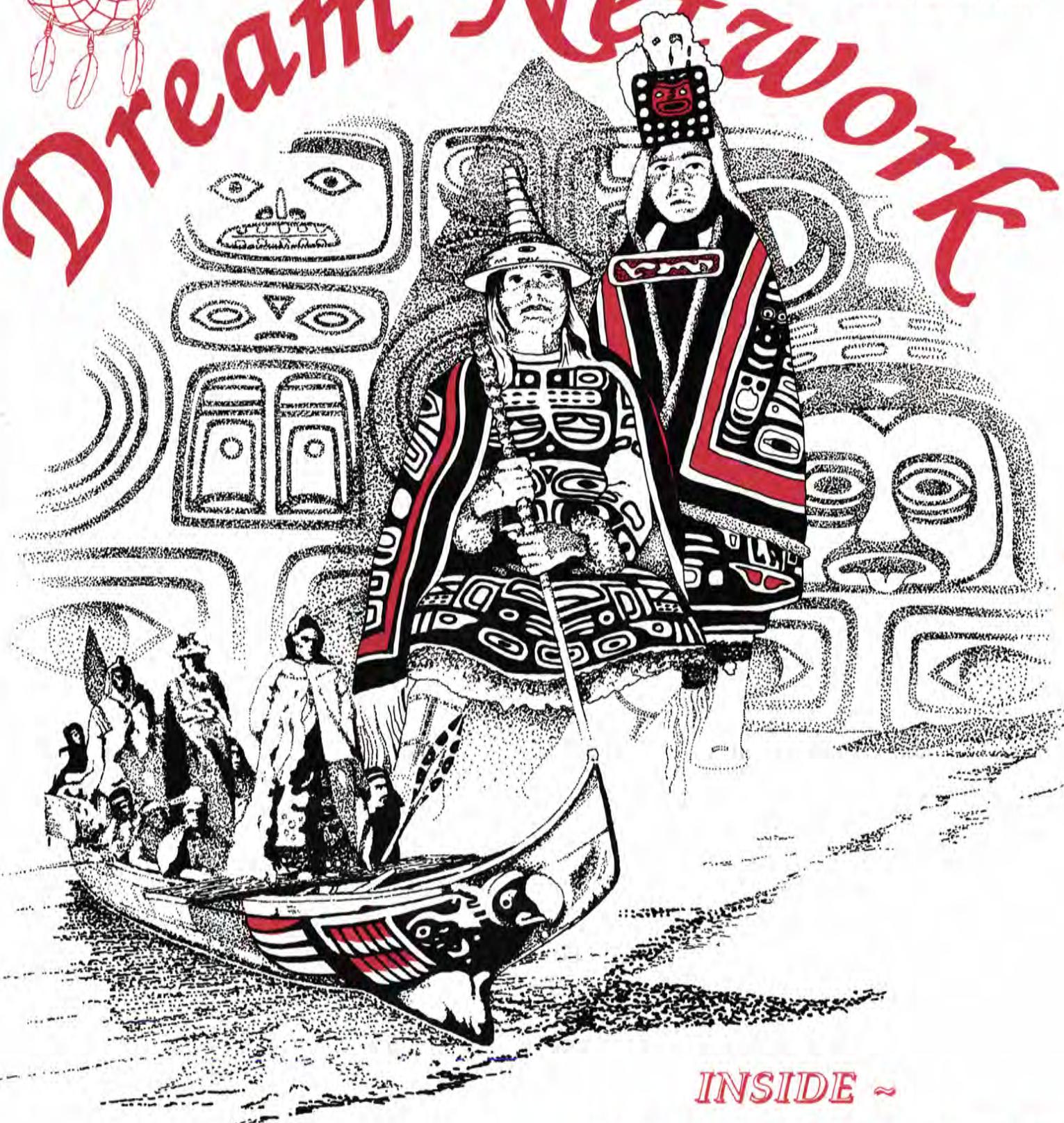


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Dream Network

Vol. 13 No. 3
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I Send a CRY Charles Lawrence

