all living beings have a soul that will live on after death and from this non-material space can send messages to the people left behind.

These communications can be transmitted in a variety of ways. For example, the one from my dad, who—on his deathbed—promised me he would let me know if there was life after death by coming back and stirring up my cats. And—oh my!—how they screeched six weeks after he died, running down the stairs with their coats so puffed-out they looked about twice their normal size. I thought: 'Thank you dad, point taken', after which the cats (and their coats) went back to normal and a bit of my feelings of loss were healed. But that was real-life, not a dream.

In 1992, a friend died suddenly in a car-crash abroad. I felt guilty about his death because before leaving he had consulted me on whether or not he should take up a foreign job offer. He was in two minds about the decision. On one hand, he wanted to go; the job-market in his line of work was really bad at that time and this would be an opportunity for him to get a well-paid position. On the other hand, he felt obliged to stay and look after his mother; he was an only child and his father had passed just a couple of months earlier. I had told him that he should, of course, make up his own mind, but that in my opinion, accepting the job might be a boon for both his career and personal growth. So he decided to take the job, left the country, and was killed in the car-crash only a few months later.

For several reasons I didn't attend his funeral, although I thought about him a lot throughout the day. I remember feeling very sad for his mother, who'd lost both her husband and her son within a couple of months of one another and thinking how unfair life can seem to be. That night I dreamt:

*B arrives at my house, driving a bright red convertible. He's in a great mood, says he's come to pick me up, wanting to spend the day with me. I look at him, asking him: "You're dead. How can you be here when you're*

*dead?" He answers: "But I'm not. I'm not dead. There was a mistake made with my date of birth. Look." He shows me his passport and indeed there is an incorrect birth-date in it. So I get into the car and we drive around, having a great time together.*

This dream helped me come to terms with my feelings of guilt about his death, and experience all the stages of mourning.

Although over time this existence-after-death idea became a firm conviction of mine, I seemed to be unable to tap into it when in 2012 someone very dear to me died unexpectedly—at quite a young age—of a previously undiagnosed cardiac disorder.

Looking at his seemingly unimpaired body, I went into a state of shock, being unable to cry or otherwise express my feelings. I spent three days numbly moving around, with this gaping hole in the middle of me. Clinging to every tiny shred of everyday life, I attempted to get the chores done, trying to stay on the sane side of life, while being in full shut-down mode, both emotionally and brain-wise.

While in this state, I had the following dream:

*I'm standing outside my house and look up. It is sunny, the sky is a clear blue with white clouds. I notice a sheet of white Styrofoam that moves high up on the wind.*

*The sheet floats and tumbles, rises, drops down and tumbles again. I keep looking at the movements for a long time, getting a feeling of enormous freedom and utter joy while doing so.*

This dream left me with a sense of freedom, the sensation and joy of being able to move on the wind weightlessly, not being encumbered by a body or any other type of mass. While contemplating the dream, I interpreted it as seeing a soul going up to heaven, experiencing—and in this case sharing—the weightlessness, carefreeness and a sense of bliss; the dead person telling me it was okay, he was okay, he was feeling exuberant.

(Continued on page 36)

**DOLPHIN WEIR** On Mother's Day

*My friend Eddy [Edemos, my angelic guide at that time] calls me  
urgently to come up and help him with a project.*

*He needs me now and only I can help. He's on a tidal river ...  
it feels like Upstate NY, but it could be in the South.*

*He needs help building a weir across the river where the salt water  
meets the fresh to facilitate the annual dolphin leap. It's a simple affair,  
very like a window screen about 4 feet high set in a wooden frame with a  
weighted bottom so it can be anchored to the stream bed with rocks.*

*It doesn't extend across the river from side to side;  
there's a 3-or 4-foot-wide channel for the fish to move  
through on either side of the structure.*

*No sooner have we finished setting up the weir, than a dolphin appears  
out of nowhere, swimming upstream as fast as it can go, then takes a mighty  
leap, like a salmon returning to its spawning ground, over the weir--and disappears!*

*Perhaps into another dimension. As it's gathering strength for the leap,  
Eddy tells me to concentrate my whole mind and heart and will on the dolphin  
and join with him in helping it make the enormous leap.*

*Each year for nine years I return to help him repair the weir  
and to help the next dolphin with its leap. He never explains to me what's  
happening. I simply know it's terribly important for us all  
to help with the annual dolphin leap.*

*I've returned for the 9th year, and I know somehow that this is the  
last--and the most important. There was a pod of 9 dolphins, and this is the  
last one, and the most crucial leap. And the saddest somehow.*

*I'm clearing away debris around the weir, and I find a group of  
tourists, or local fishermen, gathered at the weir clubbing fish to death as  
they move through the corridors on either side of the screen.*

*They're laughing their heads off while the water is running red with blood.  
They've come for the easy pickings for the local town's annual fish fry.  
No sportsmanship--no giving the fish a chance--just senseless slaughter.*

*In a rage, I plow into the river and give them all holy hell.  
I threaten to tell the townspeople just where the goodies for their fish fry  
came from and how it was acquired. My threats seem to work, because the men  
all move off--grumbling and shamefaced, and making nasty comments  
about me and all women. But they move off.*

*Not long after they've cleared off, I see the last dolphin swimming  
upstream. I look around for Eddy, but he's not there. We hadn't spoken this  
year at all. I just knew it was time and came up, expecting to find Eddy when  
I got here. After all this time, we seem to be the only ones who know about  
the dolphins. Thank God, because it would turn into a circus,  
and surely some one or some organization would try  
to trap the dolphins--or worse, kill them.*

*Each year, Eddy has told me the name of the dolphin doing the leaping.  
But I never remember them--I think it's just a whimsy of his--like the names  
of Snow White's 7 Dwarves--Dopey, Sneezy, Doc, etc. Eddy's names for them  
are something on the order of Faith, Hope, and Charity.*

*As the dolphin gets closer and closer, I realize Eddy isn't coming. He's leaving this one entirely to me. And I know somehow that this one is not only the last, but the most important. She's the matriarch of the clan, and she's swimming as fast as she can, but she's old, and sad, and very lonely, being the last of her family. She's had to swim by herself for an entire year--so hard for a creature used to the continual comfort and company of her own kind and kin.*

*This dolphin is going to need more help than all the rest to make the leap. But I know it's imperative that she make it. That all the other leaps will be for naught unless she can complete the process and seal it.*

*I'm totally focused on her as she comes upstream, gathering all her strength and what I assume is will. But as she begins to talk to me telepathically, I realize it has nothing to do with will--she's gathering all her love. All these years on the crucial day she has been swimming about where the river meets the sea, kything with Eddy and that year's sacrifice, helping the elected dolphin to make the leap.*

*And then I begin to hear the other eight, clear as day, speaking in my head, all urging her, inviting her, reassuring her, petting her, swimming with her, welcoming her back to the family. And I know their names were all terribly important, that they stood for soul virtues. And that their yearly sacrifice--their transformational leap into discarnateness--was done to seal these principles into human hearts, to make them real, and living, not just mouthed platitudes.*

*The matriarch is the most important, because she represents Love--both the Heart and Thymus Chakras. It was because of her that they were able to do this, and without her it will all go for naught. It was necessary to make this simultaneous ultimate physical and spiritual effort from one medium (salt to fresh water) and one dimension to another to be effective.*

*That it was necessary to take the 9 years to complete the effort to allow for the growth process in the human soul.*

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## **DOLPHINS DANCE WITH JOY**

*On our agreed-upon night to try to share the same dream with each other, I dream that the eight members of the N.Y. Shared Dreaming Project are all far out to sea. Each one of us is riding on the back of a dolphin, racing with the waves and wind, having a wonderful time--both the dolphins and us.*

*Then the dolphins seem to "arrive" at some special place in the sea. They stop their headlong dash, and form a circle--with each of us still on their backs. Only now we're joined by another large group of dolphins who form a much larger circle around ours.*

*All of us are surrounded by an incredibly powerful energy field. It's as though we're enclosed in an invisible energy cylinder of golden "making" light that we can "see" and "feel" with our subtle energy systems.*

*Then two new dolphins leap up out of the water in the exact center of the circle and dance on their tail flukes for the longest time, in a transport of joy and delight.*

# How to Start a Dream Theatre

January 2014 ... with a dream from Ayelet Berman Cohen

By Deena Metzger

THEATER DIRECTOR, STEVEN KENT, AND I HAD NOT EXPECTED TO BE WORKING TOGETHER AGAIN on a creative project related to dreams at this time in our lives. In advance of producing *Dreams Against the State* in 1981, he and I had recreated the Eleusinian Mysteries in Greece in 1980 for the first time in 1500 years. I had written the play and Steve was the dramaturge and director. The first production of the play was performed in fifty different venues: private homes, community centers, churches, etc. This deliberate variation on performance space was designed to emphasize the real life danger to dreams and dreaming in our culture and the need for individuals and communities to provide sanctuary for dreams.

