



Welcome to the 2007 PsiberDreaming ART Gallery

[Click Here to Return to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
| ❖ Laura Atkinson | ❖ Dolores Nurss |
| ❖ Jean Campbell | ❖ PasQuale Ourtane Krul |
| ❖ John Corbett | ❖ Victoria Rabinowe |
| ❖ Brenda Ferrimani | ❖ Elizabeth Stangeland |
| ❖ Margot Forman | ❖ Jennifer Star |
| ❖ Patricia Kelly | ❖ Ilkin Sungu |
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[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

Laura Atkinson



Dream Cubes

Clear Acrylic Photo Cubes / Digital Prints of Various Lucid Dreams

The dream cubes were created specifically for an art group that I belong to. One week the theme was: "My first lucid dream". I compiled my favorite lucid dreams to date, and put them into a photo cube so the viewer could interact with the dream art.

Two Saturns Photomontage

I dream that I am walking in a cow pasture. The sun is setting and I watch the cows. They are moo-ing softly and frequently, as if they are trying to talk with me.

They all turn to me and they seem confused, looking at me, looking at the sky, looking again at me. I turn around and see a mountain landscape behind me, and the moon is rising. The moon is absolutely huge and it must be an atmospheric optical illusion.

Suddenly, I see the planet Saturn and all its rings...and then above the mountain ridge another version of the planet Saturn rises. Two Saturns!? No wonder the cows are confused!



Flying Through Thunderclouds

Photomontage

I dream that I am flying through the sky...I fly through the thunderclouds and can actually feel and touch the water elements in the clouds. I see how they change and electrify before a lightning strike. I fly above the cloud into the blue sky above, and watch the clouds from above as the lightning gathers. The clouds are a luminous grey (hard to imagine I know) and little water crystals of yellow, pink, hot green morph in spirals as the cloud begins to charge with electricity.

I dive back into the cloud and can feel the electricity start to raise the hairs on my body, it tingles but does not harm me.



Blueberries for Ilze

Photomontage

I dream that I must cover bushes of blueberries that have ripened before they were supposed to. There are birds waiting to eat the berries before they are harvested. I am covering them with large, white, thin gauze. I see one crow has already picked a very large blueberry and is holding it in its mouth.

The dream shifts and I am now in the car with Ilze. She is teaching me more words in Dutch. She sings a song about the bird with the blueberry, and how it is hungry and likes berries for breakfast. I am not sure how I know that is what she is singing about, but most of the words seem familiar to me.



PK Dream Photomontage

I dream there is a group of people who are discovering that they have hidden PK powers. A girl throws objects vertically into the air, and I am able to stretch out my hands and the objects quickly fly towards me like they are magnetic. She tries this with non-magnetic items such as fruit, books, and soda bottles. Yes, this trick works with all items no matter of their size.

It seems like this same group of people have now gathered on the beach. They are all given small umbrellas. Since the wind is really picking up speed, our instructor informs us that we can ride the wind by putting up our umbrellas. We all try this and indeed we're all lifted off our feet and can drift with the wind patterns. This is all fun and games until the sky turns dark grey and there is thunder and lightning in the distance. I advice the group that it may not be the best choice to be attached to a metal umbrella in the middle of a thunderstorm, our luck shouldn't be that good!

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| ❖ Valerie McCarney | ❖ Richard Wilkerson |

[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

Jean Campbell

Meet the Dream Scouts

Dream Scouts are six young people between the ages of twelve and seventeen. They live in and around the Adams Morgan area of the District of Columbia, or something very like it. Adams Morgan is that part of Washington, D.C. just south and east of Connecticut Avenue and the National Zoo. It is a multi-ethnic neighborhood with lots of small shops, restaurants, and every kind of dwelling from single family homes to large apartment complexes. Rock Creek Park, which holds the Zoo, faces the western boundary of the neighborhood. The Dream Scouts meet one another through various adventures having to do with dreaming, and ultimately realize that they are a group, with some real work to do in the world.

The Dream Scouts International Program is an interactive program through which dreamers of all ages can learn more about dreams and multiculturalism. The Dream Scouts, in fact the entire Dream Scouts International Program, is a work in progress, one in which people are already enjoying a new way of having fun with dreams.

Lucy McNair (Lucid Dreamer)



The youngest of the Dream Scouts, Lucy, age twelve, is a lucid dreamer. She has been a lucid dreamer for as long as she can remember, and has a group of friends she meets and hangs out with in the dream state.

Her family members (father Christopher McNair, who works for the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration; mother Trudy, an Economics professor at The American University; and brother Charles--also known as Trickster) love Lucy a lot, and think of her as highly imaginative, but they also tend to think of her as having an overactive imagination. She is encouraged to spend less time alone. However, Lucy prefers to spend her time in the attic reading, creating puppets, writing plays, or "playing with her dolls." Lucy knows she's not just playing.



Charles McNair (Trickster)

At fifteen, the most important thing in life to The Trickster is skateboarding. That's how he earned his nickname, since he's by far the best skateboarder in his neighborhood.

Trickster is wiry, but strong, not as tall as he will eventually be, with a shock of yellow-brown hair that falls over his eyes. Through the help of his sister and his friend, Danny, Trickster learns that lucid dreaming is real. He also learns that his own dream talents include shape shifting, flying and playing the trickster in dream state. Dreaming, he discovers, is almost as much fun as skateboarding.



Daniel "Walking Tree" Logan (Tracker)

Daniel has recently moved to Washington to live with his Uncle Paul, who works at the National Zoo. Daniel is a Chippewa (Ojibwa) Indian from the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, where the snows begin in October and end in May. Ever since the tribe opened its big casino in the UP, Danny's mother has been worried that her son will lose the old traditions and be corrupted by gambling and drinking. She has sent Danny to her brother to protect him from this.

Although Danny, 15, misses his life in Michigan, especially the ice hockey that he shares with his friends there, he is fascinated by the city, and even more fascinated by the creatures who inhabit the zoo, where he spends as many hours as he can each week. This gives Danny a chance to see the zoo animals up close, and to practice his private passion for tracking. Dan likes to pretend that he is living in the United States before Europeans ever arrived. When he looks up at the rocky hills which surround the zoo, he imagines villages of Powhatan Indians.

Danny knows he's handsome, with strong features and black hair over thick, black brows, but he doesn't really care much what people think of him. The only real friend of his own age that he's made since he moved to Washington is a kid by the name of Trickster, whose passion is skateboarding and who is teaching Danny how to fly on wheels. Dan loves the feeling of skimming downhill on a skateboard almost as much as he loves the feel of ice under his blades.

The most secret part of Dan Logan though, something he has never even told his mother, is that, since he was a little kid he has had a dream guide, an old and horribly disfigured man who calls himself Tsquallane. Danny has never seen this name in the history books he's read, but he's pretty sure the Grandfather is somebody important. When Danny was little, the old man would come and tell him stories of a time when Dan's people, the Ojibwa, lived all up and down the Eastern part of the country.

Now that he's older, Danny seldom sees Tsquallane except in dreams, Nonetheless, the old man is as real to Dan as the people around him are. Tsquallane is his teacher and friend.

Hector Kuri-Gonzales (Sueño)

Hector is a seventeen year old junior at Immaculata High School. He was held back a grade when he was ten and his family moved from Guadalajara, Mexico to the United States.

They came to Washington because Sueño's little sister, Maria (now 15), broke her back in a fall. Wanting to get the best possible medical care for Maria, still hoping that she would be able to walk again, Papa brought the family to the United States and bought a restaurant, which he has made into a local landmark. There is a steady stream of cousins to the big apartment above the restaurant. Many of these visitors start life in the U.S. by working at La Mariposa.

Sueño wouldn't have time for sports, even if his height would allow it. (At 5'5", he worries that he'll never find a girl he likes who doesn't look down on him.) But in between school and the delivery work he does for his father's catering business, Sueño loves to dance. And he's good at it.

Sometimes, in the afternoons, before the dinner crowd comes in, Maria will bring her friends from school into La Mariposa for an hour of fun. They play dance tunes on the restaurant's sound system, and even the solemn cousins from Guadalajara dance. Maria (and a number of her friends) say that Hector dances like a dream, and that's where he got his nickname, Sueño. But there is another reason as well for the name, one shared only by Maria and Hector.

At the time of Maria's accident, when she was in great pain, Hector often came to her in dream state, to make her forget her fears for a while. Even now, when Maria has trouble falling asleep, she will rap with a broom on the ceiling of her room (which is the floor of Sueño's room) and he will come sit on the floor by her bed, telling her stories in Spanish until they both fall asleep.

Miriam Makeba Brown (Dream Healer)

At age sixteen, Miriam is one of Maria's closest friends, and she is a friend to Sueño as well. She and her mother and her grandmother live in an apartment building near the shop that they own in Tacoma Park, Maryland.

When Miriam was younger, she and her mother lived in the same neighborhood as Sueño's family does, but her mother used the money from her job as a night clerk at the Shoreham Hotel to rent a little space in Tacoma Park and start an African import store.

Miriam hates it when people just assume she is African-American because, in fact, she is South African, or at least her mother and grandmother were--her father was too, before he was shot during a holdup of the taxi he was driving, when Miriam was five. He, Miriam's mother, and Oba, father's mother, fled South African apartheid. Miriam, named after the famous South African singer, Miriam Makeba was born here soon after their arrival.

Miriam is proud of her heritage, and is learning South African healing traditions from her grandmother when they work together in the store. Ever since she was thirteen or so, Miriam has had dreams about healing people. Now she is learning how to heal with herbs and energy. The dreams scare her a little, but Grandma Oba assures her that Dream Healing is a tradition in their family. She encourages Miriam to learn as much about

Western medicine as she can too, and maybe even become a doctor.



Wen Ch'en (Jenny) T'sering (The Listener)

Jenny is fourteen, but she is shy and quiet and small. At fourteen she looks more like a twelve year old. She is short and skinny, with a pale oval face and long black hair which falls past the middle of her back when she wears it down, though often she wears it in a pony tail. She is serious and studious, so quiet people often forget she's around.

Jenny lives with her father, who works at the World Bank Bookstore; her grandmother; twelve-year-old twins, Nordup and Sonam; and four year old sister, Losha. Her mother died when Losha was born. Jenny's father very active politically in the Free Tibet Movement, leaving Jenny to watch out for the younger children, do the marketing, and help her grandmother take care of the house. She does all of this quietly, gets good grades in school and--well--listens.

She also has dreams of all sorts in her room behind the kitchen. This room used to be the pantry of the 1930s style bungalow where the family lives, but grandmother suggested that it was better for Jenny to have a room or her own than to share a room with her little sister. She especially loves her room because, from it, she can step right out the door to the garden.

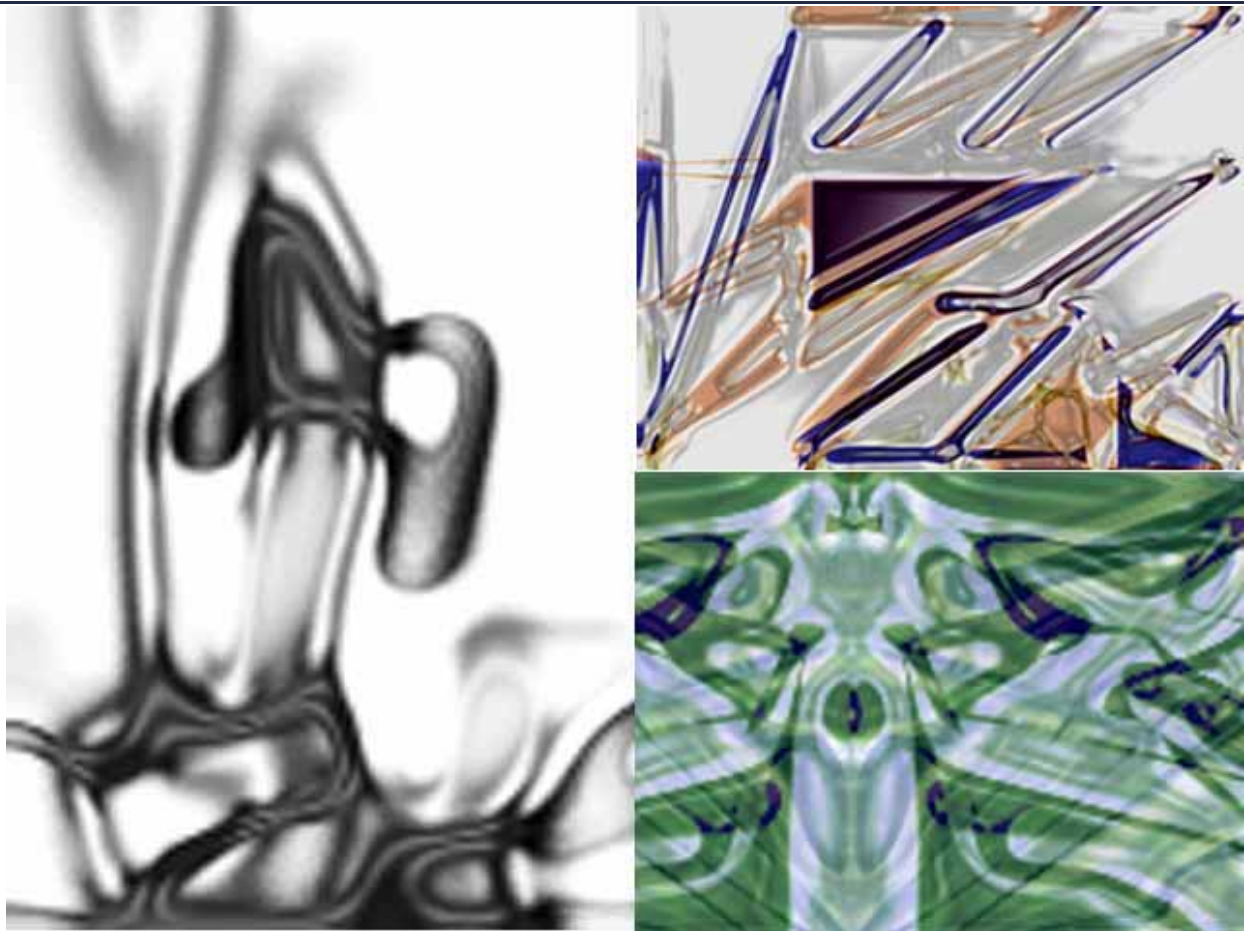
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[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

John Corbett

The images are collage of dream slides (DS), Very Large Array slides (VS) and Helios slides (HS). The DS and VS slides are obtained with the same technique described in the previous 2003 – 2006 PsiBer exhibitions. New for 2007 are the HS slides. HS slides basically are the same as VS slides. The difference is the source of input data. VS uses earth environmental data, HS uses solar system data. Figure 2 has a hint how this is accomplished. The data recording devices pointed in the Solar System space (Sun and Deep Space) on display on the upper right of the collage. Both methods use a dream synchronization method that determines the timing of data gathering.