Coming Full Circle *Ixʷ akʷ Sil Astadak*

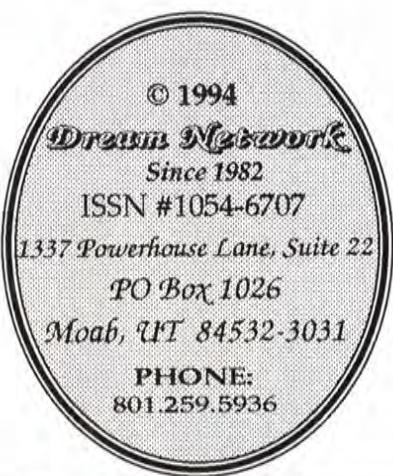
Making Dreams Real Barbara Means Adams

Re-Emergence of Indian Nations Dick McLeester



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Advertising

*David Sparenberg (206) 323-2115
1713 - 14th Avenue
Seattle, WA 98122*

Front & Back Cover/Featured Artist

Scott Guynup

Book Review Editor
Ingrid Melissa Luke

Contributing Artists & Poets

*Lauren Boge
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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 that 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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Theme for 1994
Cross-Cultural
Perspectives on Dreams

How do the beliefs and practices of diverse cultures inform the way we view and utilize dreaming experience?

(We especially invite views, experience & education from non-caucasians.)

Lifeline: Three Weeks after receipt of this issue.

Note regarding the Questions & Focus

Suggested for Upcoming Issues:

Individuals from all cultures and walks of life are encouraged to submit manuscripts and artwork. Since everything about dreams is unpredictable, we recognize that suggesting a Question or Focus around which to sculpt each issue has the potential for disallowing a current synchronistic event, transformational dream experience, an inspiration, breakthrough or burning issue-- which you may DESIRE to share, draw, or commit to poetry. Conversely, this publication (and editor) needs parameters: we are limited space-wise and choose not to wander all over creation in it.

Yet another paradox. It is difficult to know which priority is primary and which secondary. Let it be agreed that if you are inspired, you are invited to share your experience or insight regardless of whether it 'fits' within the suggested Questions or Focus. Given the overall synchronicity which guides this work for us as dreamers, it will undoubtedly complement the issue as a whole. Our sections on The Art of DreamSharing and The Mythic Dimension are open-ended.

Editorial

Over the past two decades, I have been very fortunate to become quite intimately acquainted with many Native friends and to attend numerous gatherings and ceremonies. Some of the People, I met first in DreamTime. Much of the time is spent observing; yes, I lend assistance in any way possible: preparing food, cleaning up before and after gatherings, contributing to worthy efforts, etc., . . . most often, a supportive observer.

There comes a time, however, when one grows uncomfortable (exclusively) in the role of observer. In preparing this issue, I am stepping over the line to active participant in a way that is energized by the deepest regard and respect for traditional—and contemporary work toward reviving — Native culture.

To come into contact with Native culture/People becomes a matter of restructuring a considerable portion of one's orientation insofar as belief and value systems, then (in my instance), evolves into following the leaders. It is my opinion that, collectively, we are only *beginning* to evolve culture and it is a fact that we "whites" are the minority on this planet. Early on in the Civil Rights Movement, many Afro-Americans were saying, "We need to look to the Native People for guidance; they are the people indigenous to this land." In acknowledging this, they were demonstrating keen insight, as it is a relationship with their dreaming and with Nature that distinguishes Native Americans and shapes their culture. And so it will be for us . . . if we desire to evolve *healthy* culture.

Make no mistake: Native culture is not about power in the ways we typically associate with the term. Shamanism is a word that incited fear—or aspirations toward power—in the hearts of many people only two decades ago. Today, we know that to become a shaman—a healer—one must undergo a series of events and experiences that most would be reluctant to undertake: suffering, testing, disease, initiations . . . are

prerequisite to becoming deeply healed and a true healer. Yes, we each seek the power to know ourselves and to live in true democracy but anyone with ears to hear and eyes to see can recognize that these aspirations—set out as our birth-right—grow more seriously endangered each day. I believe that guidance from Native American cultures—primal, common elements of which are to be found in the cultures of most indigenous peoples around the planet—are key to the solution of many of our seemingly insoluble problems.

It became apparent early on in preparing for what follows that we must abide by one of the most basic of Native truths: It will come together, "when the time is right." Indian time. It also became necessary to employ another insight learned from Native friends which is, in essence, not to push the river . . . flow. It has been a matter of being alert to the signs that guided individuals to be in touch, or to be put in touch with the individuals . . . who so generously contribute. At this point, it feels like a meeting of just the right hearts at just the right time. At any given meeting, those who are supposed to be there, come; it is a very special moment in time and space. So, thank you for your patience and be alert to the fact that this publication is *changed* by the talents that speak herein.