Thirty-two years later, in January 2014, we were co-teaching a class on *How to Start a Dream Theater* at La Verne University where Steven is a faculty member of the Theater Arts Department. This project is, perhaps, the closed parenthesis of a creative partnership devoted to theater, ritual, transformation and the inner life.

The creative premise of the class was that the students comprise a theater troupe that visits communities to perform their dreams, and at the same time, are themselves a community whose dreams are explored and reflected upon, theatrically, by the theater troupe. We were imagining being called into a community to enact the dreams in order to help resolve conflicts or disagreements in creative ways.

Because this class, as conceived, is a unique exploration and a first for Steven and myself, we have been surprised and gratified by the unanticipated directions it has taken. During our first meeting, I was startled to realize what fifty years of working with dreams had not revealed before: the essential connection between

dream and theater. Dreams come to us as complete theater events, remarkably scripted, directed, enacted and staged. However, in recalling and communicating our dreams, though we may access meaning, we rarely, if ever, transmit the quality and intensity of the dream experience itself. Enter theater.

*How to Start a Dream Theater* met four times a week for four hours during the January Interterm at La Verne University, La Verne California. Ancient Greek Aesclepius medicine considered the union of dreaming and theater as essential to the healing process. Steven and I have visited the ruins of the Aesclepius healing sanctuaries in Greece, but the living theater is long gone; and though the transformational aspect of the Mysteries was preserved in our work, we did not recreate our dreams theatrically when relating them to each other every day. So, in this class we found ourselves exploring a new form with remarkably ancient antecedents.

Surprisingly, the limitations of working in a classroom with essentially inexperienced students created the impetus for discovery. We had to begin at the beginning regarding dreams, theater and healing. I had expected to be teaching Theater Department seniors but only some of the students in the class were theater majors; the rest were liberal arts majors fulfilling their humanities requirement. The students ranged from freshman to seniors and came from many different multi-cultural backgrounds.

As Steven Kent does with every class he teaches at the University, we opened each session with a check-in, where we often asked the students to share a dream image. We ended with a check-out that consisted of a question or a statement about dreaming or the content of the class. With this simple device we came to know each other

intimately, which is rare in a college classroom. Steven's theater games further relaxed everyone and released energy and tension, thus reinforcing the possibility of bonding. Dream telling each day involved us deeply in the exploration of our inner lives.

Early on, we made a strategic decision in the interest of efficiency that was critical to the success of the class. We divided the fifteen students into three *troupes*. Though we heard many of the students' dreams in the full circle, the troupes worked on their own dreams together when bringing them into form. Because the students now belonged to the dreamers *and* to the theater troupe, they bonded as a community despite the university setting that generally results in isolation and competitiveness. The students quickly realized they had to be respectful of each other's inner lives and the necessity of being trustworthy.

Community work happens to be one of Steve's areas of engagement and expertise, and we were privileged to hear some of his stories about working with gay people in a radical anti-gay state, also with small farmers, with women with AIDS and with other groups in the development of performance pieces. His theater experience with communities, and my experience with individual and community dreaming, together with our life long involvement in the creative process, and more years of teaching between us than either of us wish to tally, were the basis of what we brought to the class.

When considering the actual creation of a performing dream theater group, we both understood that the performance of the dreams would be the ultimate means through which the community could reflect on itself, provide social cohesion and lessen conflict. However, I didn't realize that the very act of soliciting the dreams in a collective setting would begin the process through which the conflict might resolve. That meant that if the troupe were also willing to present their own dreams in the process of soliciting dreams from the community, the artificial barrier between troupe and community would inevitably dissolve. Finally, enactment could take the community members to yet another level of healing of the original discord.

The most significant understanding came to us when all three troupes independently decided to disregard advice I had given them about enactment. Each troupe met to listen to one another's dreams and select images/events that reverberated for all of them, which would then be developed theatrically and enacted for the group as a whole. I advised them to avoid "being fair," rather than including something from everyone's dreams. I suggested they focus on one or two images/events they found compelling and performable. However, before beginning the work of scripting and developing, each group chose instead to

**"The students had not known that dreaming had already and would continue to affect and influence their lives."**

**Repeatedly in the check-ins or check-outs, the students expressed their surprise and gratitude for these ways of knowing that they had previously thought entirely unimportant."**

consider each one's dreams in order to find a common theme. The initial themes were loneliness and separation, explosive emotions, and unacknowledged fear.

At the end of the third week, the three troupes sat in individual story circles, outdoors on the college lawn, imagining darkness and a fire at their center, and spoke of the ways they had experienced these themes in their lives. Though each group exercised confidentiality regarding the details of the stories, when they reported back to the larger group, it was apparent that they had entered the process deeply. They had embraced the experience of loneliness or fear in 'the other' as their own, yet recognizing differences as well as commonalities in the origin of such emotions. They had acquired the essential means to understanding and relating back to each other the meaning and implication of their dreams – **Empathy**.

One student commented that the class had become a group of distinct individuals whom she felt she knew well. Building community had not been one of our stated goals for the class but it became our finest one.

We had found a way, even in a classroom, for the students to experience the exactness and profundity of dream communication. This allowed them to recognize what mattered to them as a community, to refine their intent to communicate this to an audience, to develop language and image to hold their experience, then to embody the experience and finally to perform it for the larger group. The result was that they could bring the dreams back to their original vivid life. Each step in the process eliminated the formal differences between dreamer and actor, between one person and another. Without setting such a heady intention, we were entering into an exquisite bal-

ance between our unique experiences, dream language, and the particularity of the dreams themselves, and the trusting and supportive community forming in this setting.

We were working in a multi-cultural setting and outside of conventional psychological dream analysis. The work is predicated on indigenous wisdom dreaming traditions that assume that dreams are a dialogue between the spirit world and the particular tribe, culture or in this case, troupe and university class. This focus allowed for a creative dynamic between particularity and unity and was of great value and solace to the individual class members. No one was left out of the exchange. Everyone was seen as valuable. The class became a sanctuary for the essential beauty and intelligence of each individual within the safety of the circle formed by the participation of each equally. Which is not to say that there were no difficult moments among us. There were. But as far as I know, these issues were acknowledged and resolved. Increasingly, day-by-day, the value of the group, the bond between the students was recognized.

The class process was informed by the presence of Ayelet Berman Cohen, a contemporary dreamer in the old ways. She could not have predicted when she was a prominent photographer in Israel that dreams would become her life. Each night, for twenty years, profound theme-based dreams, as precise and lyrical as any theater or work of literature, have been landing on her, followed by teachings from the ancestors. For many years, she has been *dreaming about war*, often but not always referring to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, and easily translated into any contemporary struggle between peoples. Many of her war dreams are succeeded by healing dreams, or dreams that are an antidote to war. In one of the sessions, she spoke of how theater allowed the war to be viewed and understood within the very magic of theater itself. The wound and the medicine together in one venue.

She gifted us with a packet of six dreams that gave the students original dream images to work with. Independently, the troupes each chose one or two of the same images to dramatize and explore, so we understood that the conflict between victim and victimizer spoke deeply to them. This initial work with her dreams, which were so fully formed and precise in their theatrical intelligence, prepared the students to look at their own dreams and excerpt the wisdom from them.

Three student dreams at the threshold of the project set the tone for the work to come. One student told a recurring dream that began when she and her family were immigrating to the United States, having already fled civil violence in their native country. In the dream that first came when she was a child, *she observed the on-going*

*tension between freedom and imprisonment.* The dream had revealed, even to the young child, the fundamental torment that her family and culture were experiencing.

In relating a dream to his father, another student discovered that the family had psychic gifts that had not been spoken about but were passed on through the patriarchal line.

