

Since 1982 ◦ Evolving a Dream Cherishing Culture ◦

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Dream Network

A Journal Exploring Dreams & Myth



Interview with Henry Reed

When We Become A Dreaming Culture ◦ Robert Moss

How Placebos Heal: Dreams, the Placebo Effect & Creative Consciousness ◦ Graywolf

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.... Dreaming Humanity's Path



The Goddess

I see a being that encompasses the stars and the oceans. The stars are her hair, the mountains and the earth are her breasts, the sun is her heart.... shining and illuminating the earth, the moon is her womb, the seas are her feet.

Her arms are entwined with serpents and great hordes of butterflies and hummingbirds issue from her outstretched, raised arms. As I watched, she seemed to come to life and become united with the Primal Life-force Creator: male and female energies merging as One.

Then from her breasts flowed rivers of milk and honey and the earth seemed to burst with abundance, rich and lush. From her womb flowed a river of blood and water, into the primal ocean which began to team with dolphins and all sorts of life forms....bubbling the waters with life! She let out a sound, a note, encompassing all notes, giving voice to the voiceless. The stars in her hair were brilliant as she swung her head back in laughter. As I watched, she became more abundant and more brilliant than the sun and deeper than the moon. Fertile and wise, green and lush.

'Take This and Drink' by Lena Bartula.
Acrylic on canvas 48" x 54".

In the World They Call a Dream

These things I have seen
in the world they call
a dream: *The swaying
of tall burgundy trees
surrounded by luminous
red auras; twin moons,
milky and full above
the horizon; a bottomless
canyon where silvery water
rose to fill the void;
yellow stars swirling
in an inky sky.*

These things I have done
in the world they call
a dream: *Stood enraptured
in an empty light-filled
room jutting into the
sea; ridden captive
on a train whose journey
had no end; scuttled
through craggy underground
paths to reach a city of
women; glided over a beach
in search of stones.*

These things I have said
in the world they call
a dream: *That relationships
ripen like apples and
sometimes a little worm
gets inside; that people
are used to complex
“truths;” that to take away
our humanity is to take away
our best tool; that we don’t
have to prove we can swim
by almost drowning.*

by Deborah Hillman

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Dream Network

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Statement of Purpose

Our purpose is to raise individual and cultural appreciation for the value of dreams and to disseminate information that will assist and empower us in taking responsibility for our cultural, emotional and spiritual well-being with the help of dreams & mythology. Our goals are to unite and serve those who respect dreams, to empower dreamers in demystifying dreamwork and to assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our culture ... in whatever ways of integrity are shown and given us.

We believe that dreams are agents for change and often reveal important new insights about the life of the dreamer, both personal and cultural.

Recalling a dream is a signal that we are ready to understand the information that has been presented. Enacting the dream's hint can bring personal empowerment.

We seek to provide a balance and to give all nations, voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard. There will be times when a particular area of interest will be given greater emphasis than another because of the limited space in the Journal and that which is surfacing which is of interest to the readership.

The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of ideas, opinions and areas of interest to be explored and expressed.

We invite you to indicate areas of interest and questions you would like to see explored in future issues.

Dream Network

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About our Cover Artist: Julie Bartolotta is an intuitive artist inspired by the balance & symmetry of dream-like images & inner landscapes which invite the viewer to reflect and meditate. While her original artworks are created as oil paintings, they are also available as greeting cards and shirts. For a unique personal mandala or a card/shirt catalogue: In Canada, Julie Bartolotta, PO Box 217, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5S 2S7 (416) 968-0127 U.S.: George a Boyd, PO Box 463, Venice, CA 90294

Upcoming Focus

for Volume 17 No. 1

ExtraOrdinary Dreams:

Lucid, Mutual, Shared Dreams

Tibetan Dream Yoga,

Prophetic Dreams

What is your experience?

Your opinion?

We Welcome Your Submission!

Lifeline: 4 Weeks after
your receipt of this issue.

NOTE Regarding Submissions:

Individuals from all cultures and walks of life who desire to share are encouraged to submit dream & myth related manuscripts, poetry and artwork for consideration.... even if it falls outside the scope of the current focus or theme. We also invite your dreamsharing, transformational dream experiences and insights regarding effective dreamwork and dreamplay techniques.

Given the overall synchronicity that shapes the *Dream Network*, your submission is likely to fit perfectly into the focus of an upcoming issue.

Your article may also be appropriate for one of our two regular features, *The Art of Dreamsharing* (which includes a broad range of articles on Dream Education), or *The Mythic Dimension* (which explores the relationship and connections between dreams and mythology).

And, of course, we always love to hear from you in our *Responses* column! Whether you were inspired or infuriated by the latest issue or would just like to clear up an area of confusion or correct an oversight, please let us hear from you!

Editorial ♥ ↔ ♡

I am grateful. I feel warmth so profoundly each time I sit write this column that each issue's editorial would be filled with words of gratitude if I were to allow the sentiments expression. However, I write now on Winter Solstice and by the time you receive this issue, we will be in the New Year; the feelings can't be restrained!

Contributors, please know that each of your works of art are appreciated upon receipt and by each reader; readers, without you this worthy vehicle would not exist. Each of you who give gift subscriptions help us to reach an ever broader audience. Our combined efforts and sharing are making a significant contribution toward evolving a dream cherishing culture, which in the final analysis will work to the benefit of all life forms on this precious Earth.

Special thanks to our Advisory Council, in particular Stanley Krippner, who has been with us from my beginnings and through many ups and downs and a warm welcome to Russell Lockhart and Robert Moss into this (advisory) circle, to each of our 'Networkers/Regional Contact Persons,' to Dick McLeester (Review Editor), Kelly MacArthur (proofreader), Marlene King and J.C. Beldo for adding vital new feature columns, Jacki Brooks-Christie who is in process of coming on board as an ad rep and to help with promotions, to the many friends and family members who help in various ways in managing the multitude of tasks involved in this labor of love.

Bravo Hallelujah Danke Gracias Namaste.
We Are Co-creating a Dream Cherishing Culture

~ ~ ~ ~ ~
What is a mystery? Mystery is a stimuli that allows each of us to grow in our own light. If there is truly mystery in our lives, there is great joy and happiness because we recognize the beauty and miracle of the creation surrounding us.... the precious gifts that each and every one of us can utilize for the benefit of all.

What is culture? An extraordinarily gifted visionary friend of mine once said: "Culture is what we do every day." If we become consistently conscious of the mystery and abundance with which we are surrounded, our views shift and reality changes; consequently, values change and culture evolves.

What changes can we expect 'When We Become a Dreaming Culture'? A visionary response to that question is crafted in the gentle manifesto presented by Robert Moss (pg. 7). Rejoice in every word!

~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Information that has come into this center recently raises compelling questions, which I now pose to you:

First: A new contributor shared having had a dream of John F. Kennedy's assassination prior to its occurrence; she wrote him in advance of the event. A caller spoke of prophetic dreams in which he foresaw the Challenger explode and a recent earthquake in California. We published an article by Stanley Krippner about a man who 'saw' a murder and upon reporting his dream, was arrested and subsequently incarcerated (see *Psychic Dreams? Be Careful Who You Tell!* (Vol. 14 No. 3)). How can we first, discriminate among dreams of this nature which are timely warnings of pending major disasters, then take preventative action? Can we create a center — such as an 800# 'Dream Hotline?' — for these critically important dreams? What are your suggestions/ideas?

Take note: Not long ago in these pages, we opened an informative controversy focused on lucid dreaming; articles and letters were submitted expressing various experiences and points of view. Our next issue will take that dialogue further out on the edge in the dreamworld. We will be exploring extraordinary dreamstates, such as mutual/shared dreaming, lucid and shamanic dreaming, Tibetan dream yoga, WILD (an acronym). Here's the opportunity to ask your questions, express your opinion, share your experience. Don't miss it!

News of Import

Because our last issue was so long in process at the printer and in the mails — and in order to keep to our printing schedule — we are preparing this issue right on the heal of your receiving Vol. 16 No. 3. There was not time for you to send sufficient letters to fill our Response column, so, we'll save what has been received for our March/April issue. The benefit is this allows more space for sharing the many informative and inspiring works of art inside.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~
Throughout the years, I have spoken to you in this column primarily from an editorial and personal perspective. Rarely, if ever, have I spoken wearing my publisher's hat.

As was true in taking on editorial responsibilities, I had no idea what was involved in being a publisher and I tell you true, it has been a school of hard knocks. I doubt there has ever been anyone in business who has made more mistakes than I, and I am the first to admit it.

Over the years, I have found it difficult yet necessary to create a healthy balance between my commitment to dreams and the provision of quality information — and finances; I continue to work on inner conflict in this regard.

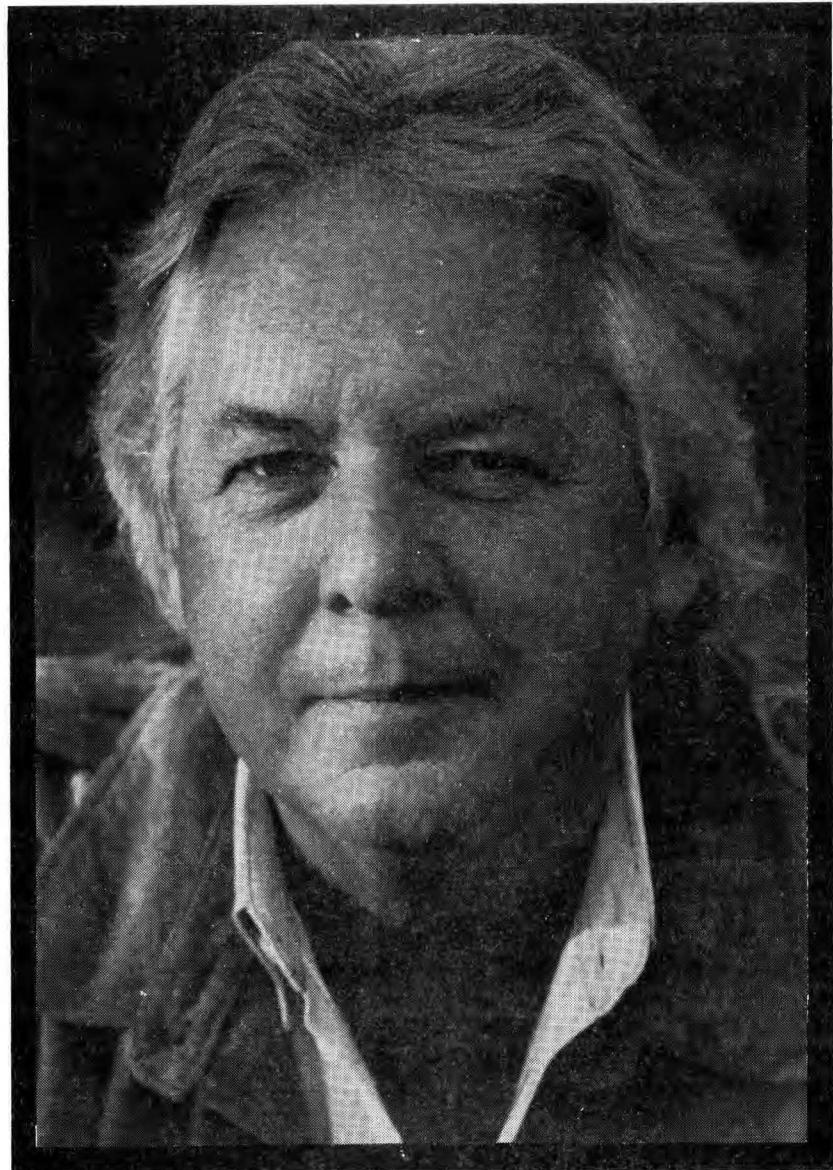
Sometimes, however, the difficulties come from 'out there' and this past few months have presented relentless challenges and changes. Our phone area code has changed, our email address changed of necessity and overnight, we secured a new domain name for our website (please see top left, page 4 for new information) and one of our major sources of national distribution into bookstores went belly up without paying us for the past several issues, payment that was due in December! It's been a daytimenightmaremaking adjustments and changes.... attending to all of the details involved.

I was well taught by our culture to give, not to ask, for help. However, the aforementioned + areas of need that require revenue soon, compel me to ask that you make a donation of whatever amount you are able, to help us recover and carry on.

Help! There. I did it! Thanks for giving the plea consideration and for contributing if you are able. ♡

When We Become A Dreaming Culture

by Robert Moss



I have a dream: that we will again become a society of dreamers. In a dreaming culture, dreams are valued and celebrated. The first business of the day, for most people, is to share dreams and seek to harvest their guidance. The community joins in manifesting the energy and insight of dreams in waking life.

In a dreaming culture, nobody says, "It's only a dream" or "In your dreams, mister." It is understood that dreams are both wishes ("I have a dream") and experiences of the soul; that in dreaming, the soul may travel beyond the limits of physical existence and return with gifts from higher realms.

Dreaming traditions — like those of Australian Aborigines, Native Americans and early European peoples — recognize that the dream-world is a real world, possibly more real than much of waking life, in which we often stumble about in the condition of sleepwalkers. In big dreams, we "wake up" to a larger reality.

Dreaming peoples know that one of the central functions of dreaming is to keep us connected to sources of healing, creativity and spiritual insight in an order of reality that is hidden from ordinary perception.

Another of the vital functions of dreaming is to rehearse us for challenges that lie ahead in ordinary life. Dreaming peoples know that we dream the future, maybe all the time. An Iroquois dreamer of my acquaintance says, "Nothing happens until it is dreamed." If you can dream the future, you may also be able to change it for the better by making intelligent use of the information.

If dreams were honored throughout our society, our world would be different.... and magical.

Let me count the ways:

1. Dream Partners. Personal relations will be richer, more intimate and creative. There will be less room for pretense and denial. Sharing dreams, we overcome the taboos that prevent us from expressing our real needs and feelings and open ourselves to those of others.

2. Family life and home entertainment. "What did you dream?" is the first question asked around the table in a family of dreamers. In our dreaming culture, families everywhere will share dreams and harvest their gifts of story, mutual understanding and healing. Parents will listen to their children's dreams and help them to confront and overcome nightmare terrors. Best of all, they will learn from their children, because kids are wonderful dreamers. This might be bad for TV ratings but it would bring back the precious arts of storytelling, helping us learn to tell our own story (a gift with almost limitless applications) and to recognize the larger story of our lives.

3. Dream Healing. In our dreaming culture, dream groups will be a vital part of every clinic,

hospital and treatment center and doctors will begin their patient interviews by asking about dreams as well as physical symptoms. Health costs will plummet, because when we listen to our dreams, we receive keys to self-healing.

Dreams often alert us to possible health problems long before physical symptoms develop; by heeding those messages, we can sometimes avoid manifesting those symptoms. Dreams give us an impeccable nightly readout on our physical, emotional and spiritual health. Our bodies speak to us through dreams, giving us timely guidance on what we should do (and not do) to keep them well. For example:

Gloria's Dream Diagnosis

Gloria had suffered for months from painful swelling in the lymph nodes under her arms. She was worried sick about the threat of cancer and insisted that her doctor perform a biopsy after a mammogram was negative. Her doctor then suggested that the swelling could be caused by "cat-scratch fever." Gloria submitted to medication that did nothing to improve her condition. Frustrated, she asked for dream guidance. In the dream that came, *she watched someone being fitted with a neck brace, part of a complicated "head apparatus."* In the dream, people were laughing at the patient in a way that irritated Gloria; they did not seem to realize that she had fractured her neck. Waking, Gloria could see no connection between her dream and her physical symptoms. But she was goaded to seek a second medical opinion. Her new doctor detected a link between the pain in her arms and a neck problem she had not noticed in waking life. His examination revealed a degenerative disk disease in her neck. When it was treated, the swelling in her arms went away.

4. The Care of Souls. As a dreaming culture, we will remember that the causes of dis-ease are spiritual as well as physical. We will use dreams

"In a dreaming culture, we will remember to "sleep on it," asking dreams for creative guidance on school assignments, work projects, relationships and whatever challenges are looming in waking life. When we seek dream guidance, we must be ready for answers that go beyond our questions, because the dream source is infinitely deeper and wiser than what Yeats called the "daily trivial mind."

to monitor and rectify energy loss, psychic intrusions and unhealthy relations between the living and the departed. The insights we gain will help to make Asklepiean dream healing and shamanic soulwork part of mainstream medicine and psychology.

We will work with dreams that alert us to the "energy thieves" in our lives. Linda dreamed that her car kept stalling because someone she knew was draining its battery. She realized that the energy thief was a needy friend and corrected their relationship.

We will use dreams to facilitate soul recovery. In dreams where we encounter a younger version of ourselves, or are drawn back to a scene from childhood, we are brought to recognize a deeper kind of energy loss, that shamans call soul loss. Through trauma or abuse, through addiction or great sadness, we can lose a part of our vital soul energy. So long as it is missing, we are not whole and the gap may be filled by sickness or addiction. Dreams show us what has become of our lost children and when it is timely to call them home.

5. Dream Incubation. In a dreaming culture, we will remember to "sleep on it," asking dreams for creative guidance on school assignments, work projects, relationships and whatever challenges are looming in waking life. When we seek dream guidance, we must be ready for answers that go beyond our questions, because the dream source is infinitely deeper and wiser than what Yeats called the "daily trivial mind."