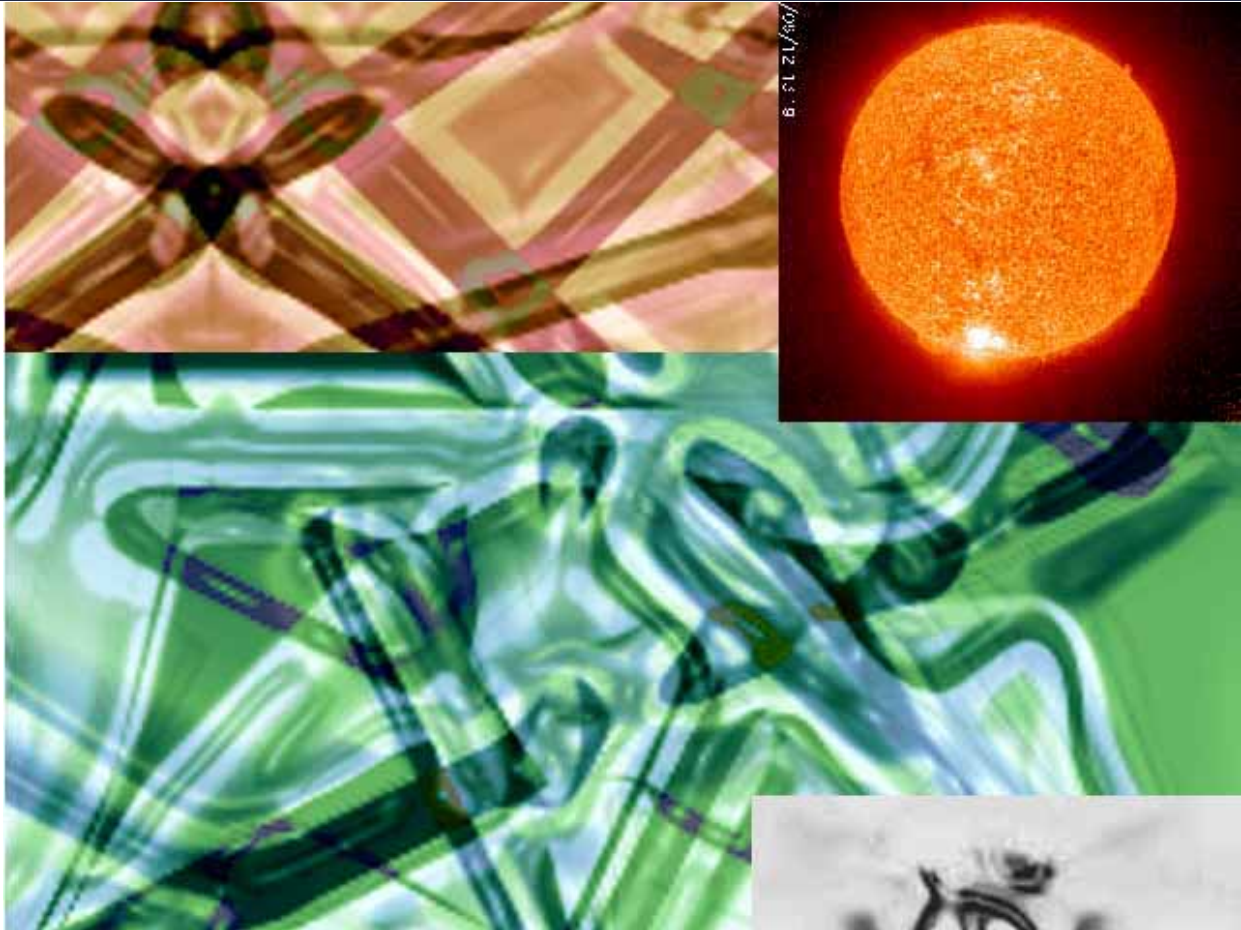
The collage is targeting the relation between the animal world and the human essential power of thinking.

Dreams:

04-23-07

-We went down from a hill to enter a bank.

- All the population is reorganized into military structures. My new uniform is white. I will be sent into a room. Other colleagues will get sent into boxes.
- I am ascending a stepladder walking on objects.
- Free apartment, open windows. All kind of insects are entering.



The collage is a simple explanation of the Helios Slides technology. The upper image was decoded from the data gathered from deep space and Sun, at the moment indicated by the time stamp. The bottom part is VS and the bottom right is DS. They all share similar ideas.

Dreams: 03_29_07

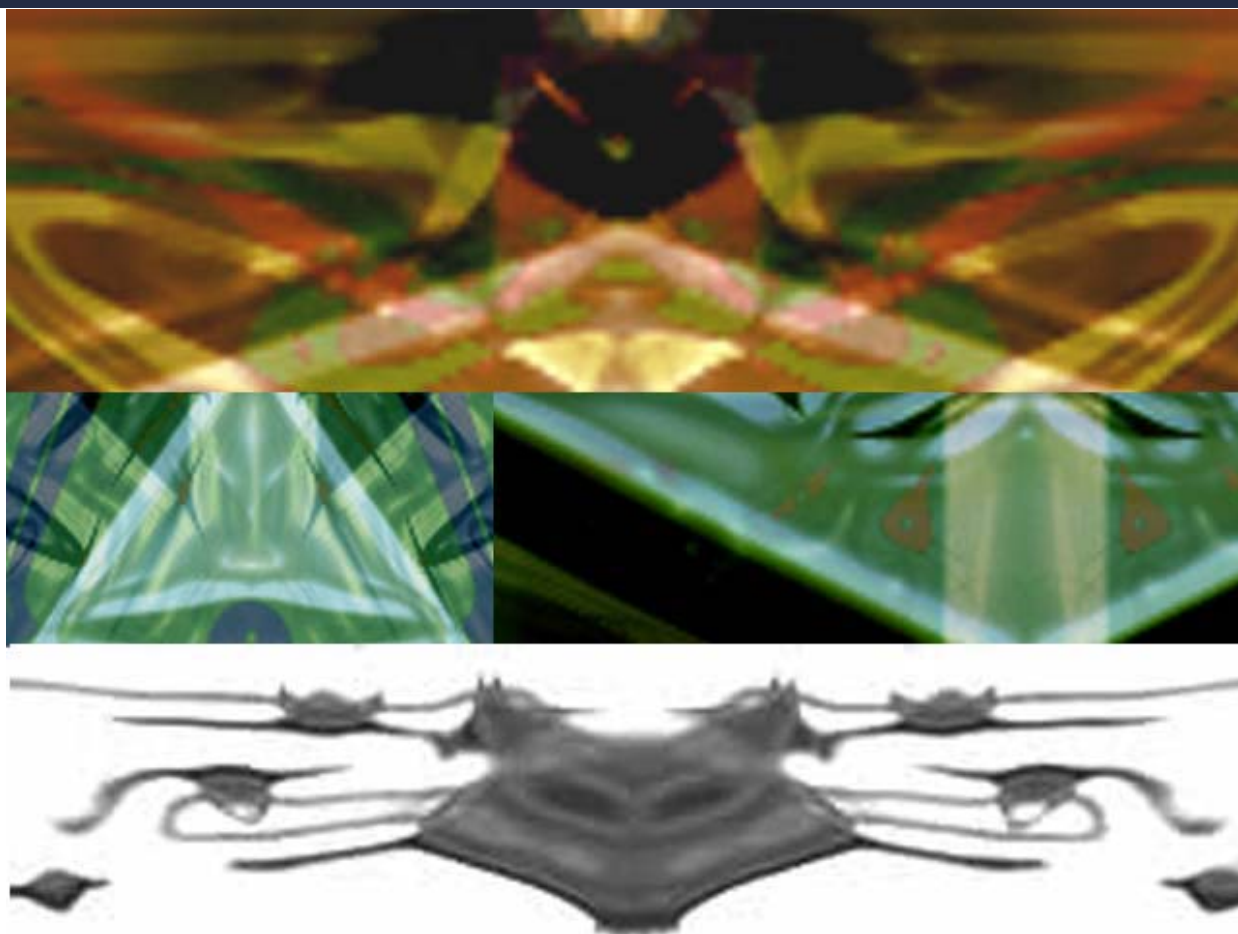
I am alone in the house.

I am moving into another room with a TV set.

-We are taking care of a dog on a corridor. The dog has jewelry. I am talking with a women that has her teeth covered in metal.

-Reading a book about computers, I am trying some instructions. My finger is licking a transparent liquid.

-During the night We are discussing at a table with a woman that has tree children from three marriages.



Upper is believed to be a representation of a black hole. It was received via a HS. In the middle is a combination of two VS with similar content. In our interpretation it is about two priests of different denominations but having the same God. In the bottom is a DS having an obvious military history content.

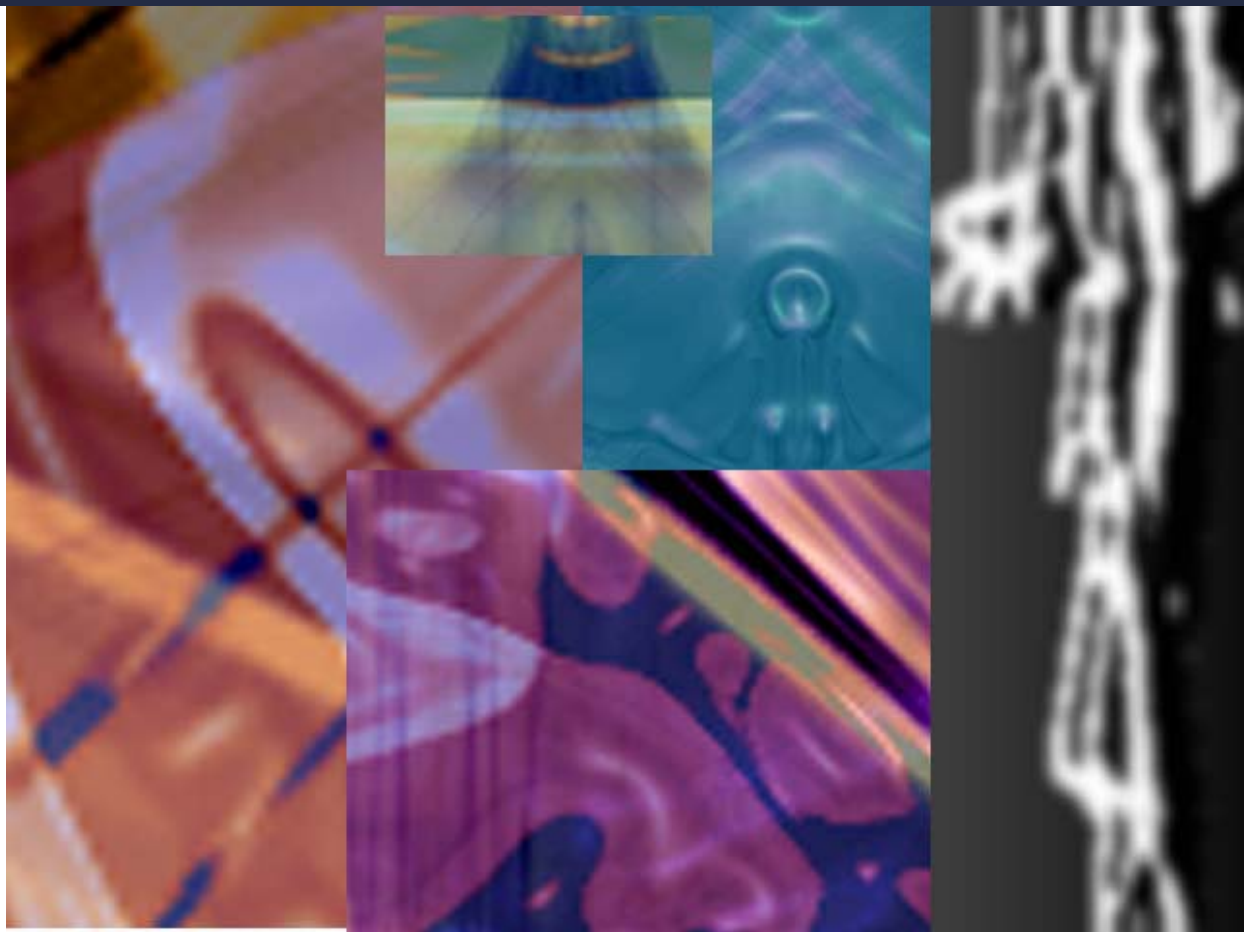
Dreams:

05_10_07

-Problems with a pen relatively undefined.

-I am running on the street with a friend.

