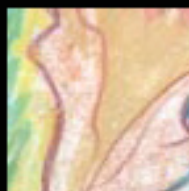


- click image to enter -

WELCOME TO THE 2006 PSIBERDREAMING ART GALLERY



undulates
as any part
or planet,
celestial body



Copyright: All images contained herein are protected by copyright. They may not be used, copied, transmitted or reproduced in whole or in part in any form nor may they or any part of them be stored in a retrieval system of any nature without written permission from the individual artist. Please send inquiry requests to: [ArtThatGlows](http://www.arthatglows.com) and your request will be forwarded to the appropriate party.

Welcome to the 2006
Psi berDreaming Dream Art Gallery



[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Opening Night Artists

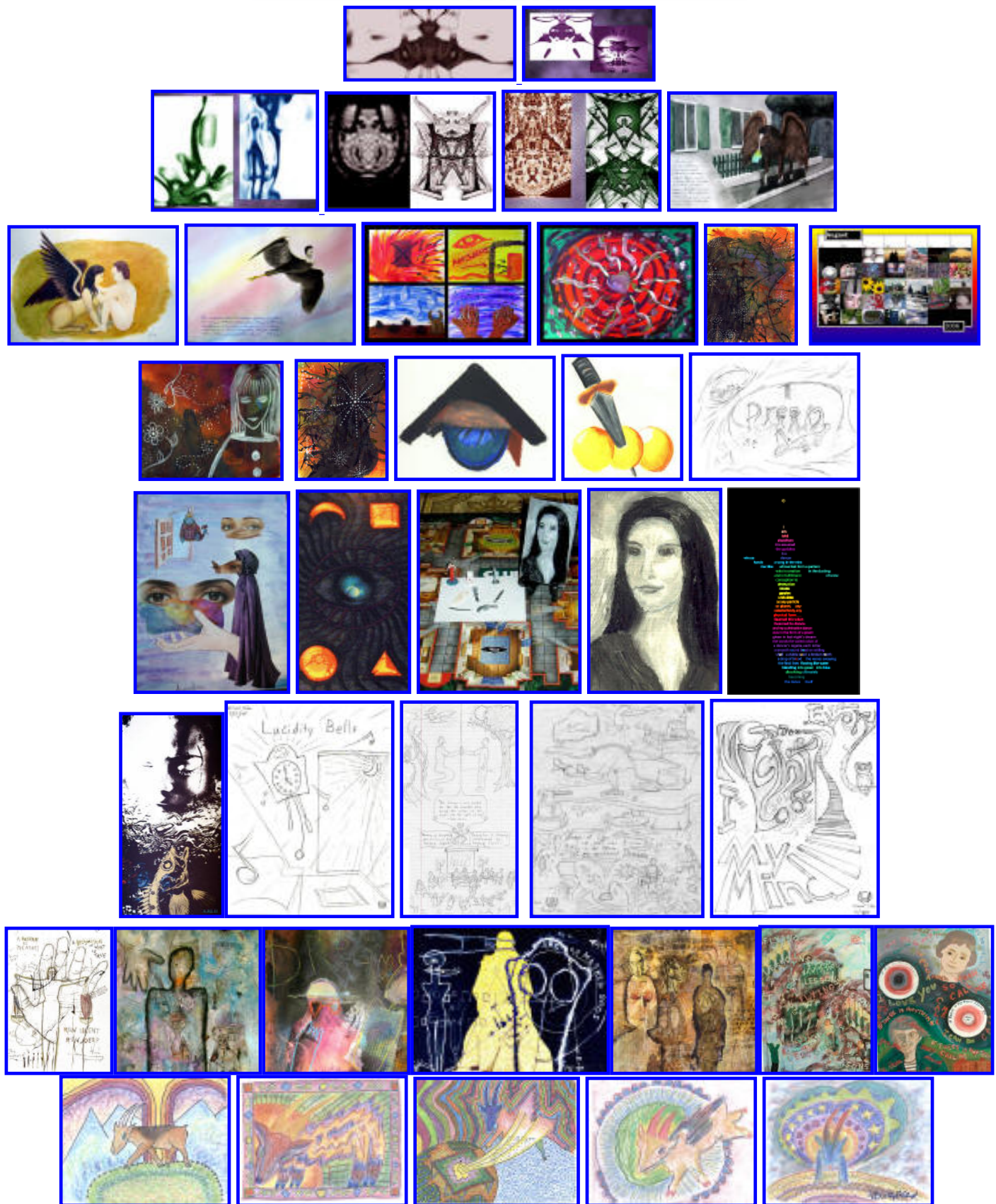
[John Corbett](#)
[Joy Fatooh](#)
[Paula Franklin](#)
[Christopher Gassmann](#)
[Diana Greywolf](#)
[Richard Hilton](#)
[Patricia Kelly \(Poetry\)](#)
[Victoria Rabinowe](#)
[Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#)
[Henry Reed](#)
[Jennifer Star](#)
[Diana Thompson](#)
[Laura Atkinson](#)

Inspired Artists

[Bjo Ashwill](#)
[Kirsten Borum](#)
[Barbara Harris \(Poetry\)](#)
[Rita Hildebrandt](#)
[Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#)
[Elizabeth Stangeland \(aka LizLynne\)](#)
[Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu \(Poetry\)](#)
[Judy Tart](#)
[Richard Wilkerson](#)

Mini Image Gallery

By clicking on the image, you will be brought to the larger image and dream journal description.





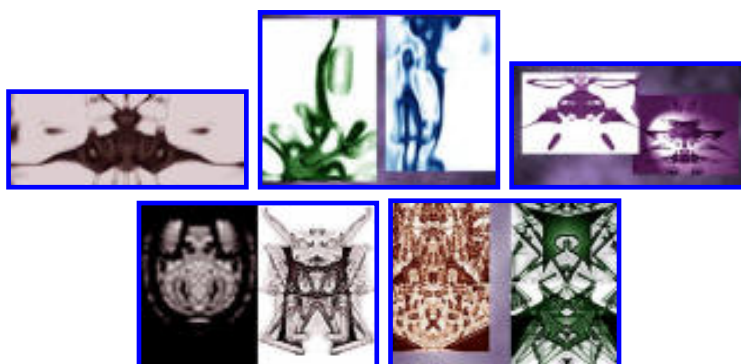
Copyright © IASD PsiberDreaming Art Gallery 2006



[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

John Corbett

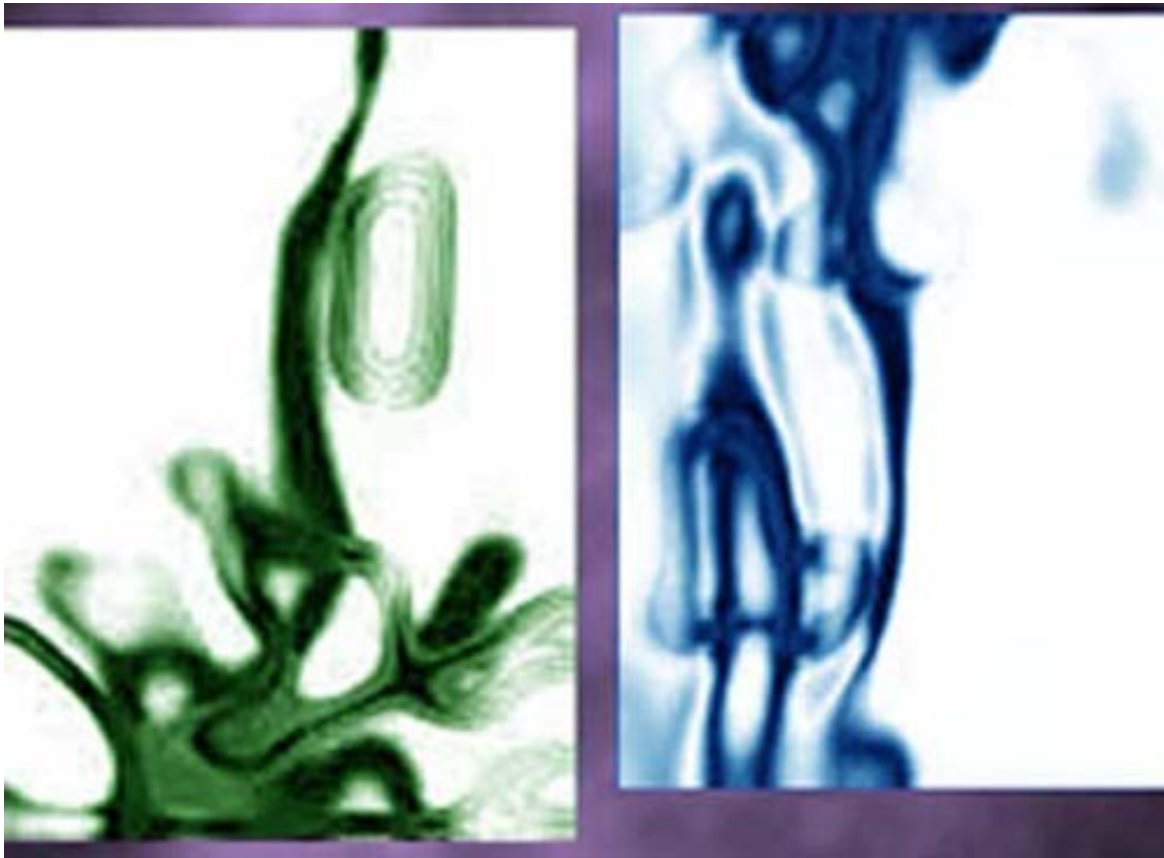


Title: **Some Time Ago**

DIGITAL ART - BASED ON DREAMS OF 04-30-2006

- GREEK ARCHIVES.
- DATING WITH MY MANAGER. SHE IS WEARING A LOW DESIGN ROBE. SHE IS POSSIBLE IN SPIRITUAL PAINS BY SOME REASONS.
- ANOTHER GIRL IS JOINING US
- WALK ON VARIOUS FLOOR OF AN INSTITUTIONAL BUILDING
- PROBLEMS OF PERSONAL RELATIONSHIPS FOR SCIENTIFIC STUDIES

[- back to top -](#)



Title: EVOLUTION

DIGITAL ART - BASED ON DREAMS OF 03-11-06 AND 12-26-05

- AN OBSERVATION PLATFORM DID FALL INTO THE RAVINE BELOW
- COOKING MENU: POTATO AN ONIONS
- NIGHT IN THE TOWN AND VISITING AN FASHI0N FABULOUS CENTER
- HUGE TABLES. WE ARE LOOKING FOR A PERSON REPORTEDLY SEEN HERE IN HE MORNING
- UNEVEN CERAMIC FLOOR. A GIRL IS ASKING ME ABOUT THE WINDOWS TREATMENTS
- I AM LIVING INTO A HOUSE WITHOUT WALLS. I AM SEATING A GIRL ON A PIECE OF WOOD AND I AM SHOWING HER THE HOUSE.

[- back to top -](#)



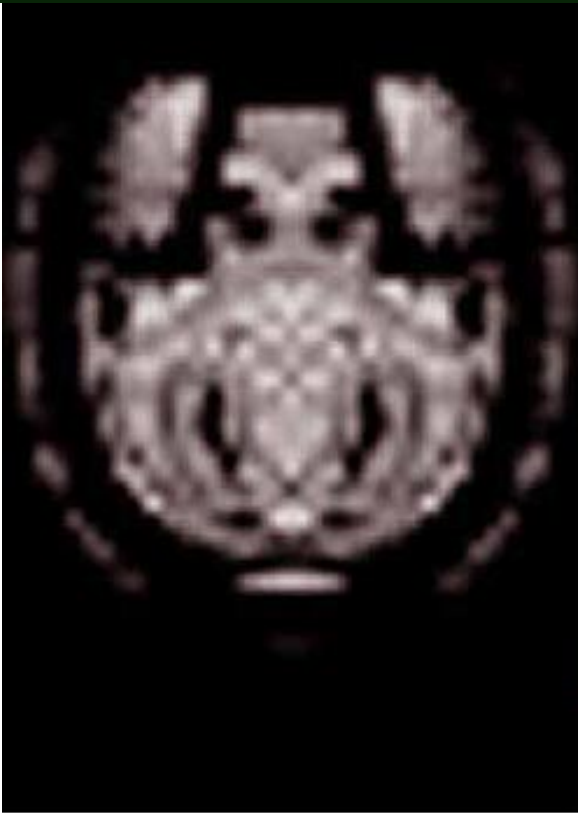
Title: SOME TIME LATER

BASED ON THE DREAMS OF 04-14-06 AND 02-27-06

- ENGLISH MONASTERY. NARRATIONS BASED ON A PAINTING, WORK WITH CHARITABLE PURPOSES
- INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION ABOUT NEW TECHNOLOGIES
- ACTIVITIES RELATED TO MOVING TO ANOTHER APARTMENT.
- DISMANTLING OF AN ANTENNA SYSTEM
- WE'VE GOT TO CROSS A RIVER. I AM STANDING UP ON A BED. ONE OFFICER IS DUMPING DEAD CHICKENS INTO THE RIVER. HIS FACE IS SPOILED WITH FOOD. I AM CLAIMING THE LAST PLACE FOR CROSSING THE RIVER.
- ARRIVING PLANE. I AM STARTING RECUPERATING THE LUGGAGE
- ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS

[- back to top -](#)





Title: ABOUT A MONOLYTH

DECIDED ON DREAMS OF 08-10-06 AND 07-31-06

- A DENTIST IS LIVING INTO THE OTHER BUILDING. WORKS ONLY ON MONEY AND NOT ON COOPERATIVE AGREEMENTS
- AN AFRO AMERICAN PERSON IS ASLEEP IN THE BIG ROOM. A GIRL IS WATCHING HIM.
- A FORM NEED ATTENTION ON A FIELD, BUT BEFORE I HAVE TO SOLVE ANOTHER PROBLEM.
- IN THE COLONIAL STATE THE POLICEMAN IS PREPARING A BED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CORRIDOR CLOSE TO A WINDOW. THE SECURITY PATROL IS ASKING HIM TO MOVE INTO ANOTHER ROOM AND TO SLEEP ON THE FLOW WITH THE OTHERS.
- THE BOSS IA ANNOUNCING HIS INTENTIONS FOR THE NEXT WEEK. THE WALL IS EMPTY. HOWEVER WE HAVE NEW FURNITURE.
- THE YARD IS FULL WITH COLLEAGUES. WE ARE DISCUSSING ABOUT THE LAST MOVIES IN THE TOWN
- AT AN ENGINEERING COMPANY. I KEEP SOME PIEZOELECTRIC TRANSDUCERS ON MY TABLE
- I AM WORKING SOMETHING WITH MY FAMILY

- back to top -





Title: FROM THE MONOLYTHIC WORLD

DECIDED ON DREAMS OF 08-10-06 and 08-16-06

- I HAVE A NEW PAIR OF SHOES DECORATED WITH NARROW FUR STRIPS
- RETURNING HOME WITH TWO NAKED PERSONS.
- I AM LOOKING FOR A PROPERTY BUT INSIDE THE BUILDING IS AN EATING-PLACE. I AM GOING BACK INTO THE TOWN TRAVERSING AN EMPTY SQUARE GARDEN AMONG MODERN BUILDINGS.
- MEETING INTO A HOTEL ROOM. I AM SITTING IN THE BED.
- IN THE BUS I AM DISCUSSING WITH A GIRL THAT USES THREE SHARP CYLINDRICAL TEETH PLACED HORIZONTALLY
- UNDERGROUND, ROOM WITHOUT WINDOWS. SOME GIRLS ARE INTERESTED TO SEE THE MAKING OF A PORNOGRAPHIC MOVIE THAT IS MADE SOME PLACE UNDERGROUND. I AM READING A JEWISH RELIGIOUS BOOK.