Some of the dreams I have incubated have been watershed events in my life, leading me beyond ego-bound agendas. I once sought dream guidance on a plan to write a commercial thriller, following the formula of a previous bestseller I had published. In my dream, I entered a luxurious restaurant where a banquet for thousands was about to be served, all in my honor. There was just one problem: the master chef had walked out because he did not like my menu. I got the message: If I chose to repeat myself in pursuit of commercial success, I would part company with the most creative part of myself, my "master chef." I abandoned the book project because of this dream, which brought me the salutary reminder that value must never be confused with market valuation.

6. Using Dream Radar. Dreaming, we routinely fold time and space and scout far into the future. In my journals, I have logged hundreds of correspondences between dreams and subsequent events in waking life.

Here are two typical examples:

Dream #1: Sixty-eight people have enrolled for one of my work-shops. The week-end presents complex challenges, which my dream rehearses in detail. (7/31-8/1/96)

Follow-up: Just over a year later, sixty-eight people signed up for one of my workshops. The old dream report provided invaluable and specific guidance on challenges that developed in the course of the weekend. (8/28/97)

Dream #2: I am watching a silly little dog decked out in fake antlers for a Christmas pageant. The dog runs out on the road and is killed but is magically revived by a bizarre character who seemed alien to normal patterns of human behavior. (3/9-10/97)

Follow-up: The next day, thanks to a missed connection and a change of flights, I found myself watching the in-flight movie on a plane bound for Denver. A silly dog with fake antlers appeared on the screen. The dog was killed on the road and miraculously revived by a low-flying angel played by John Travolta in the movie "Michael." (3/10/97)

I have never seen more time wasted in dreamwork than when we fail to run a simple reality check on dream material to explore the possibility that we have previewed the future. As a dreaming culture, we will work with dream precognition on a daily basis — and develop strategies to revise the possible futures foreseen in dreams for the benefit of ourselves and others.

7. Building Communities. When we share dreams with others, we recognize something of ourselves in their experiences. Working with beginners' dream groups, I enjoy the thrill of recognition that travels round the circle as people announce the titles of their dreams. "Naked in public." "Back in school." "Falling." "Snake dance." "My dead mother comes to visit."

Dreaming, we actually find ourselves in the skin and life situations of different people. A Texas woman shared the following dream:

In A Black Man's Body

I am walking down the street in New Orleans. I notice something different about myself, about my perception of temperature, the way my body hangs. I look down and notice I have very long, muscular legs. A man's legs! And they're black! At this point, I become aware I am dreaming. I am drawn to the smell of wonderful cajun food wafting from a restaurant. A couple of white men block my way, making racist remarks. Someone signals telepathically, "Get out of this place before you succumb to his rage."

The Texas woman marveled at the way she found herself inside the mindset of another person. "If we could all have the experience of being in someone else's skin," she told me, "we'd get over our prejudice and preconceptions." I believe she is right. In our dreaming culture, we will build community on the level of soul.

8. The Art of Dying. The path of the soul after death, say the Plains Indians, is the same as the path of the soul in dreams — except that after physical death, we won't come back to the same body. Dreamwork is a vital tool in helping the dying to prepare for the conditions of the afterlife. For example:

Wendy's Waterslide World

Wendy dreamed *she was shooting down a slide into an Olympic-size swimming pool, behind her mother. She was happy but puzzled, because in waking life her mother was terrified of the water and had never learned to swim. As Wendy's mother splashed into the pool, a barrier came down, preventing Wendy from following. When she peered over the barrier, she saw her mother frolicking with a handsome, muscular young man she recognized as her father as he might have looked when he was thirty.*

When she shared this dream, Wendy told me she felt her elderly mother was approaching death but was full of fear. Her mother had never shared dreams. "I had the dream my mother should have had." Wendy mused. I suggested she might try recounting the dream to her mother, bringing out all the happy, sensual detail and see whether in some way she could make it her mother's dream.

Wendy's mother enjoyed this, asking her to retell the dream again and again. A week later, she called in high excitement to report that she had had her own dream of her late husband. He had appeared as a handsome 30-year-old. He told her he lived in a beautiful valley where it was always spring and would be waiting for her when her time came.

In our dreaming culture, dream encounters with the departed will no longer be psychologized away. They will be screened carefully to establish whether they are genuine contacts and whether they contain information that is helpful to either the living or the departed. In the year after my father's death, he came to me repeatedly in dreams with valuable guidance for the family, including practical and specific information to which I did not have access in waking life.

Sometimes (as Jung observed) the departed seem to need help from the living, especially when they have become lost or confused,

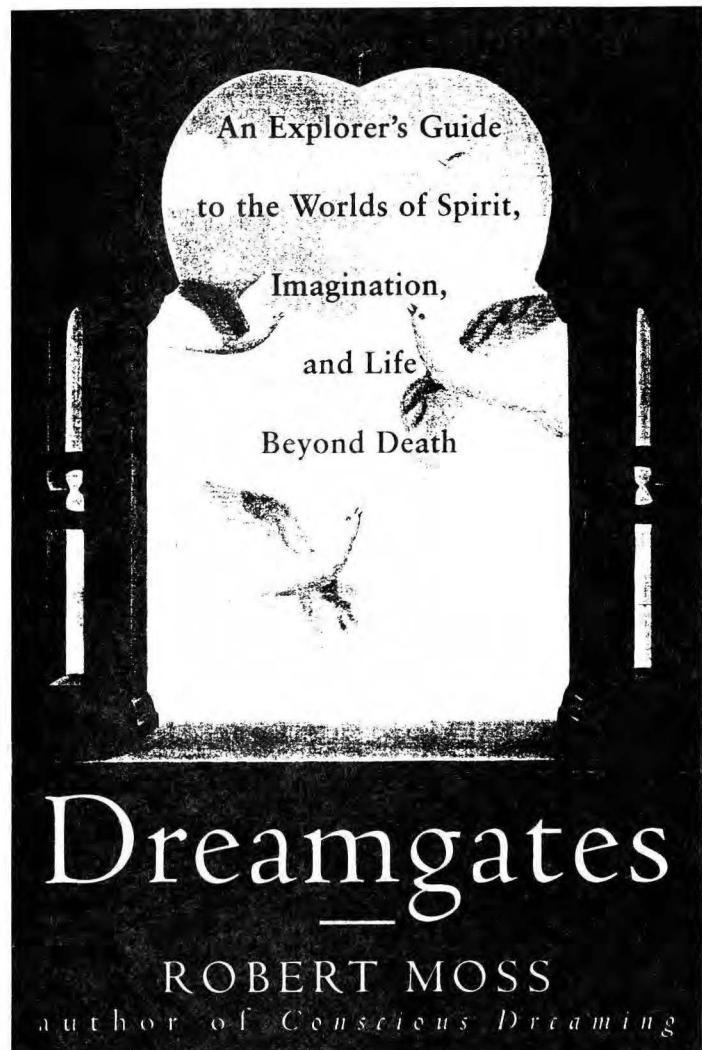
frequently because they are not aware that they are "dead." Active dreamers will develop the ability to dialogue with these spirits and help them find their right path.

9. Walking the Path of Soul. The greatest gift of dreaming is that it facilitates an encounter between the little self and the big Self. Active dreaming is a vital form of *soul remembering*... of reclaiming knowledge that belonged to us, on the levels of soul and spirit, before we entered this life experience. So much of the harm we do to ourselves and others stems from the fact that we have forgotten *who we are* and what we are meant to become. Dreaming, we remember... and encounter authentic spiritual guides who will help us on our paths. I remember vividly how I was taught by a vision guide who first appeared to me during a life-threatening illness in early childhood that all true knowledge is *anamnesis*, the act of remembering.

Dreaming, we remember our kinship with all living things and the Earth that sustains us. Dreaming we walk between worlds and remember that our spirits are starborn. As a society of dreamers, we will participate actively in the emergence of a more gifted and generous version of our species: the multidimensional human. We will come to re-vision our world of physical extension and linear time from a higher dimension and operate (sleeping or waking) in a state of multiple consciousness. We will treat others with greater compassion, knowing that we are all related and face the surface events in our lives with greater courage and generosity, knowing that they are only part of a much bigger story.

Creating a dreaming culture is not science fiction. It is a possible future that all dreamers can help bring into manifestation, because we all dream and because there are times when dreams will push through even the most hardened carapace of skepticism or materialism.

Without preaching, without shouting, all of us who value dreams can give others a safe space in which to start sharing their own inner experiences. The encounter may come at a bus-stop, in a supermarket, in line at the post office or around the kitchen table, with a total stranger or a close relative who is opening up for the first time.



Dreamgates

ROBERT MOSS
author of *Conscious Dreaming*

We can give those who are just beginning to share their dreams the gift of validation: confirmation that they are not alone, that they are not going crazy, that their dreams are not "only" dreams. We can encourage every dreamer to claim her own power, by recognizing her as the final authority on her own dreams. Without setting ourselves up as experts, we can offer the insights of frequent fliers. We can share what real dreamers know:

*We are born to fly and in dreams
we remember the soul has wings. ☆*

For information on the author's books, tapes and workshops, please address correspondence to: Robert Moss, Way of the Dreamer, PO Box 215, Troy, NY 12181.



TouchDrawing by DeborahKoff-Chapin



A Shamanic Dream & Vision of a New Grail Myth

8. DREAMING THE GRAIL DIANA

© by Maureen B. Roberts, PhD



The following, shared as a message of hope for the New Year, is a shamanic vision based on the fourth Dream in a series concerning Princess Diana and the next phase of the incarnation of God as the central archetype of the collective unconscious.

What we are witnessing in this crucial, transitional time for the Western psyche is no less than the transposition of the Grail myth to a new level of consciousness. As a Celtic shaman, I was deeply moved by the vision that came to me — following my deathwalking *Dream of Diana* (recounted in *Dream Network*, Vol.16 No.3) — of the connection between her and the Grail Queen and by the later intuition of Diana and the re-awakened Goddess in general as a new Lady of the Lake.

Diana's sudden yet perhaps timely ending, which was simultaneously her transition to a new depth of significance and power, touched a nerve-ending in the collective psyche at a time when we have been unconsciously, if not consciously, clamoring for a more human myth, one that will help fill the empty space left by the failure of organized religion.... and in so doing displace the waning dominant of patriarchal hierarchy and its distantly enthroned God.

When we embrace the opposite principle, the "I-Thou" of lunar Eros consciousness, the heart opens in a paradox of simultaneous strength and vulnerability, and weakness takes the form of a mediatorial power of freely offered compassion. One is then neither merely helpless victim nor invulnerable hero, but is rather — as Diana became — the ambivalent Self, the Wounded Healer as "heroic victim."

What our arid age is crying out for is a rediscovery of the mythic stream of the psyche and the divinity of each of us as unique indi-

duals in the great family of humanity. Over the past few years, through our growing empathy with the struggles and turmoils of Diana's life, and now our identity with the tragedy of her death, the long-dormant Goddess image has descended from its unreachable white pedestal of perfection and simultaneously risen up from its chthonic immersion in ruddy instinct. In merging Above and Below, she has moved closer to humanity; indeed, she has finally become one with humanity as its newly emerging dominant. The mythic Diana — as the English Rose and as Blanchefleur, the white lily of death, the union of spirit and matter, male and female, red and white — has become a major catalyst in the retrieval of the World Soul, in the *mysterium coniunctionis* of individual and global healing and wholeness.

As we move to embrace the era of personal and social wholeness, the feminine is coming to be seen in various retellings of the Grail myth.... not just in terms of its supportive role in the masculine quest but in a counterbalancing and complementary development, the masculine is increasingly understood in its supportive role in the feminine quest for self-realization. Marion Zimmer Bradley presents an instance of this in the development of Arthur's half sister, Morgaine, the central character of her magnificent Arthurian novel, *The Mists of Avalon* (1983).

Although in many Arthurian sources, Avalon is identified with the Christian island of Glastonbury, Bradley with considerable insight maintains a distinction between the two as a reflection of the distinction between the Grail as a Christian relic and its broader significance as a symbol of the divine union of masculine and feminine. The Grail rightly returns at the end of the tale to its true origin, Avalon. Glastonbury, on the other hand, represents the superficial

narrowness of what William Blake would derogatively call the "Negation" of reasoned belief, whose exclusive masculinity — embodied in the authority of the priesthood and later in the Protestant Church — suppresses its feminine unconscious, the Goddess, who is not approachable through detached dogma but can only be intuitively known as the archetype of a deep inner wisdom, a lunar consciousness attuned to Nature and soul.

The latter is personified in the Grail mythology by the Lady of the Lake, who in Celtic myth is an otherworldly guide and teacher of Arthur and his court. It is this particular facet of the Goddess which is evoked in the last of a series of four Dreams, three of which were spent with Diana and a fourth with one of her sons.

In this fourth Dream, I am taking care of Prince Harry, who is still feeling very fragile, emotionally vulnerable and distraught after the loss of his mother, to whom, as I could feel in the Dream, he had been extremely close. In the Dream, I have been 'given' the task of guiding him protectively on the way to school, and as we walked down a long, winding roadway, we are watched from the roadside by a large crowd of folk, as if we are acting out a kind of ritual procession. In my hand I carry what I know to be Princess Diana's silver tiara, which is partially broken, and is shaped like a crescent Moon. In the Dream I wonder what to do with the tiara - who to give it to or where to take it - since I know it is not for me to wear or own. But I could find no-one to hand it over to and the more I mused over it, the more it seemed 'right' that it belonged to no-one in particular; furthermore, it is obviously no longer something to be worn but rather has taken on another significance.

In the Dream I pause along the way and examine the tiara more closely. It is made entirely of tiny diamonds all intricately woven together.

Reflecting on this later, I saw in a trance vision of this diamond Moon-web the tiny seed-souls, or divine sparks of the countless folk of Earth, all of whom were contributing to the tiara, just as in the Hindu Net of Indra each gem reflects and is connected to all the others. It seemed in the vision that the seed-souls were embryonic forms of an emerging lunar consciousness, symbolized by the Moon-crescent shape of the tiara and I was again reminded of Diana as the Greek Artemis, twin sister of the solar Logos of Apollo and Goddess of lunar light, which symbolizes in the Dream the

emerging dominance of Eros as the feminine principle of interwoven relatedness, a respect for life and harmony with Nature.

As I had done after I had my first deathwalking Dream of Diana (described in full at www.cgjung.com), I consulted the Arthurian Tarot and drew forth, not surprisingly, the Moon card. In this beautiful painting are depicted two dark cylindrical towers, facing each other across a stream. Rising over the hills beyond, a full Moon encloses the embryo of a child, curled, like the Child at the end of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, as though asleep in a Cosmic womb. In the foreground, a solitary Salmon, symbol of the most ancient Druidic wisdom, strives to leap the weir in the foreground. This card symbolizes the creative passivity of waiting, the *kairos* time of gestation before the Grail winners, Percival and Galahad, reveal themselves to the World.

Percival, somewhat like Prince Harry, was raised by his mother, sheltered from the knowledge of aggressive, traditionally masculine skills, hence he has a strong and sensitive feminine side. Galahad, a parallel perhaps to Prince William, was raised in seclusion from the courtly realm of Camelot and was similarly a gentle, introspective and reverent soul. Lancelot, caught as was Prince Charles between the love of two women — Elaine, the sorrowful and alone mother of his child and Guinevere, another man's wife for whose adulterous love he forsook Elaine (just as Charles abandoned Diana) — is raised by the Lady of the Lake and as a flawed and fallen hero, is worldly-wise in the ways of war and courtly traditions. Wonder again at how our Celtic myths resonate and abound in this great contemporary archetypal drama!

Ironically, it is Diana who — after being buried on an isle in a lake and in having passed over through death to Avalon, the Otherworldly isle of Druidic myth — has taken on the role of the Lady of the Lake. Avalon, where she resides in the timeless, mist-shrouded realm of mystery, represents the deeper Druidic wisdom in which all gods are one god, and all goddesses, one goddess; in which the masculine and feminine and all such opposites co-exist as positive archetypal polarities. This collective realm is enclosed in a higher ethic which transcends traditional morality through residing in the ancient wisdom of Nature and the World Soul.

The Arthurian Tarot description of The Lady of the Lake, as one of the Greater Powers, is as follows: "On the middle of an island in the middle of a lake sits the Lady of the Lake on a throne of weeds. She holds a sword and a book, while at her feet is a basket. Beside her is a crane."¹

The sword symbolizes her ability to wield the Logos of masculine insight in the service of the Eros of intuitive wisdom. The Crane, symbolic in Druid myth of the arcane knowledge that she reads and teaches from the Book of Nature, stands beside her as a soul-guide who, illumined by the Moon, helps guide others in journeys of death or initiation to the Underworld. As Morgaine, healer and Queen of a sisterhood in her own right, the Lady of the Lake tends Arthur's wounds and cares for him in Avalon till he is called to return. As the dark face of the Goddess, she is the Morrighan, who as Washer at the Ford and Dark Woman of Knowledge, cleanses the bloodied linen of those who have been slain in battle. As initiator into self-knowledge, the Morrighan is described as follows in the Arthurian Tarot:

"The Washer at the Ford is the shape-changer, challenging and inviting all who approach her to change. She represents renewal, changing that which is static to that which is vital. Her catabolic action destroys out worn ideas, leaving room for fresh growth.

Hers is a positive destruction, a clearing away of old growths."²

As initiator and foster-mother, The Lady of the Lake is dispenser and guardian of a lunar, intuitive wisdom. Thus does the fourth Dream invite each of us to share in the incarnation of this archetypal Grail Queen of Avalon — the Lady of the Lake — by allowing the emerging dominant of Eros to guide, foster and 'school' the Logos Through nurturing the divine soul-seed within each of us, they may grow and interweave with the countless other diamond facets of Diana's Moon-webtiara.