This issue contains the voices of people who are Native, though not all who speak are full-bloods. Carl Jung once said something to the effect, "People who conquer a foreign land put themselves in an awkward position because the very Earth is permeated with the spirit of the peoples native to the land." The implications of his statement are vast and the Native people are, by and large, aware of this phenomenon . . . a condition that makes their present challenge of individual and cultural reclamation so deeply paradoxical. They know . . . and we do, together, "cry out against the dying of the light" toward the dawning of a new, enlightened age for this beloved Earth. ☾

Views & News

Bravo! to Scott Guynup, our featured artist, who created magic especially for our cover and whose art enhances the entire issue. His cover art is a tribute to the enduring spirit of the Northwest Coast tribes. As though leading the way they, collectively, are re-turning to a way of life and transportation that holds deep spiritual and cultural significance: *Tabel*, the handcarved canoe.

We applaud the fine, three hour presentation aired on Discovery Channel in June, *The Power of Dreams*. Reflecting back just five short years to the cover story on dreams in Newsweek (7/89) and comparing (if it can be compared?) to the quantum leap symbolized by this comprehensive show on dreams . . . well, we've come a long way. Yes, there's a steep trail ahead but this is *progress!* Are you aware that the consultants for the program, Henry Reed and Robert VandeCastle, co-edited *Dream Network* in '83/'84?

Very well done, gentlemen!

Poet/storyteller David Sparenberg of Seattle, WA., is the new ad representative for *Dream Network*. Welcome, David! Choose to reserve space for your dreamyth-related service, book, product, etc., with DN! We are an excellent, well-read publication in which to gain exposure. (David's address and phone are on pgs. 2 & 42).

Several people have questioned regarding the structure of *Dream Network*, recently, assuming we are an organization. *Dream Network(ers)*, if I were to label or classify us, are a non-group of autonomous anarchists: writers, scholars, laypersons, poets, artists . . . dreamers, all. If there is any organization involved, it is definitely on the level of the spirits that guide this work. I'll follow those leaders every day of the week! ☺

Bill Stimson, perhaps you might articulate. What was the originating impulse? ☾

Responses

LUCID LIVING: Honoring the Mystery We Are Embarked Upon

I am continuing the exploration and comment on the subject of lucid dreams and their possible value or detriment to the process of our wholeness-seeking which was raised by Anja Savolainen in V13#1, p. 32 and Anthony Hoffman in the Response/Letters of V13#2, p.4.

It seems to me that there is wisdom in considering this issue within a larger context of values. For instance, many of us — and American society in general — are oriented toward active control, prioritizing and directing of events while others of us, the minority, are oriented toward allowing the unfolding, or process, of events in a receptive and responsive manner. Additionally, within these two general modes is the extroverted, or outward-aimed focus of energy use and the introverted, or inward-aimed focus of energy use.

Further, we have also the four basic Jungian types or ways of relating to and responding to life's impacts, namely the feeling, thinking, sensation and intuition types. And all these above naturally combine into many and varied subtypes.

Given these differing orientations to experience (and this is a simplification!) there is no wonder that many ways of dream-working exist. Those of us who are action-oriented and hands-on will naturally have a different approach than those of us who are more cautious, sensitive and intuitive.

Reflecting these styles, in the field of meditation we have mantra repetition, reflection upon a seed thought, emptying the mind of all thought, walking meditation, var-

ious visualization techniques, sounding tones and so forth.

Likewise, reflecting our different physical, emotional and mental predispositions, we have varieties of lifestyle choices, career choices, hobbies, art, music, books. We have vast realms from which to choose which we each are comfortable with, even though some choices may be more main-stream than others.

Why, then, should it seem so remarkable that some of us may benefit from and have a gift for lucid dreaming? And that others of us may be differently endowed, may benefit from and have a gift for working with dreams through induction, or active imagination, or role playing, or art, or poetry, or dialoguing with the characters and images?

Additionally, at different periods in our life and in our dreaming we may benefit from actively pushing forward and taking control of events. At other times in our life and in our dreaming, we may benefit more from patiently allowing the mystery within to indicate to us the way to go and silently to listen and look for signs and direction.