Aware of a repeating image in her recent dreams, a young woman decided to call her indigenous grandmother, only to discover that the dreams were warnings that her proposed generous action would violate her people's tradition and she would have to wait for the right ritual moment to perform it.

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The final days of *How to Start a Dream Theater* were spent developing the theatrical presentations. Within a remarkably short time, each troupe went from acting out various dream episodes to identifying the common emotional elements, finding dream sequences to hold them, and then discarding these images and events for more vital and appropriate images that communicated the fullness of the conditions and emotions to the observers. Informed by Liz Lerman's *Critical Response Process*, the students were then able to revise their pieces once again, bringing each to a new level of reflection and communication, perhaps even more powerful than might arise in a class on improvisation because the images developed from the deep personal dream life of each student.

The students had not known that dreaming had already and would continue to affect and influence their lives. Repeatedly in the check-ins or check-outs, the students expressed their surprise and gratitude for these ways of knowing that they had previously thought entirely unimportant.

Elenna Rubin Goodman, a community builder, had come to the class from Oakland California. The class served her deep desire "to bring together community, sacred space and the ritual embodiment of dreams/dream theater." And we were grateful that we could serve both the students and others seeking new ways of serving community that include validating inner life experience.

Three texts informed the class: *Black Elk Speaks*, by John Neihardt, *Healing Dreams: Exploring the Dreams That Can Transform Your Life* by Marc Ian Barasch, and *The Practice of Dream Healing: Bringing Ancient Greek Mysteries into Modern Medicine* by Edward Tick and Stephen Larsen. Each text speaks to the ways dream inform and heal culture as well as bringing wisdom and insight to individuals for their lives. So many of the dreams that

the students brought into our circle were unexpectedly revealed to be vehicles for connection, community and cultural restoration. Entering and living within a dreaming culture is an essential antidote to totalitarian and fundamentalist thought. This is iterated by Paco Mitchell in the Winter Solstice 2013 issue of *Dream Network Journal*, an essay that we shared in class: "...dreams are such bastions of freedom."

The class was not *about* creating a dream theater; rather, our intention was to facsimilate the experience of dream theater troupes and dreaming communities. We had started out suggesting that the students imagine that they were a dream troupe or a dreaming community; within days the imagined manifested. We learned swiftly that understanding self through exploring and performing dreams is also a means to establishing communal identity while emphasizing the wild freedom and uniqueness at the core of the creative process. Some of the students may go on to use dreams in their creative work. All of them, I am certain—whether as physicians or private eyes, (two examples of the students' present vocational goals)—will use dreams as part of their future work in the world.

Considering in retrospect my unheeded advice to the dream troupes and their intelligent insistence on following their own wisdom, I am grateful to have been reminded of the sensitivity necessary in approaching another community — in this case, the community of students. We must always fully respect the other culture and what the community itself knows. Fortunately, I didn't insist, didn't impose my own understanding. Fortunately, they chose to discern and honor common themes and experience, and to create communities of respect and relationship among themselves. Fortunately, we all honored the dream.

Each student presented a seven-minute excerpt from the journal they kept for the duration of the class that included dreams, the new understanding of their power and importance, reflections on the class process, and selected passages from the assigned texts. Most spoke their deepest truths to each other, though we had been strangers to each other only a month before. Everyone now understood that he or she has an inner life and all were excited about tending it for the rest of their lives. No one doubted the value, meaning, experience and beauty of dreaming. The possibility of an on-going dream group was gratefully received.

When we were leaving the LaVerne Theater Department, we stopped to converse with the Chairman, David Flaten. Musing together on the original goals of a dream theater to help resolve community conflicts, he paused to wonder, "Should we start a Dream Theater?" Ayelet responded, "Now I am dreaming the end of war."  $\infty$

**THE FINAL GIFT** of our collective Dream Theatre experience comes from Ayelet Berman Cohen, a dream entitled "*Restoration*" and which summarizes her dream spirits' understanding of the process that was destined to engage us all.

(Published with Ayelet's permission.)

January 23, 2014

## **"Restoration"**

*A group of students  
meet on behalf of their inner lives.  
They speak to each other,  
and to their astonishment,  
discover that the night before,  
they all have had the exact same dream.*