God is still incarnating. The Divine Child, conceived as new collective life and vision through the death of Diana, is gestating and still being born in us. ☆

Notes:

(1) Caitlin & John Matthews, *The Arthurian Tarot: A Hallowquest Handbook*, London: Aquarian Press, 1990, p. 25.

(2) C. & J. Matthews, p. 48.

Text ©1997 Maureen B. Roberts from a work-in-progress. You can contact "The Dark" Nathair, Depth Psychotherapist & Shaman, in Australia via e-mail nathair@camtech.net.au Dr. Roberts also offers free online shamanic healing at www.holistic.com.au/events.htm#shamanic



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CITIES of Crystal and Gold

© by Barbara Shor

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

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

Several angels show up and ask: "Would you like to go to a where or a when?" No choice about going—only where or when.

Typically, I answered, "To a when."

And suddenly we're zipping out into a blank blackness, not outer space, more an interface frequency—perhaps a wormhole in time—in a whirl of wings.

I see that we're homing in on a planet far beneath us—green, green, green, and some blue. I assume that it's Earth, but it's no Earth I know. Everywhere there is land, it's green. No browns, ochres, or maroons. No huge stretches of desert. I recognize Earth only by the outlines of its

We're flying high, at orbiting satellite level, up across the planet from the South Pole toward the North. It's only now that I realize there were barely any ice caps. But the size of the seas don't seem to have increased appreciably. And the continental shapes are more or less still recognizable.

What is disturbing is that there are no cities. No checkerboard divisions of fields and towns. There are mountain ranges, but little bare rock or snowy peaks. Rather, there are massive forests, and rolling plains and savannas. It's as though the Earth has become a vast park.

As we approach the equator, I see that the global belt of rain forests is still intact. It's narrower, but still there. And yet, there's something odd about it, a sizzly nerve-ending feeling as we approach. Then I realize that the rain forests are protected on all sides by a massive force field.

I'm told that although these force fields are no longer needed, they have been left there as monuments, warnings, sign posts. Humans put them up centuries ago to totally protect the biosphere, and the trees, plants, creatures, and humans that lived within them. Now people can get permission to visit the rain forests, and enter and leave them at will. But the force

fields remain as reminders of who and what we once were, and must never allow ourselves to become again.

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

These people have learned to *kythe** with the crystalline substructure of the particular spots on Earth where the towns are placed—like a system of chakras in a planetary body. By working with the Earth forces and the devas, and by imaging in their minds the kinds of structures they need, the crystals joyously grow for them in these images—leaving room between their lattices to create living space for humans. It all has a slightly irregular, home-grown charm. Some crystals grow in enormous single hexagonal spires—like apartment or public buildings. Others grow in horizontal familial clumps as compounds of one-storied homes.

All these crystals contain wide stripes of gold rutilations just under their surfaces—usually near the edges of the facets, outlining them. While this is quite beautiful, it also serves to focus the internal energies of the crystals along specific axes.

As we continue our pole-to-pole journey, I can see that there are very few of these crystalline cities. I am told that the population of the Earth is very small now, for only caretaker groups are needed to maintain the human portion of the planetary brain.

These groups oversee the welfare of all the life forms of the planet and communicate with other beings in our own solar system and more distant star systems, such as the Pleiades, Andromeda, Alpha Centauri, Arcturus, etc.

Although planetary and interplanetary forms of travel exist, they are very rarely used, and usually only in emergencies. This is because the communications system is so good, and because out-of-body, bi-locational, and intentional travel capacities have become so finely developed, it's rarely necessary to leave one's home base.

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

Although we're still flying fairly high up, I keep looking for some signs of human beings, to see what they look like. But I see none. In fact I see no moving life forms at all, no animals, no birds. Just the greenness of the land, the blue oceans, and occasionally, a city of crystal and gold.

And yet, I feel the presence of people. I feel the lines of transmission and communications that are tied into the golden lines of energy within the structures. But I see only the forms of the kingdoms of minerals and plants. I know the people are there, but I can't see them, and I don't understand why.

I want to land and look about, but we're moving too fast, and the time I have to spend on this journey is very brief. It seems more important to get as much of an overview of this "when" as possible than to see or learn the details.

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

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

This is when I'm told that linear time has lost its meaning here. That all time is available—past, present, future, parallel, and curved. To see what was, you have only to envision an historical era, and you're there. All the past is alive and well and continually functioning, as are all the other dimensions of time. For the past, you have only to wish yourself there, and you are there, fully able to see, touch, smell, hear, and taste.

However, you are invisible to everyone and everything around you because the frequency at which you function is faster than that of the time you're visiting. Some sort of interface frequency allows you to "dance" in tandem with the slower frequencies of the past, or the faster ones of the future, etc., without doing harm to your own beingness or that of any other creature or timeline.

Each human memory is a complete "museum" of the Earth's history and can produce it at will. Nothing has been lost, no storage room is needed, and interpretation is always fresh because the primary sources still exist. ☆



* "Kythe" comes from an Old English root word, meaning "to make known, to manifest, to appear." In Madeleine L'Engle's Wrinkle in Time trilogy, she uses "kything" to mean an intense, loving, empathic link, a wordless knowing, that appears in your mind when you are deeply connected with an "other" that is in reality not separate. To borrow a phrase from Doris Lessing, kything has more of a "substance of we" feeling than simple telepathy.



Creating Realities

I believe that I can create my own reality.

I sense the need to let people know that all they have to do is believe and then they can create their own reality and have their desires fulfilled. I go down a path and speak to everyone I meet, telling them this truth.

The need seems to center upon housing and hunger.

All of a sudden, apartment buildings and supermarkets spring up. There is no longer a use for money. People just manifest what they want. After this occurs in my locality, people all over the world begin doing the same thing, as though it took only one person to believe in order to transform the world.

Neptune at Night

by Zella Bardsley

I used to have this recurring dream about a fish tank. It had almost nightmare qualities for me. In the dream,

I had neglected the tank for a week or so, and when I came upon it, I saw that it was so murky, I could not see into the water. The fish had all been cannibalized by the one survivor who had grown into an enormous, hungry, monster. This survivor was leaping above the surface of the water, trying to bite anything he could with his giant, shark-like fangs.

Always after having the dream, I would wake up | for my beautiful angelfish, my gentle goldfish, or my brighttetra. The shadowside, being neglected as well, would certainly consume the other aspects, and become a monster. The dream was a premonition of things to come if a change was not made.

At the time I began a path of spiritual growth and expression, I also became interested in my dreams and the messages which were trying to reach my consciousness. I knew that surely the fishtank dream had to be a message of importance, as it was recurring. As I began my research, I realized the dream ceased. That was certainly an indication that I was on the right track!

Dreams generally are about the individual who is dreaming them. Unless the characters are quite close to you, I believe they generally represent the different aspects of our personality. Water usually is representative of some area of cleansing. The fishtank, being a container which should be clear for all to see seems to be representative of the "container" of the soul. The monster fish was neglected and had consumed all the other fish. It was the aggressive fish who survived the neglect rather than the beautiful, the passive, or the kind fish. The fish was a fearful organism who could not be approached. It was insane with hunger.

Once I began to sort through the different elements of the dream, it became quite clear that I had been neglecting my own spiritual growth. This caused my subconscious to send out a message for help through this rather disturbing dream. I had so neglected my needs that my soul had become murky; too murky with suppressed feelings, uncertainty and issues that had been denied or avoided, to even begin to be a nurturing environment



It occurred to me that not only the positive elements contained within my spirit needed to be embraced and nurtured, but so did the negative. This was a revelation to me. I need to embrace my shyness and uncertainty? You bet I do. I can't force them away but I can accept them, and once I do, I shall surely avoid them reaching "monster" proportions.

Last night, I had another fish tank dream, which started my musings all over again. This time I dreamed that . . .

I arrived at a friend's home to find in the next room fifteen or twenty tanks filled with very hungry fish. They weren't yet murky, but the fish were beginning to be quite aggressive. I found myself handling the situation, finding food and throwing it to the fish as quickly as possible. I even called a vet for the few that had been nibbled upon. I helped my friends to understand the commitment involved with the fish.

The dream brought to mind the responsibility we all, as interconnected souls, have to raise ourselves to the highest possible peaks. We must love and nurture ourselves, for to do so creates loving and nurturing for others. Not only must we keep our fish tanks clean and our fish fed properly but often we must help our friends in the care of their tanks as well. *

Please address correspondence to 4621 Patton Place, Boise, Idaho 83704/(208) 378-1464

Dreams & Fantasy "Reality"

versus by Susan A. Santo

Archetypical dreams have a mythical quality and arouse powerful emotion. My dreams of this type are in brilliant color and are generally of people who don't exist in real life, or who do, but have been changed in some fantastical way. These dreams have the same basic theme: the rational scientific left brain of fact versus the emotion, imagery-filled, right brain of fantasy. A conflict I have lived with all my life: I must live in the first world, while the second is what I long for and can enter only in my creative writing and dreams. It is always a wrench to leave one world for the other. Here are some of my dreams.

The Garden

I emerge into a beautiful garden growing outside a government building in Washington, D.C. There are saucer magnolias and pink and white cherry trees in bloom, and trees with large white flowers like morning glories. I am looking at the bright yellow center of these flowers, thinking it is rather like a sunny side-up egg.

There are brilliantly colored flowers growing everywhere. A truck with a long crane has reached out to tear off some of the branches of the cherry trees. The crane is slowly swaying, the branches rustling in the breeze, and little white and pink flowers are soaring through the air like snow, sending their perfume everywhere. I know I have to leave this incredibly glorious place. I start out, only to notice a sign near the entrance marked "Private Garden: No Trespassing."

Now I can never return.

I pick up from the ground a handful of dried and dying blossoms, all different colors, to take as a memory. When I glance back, I see a British policeman running toward me. I begin to run and he pursues me. I run through the gate, through the door, and into the building, where the policeman catches up with me. I expect him to arrest me, but instead he just wants my handful of dried flowers, which I give to him.

Interpretation: The government building, the policeman who chases me away, the masculine crane: all of these conflict with the very feminine garden, the realm of creativity.

The Lake

I am in an amusement park. Different groups of people are taken to different rides. My row is taken to the roller coaster. I am uneasy because I do not like roller

coasters. However, this one is like a train on a track. The passengers are all women and children. The women have the most beautiful elaborate hairstyles, involving braids, and wear expensive jewelry. The roller coaster goes over hills and down a steep mountain, very fast. I think the ride is over but it's not. We near a lake and keep going, skimming the surface. The water is shimmering and incredibly beautiful. We don't know if we will sink into the water or make it to the other side. It is the most incredibly thrilling experience of my life. At one point I am flying above the lake in a vivid blue sky; I am filled with joy. We reach land and stop beside a building. There are puddles of water containing tiny flowers and insects, which we marvel at. Yet all I can think of is how much I long to ride over the lake again. I go outside and find to my dismay that it has changed; it is now a field of high grasses. The driver is getting out of the vehicle; he says we are in the past somewhere (before it was a lake). I become lucid and tell him I know this is a dream. He becomes very angry because I have punctured the illusion.

"Why do dream characters always get mad when I tell them they're not real?" I wonder. He will not take me on the ride again. "This is the one thing that's real here, isn't it," I say. He smiles. "This is the best dream I've ever had," I tell him.

I go inside and see a man who seems to be running on water; then I realize he is skating on a sheet of ice. I do the same thing, delighted. We find some precious jewels. I dream that I wake up and am telling someone about this dream. I then repeat the entire dream, including the flying over the lake scene!

Interpretation: The incredible lake, the most fantasy-like part of this dream, is seen by my "lucid" self as the only thing real.

The Enchantment

I have decided to take a high school English class (I'm in my 40s). The teacher, Elizabeth (in real life, my physical therapist), comes in, very smartly dressed with nylon stockings and a short skirt. She quickly wins the class over by telling jokes, singing, and dancing with her co-teacher, a man she introduces as her husband.

They are like ice dancers whirling on the floor. She passes out four textbooks; they are old books with cloth binding and the print of the title obscured, on the history of the English language. I am very excited about these books and put them into my bag. Class is over. I am to attend a party at Elizabeth's house. She lives in a mansion with beautiful furniture.

At the party she is talking animatedly with her guests, men and women elegantly dressed. Elizabeth is very fashionable. Her husband is also there. I know that something isn't right. I ask how long she has been married and how many children she has.

"Ten years, and I have five children."

I go outside to think. The spacious porch runs around the house. Growing out of the concrete is an orchard of trees with large dark glossy leaves and purple eggplant fruit. I go back inside the house. This time I notice that the older guests are looking at Elizabeth strangely as if they have noticed something is wrong. I ask each one, "Have you ever met Elizabeth's husband before?"

The answer is always,

"No, I did not know she was married."

I decide to confront her. I shout at her, "This is all wrong! None of this should be happening." With that the spell is broken. The majority of the guests vanish; the husband is also gone. The house is shabby and Elizabeth is no longer elegantly dressed. Her whole demeanor has changed, no longer confident and dazzling. I ask her, "Are you married?"

"No, I am divorced." "How many children do you have?" "I have one child." This is correct.

At class the next day Elizabeth neither dances nor sings. The children complain she is boring. "Well, I can't be dazzling every day, now can I."

Her "husband" is only her co-teacher.

Interpretation: The dream contrasts Elizabeth's wonderful fantasy life with cold reality. Yet my dream ego felt I had to break the enchantment. Was I wrong?

Two Animal Dreams:

Lamb and Tiger

This dream is based on the TV series Star Trek: The Next Generation. The android Data's programming is being altered by a female scientist who wants him to be able to feel emotion. He sees a computer screen with two choices: lamb and tiger. He is told that he must choose, for his new programming, which he would like to be like. Having no experience of either, Data asks,

"Query: what is a tiger? What is a lamb?"

She explains that a lamb was a soft woolly creature while a tiger is a ferocious beast with orange and black stripes.

"I should like to be a lamb," Data says.

"You've been a lamb," she says. "Be a tiger."

With Spring. Come the Wolves

I am trying to find my way through a confusing building to my apartment complex. I end up in a crowded auditorium and walk to the other end, where a woman tells me to go outside and I will find myself on the North side near my building. Outside, I am delighted to find that spring is returning. There is a meadow of flowers one must go through to reach a long gray building constructed of stone blocks. To my delight, I discover that not only are the flowers beautiful, but their textures are wonderfully soft to the touch. There is a pattern of two kinds of flowers, outer and inner. The inner flowers are even softer, incredibly soft. I reach the building and walk along it, searching for the entrance. I find a circular photo placed at one spot, of two white wolves nuzzling one another. (When

winter came, many photos of this sort had been removed as the wolves only appear in the spring.) I find another photo of wolves and marble impressions of wolves carved into the building. I hear shouting and see, in the distance, a man approaching with white wolves dancing around him. I am ecstatic at the return of the wolves. Another person is being menaced by a snarling wolf; surprisingly, this does not alarm me; I still feel joy.

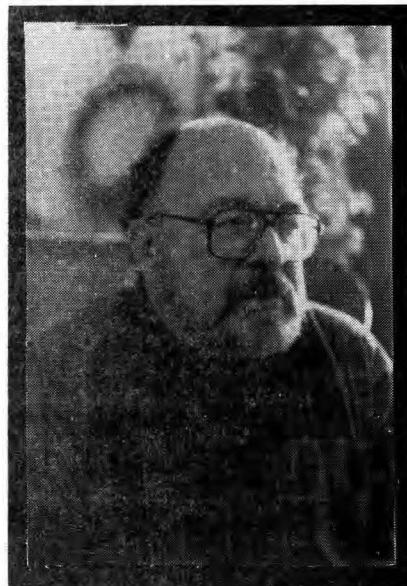
Interpretation: The tiger and the wolves seem to be symbols of emotion, and emotions, we all know, can be violent.

Bird in a Cage

I am in a kingdom where a war is raging. A group of animals beg me to help them escape. I miniaturize them, hide them under my jacket, and return to my home town. I wander into a neighbor's house (they have gone to see a play). The living room has a high,

Dream Inspired Poetry

by Fredrick Zydek



Dreams That Want To Be Prayers

Sometimes I worry that all my doubts
have forked tongues. Is that faith?
Certain dreams think so. I go among
them coughing up puffs of sooty prayer.

I'm easy to spot. I'm always the one
holding a rosary in one hand and a blank
stare in the other. I look centered.
But if you watch closely, you can tell
I'm only a question mark in the middle
of a circle drawn by the inevitable.
I'm expecting a letter from the cosmos
to explain all this. In the meantime
I look for ways to avoid the twisted
who sometimes grovel at my feet. How
shall I pray for their healing if I do
not believe in my own? Will they care?

I know how to recite answers so eloquent
and entertaining not even the wise
notice I have named the thunder without
proving a thing about the coming dawn.
That's how it is when dreams want to be
prayers. You have to tend them like sacred
secrets and keep them very well-groomed.
One day they'll wake up before you do.

Dreaming My Way Into Music



These are dreams that begin in the bones, dreams that call planets and stars into existence,

dreams where the soul and the imagination crawl out into the nothingness and build nests

large enough to hold more than their own weight. The heart, no longer just drum, pumps billows

that feed flutes and oboes, reedy sounds that wilt their way through the sinews and marrow of everything that sings on strings. Here the wind is master, things of hair and real gut moan their way into melodies even angels put to memory.