We each can seek to recognize our particular type of equipment, needs, tendencies and values. We can study what others report, value and prefer and we can experiment with a variety of dreamwork methods. Foregoing dependence on authorities, we can use and deepen what seems to work best for us, coming up with an ever-evolving individually adjusted approach through on-going experience, always remaining open to the evolving process.

Looking at it this way, lucidity is simply one option among many. We can try it on for size and if it doesn't fit, we can go on to find what does. We needn't be caught up in viewing lucidity hierarchically, as the "peak of the pyramid" with all else beneath it and, therefore, somehow inferior. Rather, we can utilize the "garden" analogy to

recognize lucidity as one of the plants growing there, among many other lovely, healing plants. They all have validity and use and each of us will find one or another—or all—to be attractive and useful to us.

These thoughts arise from my own experiment and experience. I have found my most meaningful intuitions and revelations through dream induction, active imagination and role-playing and dialoguing with dream elements. I don't find lucid dreaming to be a beneficial area for me at this time but I did learn something very important from my recent experiment with lucid dreaming: the value to me of focusing upon *wakeful lucidity, lucid living*. I had begun experimenting with lucid dreaming because I sought more vitality, beauty and adventure in my dreams to counter-balance what I perceived as restricted opportunity in my waking life. Yet in my experiment, I primarily experienced unsettled sleep and a sense of unwelcome pressure to perform. I decided to honor my deep inner reluctance to embrace lucid dreaming and discovered a fresh and exciting realization dawning in my consciousness.

Perhaps, I thought, at this time the more important focus is to discover more light, beauty and vitality in my *waking life*! I realized that I actually needed to seek lucidity in my everyday waking life, to take the time and become aware of the mystery, aliveness and beauty hidden within each moment throughout my day. I began to pause periodically during my usual routine to touch upon the living reality of the Great Mystery, to recognize that I step, from moment to moment, across a webwork of potential realities, across the unknown. I began to release my assumptions about my life, to question my belief systems, to open myself to fresh new perceptions and realizations. Previously crystalized and limiting thought-constructs began to disintegrate as I

loosened my hold on how I perceived so called everyday reality and magic and wonder began to flow through the new openings.

As this continues — this lucid living, this frequent touching upon the pulse of magical existence — I also increasingly trust and honor that my Dreamtime experiences are beneficially used by my deeper self whether this waking consciousness — this tip of the iceberg — can remember or not. I am learning a deeper, gentle trust in the process of the whole and to honor the journey of mystery we are all embarked upon.

I honor the whole of which we all are a part and I appreciate the opportunity to share my thoughts and experiences with readers of this publication. Truly, together we are contributing toward a new, more subjectively aware humanity. I am grateful to the *Dream Network* for providing the framework for this service to humanity through the Dreamtime.

Joy Gates, New York, NY

LUCID REPLY

When I read Anthony Hoffman's account of his struggle with the issue of 'lucidity' and 'non-lucidity' in dreams and their connection to healing and personal growth (Vol. 13#2, pg. 6) I could not help responding.

The assumption that there is a direct correlation of one type of dream or dream state to a person's growth or moral and spiritual development is fraught with pitfalls. A more basic question is related to the question of control in dreams and dreaming. Behind and beneath this question is the deeper question of relationships in and between the dimensions and layers of consciousness and the concomitant characters in dreaming and waking states.

Marlo Morgan's and Brooke Medicine Eagle's perspectives, later in the issue, help to expand and soften the boundaries of the discussion. For the Aborigines, the

waking and sleeping domains are all of a seamless whole. More primal cultures maintain a fluid dialogue or respectful, playful dance between the worlds. Consciousness interpenetrates the physical and the imaginal realms.

As Hoffman sought to incubate lucidity by looking at his hands, he dreamed that a "little boy tried to stick my hand into a shredder." His immediate response was to take this "as a sign not to try and pursue lucidity." Later in his letter, he reveals that "in waking life, I have often had trouble accepting where I am emotionally and have tried to 'beam' myself to a more comfortable space without letting myself be where I really was."