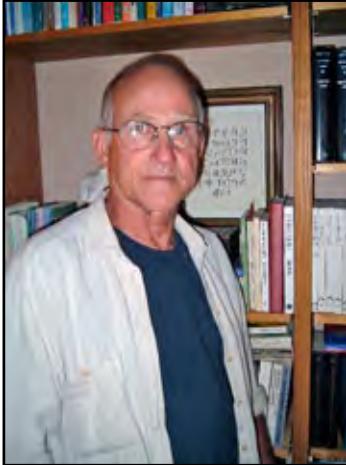
*In their dream  
a python lives underneath their house.  
There is a group of people shackled to a tree.  
And there is another side to the tree.  
A woman who lost her mother is there.  
And a shark who looks deeply into the eyes of a boy.  
There is fear, laughter, movement and confusion,  
each image and emotion  
matches perfectly in all of their dreams.*

~~~~~  
*The student body has had one common dream.  
In their dream they see  
a woman carrying a suitcase.  
She says it is filled with dreams.  
She tells them how the Spirits come to her every night  
and dictate to her a dream.  
The woman says she has been touched.  
When the students wake up  
they know that their inner lives  
are no longer the same.*

*Did the Spirits come to them too?  
How do the Spirits move?  
Who are the Spirits?  
Have they been touched?  
They wondered.*

*The silence had been broken.*

By Ayelet Berman-Cohen



## NOAH'S ARK AND THE NEW COVENANT: A New Twist On an Old Story

by Paco Mitchell,, M.A.

*"And the earth was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence. And God saw the earth, and, behold, it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted their way upon the earth. And God said unto Noah: 'The end of all flesh is come before Me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth.'"*

—Genesis: 6:11-13

*"We need to put the Bible on the shelf for twenty years until we learn to read the scripture of life."*

—Father Thomas Berry

**T**HE STORY OF NOAH'S ARK AND THE FLOOD IS SEVERAL THOUSAND YEARS OLD. It is one of the more colorful narratives in the Book of Genesis—thanks, in my opinion, to the inclusion of so many animals. The Ark, that ungainly vessel crammed with creatures, was ordained by God Himself to be built according to divine specifications—made of gopher-wood, smeared with pitch inside and out, so many cubits long and wide and high, with several decks, a big loading ramp and so forth. According to some reports, the Ark was even provided with a trap-door for shoveling out manure, welcome foresight indeed, since the occupants would spend more than a year on board, cooped up inside, while the vessel tossed about on the raging seas. So monumental was the maintenance load, given the volumes of waste, that angels may have been pressed into service to help with the disposal chores.

For centuries, this venerable story was taken for granted as the "Gospel Truth," but as with most stories from the mythic period of history, it does not stand up to modern reality-testing. But if we set aside fundamentalists' insistence on the literal, factual accuracy of every word in the Bible, the story doesn't need to be passed off as a piece of accurate journalism. It is enough to recognize it as an epic poem, a sacred story for the centuries, loved and elaborated, part of the great oral tradition that found its way into the written record of what we call "scripture." As such, we would do better to regard Noah's Ark as a mythic tale rising from the depths of the collective unconscious, expressing some deep truth, however mystifying to modern thinkers.

Scholars find direct, point-by-point parallels between the story of Noah and the older Mesopotamian Epic of Gilgamesh, recorded in cuneiform script on clay tablets. They have also found similar Flood myths occurring in widely dispersed cultures on virtually every continent. These similarities say as much about the mythic nature of the story as they offer "factual proof" that the Flood actually happened. The seashells and other marine fossils found in stones on Italian mountaintops were often taken as sufficient proof of the facticity of the Flood. That was before we understood how fluctuating ice ages can influence sea levels—or how shifting tec-

tonic plates can uplift entire seafloors to create mountain ranges speckled with seashells. Scientific discovery, in other words, cast radical doubt on the old certainties. But archaic stories can still stir the imagination, even if they need a bit of editing. As C. G. Jung said, "The eternal truths cannot be transmitted mechanically. In every epoch, they must be born anew from the human psyche." My concern is not to prove or disprove anything—neither to elevate nor to de-bunk the story of Noah. My interest lies in using the story of Noah as an archetypal pattern against which to revise our moral understanding of ourselves, in the context of modern conditions. The story of Noah and the Flood is a timeless, cautionary morality tale, but that doesn't prevent us from re-imagining the moral dynamic implicit in the archetypal narrative.

Typically, the old Flood stories, including Noah's, begin with a deity who sets out to destroy civilization because of sinfulness, corruption and violence among humans. This act of divine retribution is thus portrayed as a consequence of our having violated something sacred, not only in the world but also, presumably, within our own nature, since we were "made in the image of God." But in addition to this sacred something within us, there is also something in humans that tends to "stray" from the divine will—i.e., the instinctual guidelines laid down for us by the Creator from the beginning. One consequence of our errant ways, our violations of Divine Law, may be a fundamentally guilty conscience, out of which are generated—among other symptoms—universal images and fears of being punished for our infractions. Extinction, or near-extinction, would certainly qualify as one such "divine" punishment.

Out of the deep root of this idea of violation and retribution grew the doctrine of "original sin," which is as much an experience as a concept. The Genesis account of the Garden of Eden is one of its earliest expressions. Guilt attaches to human consciousness—a consequence of having eaten the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, thus splitting the world in two with the awareness of our separateness. The bad conscience—however much we try to suppress it—is related to our alienation from the original condition: the

ecstatic animal state of instinct and natural piety. The sin of consciousness drove our “expulsion” from the Garden, led to our loss of at-oneness with the Divine, and has spawned much of the destruction that dogs our human tracks.

The various Flood stories involve the catastrophic image of a major extinction event coming down on our heads, which we—as a species—always seem to escape by the skin of our teeth. Or so we like to tell ourselves. It is as if, mythically speaking, the world must be destroyed in order to be periodically re-born. The coupling of death with re-birth is an idea so old, so archetypal, that historian of religion Mircea Eliade once said that the very existence of a Myth of the End of the World guarantees the possibility of a new beginning.

When I first read those words, long before the climate crisis had reached its current pitch of intensity, I took heart at Eliade’s insight. Now, present conditions seem in danger of outrunning mythic wisdom, and I am not as encouraged about new beginnings for humanity as I once was. But I still think we should keep searching for wisdom. However late we are in coming to it, we can still open ourselves to the psychological and emotional implications of this archetypal process of death and re-birth.

\* \* \*

Toward the end of the biblical story, Noah sent a dove on several reconnaissance missions to see if any dry land had reappeared yet. On one trip, the dove returned with a freshly-broken olive branch in its beak. That was the sign Noah was waiting for—the reappearance of green life after the encompassing, gray-black devastation of the Flood. The culmination of the story is when God makes His curious promise to Noah not to destroy the earth again, at least not by flood. That was the Covenant that God made with humans—a promise not to destroy the earth a second time. Good news for us.

Now, fast-forward four thousand years, and consider the fix we’re in. I’m referring to the possibility that we might so upset the ecological balance of the planet—up to and including the global climate—that large swaths of life, including ours, may be destroyed.

Even if we disregard future crises, the present situation already touches on extremes. As I write, staggering numbers of animal extinctions are already occurring, and we are driving both the climate, and the weather, effectively insane. Extremities thus prevail on all sides, witness my own speculative extremes in puzzling over how and why this happened, and how we should be thinking about it. There are countless aspects to the question. If we chart the human course since the early Neolithic age, for example, when our technical inventiveness virtually exploded, it almost seems that our progressive technical industriousness and developing consciousness—the fruit of the Fall—has brought us to what may have been a shadowy, unconscious goal all along: To usurp the position of the deity and assume control of life itself. In effect, we have been acting more and more like fallen angels attempting to occupy the heavenly throne.

We have mistaken what it meant for us to be “made in God’s image,” taking into our own hands the divine power of life and death, over the entire planet and “every creeping thing” upon it. This is our well-known, prideful modern habit of “playing God,” our titanic hubris, already foreshadowed in the Book of Genesis when we awarded ourselves dominion over the entire earth and commanded ourselves to multiply. Except that this “playing God” is neither a game nor a joke. We are intervening—interfering, actually—in the most deadly and dangerous ways with the foundations of life. Such powers as we wield today were unimaginable in the time of Noah, who would have had his hands full just in constructing the Ark. Compared to modern standards, the Ark was a relatively innocent operation—if one doesn’t count the forests that would have been chopped down, or the animals that would have been displaced, in order to build the cumbersome craft.

The innate human striving that has given us modern civilization leaves us in a curious position. Like deluded half-gods, we carry on in ways that, if unabated, seem to guarantee our virtual, even literal, extinction. Thus, we serve as agents of divine retribution against ourselves; and because so many other species are positioned to go down with us, we must realize that the period of human dominion may conceivably play itself out as the sixth major extinction event, or “biotic crisis,” on Earth. The fifth, most recent one—the Cretaceous-Paleogene extinction event, as it is now known—took place sixty-some million years ago, long before we were around to stir up trouble.