[- back to top -](#)

NOTES FROM JOHN CORBETT:

The pictures one through three are Dream Slides. They are generated from the information contained by the dreams narrated or they are a result of a determination in time from a dream sequence. One slide contains a sequence of related singular images.

The pictures four and five are VLA Slides generated using Dream Slides technology ported into a VLA application. By itself a VLA application is an ITC class application. Slides below are presented as an example of successful use of dreaming during a scientific experiment. PsyBer archives and new dreaming sequences were used during research work.

Dreams were deciding the precise moment in time when to gather VLA sets. Later VLA data was processed into VLA Slides.

VLA application itself was build starting from the Image 5 of series III (2005) in the PsyBer Archives and the image 3/ 2006. The content of the Image 5/2005 is clearly related to the Arecibo Observatory message broadcast of November 16 1974 aimed at M13 globular cluster and identification of VLA components. The dream Slide 3/2006 contains details that helped tailoring the Dream Slide technology into VLA modules.

Building the VLA application resembles the events pictured by the Hollywood's movie "Contact". The content of VLA Slides results resembles ideas pictured by the movie "2010 Odyssey".

[- back to top -](#)

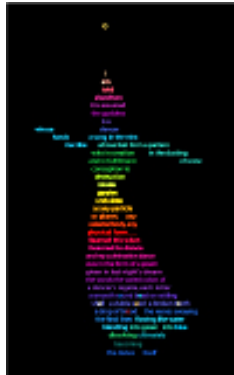


Copyright © IASD PsiberDreaming Art Gallery
Web Design by The PsiberCore

[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Joy Fatooh



O

I
am
told
elsewhere
it is assumed
the goddess
is a
dancer
whose hands a song in the mist
inscribe whose feet form a pattern
who in creation in the dusting
and in fulfillment of snow
conception to
destruction
rotates
gyrates
undulates
as any particle
or planet, any
celestial body, any
physical form....
I learned this when
I learned to dance
and my culmination dance
was in the form of a poem
given in last night's dream
the words the varied colors of
a dancer's regalia, each letter
a smooth round bead or rattling
shell a viable seed a broken tooth
a drop of blood the verses swaying
the final lines flowing like water
blending into green into blue
dissolving ultimately
becoming
the dance itself

The Dance Itself

Poetic Digital Image, 08/2006 (revised)

Here's a poem of a dream in the form of an image of a dance, from a dream of an image of a dance in the form of a poem.

[- back to top -](#)

Copyright © IASD PsiberDreaming Art Gallery
Web Design by The PsiberCore



[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Paula Anne Franklin



Both these images emerged from an interview with a mother whose 17 year old, only son had been killed in a train accident upon returning to college after the Christmas holidays. She was so devastated that she went with her husband to Florence, Italy for the next several years over the end-of year holiday period. She explained, "What did the Florentines do when the majority of their population was wiped out with the plague in the 14th century? They covered the inner walls of their churches with paintings." During these visits, she had these dreams which I have represented in the two images below.





Title: Dream #1

Oil on Canvas, 24"x36", undated

[- back to top -](#)



Title: Dream #2

Oil on Canvas, 24"x36", undated

NOTES FROM PAULA FRANKLIN:

For further information about memorial art and its healing properties, log onto www.paulaannefranklin.com.

[- back to top -](#)

[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#) |
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#) |
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#) |
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Christoph Gassmann

When the photographic camera and process was invented, the painted or drawn picture was freed of or lost its documentary function. The whole development up to the various stiles of post-modern art was deeply influenced by this invention.

But we cannot (yet) bring our cameras into our dreams, or if we succeed to do that, we can't bring back the exposed film to the waking world. Therefore the painting of dreams has not yet lost its documentary function.

Sometimes it is difficult to convey the dream experience in written or spoken words, especially when we encounter dream objects, which do not exist in the waking world. There where a few occasions, where I met in a meditative or in the dream state creatures or beings which where only described in fairytales and myths: a Pegasus, a sphinx and a mythical bird/human, for which I did not even found a label or name. Suffice to say, that I was deeply impressed by these beings and later I was urged to paint them.





Title: Pegasus

Watercolor on Paper, 30 x 42 cm, 12/01/1988

I followed at night a procession of men who went down the Kraftstrasse (a Street in Zurich, Switzerland; meaning Power Street). I was flying flat over the procession when I saw at the corner of Momsestrasse a Pegasus, a wild horse with a massive breast, a strong back of the neck and huge wings. Out of his nostrils two jets of electrical fire shot out. I wanted to approach it to soothe it but I was a bit frightened.

[- back to top -](#)



Sister Sphinx

Coloured Pencil and Watercolor on Paper, 30 x 42 cm, 07/16/1991

I raised an animal, which was not well. It was some kind of a bird, but also a panther or cat and finally also a woman. I raised it with great expenditure. One day I let it out of its basket and it began to ruffle up to its full size until it could fly again. It, or I should better say she was a very beautiful being and I fell in love with her a little. I told it to her and she replied that she knew it. That made me happy. She also liked me and she showed me at night how to fly. Within a short time I was very skilled in flying. During the day we lived half as sisters, half as lovers. I woke up with the distinct memory how it felt to embrace and hug her.

[- back to top -](#)



Beim meditieren sah ich verschiedene Gesichter, eines nach
dem anderen, nicht ganz real, etwas ätherisch, aber sehr
lebhaft und individuell im Ausdruck. Am Anfang
sah ich einen Mann mit grauen Flügeln, ähnlich
wie ein Reiher mit geschwollener Brust. 7.9.2001

C.G. 01

Experience in Meditation

Watercolor on Paper, 30 x 42 cm, 09/07/2001

While meditating I saw various faces, one after the other, not quite real, a bit ethereal but very vivid and individual in their various expressions. At the beginning I saw some kind of a man with wings, similar to a heron which flew with swollen breast.

[- back to top -](#)

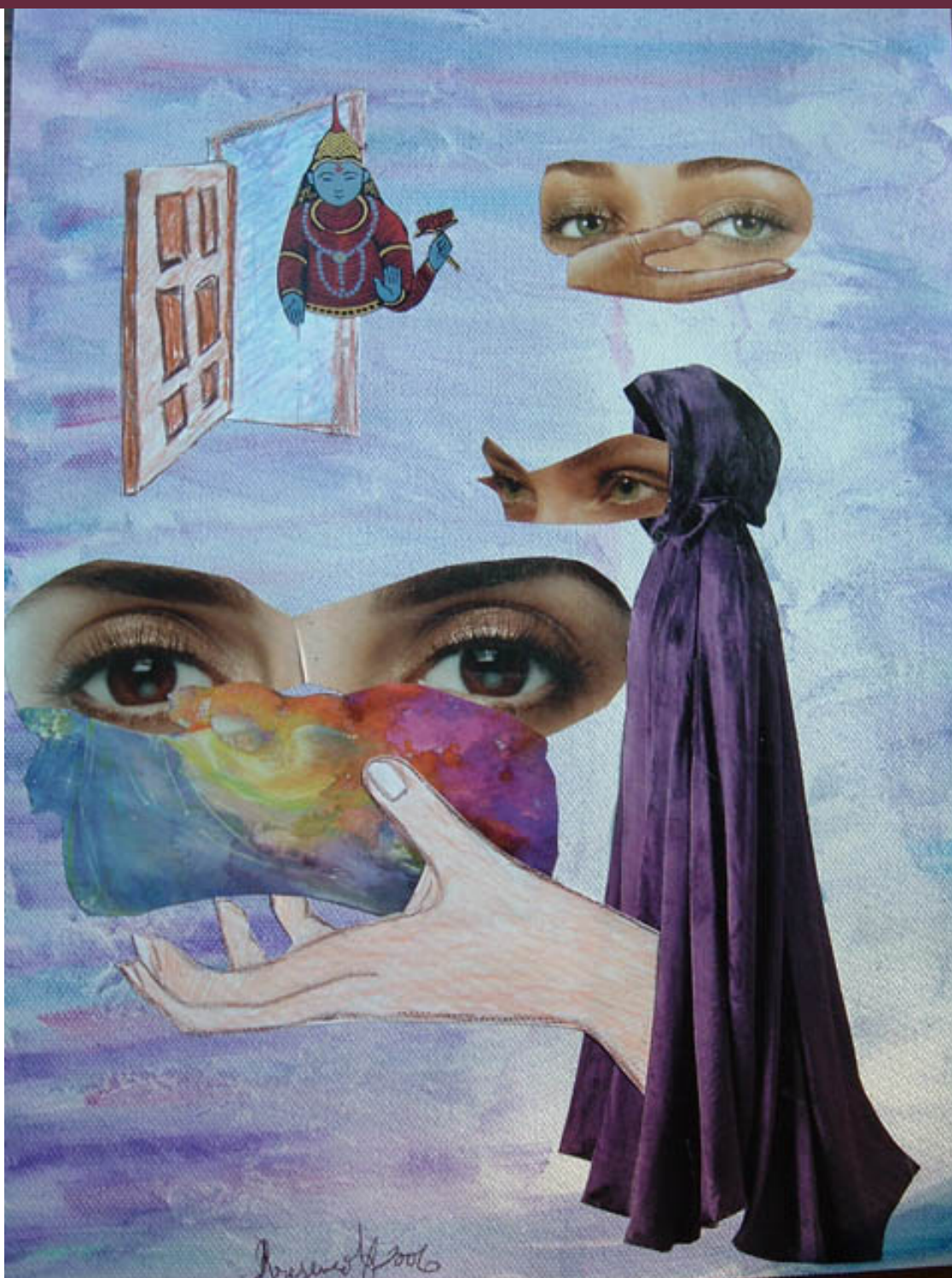
2006 PsiberDreaming Art Gallery

[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Diana Greywolf





Title: Open Your Eyes to Dreams

Mixed Media & Collage 8 1/2"x 11", 2006

This work is a composite of many of my recurrent dream themes. The colors in this work appear in many of my dreams in different contexts. Here the background colors represent the ethereal content of a number of my dreams. There are often doors in my dreams but they are usually closed and sometimes I struggle unsuccessfully to open them. The door in this piece is my vision of what I might find if I could one day get the dream door open. The cloak in this work represents the shadowy figures I often see in my dreams as well as the unknown that my dreams can reveal to me. The dreamer's hands are open here and receiving insight from her dreams as she is opening her eyes to her dreams' meaning. This is my path since the

Bridgewater conference. I made a commitment to open my eyes to my dreams, to begin a dream journal, and a dream group. I am on my way to achieving those goals as I continue to open my eyes, both my physical eyes and my third eye, to the messages in my dreams.

[- back to top -](#)



Copyright © IASD PsiberDreaming Art Gallery
Web Design by The PsiberCore

[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Richard Hilton



Title: Every Night I Loose My Mind

I drew this picture in 2001. It was inspired by the fact that when we go to sleep every night, we completely loose touch with the outside world. In a way, we go crazy, and believe things that are completely unreal.

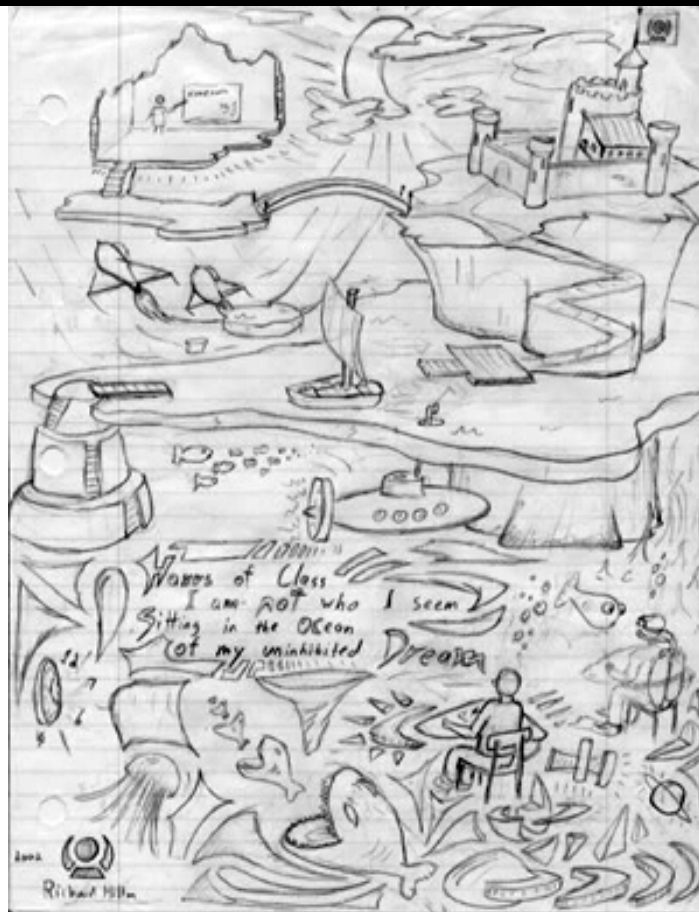
[- back to top -](#)



Title: Dream Cave

In this sketch, I used a cave as a metaphor for sleep. Caves are dark, mysterious places animals retreat to for privacy, and rest. Different creatures lurk both in caves as well as the dream world.