Music burgeons from the DNA, from the neurons and atoms whistling their way through the darkness from which anthems bloom.



The Outer Most Dreams

These are dreams where even the soul casts shadows, places where light and darkness dance like high school sweethearts reunited after many years.

These are dreams that still know how to tell the long lessons of the sea, dreams that can write their names on the skin, dreams that sometimes have dreams of their own. Usually I enter alone. Only swallows follow. Sometimes an old man hobbles alongside me. He rambles on about the color of fear and the texture of exaltation.

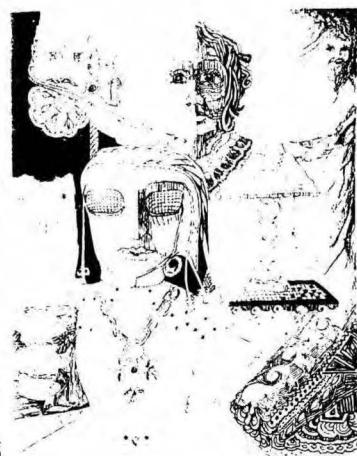
It amazes me that despite his ailing limbs, dim eyes and the use of a walking stick, he matches my pace step for step.

I have noticed that while he frequently accompanies me on the journey, he seldom enters the dream. He tells me that sometimes it's better to be a witness to dreams

than a participant. I never argue, but suspect he has been but an observer most of his life. Besides, some of these outer dreams can only host one rider at a time.

If you're bored with your own company, I can not recommend these dreams. You must be the sort that likes to spend long hours by yourself to successfully enter them.

They weave magic no herb can trick your mind into believing. These are dreams meant for the stout-hearted, those who can face all the dirty jokes the mirror has to tell.



Dreams That Turn Inside Out

You cannot plan for these dreams.

They come prowling around on their own two feet. Sometimes they more sing than prowl.

They've been known to fly in on the tall end of prayers or wait at the bottom of dark waters until we swim out over our heads.

Sometimes they have silver linings. More often than not they have fangs and wait just beyond the water hole for us to lower our lips and drink.

Dreams that want you to walk in tall yellow grasses should be entered with caution. Phantoms large as lions sometimes wait there with yellow eyes.

Occasionally a nightmare will take you by the throat. Just when you expect your jugular vein to be ripped from your being, the dream turns

inside out, and you discover your neck is being kissed by the perfect lover.

And that's the rub. Unless you're willing to enter every dream that comes your way,

one day their doors will remain closed to you. The sacred mystery that embraces all the lovely contradictions will pass you by until even your skin forgets how to dream.

CD Review

by Dick McLeester

In Your Dreams

by Head & Leg. [Seeland 540CD]
Available for \$12.00 postpaid from:
negativmailorderland, 1920 Monument
Blvd. MF-1, Concord,
CA 94520. On the Web:
www.reading.com/headleg

Reviewed by Dick McLeester

For the past year, I have been searching far and wide for any songs or recordings that are related to dreams. There are many fascinating recordings out there, but these guys take first prize. This 60-minute CD consists of 18 tracks, a truly surreal blend of evolving soundscapes and spoken word sketches that come straight out of the dreamworld.

Created by two audio engineers from Boston, Robert Pierce & Ken Lacouture have made recording that is unlike anything else out there. Expertly crafted, at times you might think you stumbled upon Monty Python or Firesign Theater performing live at a Laurie Anderson party. Strange, odd juxtapositions of sounds where anything can happen. But for those who are familiar with dreams, this is still oddly familiar ground.

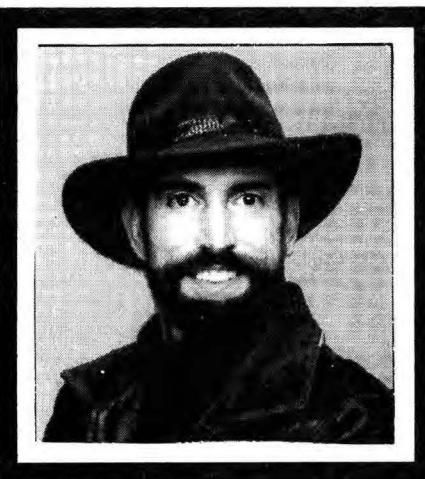
At first you may be struck by the artistically perfect use of sound effects. With instrumentation ranging from guitars, keyboards and spoken word to sampling, grunting, pots, pans, car horns, telephones, bathtub, toaster, creaking floors, water bowls, footsteps, cows, atomic bombs, wind-up fish and so much more... all skillfully placed to draw you in and keep you guessing. You may howl with laughter as the humor verges on slapstick in several dream narratives. Like the one where the guy keeps losing his shoes one after the other... and finally finds Jesus wearing them! Or the carpenter who pounds a nail into the sidewalk that bleeds milk.

This is not a good CD to play as background music at a party. But

this is much more than random sound effects or aural slapstick. Listen again, listen closely. That's right, use the headphones. There are deeper layers to this recording that run through it all and come forward if you listen closely.

"The themes are about the contrasts that add tension to our lives—the contrast between the dream world and the waking world, between the working world and the personal world, between the intellectual and emotional world. The whole conflict with the dream and waking world is a metaphor for the way our society doesn't honor the imaginative life of people. This bottom-line world we live in doesn't allow that other world to exist. It wants to crush that feeling in people. It comes down to people as machines that make money. You live life enough to survive it, you turn off the soulful side of your brain." [Ya, tell us about it.] When you listen close enough to see the thread of this theme, and many others, the wild swings from humor to horror, and from the most idyllic dreamworlds to the most obnoxious start to make perfect sense. Sort of like when you look at a dream close enough.

Head & Leg's production sits on the edge where the conscious and the unconscious meet, a space where order and chaos are not mutually exclusive. With the dominance of television and movie special effects, we tend to forget what a great medium pure sound can be for sparking the imagination. As Pierce says, "It's like those moments where you're almost asleep, but not quite, and you're



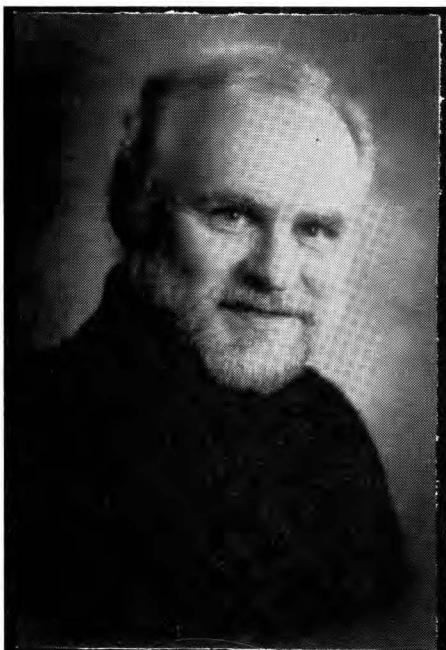
having these thoughts that are very weird and yet make perfect sense at the same time. It's the perfect subject to explore with pure sound. It creates the same kind of 'theater of the mind' that old time radio drama did. You can convey a lot with just words and sounds because you're forced to use your imagination. In dream logic we make sense out of the most incongruous things in a similar way." Perhaps this is why National Public Radio called this recording "A feast for the mind."

See if your local record shop can find this one for you, and if not order one direct. This takes dream exploration way beyond sitting and talking. And perhaps some parts will inspire you as they have me, to begin using sound and theater to bring dreams out into the world in new ways. Besides, you just hafta hear some of these cuts... The Womb Room, Put the Cow Into The Machine, The All-Pain Network, The Dream Factory, Teeth and With In. Oh, and for excellent sound samples, and unique dream & music links, check out their great Internet Web site at: www.reading.com/headleg *

House of Dreams:

In a non-Dream Cherishing Culture...

A Fictional Nightmare by Gary Eberle



Maris was the most talented dreamer I ever met. She came to Bruce's House of Dreams every Thursday at one o'clock, regular as clockwork. Usually gifted dreamers are a little bit loose about time, like the drifters who fall into the House of Dreams wearing tie-dyed shirts and Tibetan llama hats from the Spirit Dream catalog. They wander in when they feel like it. Sometimes they make appointments; most times they don't. They come out of the dream cubes with a bright glow in their eyes and their pupils dilated, then they drift away again until the wind blows them back.

But Maris was different. No prayer wheels, no incense, no exotic clothes. When she first walked in, I thought she had come to the wrong place. She dressed like a straight arrow, khaki slacks and loafers, always tasteful, even a little conservative. In the fall, she wore white turtlenecks with little mushrooms or autumn leaves on them, and she always smiled as if she didn't have a care in the world. She never talked much, either. In this, too, she was unlike the young Birkenstocks who came out of the cubes and insisted on telling me every detail of their dreams whether I wanted to listen or not. Though she said little, Maris ran deep. I knew that from the monitors.

On a good day, she could reach REM in less than 12 minutes which was pretty extraordinary given the troubled times we live in dreamwise. She intuitively understood the discipline of dreams.

It isn't clear exactly when people lost the ability to dream on their own. Bruce thinks it was about 1972, or at least it started then and things got worse over the past thirty years. Bruce is not a trained dreamer, and he has no academic credentials to speak of, but he is one of the best natural dreamers around, and, in the years of running his House of Dreams, he has acquired as much knowledge of dreaming as psychoanalysts used to have before psychoanalysis went out of business because people's ability to dream by and large dried up. They don't even teach much about dreams in college psychology classes anymore because the talent has so atrophied.

Dreaming is considered by most people to be a vestige, like an appendix, something antediluvian that we don't need anymore since we have TV and the Internet to dream for us and drugs to control mood swings.

Bruce and his House of Dreams, however, have been successful in spite of all this. There are still enough people out there who at least *want* to dream or to find out what dreaming used to be like that Bruce has been able to keep the House of Dreams going on a commercial strip dominated by muffler shops and fast food joints.

The House of Dreams is a simple concrete block building that used to be a discount furniture store. Bruce said it was sheer luck that he was able to buy a store already called House of Dreams. He didn't even have to change the large sign out front except to add, in small letters above the word House his own name and to blot out the word Furniture on the bottom.

Some customers still come in thinking it's a furniture store, of course, and they're taken back a little by the small white cubicles. Each cell is equipped with a low watt bulb controlled by a dimmer and has a small plain mattress without sheets. Instead of sheets, Bruce uses the sort of white paper on a roll that doctors use on their

examination tables. He uses cloth covers for the small pillows, of course, but he says using real sheets would drive the cost up and then dreaming would be too expensive for many people. He also feels the white paper adds credibility, makes it seem less like checking into a cheap hotel in the middle of the day. And since people dream best on their backs, the white paper makes little difference in terms of comfort. He keeps a supply of light airline blankets for people to cover themselves if they want, for body temperature goes down even while taking a short nap. Other than that, each cubicle has only a small chair so people can sit down and take off their shoes.

He never had to spend a penny on advertising for the dream house. From the very start, word of mouth was enough. After twenty-five or more years of people not dreaming, there was a vast, untapped desire to dream out there and Bruce was catering to that. We have never been overwhelmed with customers, not like Computer City or the appliance store up the road, but business is steady enough to compete with the nail salon and tanning booths next door.

The first day Maris came in, I pegged her for someone who still thought the House of Dreams was a furniture store. When she stepped out of her mini-van, well, I assumed she was a soccer mom looking for a deal on a china hutch. It was unfair of me, of course, and I later kicked myself for judging dreamers so much by their outer appearance. I now know that dreaming is such an internal thing, buried so deep in the limbic system that there is no way to judge the dreamer by his or her exterior.

She was biting her lip nervously as she approached the counter and saw the small green monitors at the control desk.

"Is this where I can come to dream?" she asked tentatively.

As I said, I was a little surprised. I had taken her for a hutch-seeker. I

saw her look nervously at the row of closed doors running the length of the store. Red lights were on above some of the doors, like the lights over confessionals in old Catholic churches. The lights showed which cubes were in use. It being one o'clock on a Thursday afternoon, dream traffic was light. We had a couple of Birkenstocks in room three and in room five a businessman who used to live in California. All of them were experiencing REM in waves of about twenty minutes.

"Yes," I replied, "you can dream here. Sure."

"I've never done this before," she said with a nervous smile.

"It's really simple," I said. She looked hesitant, and I assumed she would be a one-timer, if she even stayed at all to dream, but, not for the last time, I underestimated her. She stood there looking at the doors of the cubes as if working up her courage. "Would you like to try?" I asked.

She nodded and then smiled, looking relieved, as if now that she had decided to try to learn how to dream her nervousness had gone away. I had her fill out the necessary paper work and decided to put her in cube seven which was toward the back. Experienced dreamers could use cube one up front because generally they could dream even with the sound of traffic outside. Some actually preferred it because they said the background noise stimulated unusual image flows. New dreamers, however, usually did better in the back.

Her blue eyes surveyed the interior of the cubicle and lit nervously on the bed with its white paper cover.

"You can take your shoes off," I said, pointing to the chair.

"Does it help?" she asked.

I shrugged. "Some people seem to think so, and later on, if you get into lucid dreaming, you may want to use the toe stimulator." I nodded toward the wire with the small copper cuff on the foot of the bed.

As far as I know, the toe

stimulators were Bruce's own invention. It became clear to him after the first two weeks of business that people had grown so unused to dreaming on their own that they needed a little help.

"We use the stimulators in connection with the EEG," I explained, pointing to the two wires at the head of the bed. "We monitor your REM sleep out at the desk. Most of the time we just let people dream and then show them how long their REM period was when they leave, just to prove they had a dream, so they don't ask for their money back. But in lucid dreaming, you can enter your own dream consciously, only at first you need help, so when we see REM sleep in a dreamer we push the toe stimulator from the desk. That sends a mild electrical impulse into the big toe, not enough to wake the person up, but to serve as a sort of subconscious notice that the dreamer is dreaming and needs to pay attention to the dream."

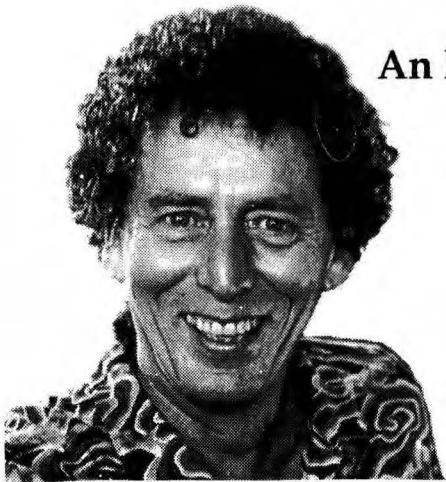
I could tell this talk of wires and interactive dreaming was making her nervous, so I eased up and told her she needn't wear the wires this time if she didn't want. She said, no, she wanted to do it right, which I thought was pretty brave.

She took off her shoes and put her toes against the wall, then looked embarrassed as she sat on the edge of the bed while I attached the EEG electrodes to her temples with putty. As I hooked up the toe stimulator, I thought she might bolt, but she didn't. She lay down stiffly, arms at her sides, staring wide-eyed at the ceiling.

"It helps if you close your eyes," I said with a smile as I shut the door and the red light went on.

That first day she hardly dreamed at all. She slept for about two hours, but there was only one little blip of REM on the tape.

"Is that all?" she asked. She stared at the little squiggle and looked a bit let down. She sighed, then said, "I better pick up the kids." I thought I would never see her again.



An Interview With

Henry Reed...

on the Dream Helper Ceremony,

Intuitive Heart™ Dream Story,

Dreams & Culture & More

DNJ: How did you first get interested in dreams?

Henry Reed: I recorded my first dream in 1968, when I was a graduate student at UCLA. A student friend had inspired me with the dreams he shared with me. His dreams were different than what I was learning about in school. In my psychology classes dreams were seen primarily as medical samples to be used by professionals for the purpose of diagnosis. But my friend was having dreams that he used himself for inspiration and guiding his life.

DNJ: Didn't you teach dreams in a university setting yourself?

HR: Yes, in 1970, I began as an Assistant Professor of Psychology at Princeton University. I saw the possibility of combining dream research with a human potentials vision. My first dream project concerned a humanistically designed experiment to improve dream recall. The students and I explored what happens when people try to improve their memory for dreams. No one had ever tried that before, especially with a humanistic approach involving full disclosure and collaboration with the students, who were the participants in the study.

DNJ: What did you learn about improving dream recall? Anything we can share with our readers?

HR: You can learn the ropes but not use them if you're not motivated to do so. We discovered that there is both a skill factor and an effort factor in dream recall. People can develop dream recall skills, such as lying still in the morning and writing down whatever comes to mind. But lacking proper motivation they won't spend much time using those skills. We published in 1974 our study in the *Journal of Humanistic Psychology*, showing that given special incentives people can demonstrate dream recall skills they had learned.

DNJ: Did you do any work on dream interpretation in the university at that time?

HR: About the time I began teaching at Princeton, Fritz Perls was doing dream symbol dialogues at Esalen. His work would ultimately open up dream interpretation technology to the masses because he was the first person to practice a specific dream interpretation technique in public for all to see. We could experiment with his method and learn from it.

In my course on Carl Jung, for example, we married Fritz Perls' dialogue method to Jung's symbol amplification perspective. We would interview a dream symbol to learn its meaning.

Gayle Delaney, by the way, who has since become well known for her dream books, was a student in that class. She developed her "Dream Symbol Definition" method from our work in that course on Jung.

DNJ: I know you spent some time at the Jung Institute in Zürich. How did that affect your work with dreams.