I understand that, in expressing these opinions, I place myself among a minority of “alarmists,” but I don’t think sounding the climate alarm is unwarranted. Nor am I alone in asking whether there might not be some ironic fate in store for humanity—a fate not consciously chosen, but toward which our conscious purposiveness is driving us, at the expense of deeper levels of life, being and meaning. What a grim trick of fate it would be if, after this whole evolutionary course of human bluster and brilliance, the poet T. S. Eliot turned out to be right when he said, “This is the way the world ends/Not with a bang, but a whimper.”

It would be wonderful if we could send out our own dove—our own angel of the future—to reconnoiter one or two centuries hence, and see if the winged-messenger might bring back another green olive branch. If we only knew more precisely where we were headed, perhaps it would clear our minds. But as it stands, we don’t really know whether human life will even be possible one or two hundred years from now. So, we will have to muddle along, placing our bets, taking our chances, and paying the price for our choices. As an old Spanish proverb has it: Quien quiere celeste, que le cueste. A roughly comparable English translation would be, “Take what you want, says God, and pay for it.”

\* \* \*

In view of the above considerations, I suggest we re-consider the story of Noah’s Ark and the Flood, asking how we might re-frame it today.

*"If we give our whole substance to this task, making the promise count, perhaps we can send it forth like Noah's dove. But even if the odds are against the New Covenant, the fact that the task is difficult does not make it impossible. Mircea Eliade had something to say about the great mystery of transformation: ... "*

For me, the crucial element in the Noah story is the Covenant. At the end of the old narrative, it was God who made the promise to Noah and, through him, to humans. The vow not to destroy the earth and civilization again, after destroying it once, had to go in that direction—from God toward humanity—because to destroy the entire earth was not within humanity's power, at least not yet. But in the millennia since the Book of Genesis was compiled, we have radically altered the power equation, arrogating to ourselves the godly power of creation and destruction on a planetary scale. Therefore, I believe we should reverse the direction of the Covenant. Now it is humans who must make a promise to God, humans who must vow not to destroy the earth again, as we have been doing for centuries. First, of course, we must survive the current crisis. But it would not be a bad idea to start working out the implications of the New Covenant as we navigate the coming Flood of climate havoc.

I realize it would be a fool's errand to make this call for a New Covenant and expect to see it happen in my own lifetime. I expect no such thing. The inertia attaching to old habits and existing systems is great indeed. But I believe it is important for anyone who is capable of imagining a healthier balance in the relationship between humans and the environment, the planet and the cosmos, to do so, and with dispatch. There could not be a more poignant, propitious moment for all of us to bring our own share of creative imagination to bear upon the problems we all face. The disastrous, systemic climate changes that are upon us are only going to accelerate and intensify in the coming years and decades.

Of course, we are limited by our pride, which constrains our ability to change course. We are also limited (would "enslaved" be too strong a word?) by our dependence upon the complex systems

we have built. I suspect we will see, perhaps sooner than we realize, rapid simplifications forced upon us, paradoxically, by our protracted, centuries-long "triumph" over Nature. And our modern world is so thoroughly, utterly profaned, that the idea of its re-sacralization, by means of a New Covenant, seems impossibly far-fetched.

I am aware of these limitations and caveats. But I am also aware that an ethical responsibility attaches to anyone who presents her- or himself to the world as a "healer," who presumes to be an "artist" or otherwise has a share in the realization of humanity's creative potentials. Even the claim of conscious awareness, let alone the presumption of a knowledge of dreams, entails profound responsibilities. This is true even for those who believe they are "not creative"—which is never altogether true.

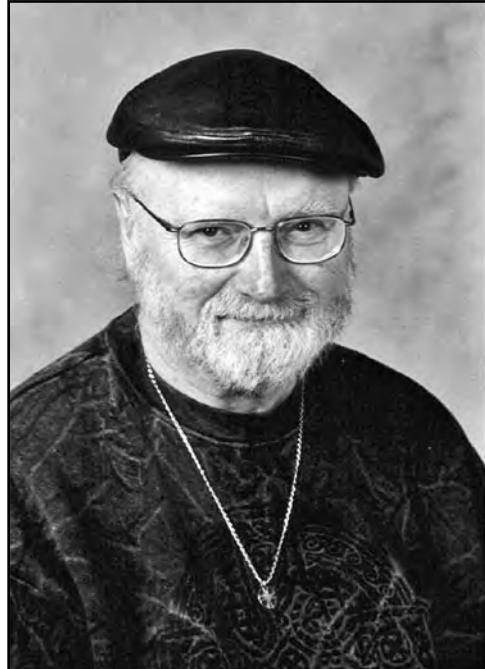
Little by little, we are learning the extent to which we are all in the same boat, for we share an Ark far greater than anything Noah ever built—Earth as vessel. Although I frame the daunting task of formulating the New Covenant as a collective human obligation, it begins in small ways, in the dreams and fantasies, the thoughts, feelings and emotions, of countless individuals. Whatever names we give to it—that unknown something we call "God"—each of us must re-locate the divine presence, the mysterium tremendum, within our contemporary experience. And if my intuitions are valid, the vital phenomena of Earth itself will eventually occupy a central position, as the focal point of our devotions.

A few thousand years ago we envisioned God as residing in super-terrestrial, celestial regions. We looked up to the sky and saw "heaven." But our telescopes and rockets have long since transcended those antique, physical boundaries. This time, the New Covenant will not have so far to go in order to reach its divine destination, which will be close at hand. Nor will we ourselves have to travel great distances to gather the ethical, experiential ingredients out of which to fashion the Promise.

As I have already hinted, we students of dreams are well-positioned to make significant contributions, insofar as we pay attention to our dreams and follow their hints. If we can perceive and track the dream-fire within, we should be able to see its corollary images burning synchronistically in the world. By paying careful attention, and seeing through the conceptual boundaries that impede us, we can map the dream-patterns that prefigure the future, charting their shapes and movements, both in dream-time and in conventional space-time. As individuals, we can work on our own rough drafts of the New Covenant, and collectively, we can share the results with others.

If we give our whole substance to this task, making the promise count, perhaps we can send it forth like Noah's dove. But even if the odds are against the New Covenant, the fact that the task is difficult does not make it impossible. Mircea Eliade had something to say about the great mystery of transformation:

"Nothing lasts within the heart. Even the most certified conviction can be annulled by a single gesture." ∞



## The Fictive Purpose of Dreams Part Three:

# Dream Brut

By Russell Arthur Lockhart, Ph. D.

brut, adj. (Fr.) rough, raw, uncivilized  
—*The American Heritage Dictionary*

**A**RT BRUT. LITERALLY, “RAW,” “ROUGH,” “UNCIVILIZED” ART. Art produced by people outside the history, traditions and institutions of the cultural art world. In the words of the artist who coined this term, Jean Dubuffet, *art brut* consists of:

*Those works created from solitude and from pure and authentic creative impulses—where the worries of competition, acclaim and social promotion do not interfere—are, because of these very facts, more precious than the productions of professionals.*

Dubuffet’s characterization of the cultural art world was brutal:

*After a certain familiarity with these flourishings of an exalted feverishness, lived so fully and so intensely by their authors, we cannot avoid the feeling that in relation to these works, cultural art in its entirety appears to be the game of a futile society, a fallacious parade.*

Dubuffet claimed the cultural art world would always “absorb” any new development. He felt *art brut* would never be assimilated. The outsider artists would simply be ignored. For this reason, the outsider artists would be the source of the truly “new.” *Art brut* was thus “immune” from the suffocating atmosphere of the cultural art world.

Dubuffet’s optimism was short-lived, as *art brut* has become commodified and brought under the “safe” wing

of the traditional art world and its moneyed values. “*Art brut* joins the market frenzy,” screams one recent headline. Another: “Flippers Chase Fresh Stars in Art Market as Doodles Soar From \$7,000 to \$401,000.” Note the emphasis on money value and not on any deeper value, not on anything related to what Robert Henri so pointedly called “the art spirit.”

*Art brut* has been absorbed. *Art brut* has been assimilated. *Art brut* is no more.

Dreams too may be thought of as raw, rough, uncivilized. So I’ll appropriate Dubuffet’s term and speak of *dreams brut*. But let’s face it. What gets enshrined in the cultural dream world are *not* dreams, but *theories* of dreams; not the raw, rough, uncivilized dream itself, but the *interpreters* of dreams. That’s the content, that’s the canon. Dreams themselves remain outsiders, marginalized, hidden away, or seen by much of the scientific community as nonsense, meaningless, or worse. Certainly not something for public discourse; not something for political, or economic arenas; not something to inform, teach and guide society. Not something to sound the alarm as the culture makes its sad, but now seemingly inevitable way to the cliff.

Dreams may be one of the last experiential frontiers that are *not* subject to commodification. No one will buy a dream and I know of no one selling dreams. One might be tempted to take heart from this, but I fear that is a naïve hope in the face of the march of science. New research into

sleep promises that it will soon be possible to develop a pill to eliminate sleep and therefore dreams entirely. Sounds like a new multi-billion dollar industry on the horizon.

Then, in the not too distant future, dreams will be forgotten. Then, dreams will not even be experienced. Will they be missed?

Until such time, I want to champion the importance of sleep and dreaming as a primary source of what *cannot* be gleaned from any other source. A case in point is the dream I described in the last issue. In that dream, I find a crumpled piece of paper. Unfolding it, I saw a strange equation: Gustav Meyrink divided by *Art Brut* equals The Key. It was signed with a backward capital R.