--I am buying an apartment for me and another for a friend

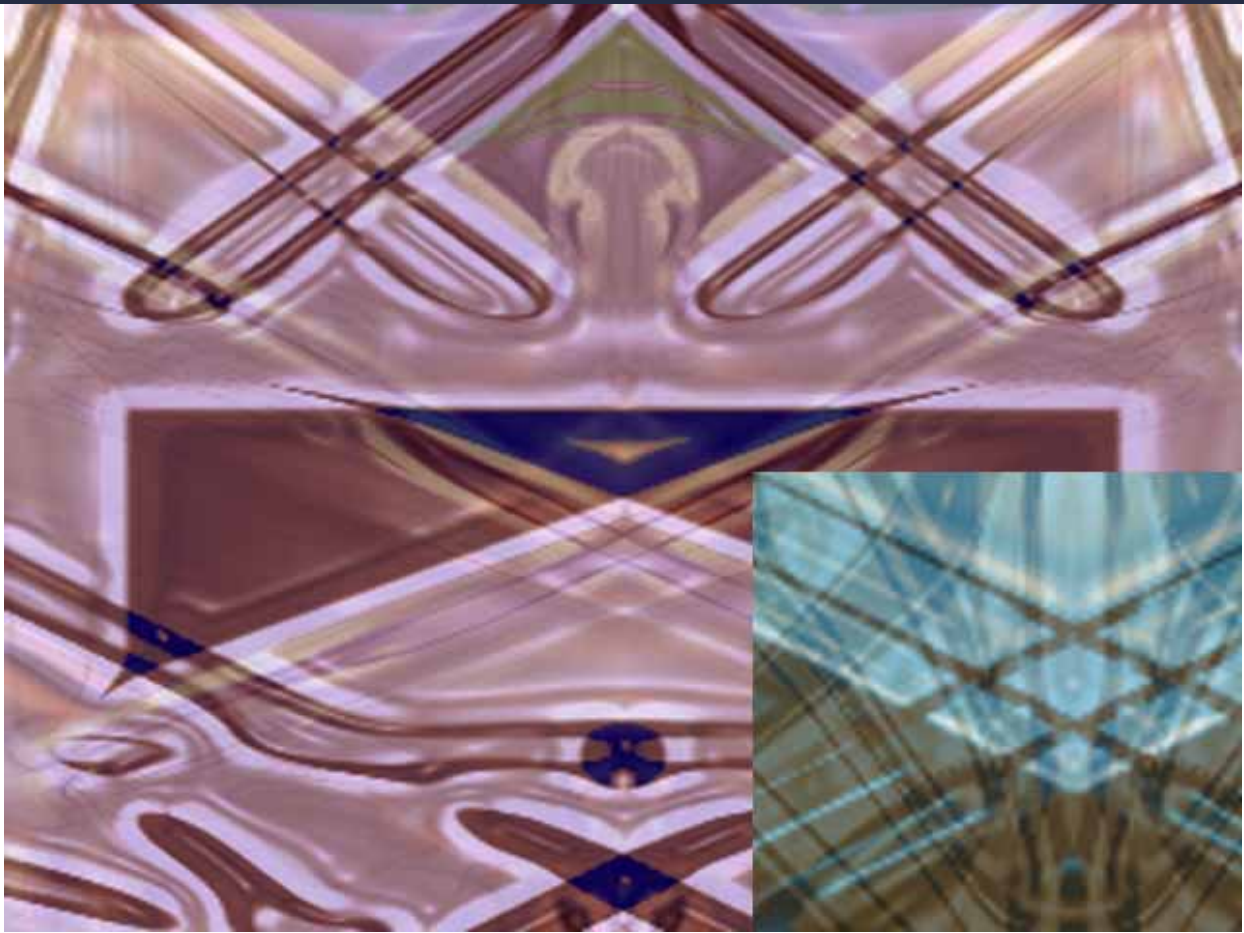


The collage is setting together slides dealing with suggestions of dangers. It was intended to sustain Churchill affirmation that the Second World War is a war that could have been avoided.

Dreams:

06_24_07

- Inside a very big room without any source of light discussions with a girl from Asia.
- Inside the train. I am sitting at one of the commanding seats of the driving car.
- I am visiting a factory for processing bronze parts.



We received these slides after the passing of known actors.

Dreams:

06_09_07

- Discussions about a toy that moves alone into a sandcastle.
- The tax collecting person does not have to pay taxes.
- I am sleeping at the company. In the morning when I am putting it back I see a big stain sideways on one of its foot.

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[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

Brenda Ferrimani

The Dream, "Fall Into Fear"

"I am in my bed at night. I hear coyotes in the distance. There's a window at the foot of the bed and a light in the sky, shining in. I sense there's something out there. I move toward the window and as I do I am sucked out! I begin falling into endless darkness!



I am falling down, down into the deep darkness. I feel like screaming, but then I remind myself I am dreaming. At this point I become lucid.

I can see and feel everything slow, and I stop falling. I ask, "What is for me here?" I demand, "SHOW ME, SHOW ME!" Then, I begin to move upward. I see the stars as I am traveling up to the heavens. Then huge metal discs with alien writing start moving up around me. I yell once more, "SHOW ME!" — I even say this out loud in waking reality and I wake myself up."

My painting depicts the dream I had the night after 9/11, and is the reason why I wanted to use the Trade Towers burning as the backdrop to this work.

In waking life I was feeling tremendous fear, along with the rest of the world, after the terrorists' attack the day before. Coyote allowed me to be sucked into this dark abyss of fear to learn about its illusion, and my own power over it. In the dream I was able to stop my fall by waking up! By becoming conscious, I can choose love over fear and change the world I live in.

On a collective level, I believe the dream is warning us all to wake up to the negative effects of fear to our planet. We must become conscious of this deadly emotion and face problems in the waking world with compassion.

I am reminded of the famous Author/Astronomer, Carl Sagan, who always referred to the time that we are living in as an age of "technological adolescence" and said the first question he would ask of an Alien visitor might be, "How did your world survive its adolescence without destroying itself?"

On some level I know I made contact with a higher intelligence that night of 9/12, through my dream experience. Yet, I'm still puzzled why when given the chance to ask anything of my visitor, I asked about my own purpose. Perhaps this is where all important work begins, with an internal focus, changing the world one person at a time. Another thought is that what was communicated about my own purpose is too strange or alien for my mind to comprehend at this point in my development.

Recently, I attended a Dream Retreat with Jeremy Taylor, and one of the dreams we considered as a group also contained strange writing that could not be understood by the dreamer. Jeremy asked the group, "How many of you have had dreams containing unreadable/alien writing, or alchemical symbols?" At least 80% of the dreamers raised their hands! The resulting discussion from this astonishing show of hands was very convincing to me that a new language may be evolving; a new way of communicating primarily through images and symbols, which will far surpass verbal language in effectiveness. This idea resonated deeply for me, and seemed to explain the mystery of the alien writing in my dream.

Being an artist, it thrills me to ponder the importance of art in communicating spiritual ideas, and the possible unifying effect the emergence of a new language could have for the planet.

Also, with every dream painting, as with every dream, I always ask, "Why this, now?" It is now 2007 and most people have dealt with the horror of 9/11, have done their inner work and have moved on. I on the other hand, have chosen this time to postpone all my creative projects in order to paint "Fall Into Fear." Why?

On a personal level, the last two years have been filled with loss and pain. Everything in my life has changed and I have come to see this period as "The Deconstruction of Brenda." I have had to face all my fears straight in the face in order to learn the lesson Coyote meant for me personally.

During this time I have actually considered giving up my goals as a painter and dream worker, because life had gotten so tough! Through my suffering, I realized what my greatest fear actually is: When in that sacred void and I ask, "What is for me, here?" I fear the answer will be deadily silent, or after waiting a long while I will hear echoing through the universe, "NOTHING," ... "NO SPECIAL PURPOSE."

Anyone could accuse me of taking myself and my life too seriously, and as I contemplated the death of my own ego, I could almost hear Coyote laugh as lyrics from the National Lampoon's "Desiderata" played back to me... "You are a fluke of the universe: you have no right to be here. Whether or not you can hear it, the Universe is laughing behind your back."

I have believed my work was what "God" or the "Universe" wanted me to do, and couldn't for the life of me understand why I wasn't being supported! Now, there is the realization that I (after throwing off Christian Fundamentalist conditioning years ago) have still been calling out to a Maker God to save me and to "Show Me" what to do! Up until recently I have not realized how I play a vital part in determining my own purpose and in co-creating my life day by day; that the God force is in everything, including me, and not apart from me. I am part of something so big and miraculous— I can only move with it and inside it. It's a beautiful interaction with life that I am participating in, not just reacting to, that I am beginning to appreciate. Perhaps what's viewed as "alien" in the dream is personal power that has not been understood or claimed, yet this power is one and the same as the power of the universe. —End



Dark Night

Original Painting 24" x 36"

acrylic medium

also available in print

"Dark Night" is a depiction of a personal nightmare and is also a self portrait. The dream reflects a visit by inner demons, those voices inside who paralyze me with fear. I have given a face to each tormentor: Self Pity, Worry, Self Doubt, Self Hatred, Guilt, and Judgment. besides these energies there seems to be an ever present breeze of Doom and Gloom. Fear rules as Queen of them all. On this dark night of the soul I find that I must become conscious of these dark energies and face my fears, thereby gaining the power to release each inner demon one by one.

Chart the Growth

Original Painting 36" x 36" Sold

acrylic medium

also available in print

The painting depicts a dream which was the result of a dream incubation question,

"What is my life's truest purpose?" In the dream I wake up inside a tree

and I see the many rings of the tree above me. I hear a voice say "Chart the Growth of the Tree." The Bristle Cone Pine is an apt metaphor for the type of tree I consider myself to be (old soul, slow to learn perhaps, twisted from the weather of centuries, adaptable and wise). The rings are shown in a piece of petrified wood, and repeated in the lake. The light orb represents the voice that says, "Chart the Growth." Jupiter is added as archetypal symbol of growth and expansion.



Meeting the Inner Saboteur

Original painting

48" x 56" Acrylic

Painting of a dream given to me by Joan Borysenko, Ph.D

You asked for a transformational dream and so I give you this one which came at a time in my life when something had happened with an individual with whom I worked, that was very difficult. This was the first time in my life I felt hatred for another person to the point that my waking life was totally consumed by my feelings for this man. I dreamt of him every night for months and I felt possessed by this hatred and my life poisoned. I didn't know what to do, so I went into therapy. Nothing helped. I was a teacher of forgiveness, yet I was unable to shift my consciousness with this man until I had this dream:

I was in New York City and I was greeted by two Buddhist Monks in orange bath robes. I became lucid and thought to myself "This must be a spiritual dream."

The dream continues... I am trying to cross the street. I run because the light is short and I can't make it before it turns red. I know I am dreaming and I know where I am supposed to go—A brownstone building. Time is short so I will fly. It's over there...

I fly there and I go to the top floor of the brownstone. There inside is a very dangerous young man, a gang member. I look at him and say, "He is very dangerous...He could kill me!...On the other hand I am dreaming."

As I look at him something remarkable happens; an exchange of energy and light through our eyes and hearts. All of a sudden the exchange expands into a near death experience as I see what must be a review of his life, but I am in the position of a being of light and so I am able to witness without judgment, with pure love. I see scenes from a very abusive childhood. At one point he is even pushed down the stairs by his parents! As a being of light I feel deep compassion for this child. The room begins to fill with the most beautiful light and love.

The dream ends with me thinking to myself, "Do I want to use my dream body to visit my mother, or shall I just sit and meditate?" After the dream I felt changed and the hatred gone.

In a couple of months I was attending a party and happened to see my former colleague. When we saw each other the same energetic exchange seemed to occur between us, from the eyes to the heart and we just smiled at each other. Also, the feeling of this dream has stayed with me through time and I continue to remember it whenever I feel challenged to forgive.

Brenda Ferrimani's Comments

When I invited Joan to participate in my "Amazing Women's Dreams" art project, I never expected to receive from her such a beautiful shadow dream. It was very courageous of her and I am very grateful, because it has given me an opportunity to work with my own psychological processes on a deeper level than ever before.

It has been my personal experience that within my psyche tremendous power is always locked up in my shadow. When I am brave



enough to encounter these unconscious parts of myself I stand to grow and change the most. Like with Joan's experience, these types of dreams have been powerful agents to personal transformation.

There's an expression "Life imitates Art" which we often use to express the interesting mirroring that occurs between art and what happens in the world. In a personal way this is "Oh, so true," for I am constantly amazed at the mirroring of my dream painting's subject matter in my waking life! Almost immediately after starting Joan's painting I experienced a rare and surprising falling out with a friend and partner, which left me reeling in darkness for months! While hatred was not an issue for me, my anger toward my partner and myself had to be acknowledged, let go of and finally forgiven. This eerie synchronicity was the backdrop to my artistic work all the while I was painting.

Joan's dream is rich with many layers of meaning and visual images. Knowing I couldn't paint everything related to me in her dream, I had to choose. New York City is a very powerful and energetic symbol and I felt it had to have as much of a presence in the painting as the male and female characters I focused on.

Looking at the universal layer of meaning in this dream, it has become clear that the dream illustrates an instant wherein healing the individual heals the whole. New York City, as a symbol of the world collective, is where all nations meet in trade, politics, art and culture. It embodies all that is positive and negative in human experience, and I am reminded that by recognizing (with compassion) not only the positive but the negative traits within my own psyche, such as hatred, greed, etc...I am healing and transforming myself and the collective simultaneously.

The dream also speaks to me on a personal level. I often dream of New York City, and as an emerging artist, it tells me about my own desire for commercial success. Artists of all types go to New York in hopes of making it big! When pondering the significance of my inner saboteur I wonder: How do I unconsciously ruin my success? What voices do I listen to that say to me that I am undeserving, that I am not good enough, or that wanting material success is bad, do I listen to?

Also, when I sense in others competitiveness or jealousy what is my reaction? Do I hold back so that they can feel better? If I unconsciously hesitate to share my work with the world because I fear someone will not like it, my behavior becomes self-defeating. I sabotage my success and in doing so I am not the only one to lose! The world loses out too when I don't allow myself to shine.

Painting this dream has allowed me to face my Inner Saboteur and to embrace the energy there. I have learned that when I have negative thoughts and feelings that could harm me I can consciously resist, and I can send compassion to these injured parts of myself. Knowing that I am still growing and evolving like everyone else, I can forgive my imperfections, my doubts and fears. I can let go of the inner critic and instead focus my energy on my endless potential. As I learn to do the work I love and share it with the world, I can stop worrying about the acceptance of others, their acknowledgments and rewards. When I am finally able to give of myself with detachment from the possible outcome I realize true success. If money and acknowledgment come...I can handle it! In fact, I will welcome it, but I no longer need this outer validation.

The Silver Tool

Acrylic Painting
30"x40"

The Dream, "The Silver Tool - Our Power to Create"

I had a Silver Tool and I was drawing circles that became worlds. My son watched me as I worked. He said, "Mom, that's cool! Can I use it?" He took the tool from my hand and left in his car.

Dream Journal Entry: June 3, 1998

Long ago it was proclaimed, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the Earth"—an ancient testimony to humankind's creative history. Throughout the ages we have been inspired by those creative forces we worship to imagine a universe of endless



possibility. Amazing is our ability to not only have original ideas, but to envision complex realms rich with color, sound, and dimension. In emulating the gods, humans have constantly molded and reshaped this world to their imagination.