HR: It's hard to say. When I went to the C.G. Jung Dream Laboratory in Zurich, during a sabbatical from Princeton, I went there to work with Carl Meier, who had written about Asklepios, the Greek god of healing in dreams. But I was surprised at the mechanical approach he took to dreams in that lab. He had people sleep in a cold room to see if they would have more active dreams to warm the body. He had no conception of a humanistic approach to research. I wanted to help people incubate healing dreams. He was against it, so I came home and did it on my own.

DNJ: How did you do that?

HR: My dreams initiated me into recovery from alcoholism, so I had some personal experience about how they worked in that way (the story of this healing appears in my book, *Getting Help from Dreams*). I had also had a series of dreams that provided some of the details that I used to develop a dream incubation ritual. I wanted to do this work in a setting outside the laboratory and I got myself invited to the Edgar Cayce summer camp, where dreamwork was a regular part of the activities. I created a "dream tent" for people to sleep in. I asked them to decorate the tent with their dreams and I helped them to prepare for a special dream.

DNJ: Did it work? Did people have special dreams?

HR: Did they ever! They had past life dreams, out of body dreams, things that I had never experienced myself. I was in awe of what was happening. Frankly, it was over my head. I was not spiritually awakened enough, or mature enough, to deal with what was going on.

I wrote an article about the work up to that date, and the *Journal of Humanistic Psychology* accepted it, in 1974, without any changes! That was flattering. But what I wrote enraged the faculty at Princeton. They terminated

my contract, which was an unusual move, and caused some dissension in the department.

DNJ: What got them so upset? They didn't like dream study?

HR: It wasn't the content that upset them, it was my experimental method. I wrote in that article that if you wanted to obtain such dreams in psychology experiments, you couldn't conceive of dreams as being the result of a mechanical process. I proposed that we need to view dreams as an element in a story line, involving an autonomous, transpersonal awareness, and that the best way to provide a context to develop that story line was using a symbolic ritual, not a mechanical technique. The folks at Princeton took that to mean that I was subverting the scientific process.

DNJ: That must have been frustrating for you, especially if the *Journal of Humanistic Psychology* had been so enthusiastic about your paper to have published it unedited.

HR: Well, I was terribly hurt, yes. But also, I felt overwhelmed by what was coming out of the dream tent, so I wanted to stop it anyway, until I could grow into it. That was back in the period of 1974-1976, and there wasn't the same climate of understanding and support as we have today for that kind of alternative reality.

DNJ: Well, I'm sure the dream tent would be popular today. It suggests that dreams are a doorway to all the alternative consciousness manifestations people explore these days.

HR: I felt that I helped open up a gateway to the heavens, so to speak, so that divine energy could manifest in dreams once again. I was pleased when, in 1983, A psychiatrist named P. Richard Gunther, published an article in the *American Journal of Psychotherapy*, "Religious Dreaming: A viewpoint," in which he credited my dream incubation work with demonstrating that God was alive and well in dreams.

But at the time—this was around 1974—I backed off that intense shamanistic relationship with

people, and took more of a coach-like attitude. I let people create their own sacred space, create their own dream tent substitute at home: the personal dream diary.



DNJ: You continued to research dream incubation, but in a different way?

HR: Yes, exactly. The Edgar Cayce Foundation commissioned me to create a home-study research project on dreams. I was excited by the idea for two reasons. One, I got to develop the approach of conducting research with people in a humanistic manner by having them work on self-help projects at home. That approach has proven very effective and in the years since, many others have adopted this synergistic approach to awakening consciousness through research. Also, I was interested in exploring Edgar Cayce's basic hypothesis about dream interpretation.

DNJ: That sounds intriguing. What did he say about dreams?

HR: It's not so much what he said about dreams, but about how to learn to interpret them. His basic idea was that it is easier to learn to interpret dreams if you have a reason to use them for something constructive. If you try to apply your dream insights to making constructive changes in your life, he proposed that dreams would respond to your efforts and help you learn to interpret them.

DNJ: That sounds like the dreams would be active from their end to meet you half way if you would get

off your duff and do something about your dream interpretation instead of just thinking about it. Is that the idea?

HR: Exactly. Hugh Lynn Cayce, Edgar Cayce's son, is quoted as saying, "The best interpretation of a dream is one you apply." Just as Montague Ullman developed safeguards so lay people could work together on their dreams, so Edgar Cayce had proposed a safeguard for individual dream work. It was testing a dream interpretation through application.

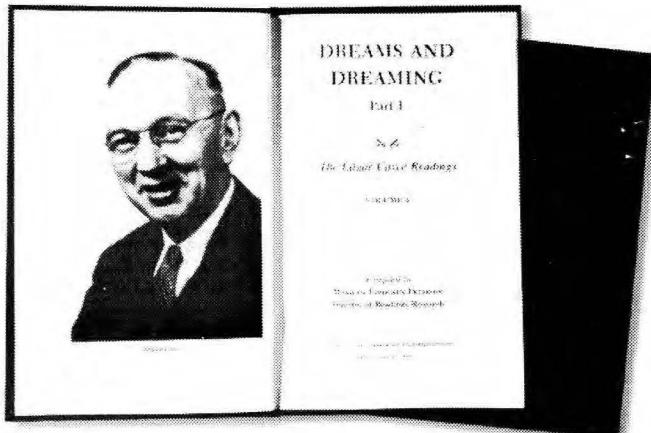
DNJ: So how did you implement that philosophy into your homestudy research project?

HR: I created a "Dream Quest" workbook. It took the idea of the dream tent and spread it out over four weeks, with a weekly cycle of dream work. The adventure began by a person gathering dreams for a week while thinking about various areas of life that could be improved. Then I created some dream interpretation exercises that helped the person collaborate with their dreams to choose a project to work on, such as having more fun with the children, or getting along better with the boss, or improving personal morale. The exercise helped them to develop a strategy based upon their dream interpretations, then try it out for a week while recording more dreams. The second week's dream interpretation work focused on getting feedback from their dreams on the use of their strategy. From that work, they developed a revised strategy, and so on, continuing to look to dreams for new insights to apply and then getting feedback from the dreams about that application.

DNJ: It sounds like it created the possibility for a relationship to dreams that would make for an ongoing drama. Did it work?

HR: It sure did! At least for those who saw it through to the finish. There was a discipline involved. About one-third of the approximately 2000 people we enrolled finished the project. Most of them had very positive stories to tell. The dream interpretation exercises worked to

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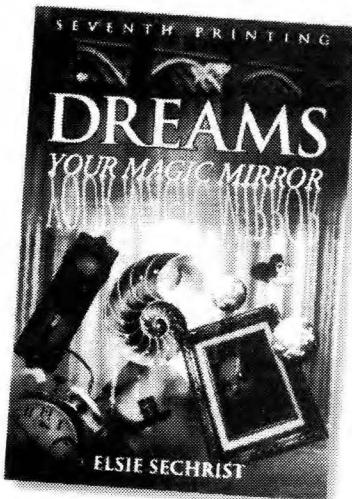
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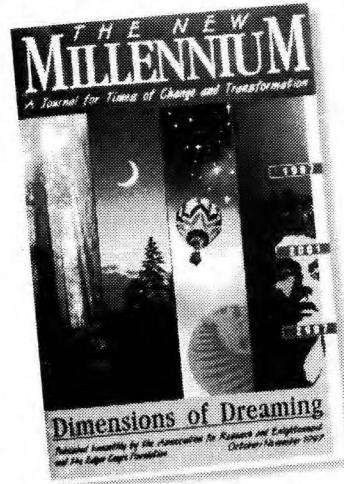
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HOW PLACEBOS HEAL:

DREAMS, THE PLACEBO EFFECT & CREATIVE CONSCIOUSNESS

by Graywolf Swinney

INTRODUCTION

The placebo effect and spontaneous remission are two of the most powerful yet discounted healing phenomena known to the healing arts and sciences. Like magic, healings occur with any or all illnesses. Yet nothing, no treatment or substance has been done or administered to the patient that can account for them. In studies of a new treatment, it must always be compared to the placebo and outperform it in order to be considered effective. And even here the placebo effect is pushed into insignificance and discounted.

Consider the following: As a control in studies, the placebo consistently brings about symptomatic remissions and healing for at least 30% of the individuals taking them, often much more. If the test drug performs in the 60% range (as many, if not most, do) and the 30% rate for placebos was also at work with the test group, it accounts for at least half of the effectiveness of the test treatment. The new drug is only working at about the 30% level or no better than a placebo. In most cases, the drug company or proponent of the treatment generally prefers to credit the drug or treatment with all the healing and claim the new treatment 60% effective.

The placebo effect operating in the test group is ignored and illusion is created about the drug's effectiveness.

The same criticism also applies for any treatment, be it spiritual,

allopathic, naturopathic, shamanic or for any other modality. In at least 30% of those treated, the placebo effect is most likely responsible for the healing. Seen from this perspective, the placebo is indeed a powerful healing force, perhaps the broadest and most powerful one known.

In our rush as healers to claim credit for healing and justify ourselves and our profession, it is convenient to take this stance, claim the credit....and discount the placebo effect. To do so, however, is to turn our backs on understanding the body's inherent natural healing capacities and the power of our consciousness and spirit in the process. It also, incidentally, disempowers our patients and discounts their ability to self-heal by taking credit for what they have somehow done themselves.

When I first entered the healing sciences as a pragmatic engineer and encountered this phenomena and studied the data, it was my notion that we could not really understand the true nature of healing without understanding this phenomena. I was dumbfounded that no explanations of how it worked existed, or at least not any that suggested practical application. That began my now 28 year quest in search of an explanation of how the placebo works. The result is the Creative Consciousness Natural Healing Process (CCNHP) that has been described in several articles previously published in the *Dream Network Journal*.

THE SCIENCE OF PLACEBOS

*Quantum Mechanics:
The dreams that stuff is made of.*

The placebo effect is a consciousness event and more specifically, an event in which consciousness and matter interact to change or transform a disease structure into a healing process or flow. At the level of reality at which this event takes place, it is not even possible to say that it is an interaction. This is a level at which consciousness-matter -- or as it is more popularly known -- mind-body, are not different but are a "stuff," (for want of a better word) which is not committed to either condition, yet is both. It is, in other words, a level of quantum reality. (Quantum reality describes a reality in which something, for example light, can display properties of being both matter and pure energy as wave form.) The laws of quantum mechanics apply rather than the linear cause/effect laws of more conventional science (including medical science). Sudden changes in state -- or quantum shifts -- occur instantaneously. It is a reality in which all is interconnected and uncertainty reigns. We are part of a natural process, influencing it and being influenced by it at subtle levels, where structure is only a passing creation of continuing evolution. True natural healing takes place at this quantum level where mind and body are the same; transformation is the essence of reality, and reality is

created from infinite potential.

This level of reality exists on the edges of chaos or infinite complexity/possibility. From this vast potential of infinite possibilities, reality is created. There are principles by which this creation emerges out of chaos, known as strange attractors. Strange attractors, as defined in chaos theory, are essentially organizing principles which limit the patterns or structures that manifest from chaos and give them form. The CCNHP reveals even more fundamental principles (consciousness experiences encountered at the deepest levels of the journeys) identified as "archetypal strange attractors." Not archetypal in strictly the same sense as used by Jung; instead the term refers to principles so primordial that they underlie the fundamental shaping of all structures from the universe and its galaxies to the most fundamental of sub-atomic particles. These experiences are commonly encountered from person to person and underly the individual's self structures.

The CCNHP model identifies this level of experience/reality as the "edges of creation" and at this level, self and every element of our being is created.... including the structures that manifest as disease in our physical and emotional being. This level is also the source of the unstructured or chaotic consciousness that passes through us and is shaped in its interactions with our organism and psyche to manifest as dreams. The implication is that our dreams are reflections or symbols of the structures that underly our beingness and, in particular, our disease states.

In that the placebo effect is a consciousness event, to understand it also requires understanding the nature of consciousness and its dynamics. This is not yet a science but the seeds are planted and beginning to germinate.

What people mean by consciousness is varied. Some mean no more than awake or aware (conscious) as opposed to asleep or unaware (unconscious). Some see it as the essence of intelligence and/or self-

awareness, (i.e. humans have consciousness, animals don't). However, we have come to understand and define consciousness far more broadly along shamanic lines. It exists in all things and at all levels of being. There is nowhere or nothing in which consciousness is not involved and present.

To be true, this implies that consciousness is a field in the way that physics uses that term. Fields exist before energy, force or matter and are the source of these manifestations. Einstein's life-long quest to explore the nature of space-time and fields and his theories of relativity showed that space itself has structure and is permeated with fields. Electric, magnetic and gravitational fields have been identified, but our explorations into consciousness dynamics suggest that in addition to those, there are two others: time and consciousness fields. We suggest that the interaction of these fields in various combinations create the physical and energy structures of reality. Strange attractors influence these emerging structures of consciousness in its interactions with other fields to create the essence of self and reality. A more detailed presentation of this conjecture and its implications is beyond the scope of this particular article and will be presented in a future article. For now, consider it a working hypothesis.

The last element of science involves neuroscience or the study of the brain, how it works and, in particular, its role in disease and healing. The brain's extension throughout the body is the nervous system. It connects the brain with every part of the body and nerve impulses control and monitor the functioning of every organ and muscle in the body. Nerve impulses underlie every sensory input to provide the fundamental basis for our perceptions of self and reality. This is all controlled in and by the brain itself and more specifically by synaptic firing sequences or patterns. The pineal and pituitary organs or glands are of the brain and control

moods and secrete the hormones that control how we function and our body chemistry. Increasingly the brain is known to operate in a holographic fashion which means that change in any part of the brain affects the whole.

In brief, the brain is the basis of the entire body's functioning and of all our perceptions of self and reality. Dysfunction in any part of the it affects the entire brain and organism.

THE DISEASE MODEL

Work with the CCNHP has led to certain speculations about how consciousness interacts with the brain to influence its operations, to in turn shape our personality and physicality. To illustrate this, consider the following case study:

Sonja is a health professional who suffers from relatively debilitating slow progressive multiple sclerosis. During the course of several dream based journeys, we encountered severe states of restriction on a sensory level, experienced, for example, as kinks and crushing pressures. Following one particularly intense journey, both her mother and son called later the same day to complain of feelings that Sonja had experienced in her journey.

Their experiences had happened at the same time as Sonja's. Moreover and uncharacteristically, in chatting, her mother offered unsolicited information about conditions surrounding Sonja's conception and birth which confirmed our speculations during re-entry. Her mother had been feeling extremely restricted in her life and Sonja was conceived to provide meaning and purpose in this restriction. Another factor was that Sonja was ready to be delivered on Christmas Day, but because both the doctor and mother did not want to interfere with their families' Christmas celebrations, mother was instructed to "sit on a pillow" and hold Sonja back, which she did.

Moreover, the onset of Sonja's disease followed a plea, or prayer, she herself had expressed while trapped in an abusive, physically demanding and restrictive marriage.

"I pray for something to happen that will free me from this and all that he expects me to do," she begged. Very soon thereafter, she was afflicted with her disease which released her from the relationship.

This thread of restrictiveness that weaves throughout Sonja's life was present during her conception, birth, upbringing and further manifested in her first marriage and subsequent disease. Restrictiveness defined her world and imprinted in her consciousness and neural structures to shape her organization of self and world from her earliest beginnings. In essence it was a strange attractor. As a consciousness structure present in her parents at her conception, it influenced the mix of genes coming from them.

It influenced how the consciousness field interacted with the other fields to create the essence of her body and mind out of all the infinite possibilities. It imprinted itself in her neural structure both in fetal stage and as a baby-child. It evolved into a specific neural organ or pattern of synaptic firings that defined a very deep primal sensory existential image of self.

Now stored in the brain, it influenced how her nervous system functioned and how her personality developed. Sonja's mind and body--n taking on this primal image and consciousness structure--eventually manifested it as multiple sclerosis, a disease which restricts and suppresses the flow of nervous energy throughout the body by affecting the sheath which surrounds the spinal nerve bundles. In this way, her inner senses of self created the same condition in her outer world. (One model of brain function holds that for every movement we make, for example, moving our hand to scratch our nose, the brain creates an image and sequence of synaptic firings and the hand conforms to this model. The outer reflects the inner.)

In quantum reality, the beginnings of the structures that form the universe appear as wave fronts arising out of infinite possibility to form electrons and other subatomic particles that interact to become the structure of matter. Neural firing

patterns are hybrid chemical-electro phenomena that are, in essence, consciousness wave fronts arising out of infinite possibility. They are ordered in part, as implied in the preceding paragraph, by environmental consciousness structures and events acting as strange attractors to shape the neural firing sequences that define self image and influence the functioning of the entire organism.

These patterns or sequences are stored in the brain experientially as fundamental primal sensory self images defining the nature of self and reality. They shape our perceptions of self and world out of the raw flow of sensory input. It is why eight people will have eight different perceptions of the same event. The CCNHP suggests six zones and characteristics of consciousness dynamics that stem from these images and eventually manifest as physical and behavioral functioning as self. These are described in Chapter 12 of "Clinical Chaos: A Therapist's Guide to Nonlinear Dynamics and Therapeutic Change" edited by Chamberlain and Butz, published by Taylor and Francis.