[- back to top -](#)



Title: Ocean of Dreams

This picture was inspired by a day dream I had while in class. The drawing is of me in class separated from the teacher by the day dream. The poem in the middle says:

"Hours of class, I'm not who I seem. Sitting in the ocean of my uninhibited Dream."

[- back to top -](#)



Title: Kalani Dreaming and Waking

I drew this picture while on the Lucidity Institute's Dreaming and Awakening Retreat at Kalani Hawaii 2004. It shows the dream world, and the waking world side by side. The dreamer is reflecting on waking life, and the awake person is reflecting on their dream world. The drawing was inspired by a quote Dr. Stephen LaBerge said: "Dreaming is perception unconstrained by sensory input. Perception is dreaming constrained by sensory input." -Stephen LaBerge At the bottom of the picture, the person talking to the group is Dr. LaBerge.

The other quote I included in this picture is about dream recall, which is an integral part of being a dreamer: "The inward journey is most enriching for the traveler who brings the visions of the night into the light of day." -Sam Keen

- back to top -



Title: Lucidity Bell

There is an old bell clock in my house the dings the number of the hour, every hour. Since I can hear the clock in my bedroom, I figured that if I question I'm dreaming every time I hear the clock, eventually I might hear it in my dream, and become lucid. This picture is a tribute to that clock.

[- back to top -](#)



[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#) |
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#) |
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#) |
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Patricia Kelly

FIVE DREAM HAIKU

by Patricia Kelly

dream shard
children dig
for what's been buried

* * * *

the nave echos
a mechanical bird
trembles

* * * *

I finally fly
but get caught up in thorn trees
ouch! ouch-ouch!

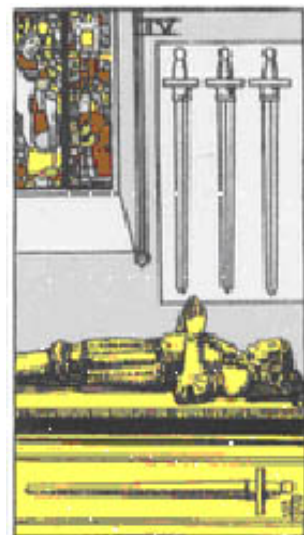
* * * *

even the broken
help hold up the sky
the telamon heals

Telamon: a male support column figure in architecture. I did not know this when I had the dream but I did know about caryatids -- female supporting columns -- and was aware in the dream of the resemblance to them. The dream was also a very Four of Swords Tarot card scene (Rider/Waite/Smith deck): The telamon was lying in or on a coffin-like stone/concrete box, his arms extended above his head, and he was broken in some way -- a Four of Swords meaning is "healing." Stacked above him, upright, were three more telamons, their arms also above their heads, making the broken one the foundation -- a quality of the number four -- of the support.

* * * *

palm-sized snowflakes
alight
awed mother and child



Artist's Statement:

All of these non-traditional haiku are about dreams. In each an actual dream image/experience is described. In all but one of the five dream haiku, the only thing I recalled on waking was the image/experience shared in the haiku. In the haiku starting "even the broken...", the text of the larger dream from which I culled the haiku is included; along with a graphic of the Tarot card that the dream was clearly referencing.

Brief Bio for Patricia Kelly

62 year-old Patricia has been writing poetry since her teens and was involved with the New York City poetry scene for over 25 years. Her poetry has won first place prizes from The Feminist Writers Guild and The New York Open Center Goddess Festival. She has taught creative writing at locations like The Manhattan Lighthouse for the Blind and the Brooklyn Public Library Children=s Room. Patricia=s blog, AROswila=s Dream & Poetry Realm@ (<http://roswila-dreamspoetry.blogspot.com>), explores dreams, and poetry. Her other blog, AROswila=s Tarot Gallery & Journal@ (<http://roswila-tarot.blogspot.com>) explores Tarot, including it=s use with and appearance in dreams.

Dream Connection:

Llist of Dream Haiku Submitted:
(these have no titles; I've listed by first line)

- 1) dream shard.....dreamed Easter 1999
- 2) the nave echos.....dream of May 15, 2006
- 3) I finally fly.....dream of August 11, 2006
- 4) even the broken....dream of August 16, 2006; has accompanying image.
- 5) palm-sized.....dream of August 28, 2006

[- back to top -](#)

2006 PsiberDreaming Art Gallery

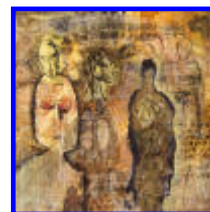


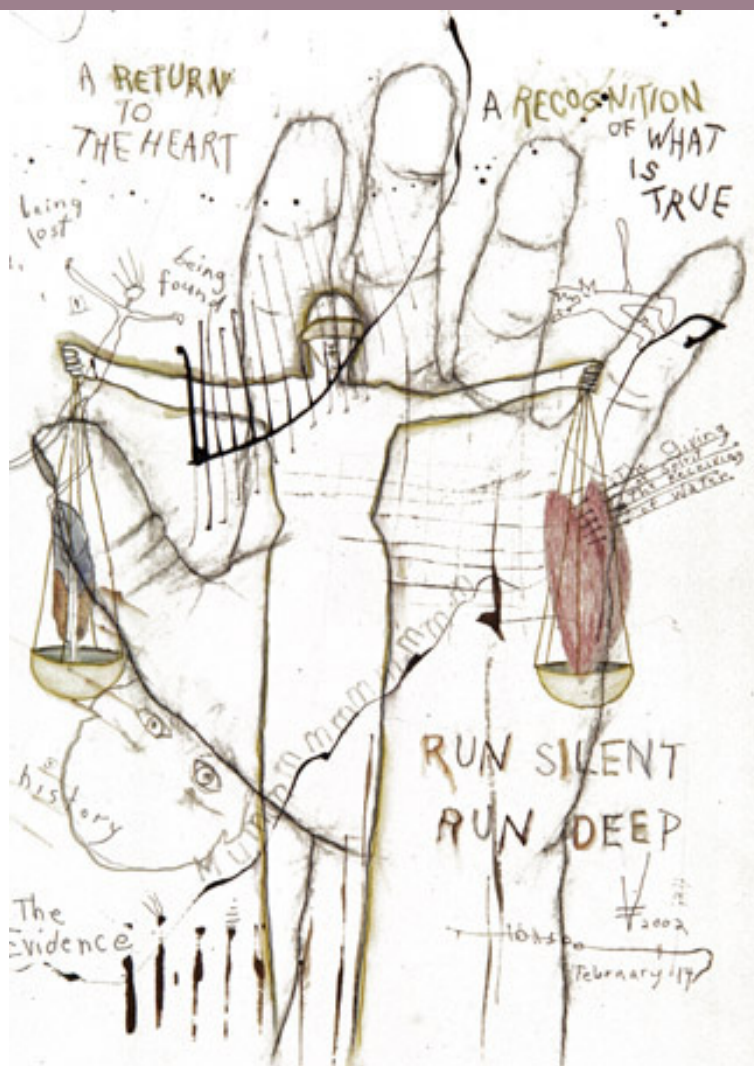
[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Victoria Rabinowe

Victoria has been a contributing artist with IASD for many years. This year she was able to submit images, but was called away to assist with the birth of her very dear friend's baby. She was unable to supply dream text, but her images are so beautiful they were meant to be shared. We all wish her and her extended family the best wishes on the birth of this baby.





Title: Evidence

Transparent layers of inks, mineral colors, graphite, watercolors and pastels on paper. 22" X30", 2003

[- back to top -](#)



Title: Relic of a Woman
Acrylic on canvas, 30"x48", 2006

[- back to top -](#)



Title: Midnight
Ink and acrylic on paper 22" X 30" 2005

[- back to top -](#)



Title: Rock Stars

Digitally altered and layered painting overlaid with a shadow photograph and a dream journal drawing created as a cell for a video named "Into Silence" (screened at the IASD 2006 conference) This image has also been created as a 13" X 17" print, 2005

[- back to top -](#)



Title: Early Morning
Acrylic on canvas 36"X36" 2006

Note from Victoria:

Dreams provide the substance, spirit and depth of my artwork. I begin each composition with a process of dynamic translation in which I research and cross reference the most vivid, wild and unbridled images in a dream. I let the dream percolate while I fill a journal with collage, musings, memories and poetry that explore archetypal patterns, metaphors, symbols, allusions and themes. Then, work on the drawing, painting, artists' book or video begins. It emerges as a relic of time spent in the underworld, rather than a literal portrait of a dream. The narrative of the dream becomes diffused in transparent layers of inks, mineral colors, graphite, watercolors and pastels where visions shapeshift inside a parallel universe of alter-egos. Edges overlap, forms and shapes interface in a simultaneous, non-sequential, mythic invention of the mind's eye. What began as the individual drama of a single personality has become an artwork that evokes the universal substratum of the collective unconscious.

Dreams provide the substance, spirit and depth of Victoria Rabinowe's artwork. Her journals are filled with musings, memories and poetry. Her paintings, drawings, digital animations and artists' books are explorations of archetypal patterns, metaphors and symbols.

She has exhibited her art work in museums, galleries and universities throughout the United States and Japan including the Museum of International Folk Art, The Legion of Honor of The Fine Arts Museum of San Francisco, The Craft and Folk Art Museum in Los Angeles, the Kyoto College of Arts & Crafts, the Albuquerque Museum and The

Santa Fe Museum of Fine Arts.

As a graduate of the Advanced DreamTending Program at Pacifica Graduate Institute in 1997, dhe has taught over five hundred workshops, retreats and seminars in her unique approach to the *Art of the Dream*. She is an annual presenter at the International Association for the Study of Dreams.

As the chairwoman and program director for the Santa Fe Book Arts Group (B.A.G.) from 1993-2005, she initiated educational programs, museum and gallery exhibitions for 250 artists interested in the inventive spirit of the book form as a vessel for creative expression

[- back to top -](#)



Copyright © IASD PsiberDreaming Art Gallery
Web Design by The PsiberCore

[2006 PsiberDreaming Art Gallery](#)



[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec





English	Spanish
Title: Emergent is the Fish Who Devours Me?	Título: ¿ Es el pez quien me devora?
Medium: Digital Art	Medio: Arte Digital

Dream Text:

My dreams with the sea are recurrent. This dream does not correspond to one single dream, it is the conjunction of several experiences. This immense inscrutable sea maintains me vertically, floating but I am asleep. A great fish is under my feet, is not a threat, but it does not please me either. I do not know if we will continue floating together or I will be devoured by him.

This image arose from a series of an exhibition work in the . Museum of Bellas Artes Santiago, Chile (Fine Arts Museum, Santiago, Chile). For years I filmed and I photographed eye surgeries from surgical pavilions. They were many emotions and sensations that my conscious mind was not able to assimilate, and the images in the dream s were clearly appearing. The website Cannibal Eye describes the exhibition, and to find more information with respect to the referring one from where the image arises.

Sueno diario:

Mis sueños con el mar son recurrentes. Este sueño no corresponde a uno solo, si no a la conjunción de la experiencia de varios. Este inmenso mar insondable me sostiene verticalmente, yo floto parada pero estoy dormida. Un gran pez está bajo mis pies, no es una amenaza, pero tampoco me agrada, no sé si seguiremos flotando juntos o seré devorada por él.

Esta imagen surgió de una serie de trabajos que realicé para una exposición en el Museo de Bellas Artes de Santiago, Chile. Por años filmé y fotografié en pabellones quirúrgicos, cirugías oculares. Fueron muchas emociones y sensaciones que mi mente conciente no fue capaz de asimilar, en lo sueños fueron apareciendo las imágenes más claramente. En el sitio web está descrita la exposición Ojo Caníbal, allí podrá encontrar más información respecto al referente de donde surge la imagen.

Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec

Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec is licensed in Art by the Pontifical Catholic University of Chile, with courses of Posgrado in Art, PUC Santiago, Chile. The works of Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec are displayed in public and private institutions, as well in particular collections in Chile, the United States, Europe, as well as in some countries in South America.

Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec

Alejandra Raffo le Dantec es Licenciada en Arte por la Pontificia Universidad Católica de Chile. Cursos de Posgrado en Arte. PUC Santiago, Chile. Las obras de Alejandra Raffo le Dantec se encuentran en instituciones públicas y privadas, así como también en colecciones particulares en Chile, Estados Unidos, Europa, así como también en algunos países de América del Sur.