The dream occurred within a context. I had been reading Meyrink's *The Golem*. I had been studying the history of *art brut* for an essay I was writing on my mother's one painting, which she signed with her name—*backwards*. I was reading Dante's *Inferno*, when I received a call from the library that my request for Dan Brown's *Inferno*, was in. The Key plays a prominent part in these and other things that might be brought into this contextual mix.

I think it is fair to say that the dream has mixed these various elements together in a way that I never would have come up with by any conscious intention or machination. Even though I have experienced in one way or another all aspects of this dream in other contexts, something I cannot quite wrap my mind around is presented by the dream in the form of this formula. As I stewed with the dream, I found myself trying to "solve" the equation. This gave way to the realization that it was not an equation to be solved, unless I think of "The Key" as an unknown. But as I mulled the equation it did not feel like an unknown, but more like a *fact*: that The Key is Meyrink divided by *art brut*. It was clear that it was Meyrink that was to be "divided," not *The Golem*. But how was I to understand *art brut* as a divisor? I was convinced this was not a mathematical issue, but a psychological issue. When we say, for example, that "I am of two minds," or something like, "it is partisan politics that divides us," we are always thinking of some "whole" that is "divided" into parts that may not function well in this split, divided, condition. But how does *art brut* divide?

How would it divide Gustav Meyrink? Meyrink is the greatest German writer of supernatural fiction. Even Jung refers to Meyrink's *The Golem* when he begins to analyze Wolfgang Pauli's dreams in *Psychology and Alchemy*. Meyrink got into studying the supernatural when his attempted suicide was interrupted by a booklet called *Afterlife* pushed under his door just as he was about to pull the trigger.

That was a dividing line in Meyrink's life. Another was when he was sent to prison for fraud in attempting to use spiritu-

alism for gains in his banking business. Out of that dividing line, came *The Golem*. *Art brut* is sometimes referred to as "outsider art," emphasizing how much *art brut* artists are "outside" the cultural art world. Here we see Meyrink being thrust into the outsider position, separated, divided from more conventional and bourgeois status, by some "outsider" machinations (who pushed that booklet under Meyrink's door at just the crucial moment?), and out of this division comes his greatest fictive work.

As you can see, these reflections begin to gain some traction on understanding the dream, that is, that *art brut* functions as a dividing force, separating in fateful ways, one way of life from another, and that *this* is The Key. The Key becomes the way to unlock the future.

But these interpretive moves left me unmoved, a bit high and dry in relation to "something else." This something else is the *fictive* pull of this dream. Not to understand it, but to participate in it, to be in the presence of its unfolding, as the dream story "unfolds" its mysterious wrinkles. In short, what's next?

So, I faced the blank page and began falling into a state of receptivity to what presented itself. I let go of intentionality to open more the potential of the dream story. A kind of "mist" developed. Sometimes in this state, an image presents itself, sometimes a sound, sometimes words. I wait for the mist to be penetrated by "something." At some point, the "flow" begins. I write what comes.

*Trying to relax before my lecture, I had gone off to be alone. I can't take in all that small chatter when I'm about to speak to an audience, the distraction muddles me. As I walked slowly down the pristine hallway practicing the calming effect of deep breathing, an out of place piece of crumpled paper catches my eye. I stoop down, pick it up, and unfold it. Odd. The words I see are in the form of an equation: Gustav Meyrink divided by Art Brut equals The Key. There is also a reversed capital R as if signed by the writer of the note.*

*I stand and look around, seeing no one. I stare at the equation. My mind goes every which way, like horses escaping confinement. I know about Meyrink. I know art brut. But how is that The Key? The key to what? And who is R?*

*As I'm chasing these wild thought-horses, I hear some one's shoes click clacking on the tiles. I crumple the note in my hand and turn to see Professor George fast approaching.*

*"Ah! There you are, Hanley, glad I've caught*

*you before the lecture. What's the matter man? Look at your hands shaking—vibrating more like it. Jesus, calm down man. Lecture nerves got you I imagine. Listen, there's been a change in plans. Professor Godwin has taken sick and won't be here. The Lecture Committee has appointed Professor Renato to take his place and discuss your work. Don't know the man myself but I didn't want you to be surprised. Good luck, then. I'll catch up later.*

This bit of narrative is sufficient to illustrate a number of points. I made no attempt to "make up" a story. I did concentrate on getting myself into an "empty mind" state of receptivity. The best description I can make of the experience from then on is that I became *scribe* to what was coming from what I have called elsewhere the "presentational" psyche. This is the "speech" of what Butler calls "the white hot center of you." It is the place, as he titled his book, "from where you dream." The story mind takes the dream and begins to weave. At this point one does not stop and ask, "What does this mean?" Instead, one asks, "What comes next?" As you take in the above narrative that is likely your question as well.

In my experience, there are two nexts. One is the next in the narrative. I won't go into that now, but will save it for next time. The other, is what is the next dream or experience that follows from this fictive step?

The next dream was this. *I am presenting this essay as a lecture to an audience. At a certain point I stop and ask for comments. Eager hands shoot up all around. Then, in the back of the room, a tall, slender and older man with a goatee, a somewhat ominous figure, stands up, approaches about half way down the aisle and shouts out, "Indolence!"*

I wake with this word resounding in my ears. The dream occurred before I finished this essay. I was seeking some comments from the audience to help me finish it. Instead, the stern professorial figure announces a stinging judgment: "Indolence!" That is, *laziness, sloth, acedia*. One of the things I cherish about dreams is that they continually surprise with images or scenarios I never would have come up with on my own. Indolence is one of the seven deadly sins—something I or anyone who knows me would never accuse of me. I am not a lazy fellow.

Note how the dream takes up the lecture and audience theme from the narrative. What I have noticed in doing more and more *fictive* work with dreams is that subsequent dreams become "participants" in the narrative process, as if adding to the narrative with new developments, plot twists as it were. In this case, an entirely new figure

is pictured, not likely the discussant Professor Renato (is he the mysterious R?), but an inquisitional figure accusing me of indolence. In the dream, I felt I was being accused of heresy. Something about my work on the fictive purpose of dreams does not sit well with this figure. Why this is so ... I will take up in part four, which I have titled, "*Conversation with the Institutional Inquisitor.*" ∞

## Mr. Pillar Man's Visit

Tall and straight he stands  
looking me over after walking  
into my dream without knocking,  
without invitation or permission.

"No need," he asserts.

"That I am here is enough; that's  
the important thing after all."

He tells me he comes and goes  
in dreams of mine and others.

"Very few know me, even  
fewer know my name.  
Tell the others I will be along soon.  
I've some work to do.

But don't tell them my name.

For now, let's call him

Mr. Pillar Man.

I'm sure you will recognize him  
when he comes to your dream.

Then, sipping latte, in some cafe,  
we can compare hints  
he has dropped.

*From notes on a Christmas Dream, 2013.*  
Russell Lockhart



# Following Your Dreams

Based on an interview with Dr. Ellen Heinitz

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**D**R. ELLEN HEINITZ AND YUMBA SANGA UMBALO, whose nickname is "Ysu" (ee-su), were classmates pursuing their dreams in medical school in Portland, Oregon...but those were not the only dreams they would share. Recently, they acted upon a series of their nightly dreams that would make a difference to countless people on another continent.

After his medical training in the U.S., "Ysu" returned to his homeland to establish a small medical clinic in Lubumbashi in the Democratic Republic of the Congo - in the heart of Africa. In July of 2013, Ellen and her husband, John, spent most of their summer with the Umbalos, assisting Ysu in his Congolese clinic.

In September, when the Heinitzes returned home to their respective jobs, Ellen received an e-mail from Ysu, stating that the jeep used to deliver medical services had broken down, but the night before he had had a dream about "buying an ambulance from a used car lot." Ellen and John knew Ysu placed great significance on his dreams; Umbalos referred to their home in Africa as "The House of Dreams" because those

who stayed with them experienced amazing and prolific dreams that were frequently the topic of discussion at the breakfast table. In fact, Ysu's wife, Theresa, also had a dream of *three ambulances; one was visible and the other two were invisible to everyone but her and Ysu.*

Ellen got on-line to check Craigslist immediately after Ysu e-mailed the dream about buying an ambulance and found a posting for a surplus ambulance from the Oakridge, Oregon Fire Department with a starting bid of \$1,500. Within an hour (in between seeing patients), she called John and told him about the ambulance ... and Ysu's dream ... and asked him how much they should bid. Ellen and John contacted the Oakridge Fire Chief, Tim Whittaker, who asked

them and Ysu to include letters with their bid, explaining how the ambulance would benefit the people of Lubumbashi, whose medical services were sparse. With that, Ellen submitted the letters, and a bid of \$1,500.

About a week before the Heinitzes found the ambulance on Craigslist, John had seen NBC's TV show, "*The Secret Millionaire*." The production was filmed



Ellen Heinitz and John Heinitz

two years earlier and told the story of Oakridge, a city located in a rural landscape of Oregon that was struggling financially. The TV program revealed that a wealthy Texas doctor and his wife heard of their plight and made donations to the city that included a new ambulance for the Fire Department. John realized that this was the same ambulance Ellen had discovered on-line!