Through the mind's eye we visit worlds of the past (Darwin), we ponder the very nature of the universe (Einstein), and imagine the future (Gene Roddenberry). We wander through beautiful pastoral scenes (Beethoven), and travel hyper-speed through the galaxy (George Lucas). Some visions reveal dazzling worlds of light (VanGogh), while others visit regions terrifying and dark (Stephen King). What is the source of man's creative spark? And, is creativity limited to only a gifted few? My dream, "The Silver Tool" came as an answer to questions about my own creative process and the power we all share.

We all have the power to create worlds for this is what we do every night in our dreams. Creativity is directly linked to the unconscious mind and so paying attention to dreams is important to me in unlocking my creative potential. The imagination, held in the unconscious mind, is the Silver Tool in my dream. As a symbol silver is reflective (a feminine quality), and related to moonlight (that which lights the night, or the unconscious). Creativity and dreaming are thought to be the domain of the right side of the brain, which is also a feminine symbol; Fascinating to me, for I only just realized that in my Silver Tool painting it is a woman creator on the right side of the canvas!

For me the powerful and unforgettable visual images of my dream paintings have been tools for understanding myself and transforming my waking world. As I paint these surreal landscapes I experience the dream all over again. It is an intense form of dream work where unresolved issues of my own psyche contained in the colors, symbols, and archetypal language become manifest in my waking experience. For instance, when I was painting a dream with nests of snakes falling from the sky (Snakes represent transformation; Sky, my thoughts) I became conscious of reverse transformation, or my slipping back into old negative thinking patterns.

Another example of this is my first painting "Expansion", which marked a period of growth spiritually, intellectually, and professionally for me. At that time I was consumed with a desire to know more, and could often be found at the library or at home behind piles of books considering deeply topics on questions of life and mind. Professionally it was also a stretch for me to take on some public art projects larger in scope than anything I had done before. Then on the humorous side, when I was painting a herd of buffalo, I became really buffaloed, when it seemed I was hopelessly and creatively blocked in waking life by one problem after another, presenting obstacles to my artistic work!

Creativity is essential to a healthy spirit, so to a person without sufficient outlets for expression life can feel like a prison, and even worse a sort of walking death. In the years before I worked as an artist, my dreams told the story of a woman who could fly like a bird, but was constantly brought down, either by storm or by crowds of people who tried to kill her! Now, realizing how important my creative space is to me, I allow time every day to paint, write, sculpt, and doodle. I make sure I have time to meditate, and have some quiet time in nature so that the unconscious is allowed to breathe. I keep track of my dreams in a journal, which in itself becomes a book of art.

It is important for me to remember to actively support my creative energy, otherwise those inventive, imaginative ideas I have will never become concrete. Imagination is only the first step, then I must do the work. In the Silver Tool dream it is a young man (active, doing energy) who takes the creative tool (imagination) from the woman (receptive, receiving energy) and leaves in his car (vehicle of expression).

In my waking reality this dream has been reflected in a very literal way by my son's adopting my belief that we can make the worlds we imagine real. He too, has honored his creative life by actively pursuing education and work as a musician. My son and I used to enjoy countless conversations about human creativity. We would talk for hours about the unfailing creative recipe of taking a vision or idea and applying mental energy in the way of focus or intent, then adding energy from the heart providing desire and motivation, all this producing finally the physical result. Contemplating the power of this recipe encouraged and inspired us to continue pursuing the dreams we each held dear.

The Silver Tool seems to mirror these conversations and the universal, or collective level of meaning, that all creative ideas are held by universal mind and only have to be touched by our unconscious minds to start the process of becoming real. Everything in our material world was at some time only a thought, when in a very magical way these thoughts became more and more solid as they descended from the spiritual, into the mental, the emotional, and finally the physical realm. The four planes of expression are depicted in my painting by four planets: The spiritual as lofty mountains, the mental by a world of complex freeways and connecting streets, the emotional by stampeding horses, and the physical by an ever changing volcanic sphere.

Yes, the creative process is an amazing part of the human experience. We all have creative ability, we only need to realize and honor that potential. For me honoring the creative process individually and collectively means paying attention to dreams, allowing quiet time for ideas to surface from the unconscious, and the freedom to explore and express ideas. There is great potential in man's imagination, just as William Irwin Thompson states in his book Imaginary Landscape, "As webs come out of spiders, or breath forms in frozen air, worlds come out of us."—This is our Power to Create.

Article published in Dream Network Magazine, Summer Edition, 2004

Brenda Ferrimani (Artist Statement)

I began my artistic work in the 1980's as a graphic designer, operating my own design firm with clients throughout the state of Colorado, where I reside. During this time I also became known in the area for the historic murals I painted with private and public commissions, and for my work as President of the Berthoud Arts and Humanities Alliance, lending my support to other Colorado artists.



Preferring a new direction from commercial expression, I have recently begun to devote my talents to subjects with personal meaning, and my artistic work now reflects a passion for inner examination. Dream images have captivated my imagination and provide an unending source of inspiration for my paintings. It is my desire to express the mystery of the psyche's inner world and the power of dreams to impact and change our lives.

In the year 2000, I was invited to be the attending artist to the International Conference on the Fantastic in the Arts, held in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, and in 2001 my work was included in the art exhibit, "Dream Odysseys," at the Porter Gallery, UC Santa Cruz, and featured in a presentation at the annual ASD conference. My articles and artwork have been published in The Rocky Mountain Dream Journal, Dream Network, and Dreamtime magazines.

In 2006 I received my certification in dream work from the Marin Institute (CA), which I used for leading dream art workshops, combining painting with a focus on the archetypal and personal meaning to the artist.

My recent work, "Fall Into Fear" received a Nancy Richter Brzeski award at the "Spirit of the Dream" IASD 2007 Dream Art Show, at Sonoma State University, CA.

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| ❖ Linda Mastrangelo | ❖ Vera Wareham |
| ❖ Valerie McCarney | ❖ Richard Wilkerson |

[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

Margot Forman



Silver Eels' Demise

12" x 16"

Watercolour on paper

“Silver Eels' Demise” – First in a series of Psi dreams

It was November 1977. I was a young woman who had just graduated from art college. My new boy friend was coming to dinner at my parent's house. I was cooking. The night before I had an awesome image in a dream. I dreamed I was in a huge school of Silver Eels (at the time I thought they were Electric Eels) and felt we were in a large body of water or sea. My fellow eels and I looked up to see the huge prow of a fishing vessel above us, and then a big fishing net drop on top of us. As we became aware of our demise and were being lifted into the ship we all started to scream in terror in a high pitched constant squeal. This experience felt less like a dream and more like a virtual reality. Why I was swimming with the fishes I can't explain. I didn't know eels screamed at the time and have only discovered recently that they do.

Later that night I also saw an image in my sleep of a young man I went to grade school with, who I always thought was quite unusual, and had frequently told me of the “astral projection” experiences he had been having since graduating from high school. This image wasn't so much a dream, as it wasn't about anything. It was just a picture of his head, in 3D like a hologram: looking, as he did, a bit like a young Dr. Spock.

The next day I went to the fish market to pick up shrimp for dinner. When I walked in the first thing I saw was a big tray of eels on ice, chopped into pieces. I was a bit freaked because of my dream. I screamed out “ ah eels, I dreamed they were being caught last night and they were screaming! ” A black lady standing close by laughed and sang “screamin' eels eh, screamin' eels! “

Later that after noon I went for a swim at the college pool, and swam head first into someone swimming in the same lane. Wiping the water from my eyes there was Kurt, the same young man that I had seen in my dream the night before. I hadn't seen him in years, and he was only in town briefly. I told him of my dream, and he said he had also dreamed of me. Then I told him about the eel dream, and he said he had heard of someone who had been doing research on animals that communicate using electricity.

At dinner that night I told my boyfriend Michael of my amazing experiences of the day. He discounted them, and said it was just a coincidence, that no dream could tell the future. And just because I dreamed of eels and then saw eels was no big deal....

Inspiration for this image / The significant part of the dream

This is a literal illustration for the exact image I saw in my dream. My perspective would have been lower as I was right down in the net with the eels. I found this difficult to reproduce though, while still explaining the ship and eels to the viewer. The sound effects unfortunately are missing.



Electric Ray

12" x 16"

Watercolour on paper

“Electric Ray” Second in a series of Psi dreams

The following March I was spending the night at my boyfriend Michael’s house. At about three in the morning I was suddenly wakened by a strange dream.

I dreamed I was standing upright on the ocean bottom. In front of me loomed a huge purple Electric Ray (I thought at the time it was a Manta) about twelve feet high from tip of head to tail. What woke me was the odd sensation of standing on the ocean bottom when I should have been floating. But waking was what helped me to remember the startling imagery. The feeling of this dream was extraordinary to me.

About a week later I was visiting my sister and eleven year old niece who had just come back from her trip to Hawaii with her Dad. As we looked through the Polaroids from her trip I was stunned to see a photo of her standing smiling for the camera in front of an aquarium which held a huge purple Electric Ray floating upright behind her and about ten feet tall. It seemed to be gazing down at her.

The scene duplicated exactly the scene from my dream with her standing in my place but turning to face the camera, and explained to me why I was standing upright on the ocean bottom in my dream.

We figured I had the dream at the same time as her father took the photo or maybe the minute before when she was looking at the creature herself.

I have injected myself into the image I saw, the way I would have been standing if someone else could have seen me. The bottom left corner is a copy of the photo of my niece. She recently found other aquarium photos from that day but unfortunately the one with the Electric Ray was missing. She remembers it though.

This dream was one of series of psiber dreams. They culminated in a precognitive dream that finally convinced Michael that I was dreaming of the future: a dream whose warning saved him from being involved in a fatal accident the next day. Michael later became my husband.

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[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

Patricia Kelly

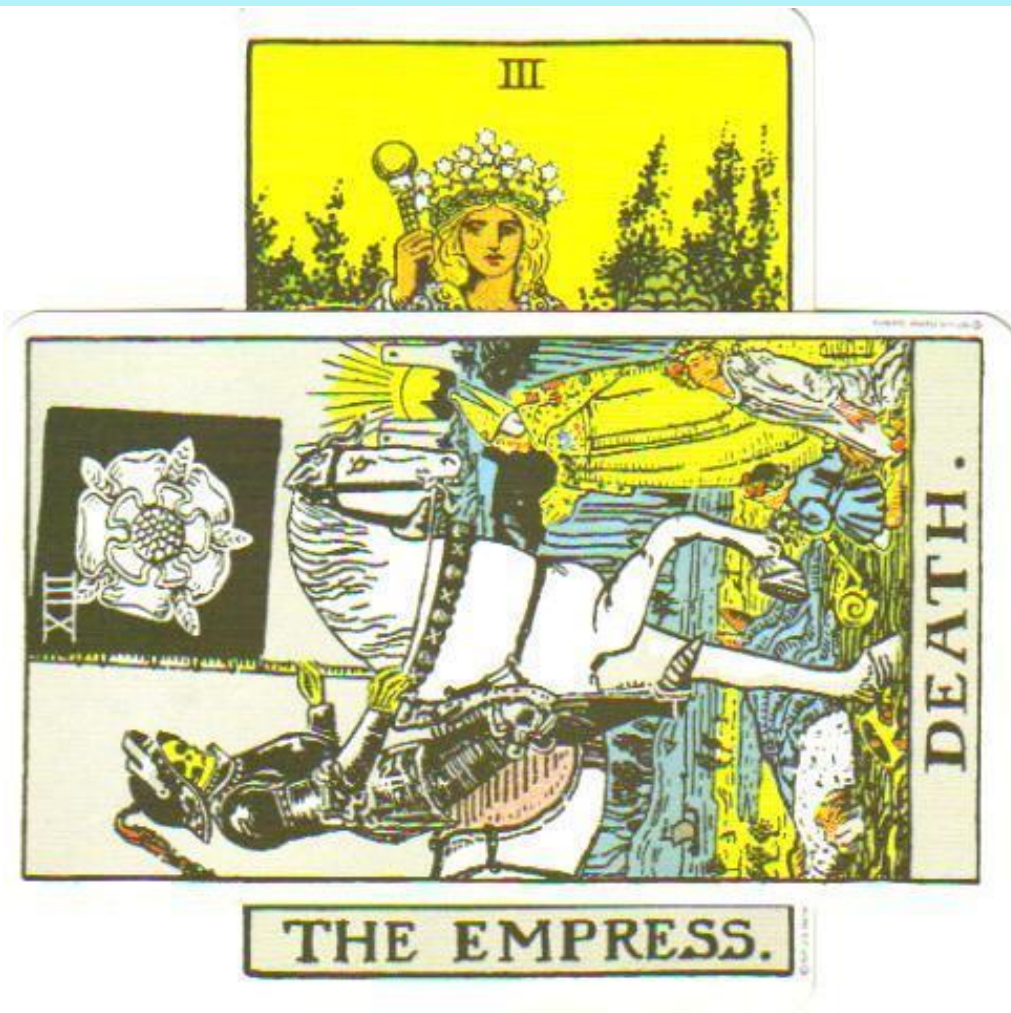


*Empress or Papess
the Tarot card woman
won't be pinned down*

[a dreamku]

DREAM: I could not hold down the card I was reading for a woman Tarot reader, nor would it stay either III or II. (Papess is another name for The High Priestess, also for the Hierophant or Empress in some very old decks.)

Tarot cards from the Rider-Waite-Smith deck)



*The Empress cradles
Death across Her wide lap
crossroads
[a dreamku]*

DREAM: I was doing a reading and saw the above two cards, in that position. (My mother was terminally ill at the time of the dream.)

(Tarot cards from the Rider/Waite/Smith deck)

"The following three designs are Tarot cards in a deck I am conceptualizing, illustrating and writing the poems for, The Taiga Tarot. (Taiga are illustrated tanka, and tanka are five line poems.) All but two of the 14 cards so far completed have been dream-inspired. You can view the deck as it progresses on my blog [ROSWILA'S TAIGA TAROT](http://30dreams.com/psiberdream2007/patricia_kelly/patricia_kelly.htm)."



DREAM: a very pregnant woman, gently tapping her belly lovingly. On recall, I thought of The Empress (III) in the Tarot who is usually pregnant, and associated the taps to the stars in the crown of the traditional version of The Empress card.