[- back to top -](#)



[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#) |
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#) |
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#) |
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Henry Reed

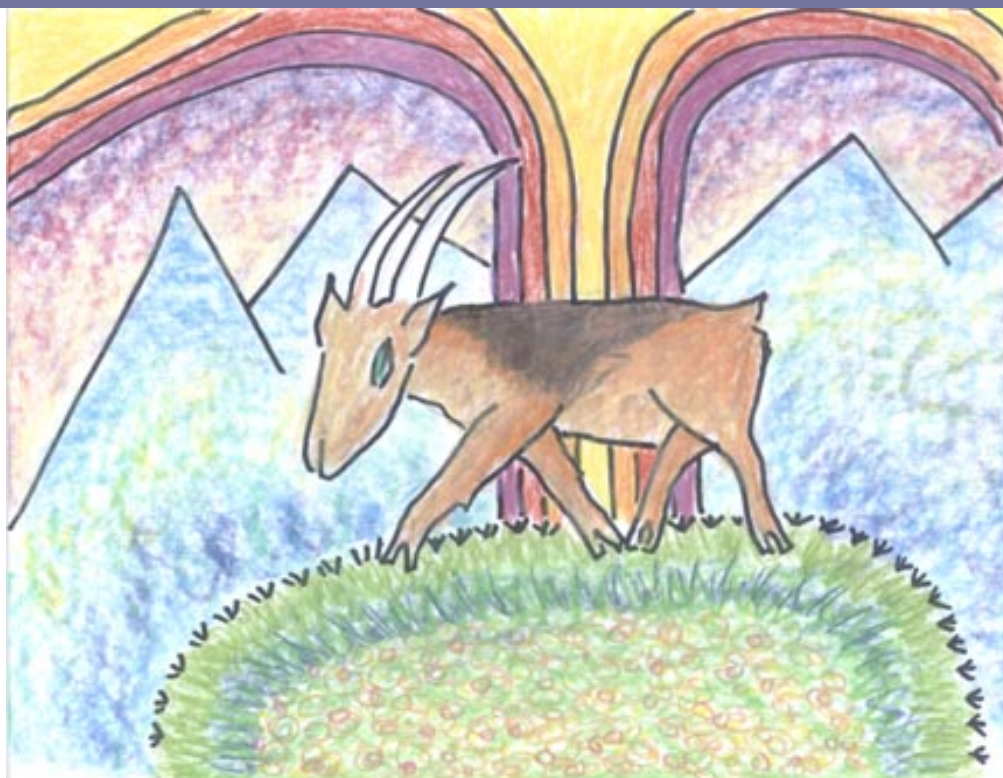


Flying Goat Series

This artwork was created in colored pencils on paper, 30 + years after the dream. Henry now lives at a flying goat ranch.

The Dream:

I am camping on the land of an Old Wise Man. This land is his special sanctuary and I feel very grateful to be here. I am standing in the barnyard face to face with the Old Man. His deep eyes fix my gaze and I feel his presence quite strongly. I then notice behind him a flying goat! Yes, indeed, this place is special, and magical. The goat flies back and forth, a few feet off the ground, around the barnyard, then flies off into the barn, not to be seen again.



[- back to top -](#)



[- back to top -](#)



[- back to top -](#)



[- back to top -](#)



[- back to top -](#)

Note from Henry:

Link to dream story:

www.henryreed.com/dreamquest/henry.htm

Copyright © IASD PsiberDreaming Art Gallery
Web Design by The PsiberCore

2006 PsiberDreaming Art Gallery

[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Jennifer Star





Dream Collage

Liquid Acrylic on Index Paper

Original Images in Dream Collage: 22 1/2"x17"

Dream Wisdom: 30"x22:

August 29, 2004

I'm at the front door of my Pineridge house, but find that I don't have a key to unlock the door. I walk to the backyard to get the hide-a-key from the back deck. As I look at the ground in the backyard I notice there are very large black beetles coming out of it. I think, "it must be going to rain," as this is when these type of beetles come out in the fall. I look skyward and see that yes, the dark clouds are gathering, it is going to rain. I also notice an even larger light brown beetle with "horns" on its head, and realize it is a predator of the black beetles as I see it spear a beetle with one of its horns. I acknowledge the fact that there must be balance and that the predator beetle is providing it. Now I'm on the back deck of the house. I notice a funny feeling in the palms of my hands. I look at them and see a bump on my right palm, which begins to move, then all of a sudden a small green beetle pops out of the skin and flies away! This continues happening and I am perplexed at why. There is no pain or discomfort, just green beetles erupting from the palm of my right hand. Then a larger bump appears and the beetle has a harder time erupting out. The palm of my hand swells really tall, and reminds me

of a zucchini squash. I'm concerned about my hand and realize I can't peel away the skin, as it will need to heal back. Then the swelling goes away and the left hand begins the same process of erupting small green beetles. In an attempt to figure it all out, I wonder if beetle eggs had been laid on my hands earlier in the year without my knowledge. EOD

ARTISTS STATEMENT:

In order to interpret what I knew to be an intensely profound dream I used three techniques:

- 1) Basic impressions sentence by sentence
- 2) Written dialogue with the various elements in dream using the non-dominant hand to answer from the dream image perspective
- 3) Painting scene segments from the dream

Interpretation One: (basic impressions sentence by sentence)

-At front door, it's locked, I have no key:

The obvious way, the first choice, is closed. The answer is not here.

-Hide-a-key available on back deck:

Must go to the hidden area to find the answer.

-Large black beetles coming out of ground in back yard:

The shadow selves are emerging from the hidden area.

-Awareness of connection between beetles and rain coming:

This emergence comes when spirit is acknowledged/felt/seen.

-Notice large brown beetle with horns as predator of black beetles:

Protector is there so that shadow selves are not overwhelming

-Awareness of balance between predator and prey:

Protector keeps a balance.

-While on back deck small green beetles emerge from my palms and fly away, first on right, then left, hands:

Heart energy, growth, healing and prosperity emerge from the giving tools - my hands - and rise up to the occasion.

-Concern about the proper healing of my hands:

Need to stay centered and aware so that I do not 'over-give.'

-Thought occurs that eggs were laid in my hands, thus beetles emerging from them:

Realization that I was given the gift of heart energy, growth, healing and prosperity some time ago.

Interpretation Two: (dialogue with the various elements in dream using the non-dominant hand to answer from the dream image perspective)

-Locked front door, what message do you have for me?

You are looking in the wrong place for your answers. They are not in the obvious locations. You must look in the places harder to find.

-Hide-a-key on the back deck, what message do you have for me?

You know deep inside that the answers are hidden in the dark areas behind you. You know right where to find me, the hidden key to those answers. Do not fear, you are safe and protected.

-Large black beetles emerging from the earth, what message do you have for me?

We are the elements of your self that have been hidden for a long time. We have come out to be acknowledged.

-Why is there a connection to your emergence and the rain coming?

The rain is your spirit, which will facilitate the healing of our disowned elements. Your spirit has called for us to emerge.

-Large brown beetle with horns, what message do you have for me?

I am not the predator you think I am, rather, I am your protector. I will make sure you will not be overwhelmed by all of the shadow elements that need to emerge now. I will only allow what you can handle.

-Green beetle emerging from my hands, what message do you have for me?

You are alarmed at my appearance. You have forgotten about the gifts you have been given for healing and abundance. I have come to remind you of the importance of keeping your heart energy flowing. Only then will healing, giving, and prosperity be able to flow, to rise above that which has been keeping you in a dark place.

-How can I rise above this dark place you talk about?

Take more time for true unplanned creativity. You are spending too much energy knowing what the creative project will be. Spontaneity is needed now. Freedom of creative movement is needed now. Let your creative spirit emerge from your hands and heart, not your head.

-Can you help me to understand how I'm to do this and stay balanced so that I don't swing too far the other way?

You have a strong sense of balance already. You will know what to do. There is no danger of swinging too far from your center. The only reason you are off balance now is from hiding from your shadow elements. By acknowledging them through your spontaneous creative efforts balance will be restored.

-Are the eggs I perceived as being laid in my hands a metaphor? And if so, please explain the metaphor.

Yes, the eggs are a metaphor. They represent the beginning, the INTENTION to acknowledge and heal that which is out of balance. And, you are responsible for putting those eggs there!

-Black beetle shadow elements, who are you? Please identify yourselves.

We are fear: fear of knowing, fear of seeing, fear of hearing, fear of feeling. When you are able to let go and accept these fears, then, and only then, will the true shadow selves reveal themselves. First you must acknowledge your fears! Very important!!

-Protector beetle, I am scared to do this alone. What can I do to release my fears that won't be overwhelming?

I will send you a helper. This helper will be able to comfort you during the difficult process of releasing fear. I will not let you be harmed. You are always loved and protected. You will know this helper when it appears. Be kind to yourself. Love yourself.

-Thank all of you for your messages. I will do my best to release my fears.

[- back to top -](#)

2006 PsiberDreaming Art Gallery



[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Diana Thompson





Title: Ms. Scarlett

Oil on canvas board 3"x5", Year: 2003

Photograph: recreating the dream scene, Year: 2003

Last night in dreams, I recalled a photo of a lady, senior picture black and white, probably from the last 50's or 60's era. It was a conservative pose. She had straight dark hair parted at the side, strong features, slight smile. I think "Miss Scarlet, how did you die?" The game of clue appears in full color and on the board are the assortment of miniature weapons. Included in the weapons is a tiny bottle of pills. Oh yeah, like that's really in the game. I know I'm dreaming, and start thinking of how the game could be updated.

[- back to top -](#)



Title: Hypnagogic Image

Water soluble color pastels, 8 1/2" x 11", Year: 2003

Dagger with three gold spheres. The dagger runs through the second.

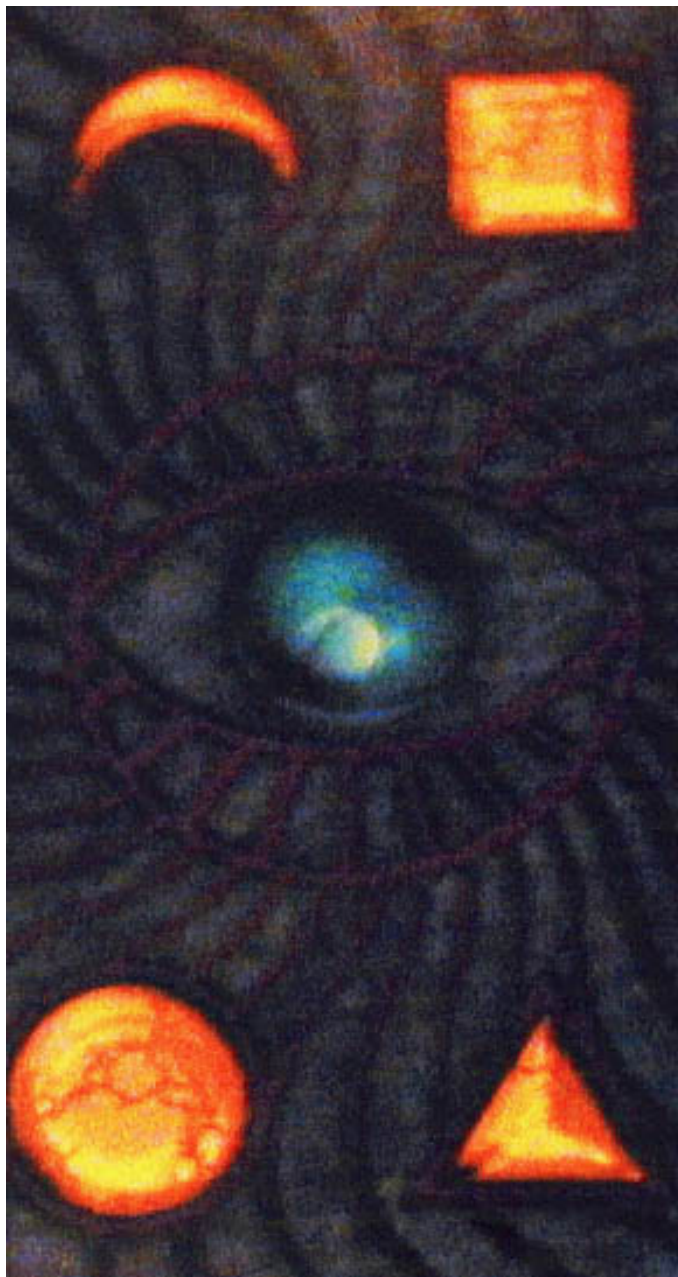
[- back to top -](#)



Title: The Eye

Water soluble color pastels, 8 1/2" x 11", Year: 2003

A planet eye of blue and green. There was a half black triangle over the top of what seems to be an eye. It resembled a planet with no land masses.



Comments from Diana:

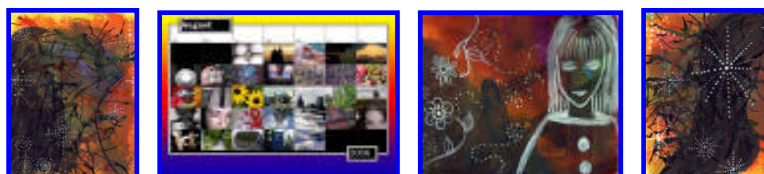
A few days later, my friend looked at the artwork and said it looked like a tarot card, maybe three of swords. Then she said no, ace of swords and three of discs. Later that day, we went to a book store to check out tarot cards, since I did not have a standard deck. I found a deck called the "Quest Tarot" and picked it up as my dreams had a quest in them. Upon opening the deck, the back was decorated with artwork similar to the planet eye.

[- back to top -](#)

[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Laura Atkinson



Title: A Dream - A Day

Photomontage/ Digital Photography, August 2006

A simple dream - a single voice: "A photo per day keeps the artist at play".

The action I took on this dream was to take one photograph per day of anything I found interesting, beautiful, or significant. I will continue this daily photography project indefinitely because taking action on a dream was fun and it helped me live and think creatively. (In order: my groceries, a sunset, found money, midnight lights, a storm cloud, a light bulb, washing a paintbrush, child's chalk drawing, what I bought with found money, an art project, more chalk, creative breath, left over birthday party trail, the phone at work, flowers growing outside my office, traffic in Providence, my favorite building outline, a secret garden, a little bird, a trinket, bacteria skin, my antibiotics, a sunny day, the books I read, the television, getting better face, mannequin dancing, a new road, my rearview mirror, the post office, more storm clouds to end the month).

[- back to top -](#)



Title: Relax

Ink Blown Onto Paper with a Straw, 8.5" x 11" May 24, 2006

A nap time dream where J. makes a guest appearance. We were in a camp, sitting around a fire, and she held my hand and showed me an acupressure point in the fleshy part of the hand, between the pointer finger and thumb. "Relax" was the word she used.