Synchronistically, the Heinitz's plans dovetailed with a container of medical and other supplies (supplies that were already being prepared by Ysu's father in the U.S. to be shipped out of Houston, Texas by the end of the year) in which he wanted to include an ambulance.

After submitting the bid, Ellen had two dreams. The first was that *she was in school preparing for her boards* (which were actually in August years earlier, but the test-taking anxiety theme recurred in dreams about the same time every year). *"I am in a class and have to design a landscape for a rich man, complete with plants, that are part of the security around the house and functionality of the landscape."* She e-mailed this dream to Ysu, who interpreted it as being relative to the ambulance project; having improved medical equipment would equal a new level of care (and security) that was the "landscape of the dream."

In Ellen's second dream, *she is "pruning and trimming trees,"* which she connected to another of Ysu's dreams that he had after the original ambulance dream, where there is a *"mango tree with too much fruit to pick."* These dreams would tie into what was about to happen.

The day before they knew their bid was accepted, Ellen and John had talked about whether or not the ambulance would fit into the container. John had suggested that letting the air out of the tires might work. That night, Ellen had the dream about *trimming trees*, which she interpreted

as "a pruning to help

them bear more fruit, or as a way to make them shorter, like the ambulance that may be too tall."

The next morning, while driving her car, the tire pressure icon appeared on her dash. She took this as "confirmation from God that we were going to get the ambulance" - and by 10:00 that morning, the call came.

The Heinitz's bid of \$1,500 was the low-

est Whittaker received, but he accepted it after learning about the intended use for the vehicle. However, the City of Oakridge went further. Ellen and John traveled to Oakridge's City Council meeting to present their check and purchase the ambulance and make a presentation about the Congolese clinic, but were surprised by the "secret plan" of the City and Fire Department to donate the vehicle outright and "pay the \$1500 forward." Whittaker and his colleagues acquired more donations of medical supplies from other fire departments so that the ambulance would be fully stocked when it left their premises. In fact, Mayor Jerry Shorey even suggested Lubumbashi be a "sister city" to Oakridge. The ambulance was delivered to the Heinitzes in Grants Pass, Oregon shortly afterward.

The Heinitzes put their \$1,500 to good use by purchasing bigger ticket items to place in the ambulance for the clinic. They also intended to include Christmas gifts for an orphanage (purchased by a friend and her church group).

However, the ambulance ended up being too big for the container, so would have to be shipped by itself. A posting for a driver went to the shipping company on November 7, but after a month, they had not received any calls from drivers who wanted to transport it from Grant's Pass to Houston. Ellen knew it was because they were waiting for the gifts to arrive from Portland, so John picked them up, and upon his return, they packed them inside the ambulance the night before I interviewed Ellen.

Ironically, during the interview for this article, she had a call from a driver, which was the first one she had received since it had been posted! The ambulance was on its way the next week. Ellen stated, "It was waiting for the presents. The ambulance was a gift and it is arriving in Africa, full of gifts. That seems so right."

Ellen explained that in African culture, time is perceived differently than in our tightly scheduled way of life; it can take a while to create relationships that bear fruit. She said that it is important to recognize windows of opportunity and to trust one's instincts—and dream life—as there are messages and validations for the journey. In this case, the dream images were trees and a landscape rich with (the) fruit (of



Ellen and John Heinitz and Tim Whittaker, Fire Chief, Oakridge, OR Fire Department - and the ambulance bound for the Congolese medical clinic in Lubumbashi, Africa.

labor); also, a dream pun about their benefactor city of OAKridge.

And there is yet another dream of Ysu's that Ellen relates - one that he had after the initial ambulance dream:

*"Ysu is walking in the streets of Lubumbashi and he sees a tree and eats fruit from that tree. There is a royal procession coming down the street and Ysu steps aside to allow for it to pass and behold the Queen. The Queen beckons him and asks him why he walked away when he saw the procession coming. She is surprised that he recognizes her as the Queen."*

Ellen is humble in describing Ysu's interpretation of this dream —that Ellen was the Queen, or the liaison, who had the entourage of people who had the skills and heart for what they could do for Lubumbashi - and that their intent and visions were the same.

And so, the reality manifested when they paid attention to and followed their dreams.

For further information about this project, contact Dr. Ellen Heinitz at [ellendayheinitz@hotmail.com](mailto:ellendayheinitz@hotmail.com).



#### **BIOS:**

Dr. Ellen Heinitz graduated with honors from the National College of Naturopathic Medicine after receiving a bachelor's degree in Nutrition from Oregon State University. She has been in practice for 10 years. Dr. Heinitz uses a variety of traditional and conventional healing modalities including nutritional, herbal, homeopathic, and intravenous therapies, as well as compounded hormones and pharmaceutical medications to treat both acute and chronic conditions.

Dr. Heinitz has appeared regularly on television, radio, and has spoken internationally on behalf of the USDA Organic program. She seeks to educate her patients and the public in order to bring about a personal transformation to health. John Heinitz is a teacher of all age groups for over 16 years. As an expert in child development, he has been a preschool teacher, as well as a trainer of early childhood educators. John has been married to the love of his life, Ellen, for seventeen years. They enjoy golfing, travel, spending time with family and friends, and love Jesus. ∞

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via email: <[marlene@dreamtimesguide.com](mailto:marlene@dreamtimesguide.com)>

#### **Messages from the Other Side** (Continued from page 21)

After this dream, I came out of shut-down, was able to cry, to feel the sadness of losing someone precious, and at the same time, realizing life doesn't stop at death and might even be quite enjoyable once we arrive on the other side.

Nevertheless, this was a very young person dying unexpectedly. There wasn't only sadness; of course, there was anger as well. The next night I dreamt:

*I'm having a terrific row with three very haughty ladies. They have their hair piled up high on their heads and wear expensive dresses and jewelry. I find them pompous.*

*I feel they've done me a great injustice and want them to understand that. I am so angry I could ram their heads through the wall. I shout at them at the top of my voice, but they don't react. I feel utterly frustrated about that. I then realize that what I'm doing is completely useless, they don't show any reaction whatsoever.*

I took me a while to realize that in this dream I was spending a hell of a lot of energy shouting at the Fates. Who, of course, never reacted, precisely because they were the Fates. So, I decided I'd better look up and re-read the text in Ecclesiastes 3:1-8 (King James' version), which in all its wisdom did help me to make the loss more bearable.

*"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:*

*A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;*

*A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;*

*A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;*

*A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing.*

*A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;*

*A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;*

*A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace."*

And what better bearer of peace than a message from beyond the veil, assuring us that this life is not all there is and there will be a time to begin anew in another dimension of our everlasting existence? ∞



Lauren Z. Schneider,

# Tarotpy®

An Innovative Approach

to Depth Therapy and Dreamwork

An Interview with Lauren Z. Schneider, M.A., M.F.T.

By Bambi Corso



Bambi Corso

LAUREN IS THE FOUNDER OF THE INSTITUTE OF DREAMS AND TAROTPY® where she offers a 6-month training and certification program titled, Tarotpy: An Innovative Approach to Depth Therapy and Dreamwork. She is also a contributing author for the book *Ecotherapy: Healing with Nature in Mind*. Tarotpy is included in the *Encyclopedia for Sleep and Dreams*, compiled out of Harvard.

Pioneered in 1983 by Lauren Z. Schneider, M.A., M.F.T., Tarotpy combines psychotherapy practices such as family systems, hypnotherapy, narrative therapy and dream work with ancient metaphysical tools for accessing our inner wisdom and innate capacity for healing. Tarotpy uses the rich archetypal imagery of Tarot, Dream Cards, Soul Cards, etc. to lay the unconscious on the table and engage the creative imagination in problem solving and psycho-spiritual development. While on the one hand, Tarotpy is a useful projective tool; on the other hand, there is evidence of an unconscious mastermind at play in the "random" selection of specific images. Like dreams, Tarotpy goes quickly to the heart of the matter, bringing into awareness emotional, behavioral and relationship patterns. For therapists, this is a highly effective method for individual and relationship counseling; and for laypersons Tarotpy is a powerful tool for meditation, guidance and transformation.