DREAM: an adult authority/husband figure makes a protective observation, referencing appropriate anger. On recall I associated anger to Aries, the usual astrological correspondence for The Emperor (IV).



DREAM: lots of little astrology glyphs for The Sun (XIX) -- a circle with a dot in the center -- floating, dancing, flipping, and rotating in the air before me.

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[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

Patricia Majio



Love Leaves

Acrylic mixed media on canvas, 24" X 36"

I am in bed with someone very familiar, possibly Sanders, but it is not clear. There are other people in the bed and/or in the room. When at last they all leave, we begin to make love, someone in the next room calls out to him and he responds to them. Then he gets up and leaves. I am stunned. He immediately returns, not to bed though. He returns to dress without saying a word and leave..

Dream of Three

White Bears acrylic on canvas, 4' X 5'

In my dream I suddenly become aware of three blonde bears behind me. They are interested in me but not aggressive. I am concerned about the two young children that I have by the hand. If I panic I might draw the bears to us. I try to calmly usher the children towards a cabin, but awake before we arrive.

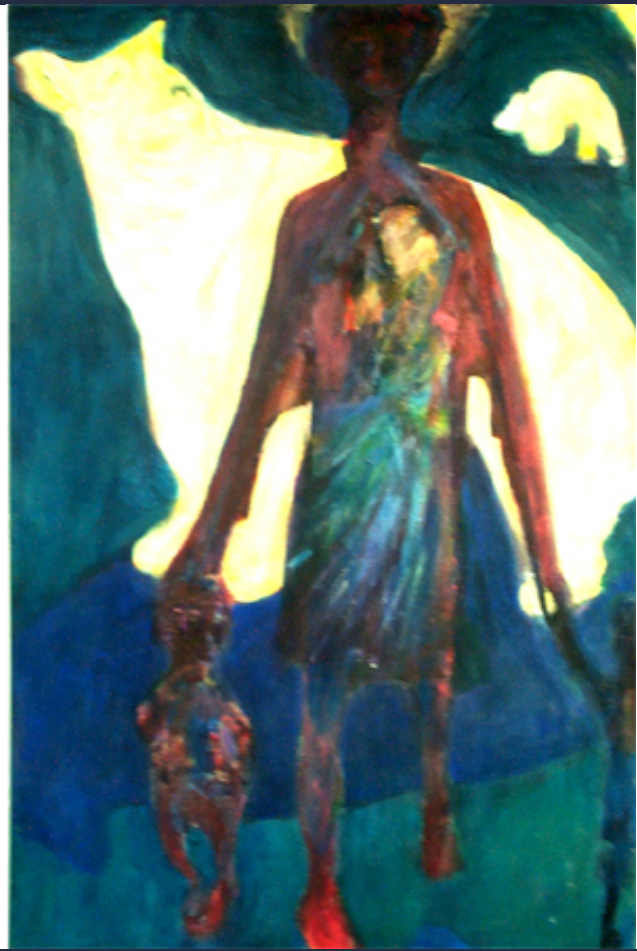
As I tend the images of my life stories, synchronistic events emerge with additional information. Some weeks after the dream, someone not knowing about my dream, showed me a postcard of a blonde bear from Canada called a Spirit Bear. Then I received this poem from a friend that inspired a poem and several new images. Poem by Reindeer Chuchee (Asiatic Eskimo) c. 1900.

If a woman is sick
I turn into a bear
the Great Bear of the First Creation

my fir is all white
but no polar bear
Im the Bear of the First Creation

I lick my paws all over
seize hold of that woman
squeeze her tight wherever it hurts

then I blow all over her body
with my healing breath
the Spirit Breath of the First Creation.

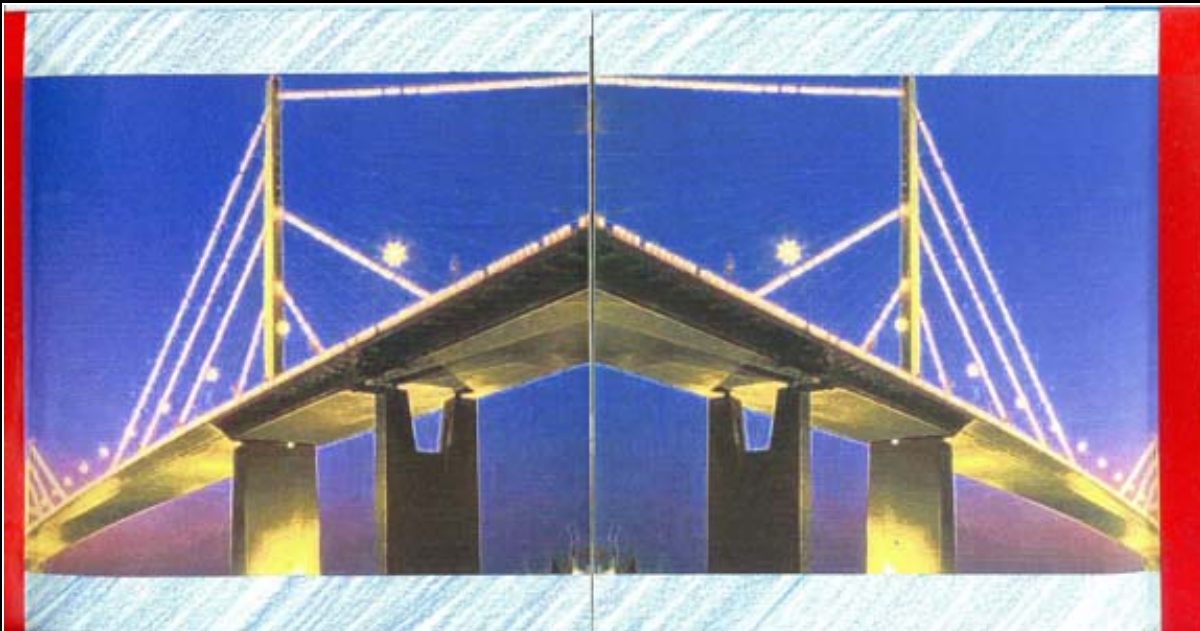


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[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

Mary Pat Mann



Dream Books as Art

The Winter 2006 issue of DreamTime featured the art and dreamwork of Victoria Rabinowe, and I was fascinated. I attended both her sessions at the Sonoma conference this June, and we've emailed since. This dreambook is my attempt at Victoria's process, using her theme "Dream as Bridge." You can see her work at <http://victoriadreams.com/>

Here's the dream I chose, from January 6, 2005, which has many resonances in my life. This one wanted to become a book:

Meeting the Mountain Lion

I'm at an apartment looking at shelves of books. I don't know if I'm looking for something or putting something away. My friend, whose apartment this is, arrives with a mountain lion. I knew she had a lion, and it would be here, but I hadn't seen her yet. My friend says this lion is tame, but I know you can never really tame animals like these. She could be dangerous. Her name is Paula.

Paula the lion comes up to me, interested because I am a new person. She takes my hand in her mouth. My friend, seeing I am nervous, says, "Paula, no!" The lion drops my hand but continues to follow me around. She circles around me and takes my hand in her mouth again.

I climb up on a kind of daybed where some small animals have already climbed up to get away from the lion. It is high up, like the top of a bunk bed, but the lion jumps up easily. I am uncomfortable with her up there and I jump down, but now I realize I look even

more like prey because she is above me. I keep moving around the apartment, trying to stay away from the lion, as she continues to follow me.

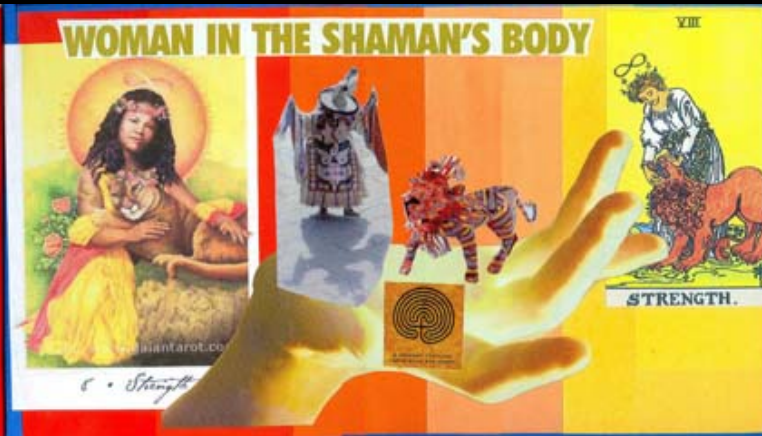
For some months now, I've been fascinated with Victoria Rabinowe's dreambooks. This is my attempt to create one, based on her theme of Dream as Bridge. The pages open from the middle, to each side:



Meeting the Mountain Lion

In my friend's apartment
I look at shelves of books
Am I putting something back or taking?
My friend comes in with her lion, Paula
She says Paula is tame, but
I know you cannot tame a lion

Paula looks at me
interested in the new thing
She takes my hand in her mouth
Will she bite?
"No, Paula," my friend says
Paula releases my hand



She circles around
keeping an eye on me
taking my hand in her mouth again
I climb up on a high bed
a small dog and cat are there
I feel safe until Paula jumps up to join us

I jump down but this feels worse
Paula is above me
Now I really look like prey
I keep moving through my friend's apartment
trying to stay one step ahead of the lion
who follows right behind

January 6, 2005

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[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

Dream Poetry by Linda Mastrangelo

The Red King's Dream

*"If that there King was to wake," added Tweedledum,
"you'd go out like a light-bang!-just like a candle!"
-Lewis Carroll*

Who licks the walls and bounces a ball
on the moonlit stairs, crying from one room to another,
burying the time of each nestling stranger, collapsing
the house inside itself, burning the edges?
Who? And say it.

The eight year fingers small on the pillow lie there
pressed into balls, clawing past worms mixed with pearly
flesh under her nails, waiting
for the peripheral flash of white fur
and fang. The second daughter left
the clabber in her mother's breast
in search of a rabbit hole, hearing the moans
inside her head like dirty words. She dreams of turtles
in fertile ground, on the ceiling spinning cages
of alien men come to take her home.

The goodnight kisses rotting on her cheek,
the dying weeds in her hand had all been flowers
her father has given her and left her here
with the sad eyes of owls.

The mouths spitting in her ears, licking them. 3 AM
and it's a war. The soil puddling in her pants,
the waking of stinging on her legs and stomach.,
biting horseflies in summer.

Each hair is pulled. Each coarse hair,
an itching. The anger cold against her face.
The expression of grief in a bitten hand,
a sweet voice and a bald head.

The madwoman laughs in the other room
at night, waiting like a worm queen on her bed

and all day she sleeps, curled
in nightmares that rot her scalp and hair.

Never bleed your stories
into her, never shout above a whisper,
never leave a dirty room or ask for water.

(no stanza break)

She'll sing you songs before bedtime,
dress you up when she's able. She'll
ask for forgiveness in a blast of smoke. She'll
dance on a table and give you gifts, but never
bleed your stories, never leave a trace.

Walk with me, walk like a ghost in each
room and sing me each story. Sing me of witches
walking across water in seven league boots, how
they ride broomsticks and leave black circles on your arm.
Sing me tales of trolls under the bridge, of spinning
straw to gold. Of the need to know
a name, a name, a name.

The scent of mirrors from years ago, I smell my scent
of seventh grade. My wounds are showing in water
but tears never leave any spots, no marks upon the world. So much
crying but no marks.

She wakes to the nightly touches
that yawn into her skin
feeling almost holy,
until shame bursts and bleeds
like a bruised berry, until marble eyes of Sundays
disturb the tired hands, now perverse and more self-serving
resuscitates a memory of a life before this
humiliation and desire, side by side.
A woman's legacy; the coldness of trying to please
under the wetted down stars.

Poet's Statement:

The Red King's Dream

Alien Men in Cages (the dream)

In my lucid dreaming state, I can see a swinging giant bird cage in the corner of my eye on the left side of my bedroom. Inside are three 'alien' men watching me with love and concern in their eyes. It's like they are looking out for me during this troubled time in my childhood.

This poem was inspired by a culmination of dreams and encounters with a ghost child when I was eight years old. Sleep was a time of fear for me and indeed it felt like a war. I couldn't explain the strange energy permeating the room and affecting my very being. Since there was no one to talk to about it, I felt very isolated and alone even though I knew I was being guided by these alien men in cages.

The Bather

Why she's in the bath and still breathing! A giant
porcelain egg. So hard you'll break a tooth, I say.
In the broth of her body she's smiling;
a dream she had and I thought
I would melt with her.

Poet's Statement:

The Bather

The Giant Egg in the Sky (the dream)

A giant egg is filling the sky. It was after the "apocalypse" and I was with other survivors who had gathered on the beach. It was nighttime and we watched the ocean waves lapping gently onto the shore, wondering about our future. Suddenly a giant egg emerged from the water and hovered over us into the sky. I couldn't believe the beauty and power of this "being." I could feel it wanting to communicate with us. It radiated love and I felt completely in awe in its presence. I knew we were witness to something extraordinary and something "big" was going to happen. This dream stayed with me for quite a while. It had enormous energy and emotional impact even though I couldn't quite grasp the dream's meaning.

There is something very beautiful, mysterious and perfect about the egg. I never truly realized how much I am drawn to this image until I worked with it openly in my dream work, art and poetry. I chose the image of the woman inside an enormous egg because I wanted to capture the emotion of the dream. The same experience I felt while I was witnessing the giant egg in the sky, like dreaming in a primordial soup, bathing in lunar conscious. Just pure bliss, being in the present and radiating love.

In the Afterwards

I can see you when I really am
looking hard. When I am not being
afraid. Only when I'm still are you truly
here, forming flesh, forming bone. Only when I leave
the wildness are you so complete.
So complete.
And these ghost skins are solid when I'm not
afraid. Nor do I shiver when I hear the floor
boards move and quake under my feet. This is
your song, your cries, your story. And the blood
lines painted on the pillow, a passion imprinted
there; a joining and holding of life, like a breath. So I
should not be afraid of death. As you show me how natural
how whole, how complete
your bones and flesh are in the afterwards.