[- back to top -](#)

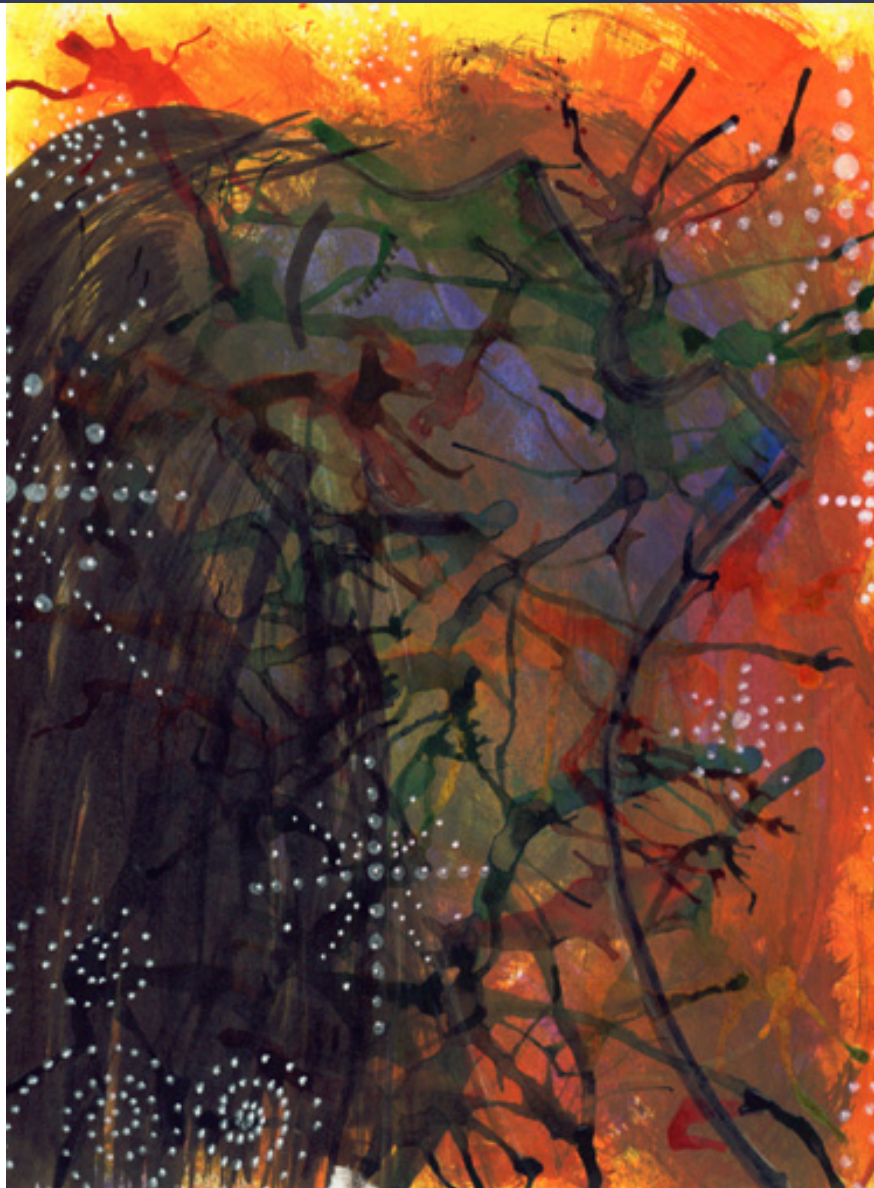


Title: I Dream of Ilze

Ink Blown Onto Paper with a Straw, 8.5" x 11" March 20, 2006

I dream of Ilze again, and I am not sure why she keeps appearing in my dreams. This time, she is playing "dress up" and putting on play clothes (clothes from her mom's closet). She put on a dark wig and was trying to fool me as to who she was. She closes her eyes and insists: "My name is NOT Ilze" spoken in Dutch, followed by a giggle. Then she goes on to pretend to be a lady living in a castle. EOD

[- back to top -](#)



Title: I QUIT

Ink Blown Onto Paper with a Straw, 8.5" x 11" April 6, 2006

I dream I am at work, and I see two co-workers going through my pocketbook, reading private paperwork. This makes me furious, and I begin to scream at them. (A stream of profanity). I rip the paperwork from their hands and run to the supply closet. I pull out a legal pad of paper and find a fluorescent hot pink highlighter. I write the words "I QUIT" in very large capital letters and toss it on her desk. "Consider this my last day - you don't deserve two weeks notice after how you treated me!" I walk out of the building, and outside I feel liberated and free, knowing that I no longer have to deal with their nonsense. I think to myself: "What will I do now?"

Coincidentally - I resigned from that job two months later, politely, without screaming, and without using profanity.

[- back to top -](#)

My coin shelf,
 this photo taken on 10/03/06 for the PK Dream Thread with Sally Rhine Feather and Christine Simmons.
 That is some of my phantom leaf kirlian photography, my dish where I keep the found coins, and as a
 reference, Hidden Channels of the Mind is on the bookshelf.



Precognitive Dream 2006



Copyright © IASD PsiberDreaming Art Gallery
Web Design by The PsiberCore



[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Bjo Ashwill



Title: Bird Talks Spirits Dream Collage

Collage, May 12, 2003

Dream: I am on a journey, walking down a narrow path. Suddenly I am surrounded by aliens

that look like different exotic birds. They capture me. I am terrified. They keep chirping and singing bird language and I can't understand them. They take me to a basement and surround me. I feel trapped. They sing and chirp, obviously trying to communicate with me but I just can't understand them. At first I feel like I'm a lab experiment animal, but they don't harm me, they persist in singing to me. I wish I could understand them and try to copy some of the sounds. I want to connect with them.

[- back to top -](#)

Copyright © IASD PsiberDreaming Art Gallery
Web Design by The PsiberCore

2006 PsiberDreaming Art Gallery

[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Dreamer: Kirsten Borum
Artist: Dorte Karstensen



Title: Scanning Portrait Painting/ Kirsten

Dream/Art Connection:

In Copenhagen one of the women in my development group: Dorte Karstensen, showed some paintings. She is also doing what she calls "Scanning portrait paintings". She has made one of me. That painting is showing my "colours", meaning some of the colours that show in my spiritual aura and also it contains many symbols from my dreams that I have supplied.

The way this painting was created was that I supplied important symbols from several dreams. She made a preliminary painting. I came to see it. We talked and she made some changes. I saw it a second time, and we decided on minor changes. You will notice in the painting that there are golden butterflies, the word HEALING. A circle of people dressed in blue, dancing. There is the infinity sign in three colours: blue, green and red. There is a black cat. A six-pointed star. A knight on a golden horse. A silver snake on a black oval (it was a ring in my dream). And up left a spiral circle (I do not know what it is called, and she did not make it exactly as it was in the dream. The word AUM. I personally think it is a great idea to make paintings in this way. It is the first time that she has done it this way with dream symbols - at my request.

[- back to top -](#)

Copyright © IASD PsiberDreaming Art Gallery
Web Design by The PsiberCore



[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Barbara Harris

Two Poems, with Inspiring Dreams

Crone, Devil, and Door

The Devil wields his pitchfork,
Shouts, "You have bought the farm!"
"No, it isn't so!" she says,
And grabs it from his hand ---
What is it that he teaches
Ever since the world began?

The Crone, in naked splendor,
Spins in wrinkled aging skin,
Graceful as a figure skater,
Trailing hooded cloak in hand ---
What is it that she teaches
Ever since the world began?

The Door stands open to the Light,
In solid oak and beveled glass.
It beckons them come through and see
A new day dawning safely in God's hand ---
What is it that it teaches
Ever since the world began?

© 2004
Barbara J. Harris

The dream that inspired it: Spinning Crone and Pitchfork Dream; Oct. 22, 2003

I was going down a very long hallway, with some other people, and a guy with a pitchfork was running towards us. The guy seem plainly dressed, like jeans and a flannel shirt maybe, medium height and build, nothing remarkable about his appearance. The hallway seemed a little dim at that point. He had the pitchfork held out in front of him, as if he wanted to ram it into someone, like horns on a bull.

A very old woman, a crone, very wrinkled, reached out and grabbed the pitchfork and snatched it away from him. Then the scene shifted, and seemed lighter, and she was naked, holding a long coat with a hood, dark gray or black in color.

She held it in her right hand, by the top of the hood, and she started spinning counterclockwise (to her left), sort of like a figure skater, but she had no skates on, with the coat trailing behind her in her hand. When she finally stopped spinning, she came to a stop wearing the coat.

She then continued on down the corridor towards a well-lighted doorway.

End of Dream.

Synchronicity: When I went up to the back corner of my garden to empty my compost bowl that morning, I noticed that the actual pitchfork I keep there to turn the pile had apparently rotted through the handle and it was broken off.



LISTEN TO THE HEART BEAT!

The BEAR-FUL poem, chant, song, dance: (If you have a djembe drum (caps=full palm in center, lower case=taps on outer edge), beat ONE, two, three, four; ONE, two, three, four... LISTen to the HEART beat <three four>, LISTen to the HEART beat <three four>... somehow, as I played the rhythm and chanted, a tune started forming, like all on it's own. I was so happy! It's great for dancing too! See the dream that inspired it below!)

This dream was one of my unintentional incubations. I had been reading an article about hypothyroidism the day before, and the article depicted the thyroid gland as a butterfly on a woman's throat. I casually asked my guide if my current tiredness was thyroid related, and the dream says no! Nor is my problem with fibrositis (the butterfly on my arm, where the muscles hurt if I eat too much animal protein, from acid buildup) permanent. What I need is exercise... to dance! Plus, after the dream, I started wearing a ring with a black stone on my left hand, to ward off any negative psychic energy. So, it was a healing dream!

The song:

LISTEN TO THE HEART BEAT!

Listen to the heart beat!
Listen to the heart beat!
Listen to the heart beat!

Ursa Major dances
Around the Northern Star,
Pointing Home to Center
And Spirit's open door.

Listen to the heart beat!
Listen to the heart beat!
Listen to the heart beat!

Indian Elder dances
Beneath the Northern Star,
Seeks healing introspection,
Protection from Bete Noir.

Listen to the heart beat!
Listen to the heart beat!
Listen to the heart beat!

Little Bear is dancing
In a circle made of white.

He knows the solution:
Stay connected to the Light!

Listen to the heart beat!
Listen to the heart beat!
Listen to the heart beat!

Butterflies dance 'round them,
Land on painful sites,
Drawing out the poisons,
Making things all right.

Listen to the heart beat!
Listen to the heart beat!
Listen to the heart beat!

Lady Dreamer dances!
She knows the way home!
She knows Spirit loves her;
She's never all alone.

Listen to the heart beat!
Listen to the heart beat!
Listen to the heart beat!

© 2006
Barbara J. Harris

The Dream that inspired it:

Indian Elder, Mini-Bear, and Butterfly Tattoo Dream; Dec. 21, 2005

I dreamed I left a house through the back door, going out through the kitchen and into a large enclosed sun porch. The kitchen and shingled outer wall of the house were behind me. I saw another door to my right, also against a shingled wall, and I thought that it went into a living room. Ahead of me, there was a wall that was all glassed in above say hip level. Below that was bare wood, so the porch wasn't insulated for winter. To my left there was a glass door leading out to steps that went out into the yard, and a window on either side of the door. The walls to my left and right were shorter than the ones behind and in front of me, so the porch was shaped like a rather long rectangle.

Under the windows in front of me, there was a long wooden table, roughly handmade, with wide planks joined together, and it seemed as if it was oiled rather than varnished. It looked very old, and the wood was highly polished in places from lots of use and cleaning. I did not see/notice any other furnishings on the porch at all, though in the dream, I actually thought we/they probably brought chairs out to picnic at the table in the summer.

I stood and looked out the door to my left, where there was a large field surrounded by a stone wall, and noticed a Native American man whom I thought was an Elder, and he was dressed in a fringed buckskin shirt and boots. He had quite long white hair, and was sort of barrel-chested, tall and stocky. I thought his skin was very light, and that he was only part Indian. He was dancing, some sort of sacred dance I thought, and very involved in what he was doing. The field looked as it would here in winter, with the grass short and more brown than green. The trees were bare.

I then noticed that on the table in front of me, someone had drawn or painted a circle in white. In the center of the circle, there was a miniature bear, which looked like a real live bear, not a teddy bear, but it was no taller than the palm of my hand. (Which I just measured, and is seven inches long from the base near my wrist to the tip of my middle finger... I've got big hands!)

Now the strange thing is that the bear was exactly imitating the Indian's movements. Whatever way the Indian would

turn or bend or sway, the bear would do exactly the same thing. They were completely in synch.

I also noticed that at the edge of the circle closest to me, there was placed a small oval black stone. At one point, I picked up the stone, and when I did, the bear stopped dancing and was motionless, although the Indian Elder was still dancing. When I tried setting it down again over to the right side of the circle, he still didn't move. I got worried that I'd broken something, some kind of connection, and put the stone back close to me, and the bear began again to dance with the Indian.

Then it was as if there was one of those instant scene shifts, though I think it was the same dream, because the Indian Elder was still in the dream, but he was now on the porch with me. There was also a woman and a small boy there. I don't think I saw the bear at all during this part. Somehow, I was looking at this woman, and trying to prove that a tattoo of a butterfly on her throat was fake. I had at this point one of those temporary tattoos, also of a butterfly, on my upper arm. Her tattoo butterfly was mostly red; mine was mostly yellow. I took a piece of fabric (don't know where I got it) that was sort of chiffon and gathered, white I think, and I told the boy to go up to the woman and rub it on the tattoo on her throat, and see if it would rub off. The Indian Elder just stood patiently to the side, watching all this, but I was very aware of his presence there. The boy did as I asked and when he took the cloth away from her throat, there was all this red on the cloth. I knew then it wasn't a real tattoo.

End of Dream... I woke up!