THE HEALING MODEL

*Since healing's a matter
of mind over matter,
And matter's a matter of mind.
In matters that matter,
when healing's what matters,
Chaotic's transformative mind.*

Healing is an ongoing process of ever evolving consciousness energy flow, as opposed to disease which is consciousness energy bound in unchanging and unadaptable structures. Fundamental healing involves reaching these levels of primal disease consciousness structure to release the bound-up energy. To do this we begin with a surface manifestation of the disease, usually a dream image although not necessarily limited to that. Dreams begin as chaotic consciousness energy. In its journey through our organism and psyche, it is influenced to take on the shapes of deeper aspects of self. On the aware or dream level these shapes often

become the plot and symbols in our dreams; whatever else they are, built into them are the roots of our deeper self, including the roots of our disease states.

Using a Gestalt type method and encouraging the imaginative process of the client, we invite them to imagine and yield ever deeper into these consciousness structures and dynamics. We encourage sensory rather than just visual or auditory imagery. It is a process of "becoming." In the journey the fears and pains encountered are embraced to fully identify with them. To help, the mentor enters shamanic co-consciousness and shares the experience, in a sense modeling the way. It is in this becoming and identification that the fundamental image or neural firing pattern becomes activated. The client is fully identified with it and experiences it as self. This self identification is important as will be seen shortly.

The experience at this level is now even beyond the sensory. It is a reality filled with the elemental structures of the archetypal strange attractors which shape our personal and the general universe. It is the level of quantum reality in which distinction between matter and energy is not clear. It is a zone that on one side is experienced as the primordial patterns of sensory flow that define self and on the other, pure complexity and chaos. Undifferentiated or chaotic consciousness. Infinite possibility. We invite the client, now fully identified with the disease structure, to let go into this infinite universal solvent, to yield to it and become it. The disease pattern dissolves and from the chaos a new self image emerges. On the neural level, the synaptic firing pattern that holds the disease structure loses coherency and randomizes, or becomes non-linear and complex. From this complexity emerges a new firing pattern that represents the healed sense of self.

This new self image gradually affects the entire organism. The new synaptic firing pattern defines a more healed self and shapes the sensory inflow differently, influencing the

Dreaming in Prison:

Dreamwork with Adolescent Girls

by Mary Murray

The girls sitting before me are aged 12-17, convicted felons, too young for the regular prison. We're in the chapel of an upstate New York residential center which for many of them is a day trip from their home in New York city. At their age -- most are 14 -- I was conjugating Latin verbs on Saturdays.

Yet we still have much in common. I too am from an inner city culture, yet I was a shy bookish child. I remember one summer when I was 14, sitting on my front porch off Denison Avenue in the near West side of Cleveland. A gang of girls walked down the street, loud, laughing, shouting: I put down the Irish fisherman sweater I was knitting and sensed vaguely that something was missing from my life. Only months later, I joined them--on pursuits of Dairy Queen, ice skating, "hunks," dancing, drinking, and general figuring out how to manage growing up. We never talked about school, and for the first time, I was accepted for who I was. This group of girls (though loud) had a lot of integrity, and I really believe that in the cauldron of my own family difficulties, a corrupt city, a dangerous neighborhood, and a changing culture, they (and my religion) saved my life. As chaplain at the girls' residential center, I remember the profound influence of an inner city and the difficult family that caused me at 14 to look so sad and ugly in my school picture, but I also hold out for them the same influence of love and acceptance, of integrity and responsibility that also were mine. It all started with a dream of my own. I dreamed five years ago that I was 14 and tending the wounds of a black woman. As Jungian analyst Marion Woodman relates, it was a black Madonna dream, where the sacred feminine demands something.¹ Here the worst image was of a black woman looking at me like she didn't trust me. It lasted two weeks, and I saw her face especially while driving. I took it literally, that I needed to work with minorities, even though a psychological rendering would simply have me integrate my own background more thoroughly I suppose; yet I think psychology critic James Hillman is right--dreams signal political action that is needed, action in the world, not simply within my psyche.² When the chance to help at the residential center came, I snatched it even though I didn't know who was there. Twice a week I hold ecumenical church services and offer individual spiritual direction. Dreams, however, take up many sessions in church because I believe that, as Jeremy Taylor says, dreams come for our health and wholeness.³

Over the three years I've been there, I've seen patterns in their dreams that are patterns of girls trying to overcome poor behavior and thinking. I find their dreams indicative of what we as a culture need to address--for they, as African American females, are perhaps most discarded in society and the dreams reveal what needs to be done to heal so many wrongs. In their dreams I also see a pattern of wholeness for us all in that the dreams prefigure the ability to act consciously with responsibility and knowledge.

Vanessa's Dreams

I want to start with an example to ground what I'm saying. The most violent girl, Vanessa, kept telling me her dreams in church. A little girl

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"You would not find out the boundaries of the soul, even by traveling along every path; so deep a measure does it have."

—Heraclitus

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appeared in her dreams, inviting her into a room with a big fireplace and pictures of the little girl all over the room. Vanessa said she kept beckoning, even though she, the dreamer, kept trying different doors in the house. One night at church we were pressed for time and unlike my usual fashion (following Taylor) where I try to elicit from the dreamer what it might mean (which takes time), I went ahead and made some suggestions. Vanessa asked, "What do it mean? Listen, last night she had a baby boy in her arms! I ain't having no boy!" I saw the baby boy as symbolizing new life and the fireplace as indicative of warmth,⁴ and I responded that I thought she needed to be more at home with herself. She seemed exasperated and said, "I has dis dream when I is home!" In a tender kind of exasperation I looked at the walls and said "not a place like this! You need to love yourself more!" Vanessa physically erupted and said "That's my problem! I don't love myself!" At this point the staff was yelling for Vanessa to hurry, so I quickly responded, "Yeah, well somebody inside you already does, and she's got pictures of herself all over the walls—how ya like that?!" A big smile crossed her face. The dreams were indicating exactly what Vanessa needed to do to grow up and manage her own life and problems.

Vanessa later dreamed that she died (very common dream) and that her family passed by without noticing and that two options awaited—a breezy cool lighted atmosphere and a reddish hot atmosphere. Dreams of death signal a transformation—letting go of an old way of life.⁵ That month Vanessa was throwing chairs at the staff, even requiring the state police at one point. In another month she requested spiritual direction and it was there that I found out about her alcoholic mother who abandoned her at age two and now refuses to call her, a violent brother, a difficult family, and a friend who died of the same activity that landed Vanessa in the residential center. I heard her say that her goal was to be independent of them yet to still have contact with them and love them.

At our most recent meeting, Vanessa related that she was no longer being restrained and was making much progress, yet she was having trouble sleeping. She related her worst dream yet: she is walking along with her sister and a wind starts blowing and she sees her cousin (who molested her for several years until she was six years old) who has an innocent-looking face that utters that he loves her and won't hurt her and that she needs to come with him. At that moment in the dream, she wakes up in terror. The dream has recurred many times and has prevented Vanessa from going to sleep—she is afraid she will see him again there. As she told me about her abuse, I could tell I'd reached the bottom of an already too-full pile of events in the life of a girl who looked 25, not 15. Confident that she was getting counseling from several staff members for the abuse, I could proceed to talk about

the dream.

The tension in the dream posed the innocent look on the cousin's face against the wind blowing and horrible feeling that the dreamer had. As we looked together at the specifics of these images, Vanessa related that she always trusted anyone who looked innocent: "you could be the meanest person alive but if you look innocent and friendly, I'd go with you." The dream was warning her, I said, of this tendency. Now she could look at it and realize how much love she needed in her life because of her mother's abandonment and drinking problems, and realize that she could work on meeting those needs consciously rather than be tricked by anyone who seemingly promised love.

As we pulled together the strings of Vanessa's life—the mother's abandonment and drinking and the cousin's molestation—she related how sad she was, to the point of suicide at times. Yet her dreams, particularly this last one, show tremendous strength and energy. She laughed when I pointed that out. I suggested she confront the dream figure and tell him she was older now and wiser and he could not trick her the same way as before.⁶ "But it's hard!!" she protested. I reminded her how powerful her dreams were for her own healing and that she needed the sleep. Each dream had prefigured what she needed to do to regain her strength, and correspondingly, Vanessa's behavior improved in tow.

When all her dreams are taken together, what Jeremy Taylor writes becomes apparent: the creativity and resourcefulness Vanessa needs are there when she has such challenging dreams.⁷ The seeds of her self-love are in the little girl; the transcending of family in the funeral dream; the choice of behavior and consequences in the atmospheres; and the wisdom to confront both her molester and her own needs for love in the dream of the cousin. What perplexes me and why I write is to point out how literal Vanessa was, how unprepared to interpret her own dreams, and yet how very hard her psyche was working to alert her to her own strengths and struggles. In a culture that trains girls and boys at age 14 to be overly literal, we cause them to be perilously unaware of the gifts of their own dreams and strengths.

Facing the difficulties of her own life and integrating them are what most psychologists would say. Vanessa needs to do in order to harness that anger and move forward; yet at 14 this girl has difficulties that are truly profound. The dreams were there for her when perhaps no one else was.

Nishiqua's Crosses

This dream appeared on a note to me:
I be walkin' in a meadow with huge glass mirrors and a light that be goin' on and off. Everywhere I step on crosses of all different sizes and colors, and every time

I pick one up hear screamin'. Every cross had its own screams.

Nishiqua had this dream four times and I asked to speak to her about it since it so startled me. What really bothered me was the screaming, so I asked right up front, preparing myself for the worst, if she recognized the screaming. "Yes! It be my baby brother. He be killed two years ago." The child had walked into the street and been hit by a car; he was only one and a half years old. I learned that like many African American girls in church Nishiqua had had many deaths in her family. Of her huge family, four siblings had been killed: a brother in prison, a sister visiting her father, and I was too stunned to remember the fourth.

The dream signaled to me the need for her to let go of suffering, and I told Nishiqua that I thought that she needed to accept that these terrible things had happened, to grieve them, and to go on—that

God didn't want her to suffer forever. Nishiqua erupted and told me that twice in the dreams she tried to carry the crosses and that they wouldn't stop screaming; twice she dropped them and they stopped.

These recurring dreams, like Vanessa's dreams, were emphasizing (with the mirrors and lights) the need to look at herself; the dreams were speaking as loud as they could, yet Nishiqua had no idea what they meant. The girls' prison requires much psychic energy directed toward change; their very schedules are quite demanding. I made sure she joined the bereavement group where she would be supported in her grieving. She was able to join with the other girls and communicate better with staff once she understood what the dream suggested. What still haunts me, however, is the lack of general awareness or caring of how much these homicides affect

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the African American community and thereby affect us all.

Talina Seeing Santa Claus

Talina said she dreamed she woke up in her bedroom at home and saw Santa Claus outside the window; yet when he saw her, he screamed. "Is I ugly?" she asked as all the girls laughed while I recoiled, stunned. I was stopped at this one and could not reply; in it I saw the man who brings presents appalled that he could not bring them to some children. In Talina's case, I didn't think it was because of mistakes she'd made or crimes committed, but rather for her poverty. Santa screaming signaled to me her being outside the culture and that the culture was afraid of her.

Many girls dream, like Vanessa, of their families not even noticing them in their dreams. Like the dream of Santa, these dreams indicate being shunned by family and culture. At age 14, their dreams are preparing them to be independent. I tell them one story when they ask about ugliness or have dreams like this: I ask who the first person God threw out of heaven was. They answer Lucifer, and I go on to say that he was the most beautiful and most intelligent of all God's creatures and that God did not care how beautiful someone was or how intelligent—what mattered was how your heart was with God. That quiets everyone down at once in a culture that, like Toni Morrison's work so well illustrates, makes African American girls feel ugly like Talina. When dreams indicate shunning, they bid us to let go and be honest with ourselves about how we are being treated, rather than to keep looking for what we won't get.⁸ They prepare us for relationships that we choose, ones that truly nurture us and enable us to be able to belong to and with others in a relationship of honor and respect.

Latique's Baby Bottles

Latique dreamed the following:

I be on the train, you know, and I got this huge plastic bag filled with baby bottles and they be droppin' out the bag. They be for my baby sister—she be three and too old for bottles—and she be sitting beside me. The train stops and the doors open, but I want to hold them open, and my baby sister does it, but the doors shut and they cut off her fingers, and I be picking them up on the tracks.

We talked about dependency—that the baby sister was too old for bottles and that she might represent a part of Latique that was too dependent on others. She jumped, and so did the staff who agreed! Fingers being cut off is like power gone, and yet the baby did try to hold open the doors. We talked about how at the prison they had to live in new ways, and that change requires fits and starts, strengths and set backs. Latique's dream, as many of the girls' dreams, points to the dependency issues women face. The

dream alerted Latique to this problem and the need to address it.

Many of the girls experience dismemberment dreams or dreams of violence. These dreams relate to the violent culture they experience, but they also relate to the psychic need to cut off the behaviors, as Jesus said, that offend. They also point to the transitional feeling that any of us have when we are trying to attain a greater level of being or awareness—we sometimes feel that we can't be whole or that we're afraid that we won't be able to complete this task.

Conclusion

All of us land in prison at some point in our lives: it is the wilderness experience, the years Joseph spent in prison, the temptations in the desert Jesus experienced. It is part of the spiritual journey that every faith writes about. And in that wilderness experience, we are called to let go of things we would like to grasp that we think are gods. These girls' dreams show us what they need to let go of, which are destructive family and cultural influences. When abandoned, unloved, molested, filled with suffering, unaccepted by the culture, and drawn to dependency, these girls dream in strong images of being able to love themselves, transcend their families, overcome suffering, and manage their own lives.

Consciousness of such images reinforces the girls' own inner strength. It allows them to grow in self-confidence, harness their energies and join with others who can help them. It also enables them to make the kinds of life-giving connections they need.

My hope is that in schools, prisons, and churches we would offer a place where dreams can be taken seriously. Such a place would teach young people about associative thinking, the connection symbols make, and the intricacies of working with dreams. It would encourage the personal and social growth that dreams ask of us as we bring often bizarre images into consciousness and have the courage to do what they ask of us.

When we do, we become more mature and stable members of our community. ☆



Notes:

¹ See *Dreams: The Language of the Soul*, Boulder, CO: Sounds True Audio Publications, 1991, and *The Ravaged Bridegroom*, Boston: Shambhala Publications, 1991.

² See James Hillman and Michael Ventura, *We've Had a Hundred Years of Psychotherapy and the World's Getting Worse*, New York: Harper Collins, 1992.

³ See *Where People Fly and Water Runs Uphill*, New York: Warner, 1992, p. 5. I draw from Taylor extensively in my work with dreams.

⁴ A good source of dream symbolism is Robert Bosnak's *A Little Course in Dreams*, Boston: Shambhala Press, 1988.

⁵ Taylor, p. 183.

⁶ Taylor, p. 263-264.

⁷ "Dreaming Deep & Surfacing: Worst Case Dreams" *Creation Spirituality* 12.3 (1996): 15.

⁸ *Where People Fly*, p. 23.

Monarch Butterfly Energy

There is a cow.

Its hair comes to a tuft along its back. It is both domestic animal and wild. We are all there. It is both us and not us, me and a group of people with whom I am familiar. The singer, Libby, is there. At first I pet the cow, and then a young boy joins me.

The boy takes charge of caring for the cow.

Many of us are now in a large rectangular cart.

The cow is pulling us on its yoke. The boy is no longer there. The cow pulls us around and around. He (she?) begins to pull us faster and faster and the cart begins to swing wildly from side to side, dangerously. We are pulled around like this two or three times. I push on the long wooden slat that forms the side of the cart in an effort to stop the vehicle that is out of control, to escape imminent death, but it is too late.

We all fly out, are hurled from the cart into the trees that are around us.

As I land in the trees, my last thought is a conscious one "I am dreaming and I am not. I am really going to die right now." At that instant a veil of black-ness, total blackness, descends. I am unconscious.

Phwoop! Popped right out of the physical world.

Seconds later, by Divine Providence, I am hurled back into the physical world. We have all returned. Libby, the singer, is there discovering the planetary changes as I do too. As I look at the cart in motion, I remark with awe that it is now being pulled by 'Monarch Butterfly Energy.' There are many beautiful sights all around us, a bright pureness to the colors of nature. I come to a bend in the landscape and looking around the corner, I discover a large beautiful blue lake, water extending where before there was none. I begin to weep at this sight as do others.

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DREAM TIMES

DREAM EXCHANGE

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DECODING DREAM SYMBOLS

Dreams speak to us in picture language which can at times be confusing and seemingly without meaning. However, buried deeply in the dream's pictorial language, there are messages that with practice can be decoded to yield rich and meaningful material to the dreamer.

How do we decode our dream symbols? This basic and often times perplexing question was a common theme in the majority of the responses received. Those who have haunting and invasive dream images often feel their dreams are laden with information ready to be tapped, but unclear about how to go process them.

In the following dream, both universal (archetypal) and personal symbols may be found. Let's consider ways and possibilities to decode the symbolism within the context of the dreamer's waking life to help determine what the dream may be telling its creator:

I awaken from a deep sleep with intrusive scenarios where....

I cannot recognize the people or the geographic locale in which I find myself. In one particularly pleasant scene, I was swimming in a clear pool.

As I glided effortlessly through the water, I observed structures above the water level; I was impressed by the cleanliness and bright whiteness of these stucco structures. I cannot recognize where I am going or where I am from.

~S.A.

Start by asking how the dream may be a metaphor for your life experience - are you feeling an inability to recognize people/places

in the world at large? Are you at sea without direction? It is also valuable to establish more specifics about the locale: is the pool in which you are swimming inside or outside which may be a clue as to whether you are working out this issue internally or externally.

Regarding the aspect of identity as metaphorically represented in the dream, it appears you can move effortlessly on the surface (i.e. swimming) of your world, but self-identification (grounding) to your locale seems to be an important issue to establish in order to complete the identity process for the dreamer.