**Bambi Corso:** Having originally met you at a DreamTending training back in 1997, I have watched you develop your practice of Tarotpy and dreamwork. Can you share with the readers how this all began?

**Lauren Schneider:** In the summer of 1983, I left a well-paid job in television. Like the Fool of the Tarot deck, I walked off the conventional track and had no idea where I was going. One day, while I was standing at a bookstore, a stranger struck up a conversation. He held up this thick yellow book with tattered edges and explained that this was an ancient tool for guidance. He shared with me that thousands of years ago, the Chinese observed Nature with such great precision that they therefore came to understand the laws of the Universe. They observed that the same patterns in nature influence every level of existence, including family relationships, politics, social structures, and the individual psyche. Guided by these universal laws one could walk in harmony with life. Then, the man handed me his cherished traveling companion with the color pencil drawings in the inside flap, and diagrams for how to use the tool, and said, "You are supposed to walk with this now."

I was still clueless as to why the man handed me this book or what it was about. The book was the I Ching, translated by Wilhelm and I was intrigued because of the introduction written by Carl Jung. I imagined that if the great pioneer of modern psychology had found value in this book, I might too.

Two weeks later, at a café, another stranger appeared, handing me a deck of Tarot with essentially the same message, "You are supposed to have this". I learned the man's name was Gary, a philosophy major who had recently dropped out of a Ph.D. program. He placed the 22 cards of the Major Arcana in order on the bar table and informed me that these archetypal images, laid out in progression, show the path of individuation. "Tarot is, above all, a symbolic system of self-transformation", he explained. During that summer with nothing better to do, I met with Gary every three weeks to be tutored in the Tarot and the I Ching. He didn't teach me how to interpret symbols and metaphors or instruct me about the traditional meanings of these oracular tools. He simply taught me how to randomly select images from the Tarot and to throw coins to determine the correct I Ching page to read in response to a question. Like poetry, the metaphors of this ancient text and the images from these medieval cards awakened my intuitive wisdom. These images and words illuminated my inner truth. I heard a deeper resonance in my voice when I said, "I need to sit on my backside for two months and then I will know what to do."

My life completely changed as a result of these encounters with what I consider to be guardian angels, one whose name I never knew and the other who changed his name to an unpronounceable symbol.

**BC:** What an amazing example of synchronicity and destiny. So, you

take this huge leap of faith, and in the free fall are basically caught by two strangers who both seem to have been divinely placed in your path. How did these two encounters affect your life and what happened next?

**LS:** At the end of that fateful summer, I entered a conventional Masters program in psychotherapy with the I Ching and the Tarot tucked in my pockets while I continued to get my degree and opened my own practice. I continued to use the I Ching almost daily for personal meditation and guidance; it has been a most reliable and wise teacher. Instead of any formal study of the Tarot, I applied psychotherapeutic theory and method, such as hypnotherapy, family systems, psychoanalysis, semiotics, and dream analysis for working with archetypal imagery.

**BC:** Can you say more about how the Tarot cards work therapeutically?

**LS:** Since the language of the unconscious is images, Tarotpy uses the rich symbolic imagery of Tarot, Dream Cards, and other archetypal images for the purpose of making the unconscious, with all its potentialities, conscious. The use of imagery bypasses rational constructs and engages unconscious process. When people are shuffling the cards, they automatically put themselves in a light trance. By focusing on the images of the cards, they defocus from the problem and relax the vigilant ego. Archetypal imagery is a projective tool, which invites a client's associations and reveals concerns gently and without direct confrontation. Imagery seeds the unconscious so that insights can spontaneously burst into awareness; and new perspectives can unravel stuck beliefs and unconscious patterns. Tarotpy functions like a waking dream, so that no matter what image is selected, the client looks into a symbolic mirror that reflects back inner thoughts, beliefs,

and relationship patterns. Tarotpy lays out a map of the inner Self.

**BC:** How did the idea of Tarotpy actually come about?

**LS:** Tarotpy evolved over 30 years and hundreds of case studies through inspiration, experimentation, play and "divine accidents". Although I faced a lot of rolled eyes and disbelief from colleagues, I could not put these tools down. I have observed that this integrative method accelerates the course of psychotherapy, reducing what may take months of treatment to a few sessions. Like dreams, this interactive method of using Tarot cards allows us to access the realm of Soul, Intuition and Higher Consciousness.

**BC:** I know that you frequently get asked this question, but is Tarotpy a form of fortune telling?

**LS:** No, I am always mindful to use Tarotpy within the framework of psychotherapy. When someone asks me to make a prediction or to tell them the outcome of a situation, I gently direct them to explore the emotional, spiritual and relational meaning and impact of a situation or problem. Tarotpy highlights how our thoughts, beliefs, self-image, emotional energy and relationship dynamics shape the patterns of our outer lives. Tarotpy works because there is an interactive relationship between psyche (inner consciousness) and matter, i.e. the cards.

**BC:** How have you been able to integrate Tarotpy and dreamwork?

**LS:** As with dream work, the core principal of Tarotpy embodies a profound respect for the inherent wisdom, creativity and wholeness of the psyche (a term I use to describe both personal and universal consciousness.)

Every night, when ego is asleep, dreams open a window to our inner landscape and "soul's code." Dreams offer information about our

body, mind and spirit in the service of our healing and wholeness. Beyond our personal development, dreams offer messages for the well-being of the community and planet as a whole.

Many clients, however, do not remember their dreams and a doorway into their inner wisdom and resources seems hidden. I use Tarotpy to stimulate imagination that may be otherwise blocked in some clients. Tarotpy allows us to access the intelligence of the dreaming mind with open eyes. Working with dreams, I came to understand that there is an intelligent organizing principle that generates images and narratives; this greater consciousness knows who we are and who we are meant to be beyond our conscious, familial and habitual self. Similarly, there appears to be an unconscious mastermind at play in the random selection of cards. This intelligent organizing principle comes in dreams, meditation, and waking life as meaningful events, relationships and synchronicities to help us live into our greatest potential and fulfill our unique destiny.

**BC:** Can you share an example of how Tarotpy works?

**LS:** In an ongoing dream group, one member named Lucy did not have a dream so I offered Tarotpy to do inner work. Lucy selected a deck from the thirty plus decks in my office. She randomly selected and placed a card in the center of the layout, which she called "the heart center." The card said "*King of Swords*" and appeared to represent that a strong masculine or patriarchal character was central to her life. Lucy said that her dad was a very important role model.

What was most interesting was Lucy's very specific connection to the father image in the card. In most decks, the patriarchal image of the King is usually from the Renaissance or ancient period in history. This King from the Karma Tarot deck is high tech, holding modern missiles. Below him read the words, Nuclear and Atom. Lucy's father was in fact a nuclear scientist who worked on the atom. She explored how her father supports her but also represents too intellectual an approach to work; as a training psychotherapist, she needed to trust her emotional intelligence as much as her brilliant intellect. She did not want to move the card from her heart center. But, this Tarotpy session stimulated a series of dreams in which she lived next door to her father, shifting the overpowering influence to a more equal relationship.

The same creative resource for problem solving that comes in dreams also comes through the random selection of images. Images unlock the creative imagination and access an innate healing capacity.

**BC:** As a therapist, have you been able to integrate this idea of Tarotpy into your practice?

**LS:** Initially, I kept my regular therapy practice separate from Tarotpy. I was afraid that my license might be burned at the stake. I experimented with friends and colleagues and people came to me by word of mouth. Over time, I came to trust Tarotpy as a highly effective therapeutic method and began using it in my practice with individuals, couples, families and groups. With profound awe and respect for how psyche communicates, I continue to witness and document significant results with this method.

**BC:** We have discussed our mutual belief that everything is connected, that there is a relationship between all living things and that so many of us are feeling the effects of what is happening to the environment and the creatures that share this earth. Do you see this playing out in your Tarotpy and dreamwork sessions as well?

**LS:** Many of my clients are super sensitive; like the "canaries in the mine", they feel deeply affected by the destruction taking place all over the world to people, the environment, and animals. We see signs of dysfunction daily in financial institutions, governmental bodies, shocking current events and apocalyptic movies that reflect our collective nightmares. Whether or not people consciously identify the source of their distress, there is now an official diagnosis called Eco-anxiety. Ecotherapy has become a large part of my practice as I work with clients to create inner balance and core resilience while living in an unstable world. I believe that the essence of pathology is the illusion of separation from oneself, significant others, community and nature. Dream work and Tarotpy restore the experience of wholeness and belonging to an intelligent, interconnected field; and offer healing images, not only for the individual client, but also for the culture as a whole. ∞



For more information, please visit Laurens website, [www.dreamsandtarot.com](http://www.dreamsandtarot.com).

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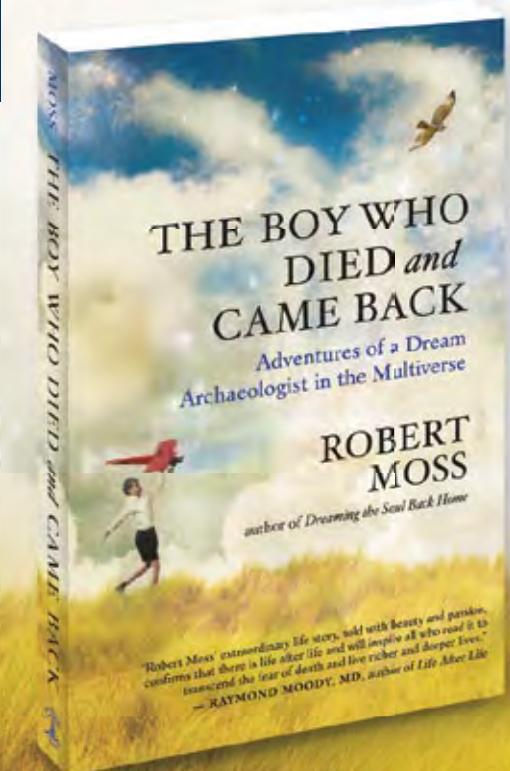
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