[- back to top -](#)



Copyright © IASD PsiberDreaming Art Gallery
Web Design by The PsiberCore



[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) | [Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) | [Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#) | [Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrandt](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#) | [Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#) | [Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Rita Hildebrandt



Title: The Butterfly Woman
Embroidery on Paper, Year 2005

During the winter of 2005 I did many of these small embroideries on paper to have something to do while watching TV with my husband Bob. They all were such joyful creations and so came the butterfly woman after he told me his most beautiful, vibrant dream. But what I notice now as I look at the image that above the brilliant butterfly woman and the structure beneath it (he had jumping and flying structures in the dream) there is this little dark bug like figure that has a dark feeling going the opposite direction- probably an indication of the death energy beneath the most loving and happy and colorful energy of the dream. He was to play with the butterfly women but it was on the other side. In the dream he was flying with three butterfly women: one oriental, one occidental and one just a butterfly. They were teaching him loop-de-loos and other movements. It was an incredible joyful dream he had about half a year before his death. This is the small piece I created then, inspired by his dream.

[- back to top -](#)

Copyright © IASD PsiberDreaming Art Gallery
Web Design by The PsiberCore

[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Mary Pat Mann



Title: She Needs Help with the Water Bicycle

I'm more writer than artist, but around this time began reading about expressive arts (Shaun McNiff, Aviva Gold) and experimenting with painting dream images. This painting started from the following dream:

There is a large bath house across the lake and a wooden dock on the side where I stand watching. A woman wearing a 50's style bathing suit and cap is with a friend. They are both on a kind of penny-farthing bicycle you ride in the water. The woman has ridden her bike across the lake, but now is frightened of the water and cannot get back. She is very distressed.

Another woman comes across the water to help her. She is on the same kind of bike, but hers is motorized. She rides quickly and exuberantly through with water creating a large wave. This terrifies the first woman, who scrambles up onto the dock and calls out that she will be drowned.

The motorized bike stops. The woman gets off and is very comforting. She is a 40's style person, like Katherine Hepburn in a friendly, hearty mood. She behaves like a camp counselor, showing the frightened woman very slowly and carefully how to ride her bike. The frightened woman begins peddling her bike.

When the helpful woman gets back on her motorized bike, it doesn't start properly and falls over into the water. This alarms the frightened woman. But she sees the competent woman pick her bike up. Seeing that everything is fine, she regains her composure and rides off through the water with her partner.

[- back to top -](#)



Title: Fire in Water

This second painting began with a dream of a large green hill and a magical horse, but the painting soon took on a life of its own, adding in strange tree figures and powerful waters welling up from underground.

Fire in Water is a theme in Celtic and Indo-European myth, in which numinous powers are hidden in fountains, wells, rivers or ocean depths, and this is what the completed image most reminded me of.

[- back to top -](#)

Copyright © IASD PsiberDreaming Art Gallery
Web Design by The PsiberCore

2006 PsiberDreaming Art Gallery

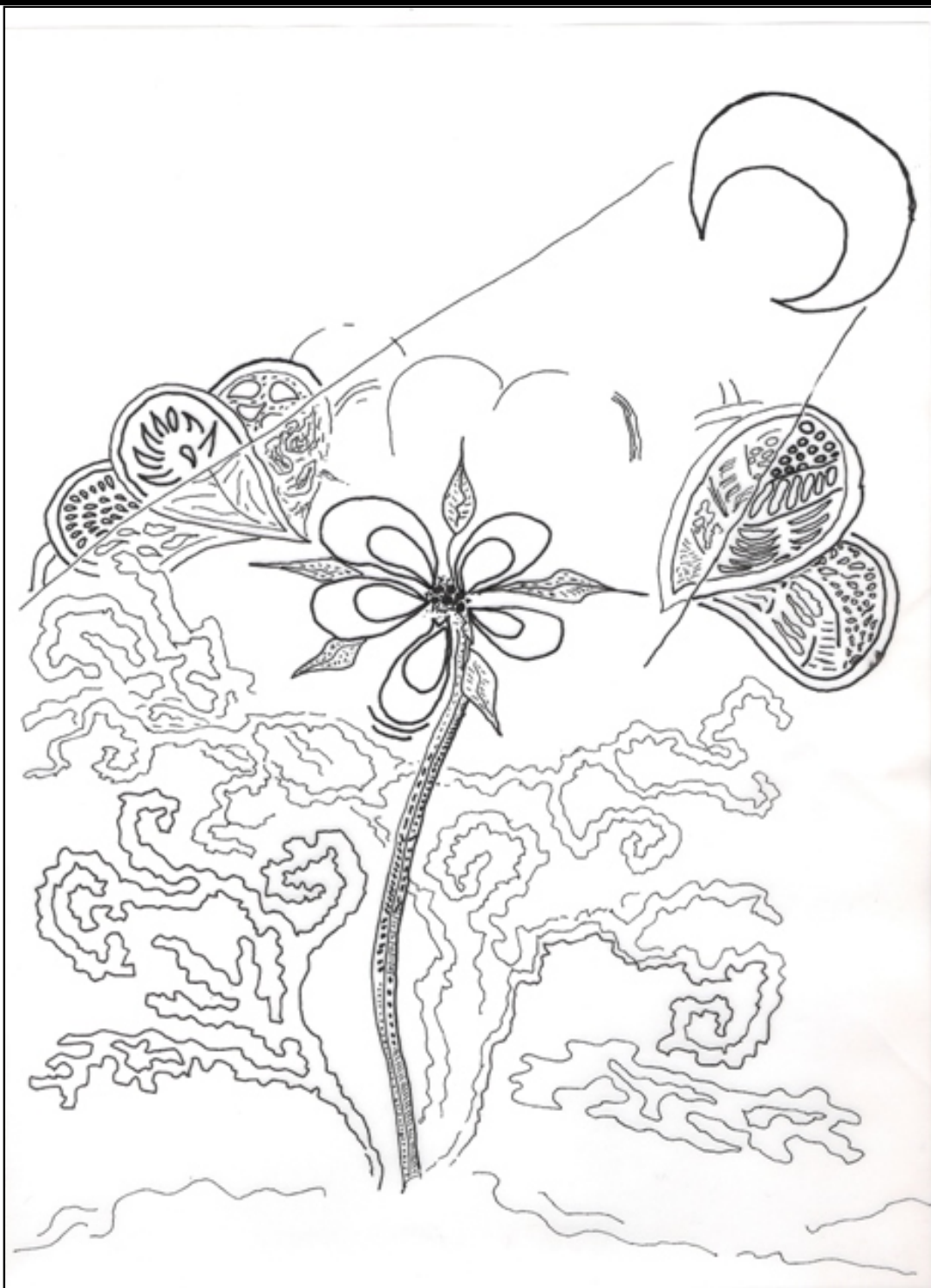
[Back to Bulletin Board](#)



[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Citlalli I. Valles Sanchez





Title: Dreamflower

Medium: Ink on 110gr albanene

Size: 21.7cm x 30.4cm

Dream:

In Dreamflower I am not illustrating any particular dream, but trying to show what a dream is. I try to show how I feel about them, and why I try to understand them and learn.

Everything is different in dreams: we see things that in waking physical reality would be either impossible or go unnoticed by us. In a dream you can learn to listen to the whisper of your inner voice, forget your fears and look at the world differently.

A common feature in my dreams is the Moon. To me, it is the Queen Mother of the nighttime sky, whose light covers us while we sleep, aiding dreams. I believe everything looks different under the moonlight.

The flower is the dream itself. Time does not follow the same rules as in waking physical reality, and so it seems to be in suspended animation.

I chose not to use color because each person thinks, feels and dreams differently. A dream object can evoke completely different reactions in different people, and what I would like is that others fill in the blanks with what they feel proper. I believe that the observer must contribute something to the artwork he or she observes, much as we often speak of dreams – the “if this were mine” format

Who am I?

I am a future Architecture student, born in the United States, but residing in Mexico for the past nine years. I cannot consider myself an artist, but rather someone who tries to learn from and about dreams, and is proud of doing so. In this case, my thoughts upon dreams took the form of a drawing – something quite rare in me, as I usually choose to write poetry. However, I thought this the most appropriate piece I could contribute to the PsiberDreaming Art Gallery.

I have been recording my dreams and experimenting with incubation and attempting interpretation of several of them since the age of thirteen. I believe that dreams hold the seeds of a deeper understanding of oneself and the world, and that I am a better person now because I chose to ‘listen’ to them. I have learned to see my dreams and myself in a different, more positive light.

[- back to top -](#)



[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Elizabeth Stangeland



Title: Dual Identity

I am walking north on a path with green grass on both sides of the path. I look to the east and I see a Japanese elderly woman, using a cane, walking very slow up the hill. She is short in stature and wearing a gray dress. I sense that she is struggling to make it to her destination. Behind me (south) I hear a heard of horses and I turn and see a herd of Indians on horses coming my way. I pick up the Japanese woman and I carry her to my apartment for protection. Her

apartment is the last door on the left (east) and mine is the last door on the right (west). When we get to my apartment I quickly shut the door and lock it fearing the Indians will catch up to us. The Indians come and break open the door. I am now face to face with a very dark old Indian man. He has very dark hair and deep lines in his face. I'm afraid he wants to rape us. He decides we are too old and they all depart.

[- back to top -](#)

Copyright © IASD PsiberDreaming Art Gallery
Web Design by The PsiberCore

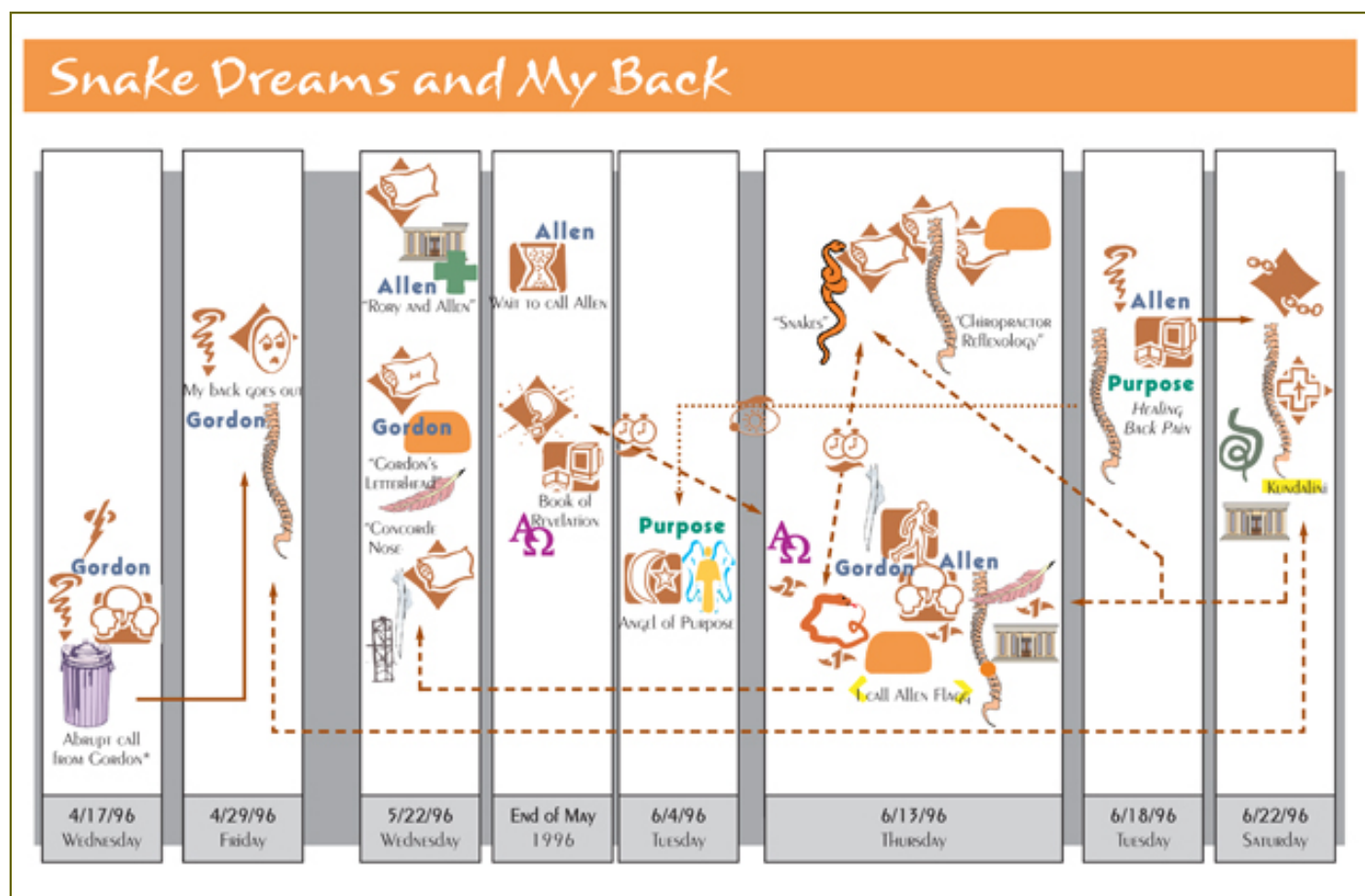

[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#) |
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#) |
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#) |
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Gloria Sturzenacker



I was inspired to submit this during the conference by the discussion of snake dreams in the thread for Mary "Whitefeather" Joyce's paper. In the series of synchronistic connections among several dreams over several months, a number of meanings emerged for the snake symbol:



Title: Snake Dreams and My Back: An Inner Guide Map

Media: Mixed Media Digital Design (Illustrator, Photoshop, ClipArt, Quark, Powerpoint)

My Method:

Before getting to the story, here's a brief description of the method I use for tracking such connections:

Inner Guide Mapping is a visual system of journaling. It can be used in combination with a regular journal:

- to simply highlight certain bits of content;
- to display in-depth associations with dream content, according to their layers of meaning;
- or to create timelines of how internal and external reality interact.

The core of Inner Guide Mapping is a set of Category Symbols to represent different types of experience, such as dreams (in general), lucid dreams, synchronicities, accidents/mistakes, insights, media influences... All 38 Category Symbols fall into four larger categories: External Events, Internal Events, Qualities, and Connections...which determine the background shape of the symbol (roundish square, triangle, oval dot, or small swirl).

To represent a single event, I arrange the appropriate Category Symbols on the page, then add Content Images to depict the specifics of the event. Content Images are completely ad hoc and may come from anywhere--clip art, stick-figure drawings, pictures cut out of a magazine, or, simply a written word or two. I also add a brief text label to each event.