If we play and dance with the dream characters without judgment, deeper layers of meaning and understanding may arise. We don't know who the young boy is. Maybe he is the one who is helping the dreamer face his feelings of discomfort about 'being where he really was.' Maybe to reach lucidity, the dreamer needed to let go (shred) some attitude that he was holding onto. Many possibilities exist. What happened was that the waking ego jumped to a conclusion before 'staying where he was' long enough to explore dialogue in the dream relationship. The movie was freeze-framed until the dreamer felt safe enough to complete the relationship with the boy and the shredder. It is curious that the dream-ego is passively letting a young boy lead him to put his hand in a shredder.

This in no way places lucidity higher or lower on an arbitrary scale of importance. We are dealing with a multi-dimensional, multi-relational reality that is too subtle to jump so quickly to conclusions on either side. The very attempt to arrive at such conclusions is a reflection of our Western mutant consciousness.

Fred C. Olsen, M. Div., S.F., CA

We're Onto Something

I read Anja Savolainen's article (*Non-Lucidity in Dreams: The Self Healing Process*, Vol. 13 No.1, pp 32) and Anthony Hoffman's response (Vol. 13 No. 2, pp 4) with great interest. My experience has been 100% the same as Mr. Hoffman's. I think we're onto something here!

Joan Pastor, Oceanside, CA

More Than I Ever Imagined!

I am very excited about the potential and the infinite possibilities of the Network! I belong to a dream group here in Oxford which has been active for more than a decade. None of us were aware of the *Dream Network* until I ran across the most recent issue while traveling in April. This fact leads me to believe that there are many more people making active use of their gift of dreaming; than I ever imagined and that what we have in our hands is something very powerful.

Best wishes to you and your project.

Linda Moore Sheppard, Oxford, OH

First Two Issues in '94, "Very Powerful."

The first two *Dream Network* issues this year have been **very** powerful. The 1994 theme of cross-cultural perspectives on dreams has certainly yielded some wonderful fruits. The interview with Marlo Morgan (Vol. 13 No. 2) was especially interesting. Your efforts to bring the experiences and wisdom of such people to the readership of *Dream Network* is really appreciated.

Kelly Bulkeley, Kensington, CA

It's Gettin' Better All The Time

The Journal gets better all the time. Congratulations! Here is my renewal and a gift subscription.

Jack Zimmerman, Calabassas, CA

Send Responses to:
LETTERS & DN
PO BOX 1026, MOAB, UT 84532

MY TURN

Now I ask you, when is it going to be *my turn* for some satisfaction and emotional support? When is it going to be *my turn* for a little peace and quiet? When is it going to be *my turn* for a little justice?

I have been stalked, intermittently, over a thirty year period by my first husband (is this man obsessive, or what?). His harassment — after he put me in the hospital for a week — included constant phone calls, sending numerous letters and cards to me, bothering me at the school where I was teaching, following me from said premises, as well as kidnapping me, *all after I divorced him*. Years ago, the police never filed reports about such complaints, because there were no laws in place to cover those "family" situations, I was told. Family? I was no longer a part of his family.

He was labeled a psychotic schizophrenic and in his delusional state, he thought he was a hit-man for the mafia, so you can well imagine the nonsense I put up with during our marriage. He said that if I ever left him, he would "get rid of my family." I thoroughly *believed* him, as the man had proven himself to be dangerous. After three years, I couldn't stand it anymore and made efforts to leave, at which point he tried to make good on his threat to kill my brother. When the Sheriff's Department intervened, he zoomed over to my parent's house and threatened them, so then the Long Beach Police also became involved.

Much later, due to other circumstances completely, I testified against him in court. A psychiatrist made the point that the rest of society was safe only as long as he had been married to me but since I had divorced him, society was now at risk . . . so, he was placed in custodial care at Atascadero for seventeen years. Whereupon he sent threatening letters to me and continued, thereafter, to write them from San

Quentin.

Picture a Grade B movie and you'll have most of the ingredients involved in this shabby story. The only difference being that each and every night, over a lengthy span of time, I dreamed that he killed me. Each dream — sometimes two or three a night — showed my demise in a different way, in a different setting . . . but the ending scene was always the same: my coffin being lowered into the ground, with me in it and dirt being shoveled onto the lid. Thump, thump, thump. Those dreams were not FUN, believe me. Thank goodness, though, that I was picking up the information subliminally, although not consciously, so that I eventually got the message. I credit these dreams with saving my life!