Poet's Statement:

In the Afterwards

Ghosts Becoming More Solid and Whole (the dream)

I am in somebody's apartment and see a woman with light blonde hair who asks me if I want to meet (name?) and points to the corner of the living room. I see an apparition and the longer I look the more solid the ghost becomes. I now see an old woman who's short pudgy and with red hair. For an instant I see an image of her death. She and her husband are lying together in bed but I see her throat has been cut and there's blood on the pillow. The husband wakes up and is generally surprised that his wife is dead---he didn't do this. He holds her, upset. I look at the woman again and try to overcome my fear and she becomes even more solid and whole. I soon realize this is true for all ghosts. I see another that looks decayed, decomposed with the skull exposed. Once again, I don't look away and face my fear and once again the apparition turns more solid, whole and healthy. I talk with these ghosts and suddenly it all feels normal and natural. I also realize once I do this, I will encounter more ghosts. I will be able to see them more

frequently and they will know this.

I had this dream during the 2007 IASD Dream Conference in Sonoma. Being immersed in the conference and finally taking the leap to enroll in the Dream Studies program at JFKU was surely the impetus for this dream. I woke feeling my purpose as a dream worker solidifying, like the ghosts, and quieting the fears instilled in me by this daunting task and often misunderstood field. Dreams do heal and make us “see” more clearly (even obviously in the “afterwards” of life) and I wanted to capture this essence in poetic form.

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- | | |
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[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

Valerie McCarney



Bird on the Roof

I am in Queens, NY, where my grandmother lived . I go up to the rooftop where the old Italian man would keep his pigeons. The building now is much taller than I remember it. I have a clear vantage point of everything..As I look down I notice everyone so busy, hustling, bustling, believing that if they just do what they have always done things will stay the same. When I look up the pigeon coop is gone and my grandmothers clothes line is there-empty -except for clothespins-nothing to hang onto, I think> I feel sad , the world below me is oblivious I feel I have things to say but can't. I try to move my hands but I suddenly realize I am a crow and my beak is taped shut. I can't speak, I can't warn anyone.



Our Lady of Guadalupe in NY

It is shortly after 9-11. I am in a small red car with my cousin, who now lives in Seattle. I am taking him to see the devastation of 9-11. We are on the East Side Hwy not the West Side hwy (where WTC was). I am on the covered roadway and see the devastation. I see in the rubble of the buildings a huge burnt and melted Madonna. I pull over to jump out and take a picture of it. Every time I lift my camera I see hordes of people crossing over the street. I am annoyed, can't they see I am trying to take a pix. So I take a deep breath and decide to just wait till they all cross over. When I do I notice that everyone I knew who was dead was crossing the street. I saw firemen in gear, lot of friends relatives that were gone. Now I am really excited and say to my cousin, do you see this, do you see everyone. He nods but stays in the car. So now I run across the street and take a photo of the black Madonna. I turn and on the other side of the street near an on ramp is this woman dressed in Mexican garb, colorful and she is standing with her hands in a prayer position. I am amazed and take another photo. When I finish I look down and next to her is a small Mexican girl about 8 and she opens her cape and I see 2 very small children sitting at her feet. Behind her is mounds of dirt as far as the eye can see. Is this all that is left of Manhattan island I think. I then want to take a photo of the woman with the kids and find out I am out of film. I feel her care and know I will remember this even though I am not able to photograph it. Even though there was so much death and sadness I felt she would care for us. (My research after the dream tells me it is Our Lady of Guadalupe, even to the tilt of her head).



Family Trees

I was working on my family tree during the illnesses of both my parents. I have this dream.

I am in an apple orchard it is late fall, almost winter. I love the look of trees with no leaves so I walk through the orchard , taking pix. I get to the center and see some of the trees are full of what I thought were masks. Wow this is a cool sort of installation art. As I get closer I see some are trees of death masks and others are trees where the masks are peoples heads and they start to talk to me. They are the keeper of the family trees and are here to answer your questions. I am amazed and I look around to see if anyone else is there , no, it is the heads that are talking to me. The only thing I see is a clear blue fall sky with puffy clouds and one bird. A mourning dove who watches over the orchard. I start to ask them questions and they answer everything I ask.



The Graveyard

I have this dream while I am on vacation in Ireland. Where all my relatives come from.

We live in an old clay house near a cemetery. We are the family who watches over the graveyard. We live in the grave keepers house. My husband is there , but I do not see him. All I see is my daughter looking out the window on a beautiful moonlight night. I am concerned that having her life be about protecting the dead is morbid. I want to talk to her about it but she is lost in thought and I am not sure what to say so I just watch her.

(In reality 2 years later she buys her first house, across the street from a revolutionary graveyard, she lives in the grave keepers house, her kitchen window faces the graveyard)



In the Light

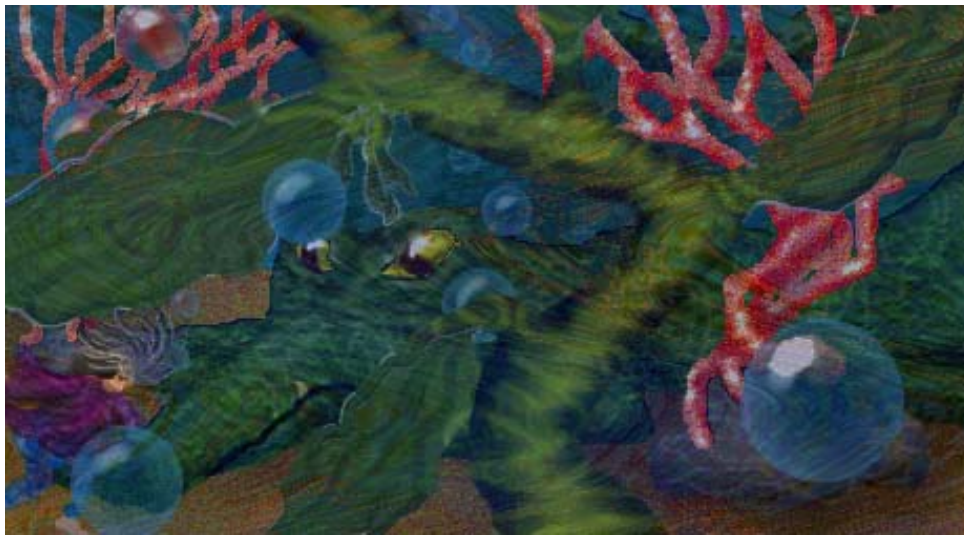
I am standing along a river bank, there is a wedding going on in a big house on the hill. I hear drumming and go out and down the embankment to see. There is a huge bonfire, with people dancing around it, some kind of ritual. I am drawn to this and start to move to the music. I watch as the light becomes brighter and brighter than all of a sudden I see spirits that they are calling come out of the light and the fire, in almost a ghost buster way, they come flying out and around and speed past me, I can almost feel them. I am not afraid just in awe!

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[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

Dolores Nurss



Thursday, March 1, 2007

The Swamp King

The setting is a thriving coastal tourist town, Miami-like; I get a sense of east coast tropics. It prospers, still holding onto most of what in waking life I would consider modern amenities, although the rest of the world has pretty much sunk into the dark ages from some calamity. I live further down the coast, just outside the official boundaries of this community. I have some background memory of having traveled to other parts of the world, and seen just how grim it is out there; I have only lately returned. But here we have the tourist industry to draw in the rich and playful from miles around, those who have survived in pockets of prosperity, thereby making their good fortune ours. We even have our own pirate theme park to keep them amused. But swimming, fishing, boating, and especially scuba-diving in our fabulous coral reefs is the main draw. Our success there depends upon good relations with the Swamp King.

The Swamp King! Terrifying majesty! He is an enormous, dinosaur-sized crocodile, not just sentient, but shrewd as any politician, and fully capable of communicating with us. (I do not recall his voice; I think he must have communicated telepathically.) By his permission we enjoy safe waters within certain bounds, and in return we send his people tribute, in the form of discards from our abundant restaurants. Once in awhile a tourist does scuba-dive beyond the boundaries and is never heard from again, but they all know the rules, and these rules are not too much to ask.

The pirate theme-park wants to expand its operation. I get sent to negotiate with the Swamp King for what seems a routine request. But the King is displeased. He feels that he has seen too much expansion, and that human beings do not respect him anymore. Now more people flout the boundaries than he or his subjects can catch and eat. Negotiations between us go worse and worse, until finally he delivers an ultimatum: Far from giving away more territory, if humankind does not give back a sizeable portion of sea-property

that he once allowed them, he will take it all back!

I convey this message to the owner of the pirate theme park, but the man doesn't take it seriously. After all, what is the Swamp King but a mere animal? The man expands his operations without permission.

Having business in town, I must cross through the theme park area, passing the harbor where the park's ships dock. I hear about a diver caught by crocodiles far closer to shore than usual and my heart sinks with fear.

Moving on, I come across a pretty young lady, in a clean and starched "pirate's wench" costume, leading a group of tourists onto an observation platform over the water (shaped like a galleon's top deck) to view the crystalline-watered coral reef. As she begins to explain its history, The Swamp King heaves up onto land and starts slaughtering screaming people right and left in a hideous bloodbath! His eyes carry a horrible look of intelligent contempt. To see him on land puts The Swamp King's size into perspective--he is ENORMOUS!

Along with an older shop-woman and Bragi (my husband) I herd people back from the shore into the strip-mall, but I do not think that we're safe even here. Terror pounds in my heart as we run. Before I can plot further escape, The Swamp King shows up and attacks more people. Just in time I manage to leap from a curving staircase (which he could climb) onto a precarious perch on a curving wooden-slat awning. There I watch and hear the carnage--the crocodile moves so panic-strikingly fast, blood sprays everywhere, and the screams won't stop until the people die!

Even so, some of us escape. I know that Bragi has managed it, too, though forced in a different direction. With difficulty I climb down from my perch, terrified that another attack will soon follow before I can execute my plan. But I manage to lead my handful of survivors to a much steeper staircase, more difficult for a crocodile to climb, and also gated and fenced. This leads to a high, stony promontory overlooking the ocean, linked to the much higher mainland. Heart in my mouth, I double back as fast as I can to lock the gate behind us, just to delay the expected crocodile onslaught as much as possible, and then run breathlessly back, up the steep stairs. I hope that Bragi can figure out which route I took and where to rejoin us.

High up on the rocky cliff, I bid farewell to the now-ruined coastal town below. While I stand there, a foreign traveler in undyed stuff comes across us--a slim and handsome bearded fellow. I recognize him as an old friend from my sojourns outside of this erstwhile pocket of civilization. He lives in one of the hard-beset and primitive territories. Joyfully, he tells me that they have managed to reinvent the clipper ship, and he has become a merchant--now their fortunes should improve! He came into town for trade. He offers me a ride home on his ship, saying that he has always respected the Swamp King enough to be able to fight him. I hope he's right!

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- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------------|
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| ❖ Jean Campbell | ❖ PasQuale Ourtane-Krul |
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[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

PasQuale Ourtane Krul



title: dreampainting
medium: acrylic on canvas
size 50 x 40 cm

This is a painting that I painted in a dream. I dreamed I was painting this painting. Upon waking I have tried to recreate exactly what I painted in the dream, it is quite different than my usual painting style. I don't have a dream report of this one, the painting is the dream.

title: church
acrylic on canvas
size 50 x 40 cm

This is from a dream I had after my grandmother just died. In the dream I became lucid and saw a beautiful church. It was incredibly beautiful. I tried to capture it on this painting. also full dream:

Church on an Island (LD) Tuesday November 8, 2005

It starts on an airport. Can't quite remember the first part. I'm like a spy and I can walk through walls. I show someone what I can do. I come across a wall with lockers and I can't walk through it. Hmm.. that is funny; I can't walk through this? What about sticking my hand through then? In two tries I manage. I can even open it.

[snip]

I'm having tremendous fun running very fast, running through everything I encounter on my way. I think I could be a superhero with powers like this. I wonder why nobody has thought of a superhero power like this what I'm doing now.

Suddenly I stop at a bridge with a breathtaking view. In the distance, on the water sits a Church building, or basilisk. It has a huge pale goldish dome. It is breathtaking. So incredibly beautiful. Seagulls are circling it. I look well because I want to remember this. I wonder if I could fly over the water toward it. I somehow know this has something to do with my grandmother.

As I decide to try and fly, a huge tidal wave comes from it and covers the bridge in water. It is like in slow motion and very beautiful. I try to interpret what this means. Maybe it represents my emotions?





title: pirateship
medium: acrylic on canvas board
size 50 x 40 cm

This is an image of one of the most vivid lucid dreams I had. The dream was so detailed and crystal clear. I could see this pirate ship from far away, yet I saw the tiniest details. The painting is a crude representation of the dream image.

- [Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

[illegible]

http://30dreams.com/psiberdream2007/victoria_rabinowe/victoria_rabinowe.htm (1 of 2)10/20/2007 3:36:32 PM

My beloved cat Tony has come into the house

The TV goes on.

We unplug it

But the screen doesn't want to be turned off.

Another TV starts to play.

We unplug it.

Known and unknown people are gathering in our living room.

A friend is talking about stress.

I divert her attention.

These unknown people are sitting around

with the radio that has turned on by itself.

They start to find pieces from the dirt & packing materials
that my cat has brought in.

They place them ceremonially

I place mine & tell them my Kitty has died.

(note: this dream came one week before my kitty, tony, died)

Victoria Rabinowe:

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.

Her ArtWork accompanies a feature interview about her DreamWork in the Winter 2006 DreamTime Magazine.

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, She 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.

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[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

Elizabeth Stangeland (aka LizLynne)

Virginia Tech precognitive dream – April 14, 2007



Dream of 4/14/2007 - I am in a school play with several other people. There is someone sitting to my left and to my right. It feels as though W or K are on my right. We are dressed in costumes from the Wild West movies. Two of us pull out a play silver and black gun and point it at the people in front of us. A man with a very serious look on his face (this felt real) pointed a large black gun at us. I said to the people sitting next to me, "you know he could wipe out all of this room in seconds." *LizLynne*

April 14, 2007

I am in a school play with several other people. There is someone sitting to my left and to my right. It feels as though W or K are on my right. We are dressed in costumes from the Wild West movies. Two of us pull out a play silver and black gun and point it at the people in front of us. A man with a very serious look on his face (this felt real) pointed a large black gun at us. I said to the people sitting next to me, "you know he could wipe out all of this room in seconds." LizLynne

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|---------------------|-------------------------|
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[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

Jennifer Star



October 11, 2006

Wounded Crone Freedom

Watercolor, paper collage, yarn, silver pen.