So the actual content will stand out, I keep the Category Symbols mostly monochromatic. And it's not always necessary to use both Category Symbols and Content Images for each event.

SNAKE DREAMS AND MY BACK

4/17/96

Abrupt call from Gordon*

A friend I've socialized with every week for seven months unexpectedly "trashes" me in a curt, 45-second phone call. I'm both wounded and outraged by his manner.

*Not his real name.

4/29/96

My back goes out

I'm furious that Gordon, who'd made a big deal, when we met, of how reliable he is, hasn't kept his word that he would call me with information about an event tonight. For what I know are purely emotional reasons, my back goes out—badly—as I get out of bed.

It stays out a lot longer than usual, despite chiropractic adjustments.

"Rory and Allen"

I dream of the healer I went to two days after Gordon's 4/17/96 phone call, and of Allen Flagg, a dream expert I know. In it, Allen and I go to the Library of Congress.

"Gordon's Letterhead"

I have the briefest dream about Gordon: Two pieces of his letterhead [I've never seen it in waking life] float across a desk to me, like a feather. Its logo is four orange-red words forming a rounded-off square.

I don't have time to work with this or the other of today's dreams.

"Concorde Nosedive"

I'm on a beach with two other women. Something is dropped in the ocean on the other side of this narrow peninsula. I watch as a Concorde jet nosedives to a scaffold tower to pick up a device that will search for the lost thing.

END OF MAY 1996

Wait to call Allen

I've been wanting to call Allen Flagg. But, not thinking of the recent dream, I wait because I'm unfocused about what I'd like to say.

Book of Revelation

Because of a dream I had at the beginning of the year, I've been reading

The Book of Revelations: A Commentary, Omraam Mikhaël Aïvanhov's metaphysical interpretation of the last book of the Bible. Connections (not important to this map) with the symbol of the Alpha and the Omega are especially intriguing to me.

6/4/96

Angel of Purpose

I run a metaphysical prayer support group which meets every two weeks. At the end of each meeting, we each choose, at random, an Angel Card which will name a quality to be with us until the next meeting. Tonight I choose the Angel of Purpose, to be with me until 6/18/96.

6/13/96

"Snakes," "Interrogation," "Chiropractor Reflexology"

I write down three dreams, but don't yet have time to go over them. The third of these is about my chiropractor's office. I call Allen Flagg

As I've been meaning to do for weeks, I call Allen to say hi. I now have something substantive to tell him about: the extension of my "End Times" Inner Guide Map with the symbol of Alpha and Omega.

When I mention that my back's been out because of Gordon, Allen asks whether I've had any dreams about him. I discover upon looking up "Gordon's Letterhead" that I'd dreamt about Allen and a healer on the same day.

The shape of the logo in "Gordon's Letterhead" reminds Allen of the mythological symbol of the snake biting its tail, the beginning and end—Alpha and Omega. The snake is an association I wouldn't have come up with—and by now I'm feeling very weird as I tell Allen I dreamt this morning about three snakes, and a room in "Interrogation" was shaped like the rounded square.

My association of the logo's color is that red-orange represents the second chakra, the chakra of relationship. The pain in my back is in that location.

The feather in "Gordon's Letterhead" now reminds me of a visualization on the Mark Thurston tape Developing Your ESP, which he ends with a feather floating to a beach. The visualization on the tape leads to the "storehouse of all knowledge"—the library in "Roy and Allen."

Allen points out that all three of the 5/22/96 dreams involve information I haven't contacted: the library, the thing dropped in the water, and the upside-down letterhead.

All this has unfolded under Allen's questioning ("Interrogation").

6/18/96

Healing Back Pain

I receive a Dream Network piece that Allen said he would send—along with a surprise: Allen has included this John Sarno book.

Skimming through it, I think at first that it's stuff I've known for years—that lower back pain can be caused by repressed anger.

Reading more closely, though, I realize Sarno is making the opposite case: that the mind can cause lower back pain in order to distract from difficult emotions. It's a method of repression, not a result.

This starts me thinking about the purpose of back pain. This episode of back pain started with Gordon, but I've had chronic back pain for about 15 years (less so in recent years).

Meantime, my back has gotten worse, and my hips are becoming involved in the pain.

6/22/96

Kundalini

I have a gut urge to try healing my back by raising kundalini energy up my spine to blow out whatever may be blocking my second chakra.

I lie on my bed to do this, and the pain quickly becomes far more intense. Sensations of anguish and torture come over me, along with a semi-formed image of myself being drawn and quartered, or stretched on the rack. Then perhaps I sleep for a while.

When I wake up, the back pain is gone for the first time in two months. I seem to have drawn on an internal storehouse of knowledge for healing.

[- back to top -](#)


[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Ilkin Sungu

DREAM

11- 12 January 2006

SHINING ENERGY FLOWS OPENING DOORS IN MESOPOTAMIA

I am in the middle of empty plains of Mesopotamia. There is nothing, not even a tree for the eyes to see other than a strange mist. I don't feel well physically. There is a pain burning in my heart, soul. Suddenly the mist is beginning to change in color and density. I am not sure if I am losing my body and floating in a great speed or the area around me is changing. Either the landscapes, mountains, caves, waterfalls or all are turning around me or I am becoming a particle turning around them. Thick green, red and white shining energy clouds are flowing one after another and becoming one with everything. All the doors, caves, mountains are opening with the shining in front of me.

(This is one of the endless dreams I had during my visit to border area to Iraq & Syria. Where there is a war against terror going on, as well as regional threats.)

MESOPOTAMIAN DREAMS

what can be the problem of this mist with me?
 how can it cover the skies of a whole country?
 cancel all the flights, close all the airports
 who can I tell, how can I make it understand;
 I have to fly, to reach my son whatever it costs
 he is waiting me; those lands are waiting me...
 I wish this is a dream and I can fly myself
 passengers are leaving the airport one by one
 knowing how dangerous any trip by land may be
 I am ready to fly any close city, find a taxi
 or pass all the way even with a horse if needed
 take all the risks there can be, my son is waiting me...
 "we can fly to Adana and I can call my driver to take us"
 I am turning to the dark man in leather coat beside me
 a total stranger can be anybody, can be the danger itself
 look in his eyes woman, they may tell you if you can trust
 "yes; lets do it", it isn't important whatever it costs
 I have to reach those lands, have to hug all waiting me...

landing Adana, we are taking the black car waiting for us
 he is asking if the driver is "prepared" before taking the road
 prepared to defend our lives, against anything expectable

on the lands where winds blow with danger, with death.
 two hours later he shows to left; "those few lights are Syria"
 it is striking me, I am at nowhere in total darkness of night
 at the back seat of a black car, trying to use all my gifts.
 more hours are passing in darkness, he is showing to our right;
 "the lands of the lord who throw his men in combines to death"
 warning the driver to speed up and pass the object on the road.
 trucks coming from the other side are becoming more and more
 their lights are dazzling my sleepy eyes in endless darkness
 "they are coming from Iraq; border is open, passing at night"
 trying not to surrender to sleep, persisting dream images
 using all my positive energy, not letting my mind shift
 resisting possible images of my own possible end...
 I have to pass these lands, young men are waiting me...

what is the problem of this mist with me?
 am I out of my mind or what is the problem with me?
 in the middle of endless lands, in a "prepared" black car
 driving around possible bombs or landmines
 loaded with guns I can't even imagine the names.
 worried voices ringing my cell phone endlessly
 I am replying them all, whispering with burning eyes
 my stranger friends want to eat after driving so long
 what is this, a caravanserai shining with lights at nowhere?
 entering between the Arab driver and new Kurdish friend
 I am trying to walk with confidence, aware of my weirdness
 to this place full of men, to these lands, earth, winds
 looking at me only once they are turning their heads with grace.
 where am I, what am doing here, is this one of my dreams
 no, not even the most lucid dream can give these feelings
 this taste, this smell, this perception of uniqueness
 this is those lands I was so desperate to reach
 those lands waiting me, all sons waiting me...

they are leaving me at the doorstep of my hotel
 I can barely remember entering my room
 throwing myself on a bed, not even locking the door.
 not sure if I am still awake or asleep
 dreams, images, sounds following one another
 so colorful, so vivid, so lively, so deep
 with light shining, a music rising over the moor
 I am floating up and down in a roar...
 it is the sound of the cobra helicopters landing
 songs of soldiers booming with rising sun
 I am still surrounded with the mist
 I am still dreaming in deep sleep
 I am hugging my pillow stretching
 I hear the voice saying "hey you did it"
 I don't need my dream voice, I am lucid enough
 I am at the lands I determined to reach
 I am dreaming at the lands my son waiting me...
 the lands of ancient civilizations, wars, life and death
 I am at the Northern Mesopotamia!
 Lost in misty Mesopotamian dreams...

MESOPOTAMION SORROW AND MAGIC

I am waking up with the roars of landing cobras
 I can see the ambulances beside the landing site
 watching from my seventh floor room, with sleepy eyes.

soldiers and medical personal are waiting with worry
 doors of the landing helicopters open one by one
 waiting soldiers and all are running in hurry
 some are taking the wounded on their backs to carry
 bloody arms and legs are hanging from bloody bodies
 some are pulling out the black corpse bags
 in a few minutes all ambulances moves silently.
 left soldiers squatting down as they lost all the energy
 wiping eyes with hands covered with their friends' blood
 I can't bear to watch more...
 they are already invaded my dreams for long nights
 not alone but accompanied by huge eyes of children
 wrinkled faces of women with hopeless expressions
 aged so young, giving up all dreams so early...

I want to visit around, I have to witness more
 I need to look into eyes, souls, breath the air
 hiring a taxi, taking the roads with my usual weirdness
 unique deserted ancient cities, villages after villages
 a magical nature dazzling my eyes without any trees
 flat fields reaching horizon as earth and sky meet
 in a spiritual mating, in a sacred dance...
 visiting centuries old saint tombs, mosques, churches,
 talking with villagers, Arabs, Kurds, Turks, Suryanis
 creating a common language, touching lives to feel
 love flowing of my hearth, stepping to another dimension
 still I can sense the air of danger, helplessness and fear...

the scene is changing, now we are climbing mountains
 wild streams, rivers are flowing from all directions
 thousands of caves, homes made of caves layers over layers
 centuries old bridges over wild rivers, between highest cliffs
 these are the lands they can't share, lands they all want
 lands they fight for, lands of murder, pain and tears
 heart of the greater Middle East politics of the west
 hidden center of Greater Middle East Project of allies...
 can they understand the mystery, spirituality hidden?
 understand the strength, stubbornness distilled in sorrows
 can all those technology win against the lands of beliefs?
 estimate the power of sacred spirituality carved in years?

I am throwing my tired body and mind on the bed
 dreams taking me immediately flying away.
 I am in the middle of empty plains of Mesopotamia
 nothing, not even a single tree for the eyes to see
 other than a strange mist covering all around me.
 I don't feel well; a pain is burning in my heart, soul
 mist is changing color, density like in a sacred dance
 am I loosing my body, floating or the area around me?
 are the mountains, caves, waterfalls and all are whirling
 or am I becoming a particle whirling in trance?
 thick green, red and white shining energy clouds are flowing
 and becoming one with everything, with the universe.
 all the doors, caves, mountains, what lies in earth or sky
 are opening with the shining light in front of me.
 we are uniting as one in cosmos, breathing peace
 magic is becoming alive, mist is disappearing
 ancient secrets are opening the gates to victory
 this is the sorrow and magic whirling...

DREAM: 14 March 2006

IN A LEGEND OF OMEN

.....
I am finding myself at Dardanelles. I am not very sure where, which part I am. Everything seems amorphous. While I think I am at the seaside of the strait at Gallipoli, I am also thinking it may be Ida Mountains. We are after a news story with 2 other females, following some dark characters. We are following them without showing ourselves using my gifts in a stairless building at Kilitbahir, go around the old castle etc.

.....
A voice is accompanying me in a very speedy tour from the sky or in my vision. Scenes are changing one after another. They are generally water front palaces and the sky is semi dark with clouds. I am calculating how high every place I see, if they may be safe when the water rise. I see a very wild place. The voice says it is "Zap Water". I didn't see Zap Water before, so I have to believe the voice but the panorama makes me remember some parts of Hasankeyf. Wild, grey high mountains beginning just from the side of the grey wild river, reaching out to grey wild sky. I am thinking; if this is Zap Water it is closer to the sea than Hasankeyf or any other similar places. I wonder if it may be safer or not. The voice says; we already bought and made a house there. I am thinking; if we did so, there must be a reason; I wouldn't do it without considering all the possibilities. I still not sure where really is Zap Water, if it is close to Mediterranean sea as I assume or not. Everything is so amorphous. I feel like I am in a legend of an omen.

(a few days before my second trip to border area)

IN A LEGEND OF OMEN

this is Gallipoli...
can't tell the history hiding under every stone
hundreds of thousands still lay buried
just under the earth under your feet
digging only a little there lays a story
a soul from the time changed late history...
that is Troya...
calling from the other side of the sea
with laments and tears of Helen
and going further, there lies month Ida
Zeus reigned from its cloudy peaks
you can hear Homeros calling from Iliada
Aphrodite, promising the most beautiful to Paris
this is Aegean coasts of Anatolia...
as a lace embroided history...
civilizations borne, reigned and ended
layers over layers, centuries after centuries
leaving behind their sayings, legends, myths
not only on endless loves but more on wars...