I rejoiced when I learned that the Stalking Law went into effect in January, 1994, thinking that a warning of "more jail time" might be a deterrent to his continued interference in my life. Happily, I hadn't heard from him in a while, until recently, when his behavior escalated. His car has been seen on my block, on numerous occasions, for the last month. Again, phone calls, cards, letters (8 and 10 pages each, on legal-sized paper) and perfume arrived on an almost daily basis. Basically, his message was that he understood that I had been living my own life but that now my "boyfriend" or "boyfriends" better hit the road, because he was coming back and we would go off into the sunset together, etc. Needless to say, this did not sit well with my husband of twenty-three years, my children, or grandchildren. Nor me, I hasten to add!

Recently, thanks to alert neighbors, he was finally arrested on my block, with a gun and ammo. I probably don't need to mention that I sat — in a somewhat catatonic state — in front of the TV recently, watching O.J.'s last run. All I could think of was the fact that the fate of Nicole Simpson could well have been my own. At least, this type of

crime is finally getting the attention it deserves. Although it is a profound personal embarrassment to me, the issue is of national importance and needs to be discussed openly. I am doing my part.

I just received phone calls from the Deputy District Attorney and detectives who are involved in my case. They were pleased to tell me that my ex-husband pled guilty to stalking with a gun, so there is no need for a trial. He received four years — the maximum and was admonished not to have any contact with me for ten years. He will probably be out within a two year period, on good behavior. I was advised to hold onto my evidence. So, it seems, I may have something else to look forward to. In the meantime, however, it looks like it is *my turn*!

Dr. Sherry L. Meinberg, Long Beach, CA

Kudos & Critique from Sweden

Thanks for the work you have done in developing *Dream Network Journal* from a small bulletin into a real, blossoming magazine. I've been a subscriber since 1984. The content of DNJ is just rightly disposed; articles, interviews and art work varies and is balanced in a way which makes reading the journal fluent and enjoyable. One of the latest pearls was the article *A 10-Facet Model* by Stanley Krippner (Vol. 13 No. 1). The reader got three articles of information in reading only one! (Thanks, Stanley! Ed.)

Short announcements in the last pages show a growing vitality of dreamwork around the world and gives impulses to those who will go further and seek more information and activities in this field.

The cover is a masterpiece nowadays and equals any journal anywhere. Layout inside is light and free, not too fixed and categorized — it's good for dream information. It's hard to find trimmable factors in the DNJ. Maybe the frames More

around text and pictures could be used more smoothly. Perhaps radius could be slightly smaller—but it's hairsplitting. The world is filled with different visual tastes!

Thanks again!
Juhani Kaariainen, Helsingborg, Sweden

Dreamers in Contact!

I want to thank you again for suggesting I be a Regional Contact Person. Calls and letters come in from around the country and it's fun to share our ideas. And guess what! Even this contact is getting 'cross-cultural' to fit the theme for 1994, since my latest request came from a delightful fellow-dream-worker in Russia! He must have gotten a copy of *Dream Network* somehow, as he's requesting of the Pines Dream Sharers that we send over some of our old dream books since very little is available in Russia. Our group is rallying to help him/them out. My hope is he wrote to other dream groups, too and that we can get some up-to-the-minute cross cultural connections going here. I suggested to him that our groups might consider an occasional dream-swapping, too. Who knows what nifty things may be possible as we get some 'international dreaming' underway?

Noreen Wessling, Milford, OH

"Wonderfully Diverse"

I need to tell you how much I enjoy the copies of *Dream Network* that I have seen . . . it is so wonderfully diverse. We are now subscribers!

Mary Ann Drake, Ph.D., Macon, GA

We welcome & invite your
**RESPONSES, IDEAS
CRITIQUE & QUESTIONS!**

Address to Letters %DN
PO Box 1026
Moab, UT 84532

Applaud Re-introduction of the Senoi

I'm just back from my winter in Zihuatanejo, Mexico and found Vol. 13 No. 1 with your interview of Clara Stewart Flagg. This was long overdue and I was thrilled that you took the time to get first hand information about Kilton Stewart's work and Clara's experience with the Senoi people.

There has been so much debunking of the Senoi over the past ten years and yet we are all using their basic theories and attitudes; we find they work, even though the people who went to Malaya couldn't locate this dream culture.