The next step is to establish a relationship to your dream's universal and personal symbols. Universally, water has numerous symbolic meanings that span vast times and cultures and it is important to examine its wide spectrum of connotations. Water is referred to as the source of all potentialities of existence; the source and grave of all things in the universe. It can be a feminine symbol and immersion in water suggests a return to a primordial state. To the Egyptians, water represented birth and regeneration.¹ Therefore, the clarity of the water may indicate a pure state in which the feminine or creative aspect of the self may be wanting to express. Water contained within a pool vs. free-flowing from a natural source may represent a more confined, restricted or controlled approach to self-expression that you have experienced thus far in the world. Since you consider the scenario a pleasant, it may reflect the comfort level in which you perceive yourself now.

The color white also has several archetypal meanings. It can indicate light, purity or innocence; it can mean a triumph of spirit over the flesh, i.e., holiness. Alchemically, white is the feminine principle: in Mayan cultures it indicated peace and good health; in Eastern cul-

tures, white is a color of mourning.² Again, there are correlations between the symbolism of water and light and your dreams may be presenting them in tandem to underscore their importance.

With the universal meanings in mind, ask yourself about your personal associations to water, the color white, swimming, et al. Write down your answers or even draw them. In this instance, I would even suggest going swimming to see what images/ideas come to you as you keep the dream in mind. There may be puns at work here, too: in regard to the stucco buildings, ask yourself if there are places in your life where you are stuck? And what are the buildings? Are they houses (domestic areas) or professional office buildings (areas where careers express)? What are you building? Also, The dreamer indicates that waking from deep sleep wondering about where he is going or where he has been have been intrusive questions connected with this recurring dream. Perhaps the dreams are nudging him to pay attention and examine where he is going and where he has been in his waking life.

By consciously decoding dream symbols that parade before us in their various disguises of universal and personal meanings within the context of a dream, we find they usually relate to an important aspect of our waking life. When examining their many layers, genuine 'ahas' are usually inevitable; ones in which the dreamer resonates with a note of truth that has been elusive or hidden before. ☆

1 J.C. Cooper, *An Illustrated Encyclopedia of Traditional Symbols*, Thames and Hudson, 1987

2 Ibid.

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MONEYFESTATION

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Once, in a dream, I tried to feed counterfeit money into a cash machine tucked in an entrance of a deserted school. I managed to fool the apparatus because after it inhaled the bill, it spit out an abundance of 'real' currency which I eagerly gathered up. However, a security device secreted in a ceiling behind me sensed the 'crime' by spraying a white laser beam across my back. Pressured by the possibility of impending arrest, I dashed out of the complex.

The next night I dreamed of walking to the edge of a desert canyon with a faraway mesa accenting the distance. Just as the sun was setting, a young, ambiguous looking man next to me gazed at the horizon. He gestured towards the entrance to the canyons and warned me: "It's dangerous to go there at night."

On the following day on my way to work, I approached a cash machine in the entryway of a local food co-op. I was about to insert my ATM card to withdraw funds from my checking account only to discover, resting vulnerably in the cash well of the machine, a twenty dollar bill! Since no one was around, I pocketed the perk and then, after work, zipped off to the nearest Barnes and Noble to reward myself with a book.

Still euphoric over the dream synchronicity when I got home at dusk, the cover of the book beckoned me to consider it more carefully. The image on it, rendered in Romantic style, was of a silhouetted man donning 19th century clothes. He stood on the edge of clouded canyon backdropped with the evening light. In the distance, a mesa bridged the sky and horizon. "It's dangerous to go there at night."

Stunned, I dropped the book, collapsed to the floor and laughed. Then, a litany of rationalizations for usurping the money from the machine and buying the book raced through me. Hell, it was a wealthy suburb where I found it. Someone else would have taken it if I hadn't. I did look around for someone who appeared to be looking for their missing currency. Or.... maybe the cash machine itself was feeling generous that day and spit out the billion it's own. Like St. Augustine gloating over the filching of some pears, I felt guilty, even ashamed, for taking what wasn't rightfully mine. But wait! Conscience prevailed, did it not? By buying the book, I reasoned, I was reciprocating the dream of feeding the counterfeit money into the cash machine by doing something beneficial, something genuinely -- if not spiritually -- edifying.

Something in accord with integrity. As I righted myself and sat down, I then recalled seeing a documentary film on some Cree Indians in Canada who killed a moose for food in the wintertime. When they cut it open they discovered unborn twins. As a gesture of respect, they fed the steaming, fetal ungulates with their mother's flesh to insure the continuance of the cycle of life and death and then buried them in the snow. I likened myself to doing something similar by buying the book with the found money. I was feeding the money back into life.

Jung often said that when we are in accord with an archetypal process, synchronicities happen with greater and greater frequency. But what archetype or archetypes was I in accordance with? At the time, I had been bothered by the mystery of the eye in the pyramid, i.e., the Great Seal imprinted on the back of every U.S. \$1 bill. I had been fascinated by the etymology of the phrase *Annuit Coeptis* (He has smiled on our under-takings): *Annuit* coming from the word *nuere* meaning to nod, give a sign just as a Zeus would do. The word *numinosum*, the *numinous* comes from *annuit*. I equated the eye in the pyramid with the super-ego lazer beam that discovered my 'crime' in the dream. The eye in the sky was the surveillance apparatus of the *Novus Ordo Seclorum* (New World Order) and not a mandala of wholeness, balance and integrity.

Also at the time, I was challenging how any money could be deemed 'authentic' especially when the state that churns it out, according to my anarchist friends, is and always will be counterfeit itself. The Great Seal began to look more like a spellcasting talisman, generating a bogus, manipulative numinosity and not one that leads to a greater sense of well being and connection with others.

The more I mused on these vexing paradoxes, the more punning the synchronicities became. I was in a discount store anxious to peruse a twenty dollar gift certificate given to me over the holidays. When I discovered that the establishment wouldn't honor it, I then had to resort to a paltry reserve of one twenty dollar bill in my wallet. As the cashier rang up my goods, I pulled on the bill to extricate it from my wallet and it split apart! The cashier saw it happen and laughed. She told me, with a sarcastic flair, to start respecting our government's property!★



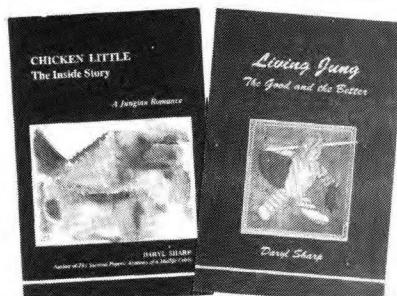
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provide applicable insights. Many people told about how they had made significant progress on their personal issues. I was very pleased. I published in 1978 a report on this work in the *Journal of Clinical Psychology*. It was the first study of its kind to demonstrate that it is possible for lay people, working on their own at home, to make constructive use of their dreams to improve their lives.

DNJ: The average person isn't sure that they can deal with their dreams, so your results seem pretty important for them to know about.

HR: Well, yes, but even more important back then was what that study meant for the dreamwork movement itself. Prior to that, the usual comment from professionals, like psychologists and psychiatrists, was that it's best not to encourage people to look at their dreams because they are liable to stir up problems for themselves. Professionals are not so likely to say that today, and that's the result of changes brought about by the dreamwork movement.

DNJ: I read somewhere you being called the "father" of the dreamwork movement. How did you get that title?

HR: I don't think that I really have that title, but it comes from a passage in a book by Jack McGuire, one of the early participants in the *Dream Network*. In his book on dreams, *Night and Day*, Jack describes my work creating *Sundance: The Community Dream Journal*, and how it led to *Dream Network*. If there is any truth to my parenting the dreamwork movement—and actually there were many parents—it comes from the power of the press. The very existence of the *Sundance* journals, regardless of the content within them, spoke loudly about the birth of a movement.

DNJ: Tell us about the *Sundance* journals. We've heard of them referred to often, but have never seen one.

HR: Well, I guess they are collector's items among historically minded dream workers. It grew out of that home study project. People wanted more. I saw that people had stories to

tell about how they had used their dreams. I had a series of dreams, a couple involving the word "Sundance" and related archetypal imagery involving the theme of "The Many and the One," suggesting that we could create a UNI-versity of dream students, sharing their explorations into dreams. So I created the journal just for that purpose. Before professional dreamworkers had any kind of forum for scientific exchange, the *Sundance* journals provided *DREAMERS* with a forum to exchange ideas and experiences, to create a body of knowledge and expertise about dreamwork. The publication acknowledged that ordinary people can have a personal relationship with dreams and learn from one another's experiences. It is the equivalent of the public, scientific enterprise, but on a popular level.

DNJ: Wow, I can see how that would help launch a movement, because it would empower people! The press has a lot of power to give the people a voice.

HR: Exactly. And *Sundance* gave people a voice about dreams being more than just a medical sample. Most of the things that professional dreamworkers explore today were first mentioned by ordinary dreamers in the *Sundance* journals. There were six issues, published from 1976-1978. They were subsidized by Atlantic University. When funding ran out, Bill Stimson, who was big fan, started up *Dream Network Bulletin* to carry the torch, the same torch you are carrying today.

DNJ: Well, you carried the torch yourself, I know, because you were an editor of DNJ for a couple of years, with Bob Van de Castle, an enthusiast of dream telepathy. Didn't you develop some kind of dream telepathy experiment that emphasized community dreaming?

HR: I did, and it probably is one of my dreamwork inventions that is going the strongest today. We call it the "Dream Helper Ceremony."

DNJ: We published an article or two about that ceremony in DNJ. Tell us about it. How did it come about?

HR: It was a serendipitous finding. When I had the dream tent up at camp, I noticed that often the kids in the camp would dream about the person sleeping in the tent. Sometimes it wouldn't be obvious to anyone but me, who knew about what the person in the tent was dealing with, so I could recognize the themes in the other kids' dreams. It seemed to me that here was a case of spontaneous dream ESP that was occurring on a regular basis, a rare bird in the ESP literature. I wanted to see if I could create an intentional experiment that would bring about the same results. I had had a dream of my own about the power of a circle of dreamers to guide me. I also worked with Bob Van de Castle because of his experience with dream telepathy, and together we created what we called the Dream Helper Ceremony. That's how it came about.

To describe it, what you have in this ceremony, is that a group of people promise to dream about the undisclosed problem of a someone in distress. It's almost like a group of Good Samaritans, who offer help to a stranger in distress.

Over a period of some twenty-five years, myself and many other people who have tried this experiment have found it very successful. It's fitting, I suppose, that DNJ has published accounts of it, but when Van de Castle and I submitted an article to the journal *Dreaming*, which is very concerned with its academic standing, they wouldn't publish it.

DNJ: Why not? What are the results that are so controversial?

HR: Well, the experiment began as a humanistic alternative to standard ESP experiments, so it has this parapsychological background. But the Dream Helper Ceremony also stands on its own as a community dream process.

Basically, what happens is this: No one dream usually seems very pertinent. But the group finds patterns in the dreams that enables them, usually, to correctly diagnose the person's problem, even though

they never knew what it was until the experiment was over. Mark Thurston, who is now an Executive Director of the A.R.E., got his doctorate at Humanistic Psychology Institute under Stanley Krippner, for his scientific study of that one finding in the Dream Helper Ceremony.

Some people will accept, and some people will not, that kind of evidence for ESP. But what I find more interesting is the more transpersonal dimension to the group dreaming process.

DNJ: What do you mean by transpersonal?

HR: It means finding something transcending the personal within the personal itself. In the Dream Helper Ceremony, what we find is that the pattern of imagery in the dreams points the person's problem, but doesn't really provide any help to that person. The purpose of the ceremony is to help the person, remember, so we need to go farther. People question whether you can really dream for someone else, or if dreams have any external, objective value. Well, the answer we get is that if people will interpret their dreams for what they are learning about themselves, then their insights really do contain helpful advice for the person for whom they were dreaming. It is as if each person in the dream helper circle telepathically tuned in on the person's issue, saw it in terms of their own issues, and their dreams responded to the resonance by suggesting how the dreamer should work on his or her own related problem. That is the transpersonal element—each person found the distressed stranger within themselves.

DNJ: That seems to be a theme in dream groups. As in Ullman's dream process, where each member of the group can relate personally to the dreamer's dream.

HR: Exactly. And in the Dream Helper Ceremony we have an alternative to the Ullman group method, not better and not a substitute, but an alternative way to have a group of lay people, even strangers

to one another, work together constructively with their dreams. Today, many people who have experienced the Dream Helper Ceremony go on to share it with others because of its power, even for the uninitiated.

DNJ: What do you mean by uninitiated? People who don't believe in dream telepathy?

HR: I mean that you can take a group of people who have no prior dream experience, and, without trying to persuade them of any assertions about the value of dreams, the meaning of dreams, or anything other assertion about dreams, you can let them see for themselves. All you ask of them is this: Are you willing to keep a promise? Are you willing to lend a hand to someone here in our group who is confronting a life challenge and asks for your help? If so, then get a volunteer in the group, who doesn't say what their problem is, and have the people in the group promise to remember a dream for that person that night. That's all.

I've done this experiment with Elderhostels, where you have senior citizens who haven't remembered a dream for ages. They can relate to the premise of the experiment. They doubt their ability to remember dreams, but remember them they do, because they've made a commitment. They don't think their dreams amount to much, but when I ask them to examine them in their group for common themes and come up with a diagnosis of the person's problem they were dreaming for, they do it and they surprise themselves at how accurate they are! They see that their dreams have value, that they contain helpful information.

DNJ: It seems incredible that people can actually direct their dream to an invisible target. How do you think it happens?

HR: That's a good question, and has sent me off onto a new research direction. Several years ago I gave an invited address about the Dream Helper Ceremony to the annual convention of the Association for

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the Study of Dreams. Bob Van de Castle and I had conducted several workshop demonstrations of it at prior conventions, and now they wanted to hear from me about how it worked. As I was explaining in my talk, research psychologists have developed several high powered technologies to influence dream content in the laboratory: hypnosis, pre-sleep suggestion, sensory bombardment, and so on. It only works to a limited degree. Dreams seem to have a will of their own.

DNJ: I think that's an important point. What makes dreams so valuable is that they have a mind of their own. They aren't just little stories that we crank out.

HR: Exactly. What I realized while I was up on the podium giving that talk, explaining this history of dream research, was that in the years that I had conducted Dream Helper Ceremonies, none of the participants had ever asked me, "How am I supposed to dream about someone else's problem, much less when I don't even know what it is?" It seems like such an obvious question, but no one had ever asked it. And, I realized, if they had asked it, I wouldn't have known how to tell them. It was like a mind-blowing light exploding in my head; we had never given them any instructions on how to do it, we never used a single technique. I realized that it was their intention to do so that carried the day. They simply did it intuitively.

DNJ: Dreams are pretty intuitive. We don't usually think of that fact but they are one of the greatest living proofs that we are all intuitive.

HR: You're reading my mind. That's exactly the insight that came to me spontaneously while I was giving that talk. Afterwards, I decided to investigate how this intuitive communication between people in the Dream Helper Ceremony operated. It led me to the discovery of what I call the "Intuitive Heart." It relates to the idea that when we care about someone, our heart "goes out" to that person. In other words, we form an intuitive,

empathic connection. The secret of dreaming, I believe, is that it is an empathic process.

DNJ: It seems so obvious when you say it like that, that dreams are a form of empathy. Does that affect how we should see dreams, or interpret them?

HR: I think so. Rather than seeing dreams as containing hidden messages, see dreams as experiences of empathy. Then use empathy with the dream to reconnect with the experience of dreaming itself.

I've been researching this process using a form of intuitive dream interpretation.

DNJ: What do you mean by "intuitive" dream interpretation? Don't all forms of dream interpretation employ intuition?

HR: In what you might call "analytic" dream interpretation, we look at the story line of the dream, or patterns, or symbols, or feelings. In other words, we begin by analyzing some feature of the dream by a standardized process to get a handle on the dream's meaning. In intuitive dream interpretation, we are looking for an immediate, holistic response to the dream. In the Bible, Joseph interpreted dreams and called it a gift from God. That suggests an intuitive response, direct from the unconscious.

To explore this type of ability, I've tried having people get into a meditative state and hear the dream. Another approach is to read a dream to someone who is hypnotized. A really fun way to do it is to have people dance themselves dizzy, then respond to a dream.... that works surprisingly well.

DNJ: I guess you help people get out of their minds and then dream interpretation comes easier.

HR: A dream occurs in a special state of consciousness and is the best expression of itself. So what state of consciousness do we need to be in to be able to directly appreciate the dream? That is the quest of intuitive dream interpretation.

Most recently, I've explored something akin to dream divination as an approach to dream interpretation. Tarot readers, for example, will throw down cards and interpret a dream before they even know what it is.

There's a big synchronicity element there, which of course pertains to intuition. The Mayans also do something similar, using a calendar divination to interpret your dream, again, before they even know what the dream is. These methods have something in common with the Dream Helper Ceremony, because in all cases, someone tries to help someone else by forming an intuitive empathy with that person's issue. So I created an experimental procedure I call Intuitive Heart™ Dream Story method. It goes like this:

Person A makes an intuitive heart connection with person B, who has a dream in mind. Person A allows a personal memory to spontaneously emerge in consciousness. Person A tells person B the story of that memory. Person A then begins to reflect upon that story as a teaching story: what does Person A have to learn from that story, what lesson does it contain. Afterwards, person B tells the dream and makes the connection with the story. The structure of this process grows directly out of the Dream Helper Ceremony. One person goes inside to get something personal, makes a lesson from it, and that lesson also feeds the other person. What makes it more interesting is that a dream itself is a story. A dream interpretation is a story about a story, and it is interesting to see how one person's personal story opens up another person's relationship to a dream. Here again we are seeing the community building aspect of dreams.