I am flying off slowly...
leaving the lands I played as a child,
found the skeleton parts of dead soldiers
hundreds years old carved stone pieces...
where I learned first laments
meaning of love, joy, pain and mercy...
what a long way I have to fly,
what a great land you are Anatolia?
I wonder how many knows your name;
Anatolia, Anadolu, full of mothers
it suits you so incredibly...
not only the those Godmothers, Goddesses
hiding in your unique past, depths
but also the mothers of our days.

are the mountains below their generous breasts?
rivers running coming from their tears?
how much tears need to make those lakes?...

is that Mesopotamia on the horizon...
born from your heart
passing borders to reach Middle East.
clouds are getting darker around me
wind is blowing harsh
mountains getting wilder below
reaching out as if to catch me
and take in the caves at their peaks.
there is a smell of rain in the air
I feel as a storm is about to blow...
again legends are surrounding me
I don't care if they are Taurus mountains,
Ararat or Nemrut selow...
I don't care if that can be Noah's Ark
the cave of Abraham or giant sculptures
legends, myths are same, today is same...
clouds are carrying the winds of wars
rains are pouring with tears of mothers

dream voice chooses to talk; "this is Zap Water"
wild grey river is running from grey high mountains
reaching wildest grey sky, waiting the wildest storms.
this is my land, this is my home
from Aegean coasts to Mesopotamia
this is Anatolia...
legends covering all the elements
all the earth, sky, rivers and lives
this is the lands living the legends of omens
people living all their lives in legends of omens
mothers singing soft lullabies to unborn babies
their tears flowing with legends of omens...



DREAM: 18 March 2006

MAY'S GARDEN

"We are visiting a house. I feel as I lived in this house. I don't want to visit, remember some memories very much. The house look as it is newly decorated; the windows at one side are all closed with bricks not letting any light in and painted silk white. I am looking from the entrance towards the kitchen, which allows me to see only this side. I am

thinking this kind of a decoration can make the house very dark. But when I enter, I see that the windows at the other side, looking towards the sun are all open till the floor. They make the light shine all over the saloon. It feels as if we turned our back to dark, facing the light and feel no darkness in the house. It is the male who accompany us to visit the house, the lady of the house is not there, she is out. I am feeling a need to leave the house, go out to garden. The man is warning that the garden is not decorated yet. There is really a wild, natural beauty around the garden. There is two natural pool or pond like places, a little one at the back and a bigger one in front of the garden. The entire garden is natural green grass and colorful flowers. The willow trees covered with hyacinths and lilacs which bend over the ponds surprise me. Branches of willows are heavy with purple, pink, blue flowers. The man accompanying us says; the lady will now finish the house and begin to decorate the garden. I think may be a little wise touch here and there but it is so beautiful, full of life and light in its natural state."



1-2 June 2006

POEMS FOR MAY

"It is a bright night with stars. I am looking around several landscapes. I am admiring the landscapes but infact I am also searching for somebody/ something missing. Than to my right a white shining attracts my attention. I am trying to see it better, moving closer. It is a giant hole opened in the earth to lay the foundation for a new building. In a contrast to the earth around it, it is shining white under the night sky. I am thinking 'whoever have this place is lucky, it looks like a giant grave now but it is obvious that the building which will rise above will be great'. Than I see several other buildings around and think if I better buy one for myself before being late. But I begin writing a farewell text for May. I want it to be a better than the one I wrote for Baki. After a few lines, the text is turning to a kind of poem. Last lines like:

she was an orca working for children
she was a swan understanding dreams
turned to a dolphin now touching our sprits...

It is long and I am writing it 2-3 times again and again. But I especially think why I am choosing these animals as symbols for her in the text. What may 'dolphin' mean is turning in my mind?"

(had the first dream a few days before her's giving the news of unfortunate event, second one after the great lost)

MAY PASSED BOMEI

how beautiful it was during last March
when you were writing; "I think you often.
not only will your soul be with us at the conference:
you are often floating around me. Really!"...
this year I wished there wasn't a month as March
in your words, it came with "unfortunate turn of events".
you were writing as we were your children to soothe,
"So my dear friends, be calm after the initial shock"
"You will be more disturbed than I am, I know!"
I can't believe the words floating in front of my eyes
I can't believe your calmness, courage, irony...
"Therefore, I decided to choose "NO TREATMENT."
"The doctor gave me 6 to 9 months but that is often not precise"
oh May...no May...it can't be possible Bomei...
"I wasn't aware I love you this much"
"You were the stronger, wise one with answers even in my dreams."

I get lost, speechless...
 dreams are beginning to talk between them;
 yours say; "Then I dreamed of a lovely garden with a tree
 that had bright purple flowers but only on one side of the tree.
 last night, it was a field of deep green vegetations with small,
 young fruits growing out near the roots. I picked some!
 Death is a chance of rebirth"...
 mine came early; "the lady of the house is not there, she is out...
 there is a wild, natural beauty around the garden.
 natural green grass and colorful flowers
 magical willow branches covered with hyacinths and lilacs
 bending over the ponds, heavy with purple, pink, blue...
 lady finishing the house will now begin decorating the garden"...

it is so hard keeping such a secret...
 you want me be silent to your friends I am hosting
 I am sending them touring palaces, tombs alone
 excusing myself as I visited them all hundreds of times
 it is a lie, I want to be alone, not show them my tears
 holding your last gift they deliver in a palm
 taking breaths from the cigarette in my other hand
 your image in front of my eyes, your words in my mind,
 "I made the necklace for you; felt it's your color"
 I don't care the rain, I don't care the cold
 I want to shout loud, with all my feelings
 "May is preparing to go...noo..."
 what can I send you, knowing this will be last?
 other than putting all my love, my memories,
 in a crystal mussel with a blue eye instead of a pearl.

"Sad news about the death of a friend..."
 bad news reached so early, unexpectedly.
 children of Iraq left orphan once again,
 bees lost a wing, peace lost a fighter
 bridge folk lost its wise, stubborn sister...
 your last mail from China was full of irony;
 "Love to all, dear earthly folks,
 until I come down to earth, Baomei"
 this earthly folk miss you too much
 sense you uncountable times in dreams or around
 dedicating farewells to you on dream journals
 writing unfinished dream poems;
 "she was an orca working for children
 she was a swan understanding dreams
 turned to a dolphin now touching our sprits..."
 this earthly folk miss you so much
 can't wait till you come down to earth Bomei
 or till meeting you where you are...

I will never able to forget you saying;
 "I feel rather privileged to know how and when
 I'd likely to do my exit act!"
 with your; "healthy narcissism!"
 I will never be able to forget you commenting;
 "One just never predict the future,
 not even in the last stretch..."
 but most of all my dream swan;
 I will never forget, "not try to water plastic flowers"...
 are you hearing me, watching the earthy folks?

people don't want to hear about the news as we used to be
some close ears, some eyes, some mouths as three monkeys
our real flowers, children are still dying, left crippled
still living all those and more horrible things
stolen dreams, broken souls, wounded hearts are growing
some says hearing these give them nightmares...
hopeless to explain real flowers lives daily nightmares
I miss you so much, not trying to water plastic flowers.

I am proud to be privileged to know you, worked with you
condolences all the privileged ones who know you
condolences to all friends, all we earthly folks
condolences to the children of Iraq
and all the children added from Lebanon
and many more waiting to be added in time
condolences world, compassion, peace and dreams
May passed to soon, worse than March
I will miss you
till we meet Bomei...

[- back to top -](#)

Copyright © IASD PsiberDreaming Art Gallery
Web Design by The PsiberCore



[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Judy Tart



Title: Evil Robotic Creature Takes Over the World
Graphic Collage

I and another woman were going to volunteer at a library after school. Since we both had been RNs, we felt we could use our talents to head a group to aid victims of a disaster which we felt would soon occur. . The scene changed, and now we are at the library, auditioning some teens for an early French drama (the Renaissance French king himself

was behind the library desk screening students as well). The students were trying to convince him and us that they knew French well enough and could declaim in the proper manner to put on a performance. I was sitting silently to the side, not sure what my role was here - but at one point their voices were so sweet I found tears rolling down my cheeks.

Now it is some months later. The world is in the hands of evil robotic creatures. I and possibly this same woman are still involved with the children, but now they have been transformed into robotic creatures as well, silvery with big insectoid eyes, but still children inside. The woman also has been transformed. One of the head robots came in to see our progress. The young boy-robot is singing, and tears are rolling down the head robot's insectoid face. Apparently it is not yet completely immune to reacting to beauty.

The only day residue I can find to this is reading Neil Gaiman's short stories, which turn out to be more dark and horror-filled than I like.

[- back to top -](#)

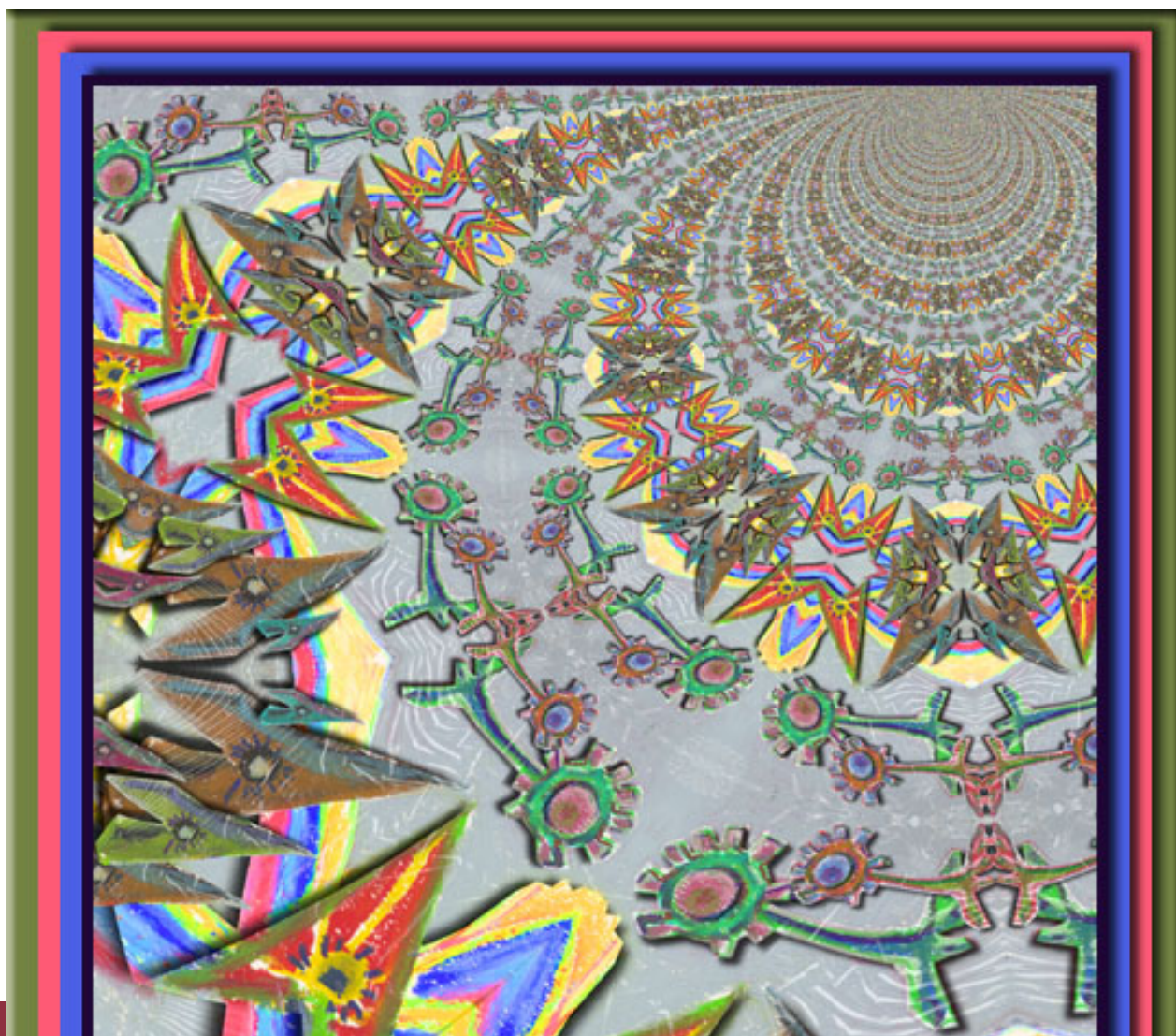
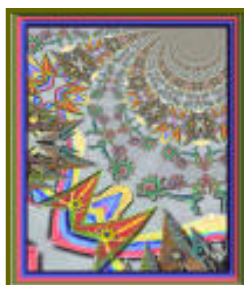
Copyright © IASD PsiberDreaming Art Gallery
Web Design by The PsiberCore

2006 PsiberDreaming Art Gallery

[Back to Bulletin Board](#)

[John Corbett](#) | [Joy Fatooh](#) | [Paula Franklin](#) | [Christoph Gassmann](#) | [Diana Greywolf](#) |
[Richard Hilton](#) | [Patricia Kelly](#) | [Victoria Rabinowe](#) | [Alejandra Raffo Le Dantec](#) |
[Henry Reed](#) | [Jennifer Star](#) | [Diana Thompson](#) | [Laura Atkinson \(Gallery Host\)](#)
[Bjo Ashwill](#) | [Kirsten Borum](#) | [Barbara Harris](#) | [Rita Hildebrant](#) | [Mary Pat Mann](#)
[Citlalli Valles Sanchez](#) | [Elizabeth Stangeland \(LizLynne\)](#) | [Gloria Sturzenacker](#)
[Ilkin Sungu](#) | [Judy Tart](#) | [Richard Wilkerson](#)

Richard Wilkerson





Title: Escaping the Cogs

I'm in a office and packing up my cubicle. I'm leaving this job as an investigator, but not sure where I am going from here. I'm feeling quite relieved, as if I am escaping being a cog in a wheel. A mechanic from the car repair department comes in and we are discussing engines. End.

Around the time of this dream, Nancy Richter Brzeski had given me a set of oil pastels and the dream inspired the 'Escaping the Cogs' piece. There was a kind of horror and delight in working on the piece, a kind of surreal conflict flowers that had become cogs, piercing thoughts and criticisms, fear abounding, yet a kind of recognition of the archetypal nature of the conflict of structure and chaos, cogs and rainbows, sharks and stars, flows and breaks in the flow. Later that year I started working for IASD. 'Escaping the Cogs' continues to work its magic. Recently I encountered an old mathematical idea about infinity, and how instead of us being finite, and infinity being beyond us, there are actually many infinities, and from these infinities we are constructed and construct the finite.

[- back to top -](#)

Copyright © IASD PsiberDreaming Art Gallery
Web Design by The PsiberCore