It was important to point out, as you did, that Stewart's theory is a conglomeration of many native attitudes and contemporary theories/techniques, put together. Your interview will surely stimulate new interest.

Also, the Russell Lockhart interview (Vol. 12 No. 4) was so good, so fresh, so real. I like the depth of this man's knowing. You have brought us good new visions through the interviews. Thank you!

Anne Sayre Wiseman, Cambridge, MA

Return to the Source

Back in 1985 and 1986, when we were starting the Bay Area Dreamworkers Group, I dreamed that . . .

I was driving a VW van up a steep paved road. The van was moving very slowly on its steep climb. A trickle of water was running down the right side of the road. Suddenly, a flash flood swept us off the road into the wilderness to the left of the road. We drifted downstream for a long distance. Then a roaring waterfall appeared ahead. Just as we were being swept over the edge, the van was lifted up and nestled on an outcrop of rock overhanging the fall.

We got out of the van and looked at the sky. It was mid-day and we could see the stars! I wondered how we would ever make it back to the 'main stream.'

This dream helped me see that the struggle to follow the way of the established highway was not the way to the source. Going with the river into the wilderness led us to the source of mystery and power.

In David Bohm and David Peat's Science, Order and Creativity (Bantam, 1987), the message is the same. We must go with the source of truth wherever it leads us. This is not the way of the established order of consciousness; that we are habituated to. Dreaming leads us not to established rules, skills and authorized bodies of truth but by nature, beyond what has been established to what is 'more and different.'

If Columbus, Copernicus, Galileo and Einstein had abided by the rules of licensure, new worlds would not have opened to us. The root 'ludere' — to play true — is at the heart of all creation and dreaming. Rooted in our established infrastructures of consciousness are patterns of illusion (playing false with perception), delusion (playing false with thought) and collusion (playing false together to protect our illusions and delusions).

Licensure, by its very nature, is a device to establish and bestow closed structures of authority to formal intellect and practices. Creative intelligence, by its very nature, moves beneath, behind and beyond any attempt to fix the truth. This is the way of the child, the way of genius and the way of dreaming. To license dreamwork would be to secure a final nail in our collective coffin.

Rather, we need to revitalize the vehicles of playful exploration, creativity, inquiry and dialogue as we journey in the wilderness to the creative source of our dreaming intelligence. This is our greatest insurance of true credibility and reduced liability.

Fred Olsen, *The Dream House*, S.F., CA

In Response to 1994's Theme:

Cross Cultural Perspectives on Dreams & Myth

Special Issue on Native American Views



PAHOKATAWA
(Kneeprint-by-the-Bank-of-the-Water)
Skidi Pawnee Prophecy

Many years ago, before the stars fell upon the earth, there was a wonderful being in the land known as Pahokatawa. After this man made himself known to the people, he came to them from the sky as a meteor and would stay among them . . .

While he was with the people at one time, he told them that something wonderful was going to take place in the heavens; that they must not be afraid when the meteors flew through the sky; that it was not the time for the world to come to an end. "When the meteors fall," said Pahokatawa, "among them will be a large-sized one that will fall upon the plains. The thing will be the shape of a turtle and will have many colors."

This prophecy indicates that when this phenomena occurs, it will herald a new beginning/age among the peoples of the earth. A time of great peace and prosperity. The image is to represent Pahokatawa wrapped in a buffalo robe with star symbols etched into the hide. The star pattern in the background is the Skidi Pawnee Star Chart of the heavens.

The Bones of Our Ancestors Coming Full Circle

by Ix^w Ak^w Sii Astadak



Please hold this vision in your mind's eye.

The Message from the North Wind

As I step out onto my front porch, facing the North, I am heavily buffeted by powerful winds . . . coming from the North. What is displayed before me is total chaos and destruction. Trees are falling, structures are being picked up off the ground and flying through the air, the waters are angrily stirring, people are running helter-skelter. I am on the verge of experiencing total panic . . . when behind me and to my left, I see a person, an elder, who instructs me to sit down. In need of guidance, I do so. He then makes a simple and life-saving statement: "Be Still."

I

In the four hundred+ years since Europeans landed on these shores and this continent became divided, much has happened. Now, chaos ensues.

Then, we lived and walked on the land in its natural, pristine state, leaving few traces of our presence, for thousands of years.