6" x 8"

No story here, just a striking and profound image of an old woman, naked, her breasts hanging very low. There is a heart shape near her left shoulder that when I look closer realize it is a large wound. Half the wound is open flesh, the other half is the skin peeled back from the flesh. Then I notice another dark shape near her left hip/pelvic area and realize it is the image of a bird in flight. I dream-know that this bird represents the crone's ability to fly away, to be free, and the wound is somehow part of this.

Statement: After having the above dream, which was simply striking and memorable imagery and dream knowing/understanding, I knew that I had to create an artistic representation to bring the energy and message of the dream crone to life in tangible form. I now know that this dream was precognitive regarding a severe car accident my husband and I were in on the evening of October 29, 2007 where we were blessed to walk away from the accident relatively unharmed. I sustained injuries from impact and seat belt bruising, the worst of which was to my left breast/rib cage/heart area, and I credit my survival to praying that "the being of light I am bring me through this in whatever form is my highest best." I saw the accident coming and I did not go into a space of fear, panic, or my life flashing before my eyes, I merely closed my eyes and accepted that something big was coming and it could change my life forever. I also remained calm and centered following the accident. So in essence I was able "to fly away, to be free, and the wound is somehow part of this." And, just as I thought those moments before the impact, something big has arrived and it has changed my life forever.



March 24, 2007

Wave Diving Hawk

Digital collage created in Adobe Photoshop 7.0 using found imagery.

8" x 8"

I take a caged, perhaps tame? hawk and let her out to fly around outside for awhile. I, and perhaps someone else? are concerned at first that she won't come back, but she does.

Inside a building, I am standing at one end of the room looking down at the other end, and the cage is in the far right corner up near the ceiling, I notice the empty cage with the door open, look around for the hawk, don't see her, but know she's in the building somewhere. The building has lots of glass, very few solid walls, and is one large room.

I've returned to the building, now a store of some kind, and I'm there to tell the workers/owner of the store not to leave any doors or windows open so that the hawk won't be able to get out and she will eventually go back in the cage. They don't seem to believe me at first, that there is a hawk inside, then I spot her perching up on a rafter in the open beamed ceiling right above us. She seems content and is just checking things out. I am now outside the building looking at the ocean, watching children swimming and playing in the waves. I notice that the hawk is now also swimming and playing in the waves, diving into them as they curl over, then coming out the other side. Some of the waves are very large. I find it very interesting that a hawk would be doing this - playing in the water and waves - but simply watch. I'm also intrigued by how well the children are doing playing in the waves, and I remember, and perhaps even tell someone, how I didn't like to do this as a child as I never could grasp how if I dove into a wave curling over I would come out the other side. I always felt that I would be swallowed up by the waves.

Statement: Another dream with imagery so strong that I just had to create a tangible presence. This dream speaks to me of "going outside the box" and doing things differently or in ways that "normally" don't seem natural or expected. I find it interesting how, like dream #1, this dream also speaks of freedom - the hawk being let out of its cage, the children playing in the waves without fear. This dream also speaks to me about "remembering" the freedom I experienced 5 months earlier just before the car accident, and that I must not allow myself to slip back into old ways of being; a reminder of the something big that has changed my life forever.

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[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

Dream Poetry by Ilkin Sungu

Strawberry Trees

*someone asked me lately
"what is your favorite tree"
I said "strawberry tree," he laughed
strawberries did not grow on trees, I did not know
I cried last night
for there are no strawberry trees
yet I used to dream us
running amongst trees of strawberries
I cursed the one who asked that question last night
for he destroyed my dreams
I see, there are no berry trees in reality
but what did he want from my dreams...*

1973



Dreams Folk Remedy

I do not understand myself, as if my dreams increased forty times
whatever is lived by day, I am in another world every night

not only at night, have I realized
while blindfolded, or when I suddenly shut my eyes
as if I am passing into another world
my ears shut themselves to the screams
sometimes a poem, sometimes a song I call
sometimes my mind shuts herself to my being here
I wander around as I wish, create destinies
not able to see the friends my only grief, as if they all are wasted
it was like this even under the ground, continued when I climbed on the ground

of course there would be a psychological explanation or something
there are people screaming, crying while at sleep
people who does not sleep for “to stay awake is better than nightmare”
already we are trying to live within the terror
I cannot tell it is senseless to carry it to our dreams either?
if we are so tough
we should be able to rule our brains too
the problem is not only not to talk and not to give anyone away
the main problem is not to lose sanity, to be able to rule your mind
all this is real, occurring before our eyes, we should see
effect of all these brutality is different on everyone
for me the point is; to separate your mind from the thing done to your body

and so we talk away, girls enjoy as story
I saw Apollo last night for instance
under the cloak two hours we spent arguing on Apollo
some said “symbol of male beauty” some “god of music”
some more intellectuals dived into its dialectical characteristics
claimed he both spread epidemics, and healings
I swear I did not know any of these
I decided to request visitors to bring me books on mythology
only what one of them said attracted me though
she claimed he was the god to announce the future
it appealed my feelings...

stand girl, stand as long as you can
it is unknown how long you will be here, whether you would ever go out or not
many schools I have changed, I would try both mythology and psychology if I knew
my soul is getting wounds after wounds I am aware
I would not be able to return if I leave myself obviously
maybe this is the road I discovered
dreams are as if a folk remedy
I find the cure ...

1981

Birthday

*haze should be falling onto the Bosphorus now
cannot compete with the fog inside
sun should be falling onto crocuses and weasels
though it cannot fall onto me*

cannot compete with the suns rising inside...

*today is my birthday
I got two big presents yesterday
did not even feel the handcuffs while going
turned back arrested from Selimiye
I fell into a place called ward of neutrals at night
tears became a flood and took myself away from me
I am not mourning nor delighted
I am not within myself behind these locks and keys
for the first time I cried, do not think I would again
even my laughter is beyond myself now
my tears were not for being arrested
I was unable to stand the human scenes I witnessed...
today is my birthday
I got two big presents yesterday
I do not know whether the mother's day was yesterday, or tomorrow
I sent mom's present last night with telegram
"send underwear...I am at Metris...arrested..."
dad, thank god you are dead, you do not see
do not come here
you would not be able to stand it, and would become a killer
you would shoot the one they call Major Adnan with your own hands...*

*haze should be falling onto you now
sun should be falling onto crocuses and weasels on you
today is my birthday
thank god I still smile...*

May 1981

They Are Mistaken

*they think I am here
as soon as I close my eyes I begin to travel
they suppose turning locks will trap me in this little cell
I am flying with birds above oceans
heading new galaxies passing mountains
sometimes salute my glass at Bosphorus
sometimes dance with country tunes
either whispering poems on the lap of a lover
or telling fairy tales to kids...
they think I am here
as soon as I close my eyes I begin to travel...*

*they think I am in darkness
suppose blindfolding my eyes imprisons me to darkness
I am dancing with colors
passing from shade to shade, dive between the stars
increasing with green at times
I rain with hues of white at others
either blue whispers lines to my ears
or I cry with red's confessions...
they think I am in darkness
as soon as they blindfold my eyes I jump into colors...*

*they think they have me
can play with me as they choose
I became wind and blow
dust and fly out through them
sometimes mix to spring smells
sometimes to children's laughter
either become water drops and rain
or thunder and fall over them
they think they have me
I release my soul free to travel gracefully...*

February 1982

They Do Not Know

*they want to detach my wings for me not to fly
my wings are invisible, they do not know
I am flying with butterflies, birds next to me
at times I wave and get faster with stars before me*

*they want to pluck my leaves for me not to blossom
my leaves are infinite, they do not understand
I blossom with primroses underneath, redbuds over me
at times I spread around with walls behind*

*they want to cut my gills
they cannot realize I do not have any
suddenly I dive; starfishes, corals underneath me
at times I race with seals with icebergs ahead*

*they want to dim my light
they cannot dim my light they cannot believe
I am burning with volcanoes around me
I born from my own ashes with children within me*

*their attempts are useless
they do not know...*

February 1982

Wrote To The Winds

*they locked in the cells to tear from the world
they couldn't tear*

*I jumped from dreams to dreams
they blindfolded to throw to darkness
they couldn't throw*

*I hoist sails to colors
they handcuffed to send hopelessness
they couldn't send*

*I get hand in hand with thousands
they judged for years to intimidate from life
they couldn't*

*I turned the life to struggle
discovered
dreams in cells*

*colors in darkness
freedom in handcuffs
life in judgments
and wrote to the winds
sent to the ones who speak their languages...*

May 1983

My Ghosts

*I abjured the living
everyone lives his own life
do not philosophize, I have already abjured
books are lies
songs are lies
films are lies
all are lies friendships or attachments et cetera
everyone knows only of himself
I talk to the dead
their ages, beliefs do not change*

*smiling faced
scintillating eyed
bold hearted ghosts
do not show themselves to everyone...*

*someone all of a sudden comes and sits before me
by their invisible footsteps in the snow
by the voices in the rain knocking on the window
by their hands clinging to my skirt
I come to realize them
their permanent beings
their never ageing faces
without thinking, I share every secret*

*to the smiling faces,
scintillating eyes
bold hearts
sometimes I want to ask
“would you live on if you knew?”*

*some are afraid of seeing the dead
most already are unable to see...*

1983

Raspberries

*blood red raspberries would tear
the snow blanket under hazels
Aunt Fevziye would call “huu” from the wooden house on the hill
nutshells were crackling on the cookers
we used to break ice on the surface of the stream waters
in order to sip the water from our palms
young men would carry their jackets on one shoulder
who would not care about snow or winter*

*when the fog began to cover the hills
we would run to houses with handfuls of raspberries
as mist becoming a halo at the top of the hills
would diffuse as waves after waves downward
one could not see his hand in front of his face
we would quickly line up on the divan under the luxury lamp
games would start while the tea boiled up
accompanied by stories of genies and fairies told by elders...*

*do raspberries still tear the snow blanket away
do nutshells crackle on the cookers
do the children break the ice on the water stream
does the mist diffuse downwards wave after wave and cover up the world
I do not know...*

*it has been long since Aunt Fevziye left
and we have buried many lives after her
I could not visit after dad
I could not stare down from that mountain to the sea
if asked "where is the heaven" I would say "here"
that is how I remember
we have buried cousin Necati too, lately...
elders say "earth calls"
there is always a wonder in what elder people say
cool youngsters of my childhood nowadays
began to answer the call of the earth
is our turn getting closer
I do not know...*

*when I look at my palms there stays the blood red of raspberries
when I listen to the silence hear crackling of the nutshells
this is the call, call of the earth.. .*

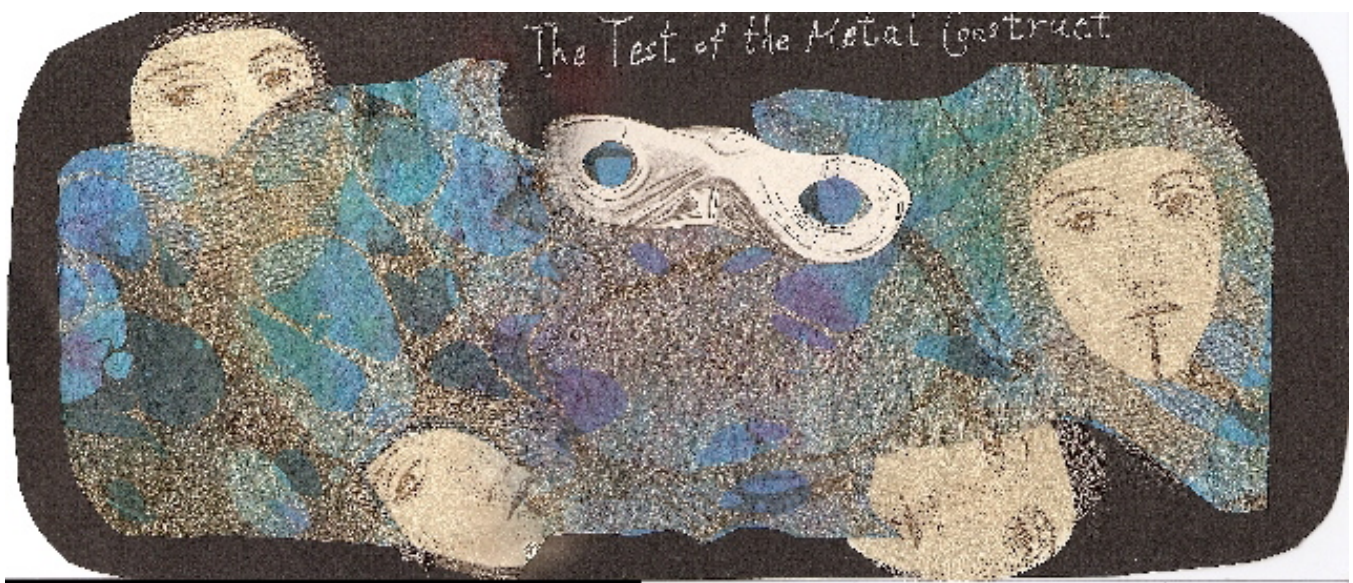
1983

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[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

Christine Swint



The Test of the Metal Construct

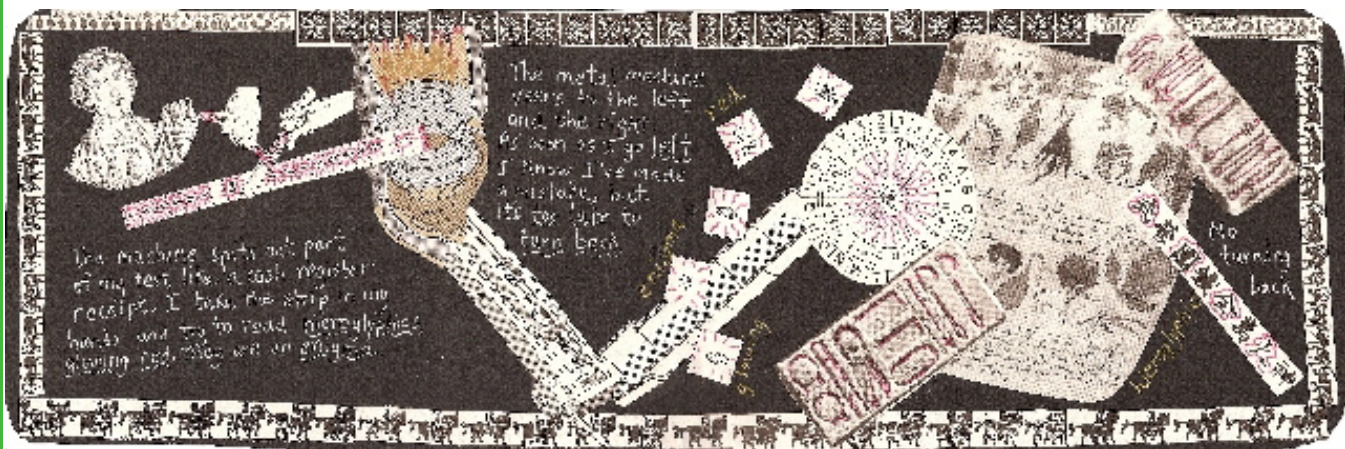
My dream book collage is based on a combination of two dreams I had in the span of one week in the beginning of August 2007. I found the images for the collage in two old books from a collection my father had given me when he moved house: The Complete Do-it yourself Manual and Ancient Inventions. When the book is assembled it takes the shape of a palm book, held together with a strand of ribbon and two stones I found on the beach in Sarasota. Each page contains the handwritten text of the dreams.