DNJ: You are like a walking dream encyclopedia, Henry! I admire the creativity and spirituality that you have evolved and introduced into scientific circles as well as among every night dreamers.

I'd like to tell a brief story. When I first started stewarding *Dream Network Journal*, one day I stood with hands on hips staring at a huge pile of 'nuts and bolts' work that needed attending. I was feeling a little disenchanted — like the individual who achieves enlightenment and/or experiences nirvana and is then told to 'chop wood and carry water.' Just

then, I heard, from behind my left shoulder, a chorus singing a phrase from one of Paul Winter's albums: "And great is your reward in Heaven!" That's all it took to energize me for the work at hand and it has sustained me ever since! I sing it now to you.

'Can we look at the dream story from a broader perspective. Hopefully, you can weave a response around this series of related questions:

What impact do you perceive the Dream movement is having, culturally.... especially in Western culture? Are we, in fact, helping to raise consciousness, to bring about the changes that are so evidently needed? What changes have you perceived over the past 30 years?

HR: I think the study of dreams introduces the transpersonal into the culture. Dreams have always expanded our understanding of reality by challenging our boundaries of the real, of the possible. One of the ways dream appreciation impacts the culture, especially as we hear one another's dreams, is that we are put in touch with the inner poet who dreams. We hear our inner, subjective response to the outer world. That helps spiritualize our lives, which means in this context, to fight against the idea that we are just machines, that the universe is a mechanical process. Our dreams show us — and do so especially when dreamwork allows the people to hear one another's dreams—that we are spirit and are alive and well and paying attention.

The most significant change I have seen is that people are learning to feel more comfortable hearing one another's dreams. It used to be that if you told a dream in public, someone had to make a joke to relieve the tension introduced by that alternative reality. The dreamwork movement has been helping to socialize people to respond in a more constructive way to hearing a dream. That ability to listen and respond to a dream in an accepting, open, way creates a path for the dream consciousness to enter our culture in a more significant manner. ☆

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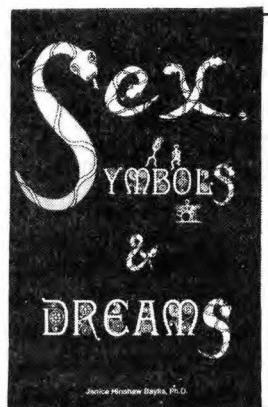
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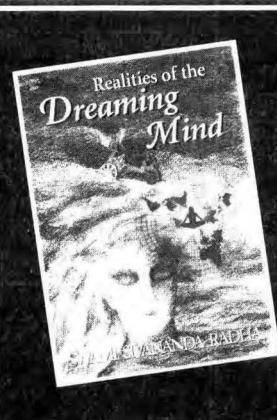
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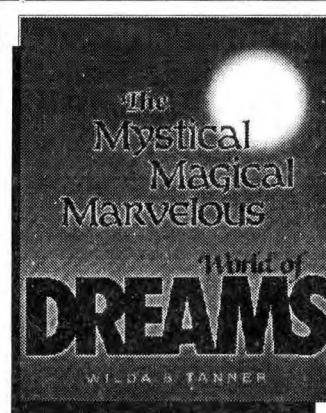
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We had many walk-ins who never came back. Maybe they'd heard about us from a friend or somebody at work and they came in once to try it, found it didn't work or didn't change their lives right away and never came back. Every few months we purged the computer of names of people who never returned. The following Thursday, however, Maris appeared again. The weather was wet and cooler and she was wearing a Burberry raincoat which looked a little out of place next to the Navy surplus pea jackets of the New Agers.

"I'd like to try again," she said, with a spunky smile. "Never say die, eh?"

That day, she had a long and beautiful REM and she emerged from cube seven with a rather astonished look on her face.

"Did I do it?" she asked, looking at me rather tentatively, as if I were a teacher or a parent.

"As far as I can tell," I said, showing her the EEG printout.

"This means I dreamed?" she asked. I nodded. "But what did I dream about?"

I was utterly charmed. She came to dreaming so fresh, with so few expectations, that she didn't even know yet that if you're not careful your consciousness will swallow your dreams whole and leave nothing behind. The following week, she returned and dreamed again.

"How was it?" I asked when she emerged from cube seven looking refreshed and relaxed.

"It was lovely," she said, "I've never felt so . . ." She hesitated a second before finding the right word, "free."

I smiled and nodded.

"I dreamt I was . . ."

I put my finger to my lips. "Sometimes it's better not to say. Bruce says the gold turns to ash when it's brought out of the night garden."

"Oh, but it was extraordinary," said Maris. "I dreamt I was in school again, before I met Ted, and . . ."

I wagged my finger. "Ah-ah."

She bit her lips and smiled,

embarrassed in a perfectly fetching way. She was bursting with enthusiasm, like a new convert to a religion. But I knew from experience that for certain people telling dreams could be dangerous. She bought a five coupon dream book and went off to pick up the kids.

The following week she returned again looking a little crestfallen.

"I went home and told my husband my dream, the dream I had last week. He was in it." She didn't have to say anything more. I knew what happened. He either laughed at her or he blew up. Nothing will turn gold to ash faster, and many of the suburban housewives who have shared their dreams with their husbands have never come back.

"Would you like your money back on the coupon book?" I asked.

"No," she said in a determined way. "This is something I need to do."

From that day, Maris began to change, not externally so much, but internally. She still wore the same style of clothes, at least for the first six months or so, but it's as though she began to grow, which is impossible, of course, for a woman her age, but as the weeks went on, she seemed to be taller, or to take up more space than she had before. I asked Bruce about this, and he said we all have the capacity to fill up much more space than our bodies actually occupy, but most of us have been taught to tuck ourselves inside ourselves the way a huge jib sail can be stuffed into a tiny bag. There's no more or less cloth when the sail's filled with wind than when it's in the bag; it's just a question of expansion. Dreaming lets some people out of their bag, and from the time they begin, they start to grow big and occupy more space.

Even Maris's husband noticed it. At least I assumed the rather burly business type who came in one day without an appointment was her husband come to check up on the House of Dreams. He stood in the doorway for a second and sniffed

the air like a bulldog.

"This the place people come to dream?" he called out gruffly from the doorway.

I pointed to a sign on the wall near cubicle one: *Quiet, please, dreams in progress.*

He strode over to the control booth and stared at the EEG displays. He put both hands on the counter. His fingers were surprisingly short and stubby, and the flesh swelled around his wedding band. On his right ring finger, he wore a chunky university ring with Greek letters on it. He stood there like a football lineman, legs spread, feet firmly planted, as if he was ready to make a run at me, and that's when I first thought he might be Maris's husband, for I realized that in spite of his abrupt manner and rough voice, this man felt threatened by Bruce's House of Dreams.

"What is it you people do here anyway?" he asked, eyeing a pair of Birkenstocks who just then emerged from cubicle six smelling of incense and patchouli. (Bruce had a rule about dual occupancy dreaming, but we let this couple, who signed in as Vishnu and Lakshmi, dream side by side as long as there was no sex. They assured us they were into a Tantric thing and were withholding, so Bruce okayed it.)

"We give people permission to dream," I said, sliding a brochure across the counter as an attempted peace offering. Paraphrasing the brochure's language, I said, "We seek to create a dream-friendly environment where people can experience their inner unconscious selves."

The man gave a derisive snort and shoved the brochure back at me.

"Well, I don't need to dream," he said, "Suppose everybody just sat around and did nothing but dream? What then, huh? How'd the work of the world get done, eh? That's what I'd like to know."

Since these weren't, strictly speaking, questions, I didn't give any replies but merely offered to show him the cubicles and give him

Graywolf, Cont'd from pg. 33

whole brain to operate more appropriately. Sense of self and the world is more useful. Hormonal secretions are changed and mood is improved. Eventually the body and mind take on this new configuration.

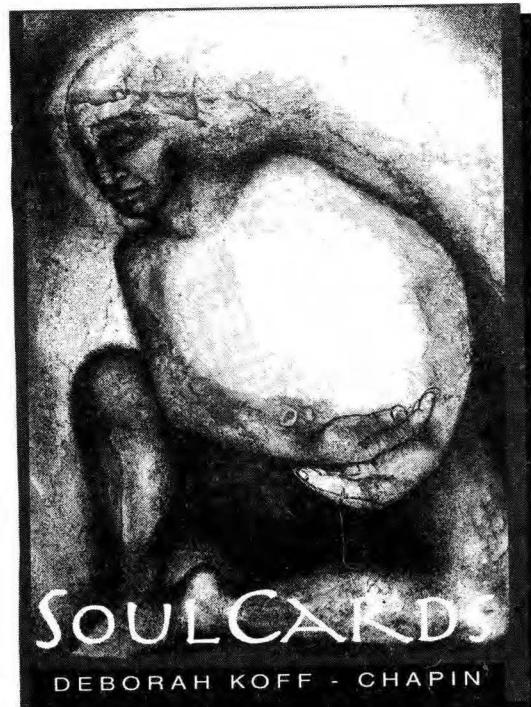
For Sonja, her journeys have brought her to a more flowing and free sense of self. There is ease and peace in this new primal existential image. She is experiencing tingling and sensations in her legs which for many years were numb. A bladder problem associated with her m.s. has gone into about 95% remission. She is walking more easily without her canes and seems to need them less often now. All this began happening after her first journey at which time she also stopped taking any medication for her condition.

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the chance to dream for himself.

"Me? Dream?" he asked, incredulously, "You out of your mind or what?"

And with that he left, though it took half an hour before the angry vibrations followed him out of the building.

After that, Maris's dreams became more troubled. More than once I heard anguished moaning coming from her cubicle while she was in REM. Once she cried out "Stop!" and "Help!" She was letting her hair grow and the neatly pressed khaki trousers and crisp turtlenecks gave way to looser clothes with more flowing lines. She did her first overnight some six months after her first visit. She said she had begun to dream at home, but felt she couldn't dream properly with her husband beside her in bed. She had waves and waves of REM that night, and in the morning I could hear the sound of sobbing in her cubicle. It was a long time before she could compose herself, and when she came out she looked exhausted, but cleansed in an odd way.

She did several overnights after that, but the expansiveness that was there after her first visits drastically faded. She even seemed to shrink a bit, as if she were literally getting smaller, shrinking to a size no larger than my thumb.

"It's the same principle as a white dwarf star," Bruce explained. "All that energy collapses in on itself, getting smaller and smaller without losing any force. It's a prelude to a super nova, an incredible explosion."

Maris came in for her final visit on a Thursday at one o'clock, but she did not dream. She had simply come to thank me.

"I didn't do anything you couldn't have done yourself," I said.

"I know that now," she replied, and I never saw her again.

A few months later we got a letter from the Rocky Mountain Dream Institute. Though they called it an "institute," it was more like a monastery really, situated way up in the thin air of the mountains.

"I have been here three months with the children," she wrote, "The life here is centered on dreaming. We are far from what is called civilization so we may dream more freely. We rise at night to record our dreams in private and common books. Some of the dreams are extraordinarily beautiful here, and some of the brethren illuminate them with intense and vibrant colors. Some of our dreams are large and some are very small; some are terrifyingly violent and others prophecy coming doom. In the mornings we share our dreams and ponder their meaning as we tend the garden or work in the scriptorium. In the evenings we study Macrobius or read Chaucer's dream vision poetry. Before bed, we meditate and prime ourselves for the nightly dramas that will unfold. In the time we have been here, the children, living only with books and their imaginations, have begun to dream quite naturally, and we nurture their dreams and teach them to live by their meaning. I enter my dreams more freely now, and in the morning I emerge renewed. You must come and visit if you can."

Love, Maris." ☆

Contact Gary Eberle @ 2107 Lake Dr. SE, Grand Rapids MI 49506

cathedral type ceiling. Hanging from the ceiling are several bird cages, gleaming bright, the doors open.

The cages are empty. Several of the birds want to live there. They fly from my jacket up into the cages, regaining their true size. They shut the door and are happy, singing away. I go home. But when I let the animals out, I find most of them are gone. "What happened to my little brown rabbit? Where are all my geese?" The loss of the rabbit especially hurts. The others explain they had wanted to live outside. What is left is one bird, an owl, a little green worm, and a banana. The worm crawls off to the kitchen, the banana to the staircase, the owl finds a dark enclosed little area of old books where it happily lives. The bird stays with me. My brother is playing the TV very loudly. The bird is upset by this, so we go upstairs. We can still hear the TV; I shout at him to turn it down. The bird is distressed, because it wants to sing all day and it wants everyone to listen to it sing. I explain that sometimes people will be doing other things. The bird is not happy and wants to leave. So I take it outside and let it go free.

Interpretation: This dream compares the birds who want to be confined (safe) to the bird who wants freedom (adventure).

The King of the Fairies

I discover an old book written by my uncle. It is about a boy who is raised by servants in an old mansion with many mysterious rooms. He does not know who his parents are. His playmate is a girl who lives next door, Wendy. They are imaginative children and believe in fairies. One day the boy sees a fairy - a woman with long dark hair - who tells him that he is the son of fairies and one day he will be king of the fairies. Both the boy and Wendy are excited by this revelation. As they grow older, the girl is sent off to boarding school. The boy grows to manhood and forgets about her. He never tries to contact or find out what has happened to her. He no longer believes in fairies. He marries a woman scientist with the same rational bent of mind. He dies young from unknown causes. Wendy comes to his funeral, along with a procession of fairies. They have expected him to marry his childhood sweetheart and give them some sign he was ready to become king. Then they would have carried him off to fairyland. But it never happened. Wendy, who was in love with him, still believes.

Interpretation: The boy who rejects his belief in fairies and the girl who never does: these are the two sides of my adult self. ☆

Send comments and correspondence to Ms. Santo by e-mail at sas2n@aol.com.

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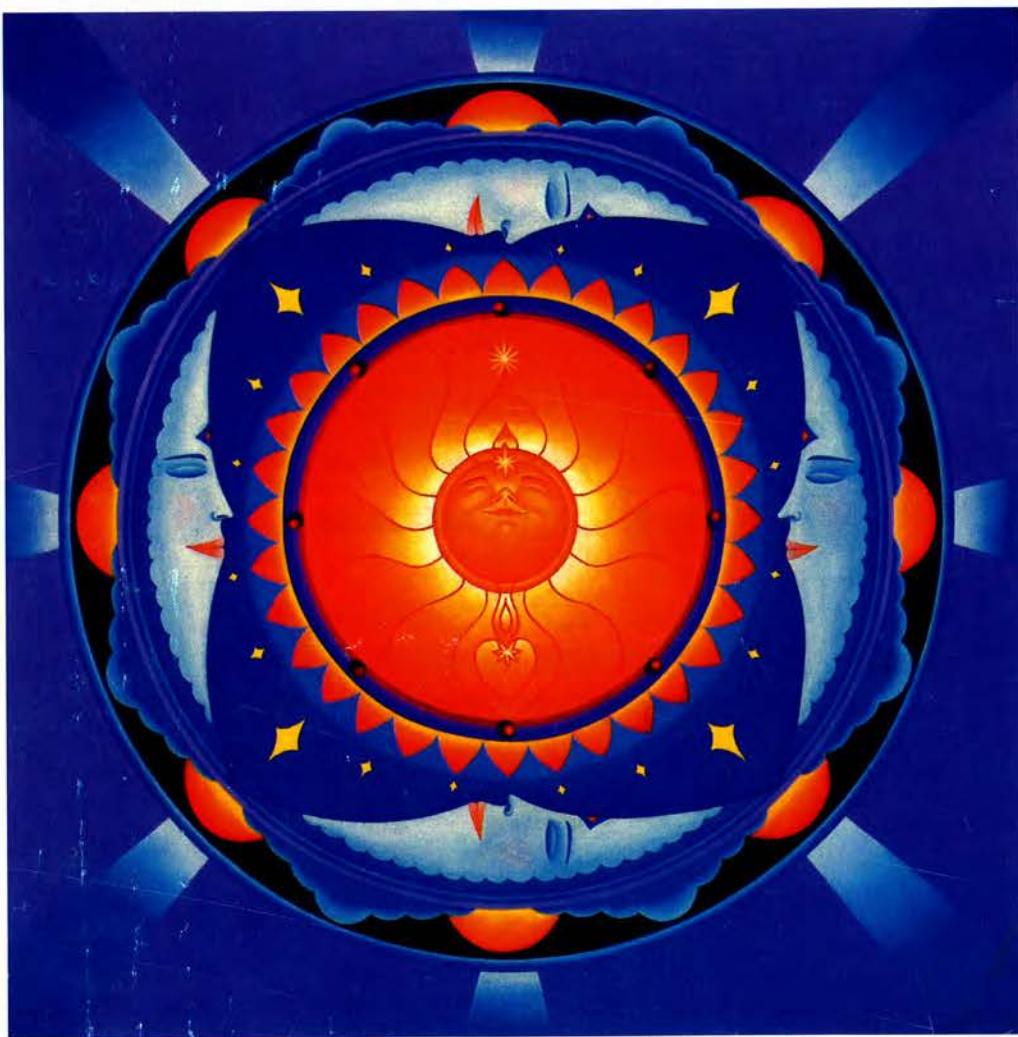
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Robert Moss