Cover: "The Test of the Metal Construct" was filled with the anxiety of having to take a test and not knowing the answers. The second dream, "Whale Wisdom", was a dream where I found myself swimming underwater with a whale. I used "Whale Wisdom" to give the anxiety-filled dream a more delightful conclusion. An interesting aspect to "Whale Wisdom" is that I had the dream on August 16, during the DaFuMu dreaming on the World Dreams Peace Bridge.



Page 1:

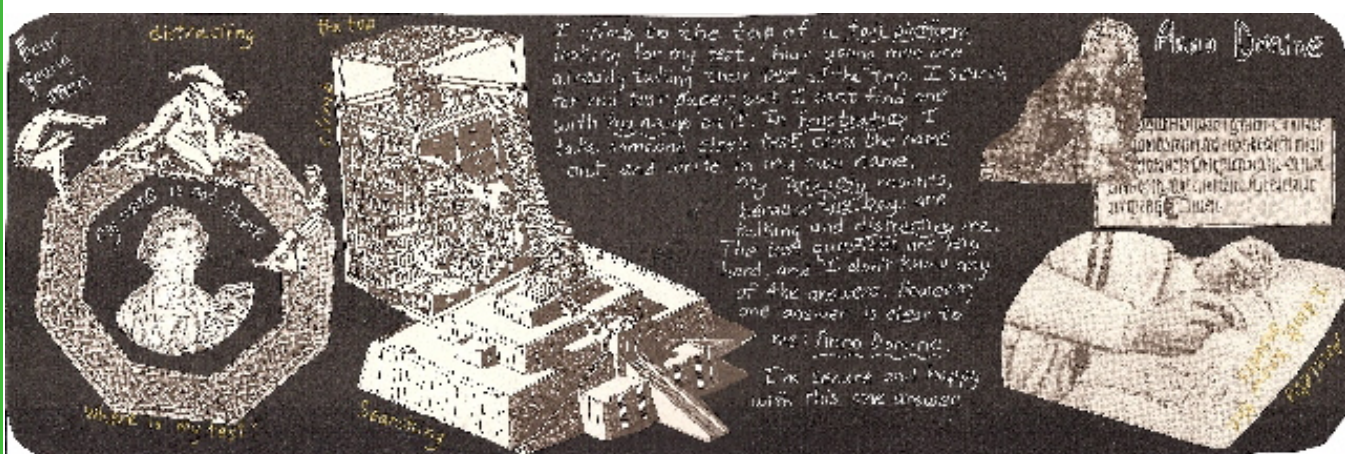
I arrive in a large hall to take an AP history test. Before me stretches a grey, metal assembly line branching out in two directions. First I must pass through a turnstile by entering my code. But what are my numbers? 001348? I enter the numbers, and I'm surprised when I'm allowed to pass.



Page 2:

The metal machine veers to the left and to the right. As soon as I go left, I know I've made a mistake, but it's too late to turn back.

The machine spits out part of my test like a cash register receipt. I take the strip in my hands, and try to read the hieroglyphics, glowing red. They are an enigma.



Page 3:

I climb to the top of a tall platform looking for my test. Four young men are already taking their test at the top. I search for my test paper, but can't find one with my name on it. In frustration I take someone else's test, cross the name out, and write in my own name.

My anxiety mounts because the boys are talking and distracting me. The test questions are very hard, and I don't know any of the answers. However, one answer is clear to me: Anno Domine. I'm secure and happy with this one answer.



Now I move to the library, the place along the assembly line I should have gone to first. I worry because I'm taking the test out of order. The librarians are still there, which comforts me because it's two o'clock in the morning. I should be done by now, and I'm grateful to the women for allowing me as much time as I need.

Once again, there's no paper with my name on it, and once again I cross out someone else's name and write in my own. Although I'm determined to finish the test, my sense of defeat is great – I'm certain I've failed.

Later I see my husband. He did very well on the test, and knew all the answers. "At least I knew *Anno Domine*," I say.

"That's wrong. The correct answer is *legere*," he says. I'm overwhelmed with anxiety.



Last page:

After talking about "The Test of the Metal Construct" in therapy, I came to the conclusion I needed to rely on my own answers, and not look to the men in my life as the only source of wisdom. Soon after, I dreamed "Whale Wisdom".

I'm swimming underwater, without the need to take a breath. The sea around me, a deep cerulean, reaches infinitely in all directions. A female voice says, "Look at the octopus." I see a translucent octopus appear in the blue water in front of me.

A hammerhead shark with bulging eyes swims near my right flank, but I ignore him. The voice says, “Look at the whale.”

An enormous right whale swims directly toward me. I’m sure it’s going to collide with me, but it glides past, as if knowing how close it could come without touching me. The sheer size of the whale awes me, and I sense its intuitive wisdom.

I wonder what it would feel like to take a breath. I see a circle of light shining through the water from above the surface. Ripples of water reflect in the light, and I slowly rise.

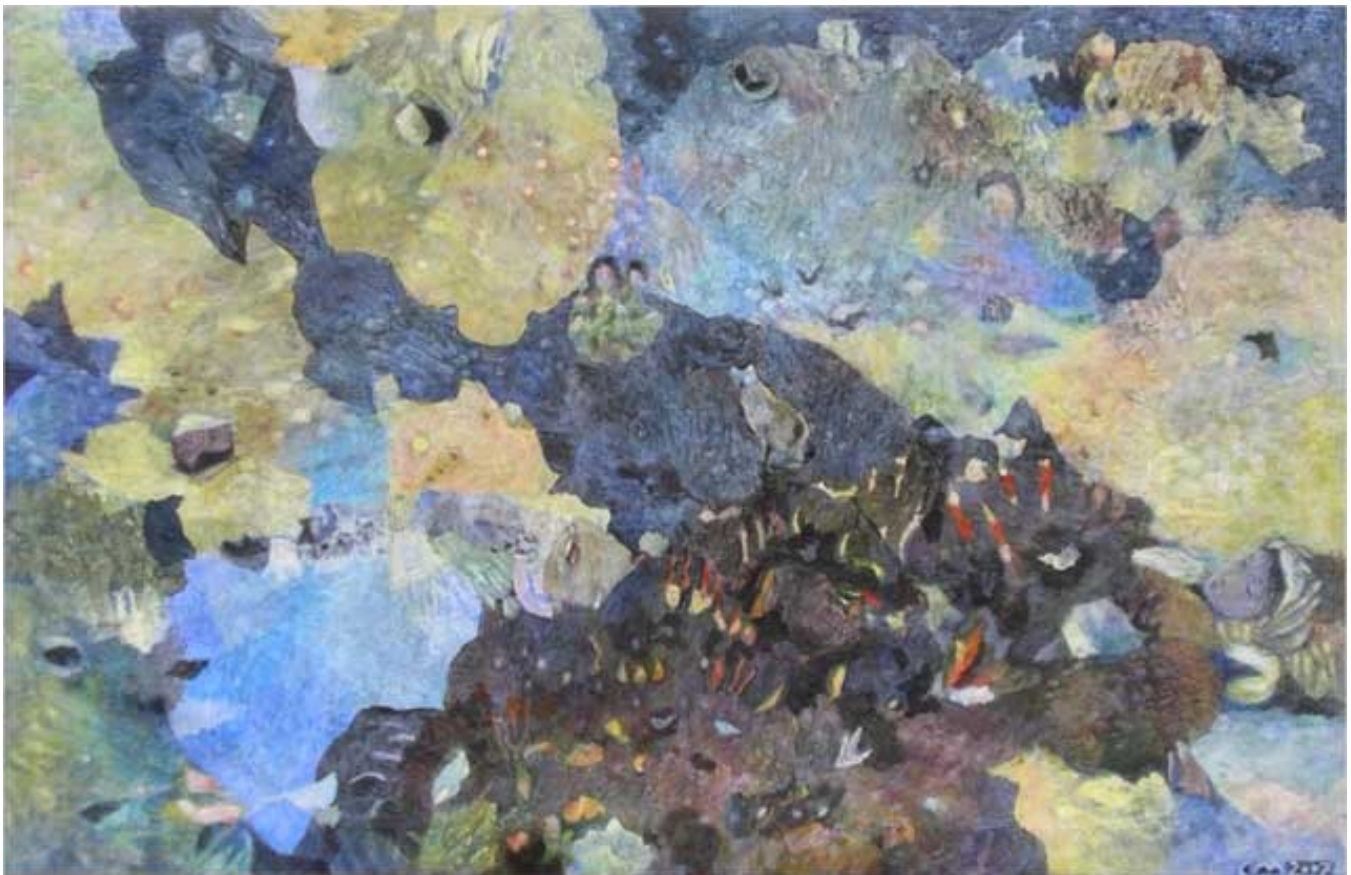
Conclusion: There is a place inside of me where wisdom swims in serenity. If I remain calm, I can find this place.

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[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

"tinebluebird"



Atlantis

Atlantis

I was working on this painting for 2 months. It had been titled 'Pond', then I changed it into 'Sleep'. The painting is not about a certain dream of mine.

There is a sleeping girl on the right hand side, on the lower left hand side obviously water spirit. The girl sleeps on the edge of a pond, or waterside. Her body is covered with shells and corals / candles. She almost looked like passed on, so at some point I gave her cheeks a rosy tinge (which did not really help). She had been showing in the painting early on; and so the painting grew around her, changing over and over again until it appeared complete.

So I was intensely working on this painting and finished it right on saturday 8-4. At this day, a group dream event took place on the [IASD board](#) . I did not join. Later I found some elements of the painting and some of the event seemed to link together.

Here are some quotes of the dreamers:

"I'm in a pool. There is a small girl at the edge in the water. She puts her head down on the lower edge of the pool, face in the water. I pick her up so she doesn't drown. She's OK but I'm not sure everything is right with her."

"I sense the presence of a man. I feel concerned for the child. I don't know who she is or why she is alone in the water. The man is not related to her -- he's just there." (JanetC)

"I dreamed of being in a flooded out area which, once the water receded, presented many bodies of land and water that had been covered over due to the flooding. It felt like a hidden world, yet the true world that had lain undiscovered." (Goshengolly)

"It is the early 1940s and I am a little girl around 8 years old. Now it is my turn to swing into the pond. I climb a tree and hold onto the rope swing. As I jump off the rope, I do a little dive into the water. ... " (Laura A)

"I did in fact end up spending time at the seashore of the Atlantic on Sunday, 8/5/2006, (prior to posting my dream here, or reading other's threads) and did wade through pools and eddy's of water at low tide, and took the curiosity of my childlike interest with me, as I always do when I head to the beach. I always feel a great sense of awe, and mystery at the seashore, and when walking in the low tide stay alert wondering if one day I will find the rare "gold coin" that might wash up with the tide." (Goshengolly)

So, as the dream event had been about Atlantis, I changed the title into 'Atlantis' - in honor of the group.

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[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

Vera Wareham

Statement explaining how the work is dream-related:

Being fascinated by my dreaming consciousness and even being taunted in a hypnagogic state, I have created many poems and pieces of art related to my dreams. I hope this series gives viewers a glimpse through my minds eye into the sojourn between reality and dream and the learning stages we go through as earth beings and dreamers. These pieces are called the Sojourn “ing” Series– symbolic, surreal images that depict stages of growth on this short dream-trip we call life. There are actually nine images in this series –seven original and two additional. I am also writing book based on dreams that have plagued me all my life.

Each image submitted has two names, one for the Sojourn and one for the “ing.”



“Origins, Awakening” Digital Photographic Art (8x10” - 16x20”)



“Dream Seed, Perceiving” Digital Photographic Art (8x10” - 16x20”)



“Adaptation, Designing” Digital Photographic Art (8x10” - 16x20”)



“Paradigms, Evolving” Digital Photographic Art (8x10” - 16x20”)



“Seeker, Remembering” Digital Photographic Art (8x10” - 16x20”)

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[Back to the PsiberDreaming Conference Threads](#)

Richard Wilkerson



I's Crossing Bridge - Jan 2007

I'm with a small group of friends in a place like Yosemite. We are standing on a path and my wife Sierra and her friend Nancy are discussing what we are doing. There seem to be several paths we can take, though pretty much we either have to cross a wooden bridge or go back. I don't really care, but I'm concerned about the amount of water we have and that we might get dehydrated if we argue too much and start crying or getting emotional. Nancy's husband, Frankie, impatiently decides to just go on, and cross the bridge. I see that I am going with him, though I am also now a narrator just watching us cross the bridge. The narrator says something like, "They head out across the bridge." The girls decide to come along as well and follow across the bridge. I go with them, as I am now the narrator and then one of the group. The first me looks back from near the end of the bridge and tells me not to forget the water. I panic a bit, because I have left the bottles on the path before the bridge. But the "I" that panics is now the narrator and is looking back at me getting the water. There is some problem with water reacting to the plastic bottles and some of the bottles are leaking. (eod)