Some of my people and many people of color — who in fact, constitute the vast majority of the population on this planet — consider the white Anglo Saxon races to be the exclusive cause of this ongoing nightmare . . . of belief in cultural and racial superiority, of belief in the necessity for man to exploit and control all of Nature. Yet, there is sufficient evidence to point out that all humankind's races have been engaging in violation of spiritual and natural law — upon one another, the Earth's creatures and planet's resources — throughout history.

However, history is being re-written and our collective future hangs in a perilous balance. Ironically, it is in many instances in current times, the Anglos who are being called to assist indigenous peoples around the world in reclaiming pride in self and culture.

The essential message I wish to share in this writing is that we *each* must become ever more conscious to put every ounce of energy, thought and deed we exert onto the life-sustaining, life-giving side of the equation.

II

In a nearby community not long ago, I attended a gathering held for the purpose of honoring the birthday and the unique contribution of an elder to her people, her community. Sitting next to me was a young couple whom I learned were visiting from the Smithsonian Institute. Their purpose for being present on this occasion was to approach the elders and tribal council to determine the proper way to return the bones of our ancestors, bones which had been taken from their graves and which had been stored for countless years at the Smithsonian . . . for the purpose of study. This couple admitted it was the most difficult task they had been asked to perform in their lives.

Alongside the bones of our ancestors, many of our tribal ceremonial items were taken and are gathering dust there and at museums all around the country. Items which were confiscated from us by the government and/or churches during the era when we were forbidden to engage in our traditional rituals and ceremonies, in essence, in our lives. We were considered heathens.

Nearly everything was taken from or denied us: we were sent away to inter-tribal boarding schools; we had dry ice or lye soap applied to our tongues if we slipped into our Native languages rather than the

English we were being required to speak; we were forced into foreign clothing; we were denied overt participation in our spiritual and community gatherings. There seems to have been a "well-intentioned" conspiracy between the governments and the Christian religions, to "civilize" us and/or obliterate our culture. It was known as the *assimilation* program.

Now, we all know that the land we called home — but which no individual family or tribe *owned* — was taken from us, the treaties, all, having since been broken. We, seen as animals, were herded onto "reservations."

We became, necessarily, invisible.

Our culture, each tribe, was forced to employ a wide and creative variety of strategies to survive; our various and unique tribal practices essentially went underground. For example, we adapted many of our spiritual practices to embrace Jesus Christ; we allowed the silver dollar to symbolize the blanket in our give-aways; as is true for most cultures in the western world, our very dreams were also forced underground. Our dreams and visions, which constitute the very matrix of our cultures, of our ceremonies and dances . . . were denied us! Our very dreams!

What force, what energies would *want* to deny a people — anyone — their dreams? Why have dreams created such widespread fear that they would be considered evil by so many for so long?

We could call these forces (misuse of) power and control . . . and greed; they must be defeated or we *all* will be!

III

In very quiet ways the essence of our Native cultures has survived. It is like a web, each strand symbolizing one of our tribes . . . each having unique languages, dreams and stories.

Most of us now speak your language; many of us have attended your schools; most of us participate — in some way — in your "economy." Many suffer from addictions of various kinds, walk your city streets, occupy your prisons. A good number of us have learned to walk the two worlds with great agility and dignity. Because of the very fiber of the teachings of our culture, we cannot fully express the pain or the rage we feel.

Now, we are coming full circle. Your government is . . . funding the reclamation of our culture, the archiving and re-learning of our languages, allowing us to participate in our ceremonial forms. Some Christian churches in our communities are ministered by people from our own tribes; we are being invited to speak at many Christian churches outside of our communities. Many of our tribes have maintained or regained the well deserved status of sovereign nations.

(Continued on Page 38)

Four Lions, *the Healer*



Editor's Preface: Recently, I received a call which introduced me to Barbara Means Adams. I called her and as we talked it became apparent that, though we have never met, we know many people and share many beliefs, in common. The peak of our conversation was a recognition of our mutual acquaintance with David Four Lions, a dearly departed friend. Barbara knew him in the early days of his shamanic practice. It was a privilege for me to know and support him during the last few years of his life and to be a part of the fortunate community who saw him through his dying process. Barbara and I agreed to collaborate on this article, applauding David's life-work. I can guarantee you, there will be controversy about the accuracy of this accounting of David's life. Barbara knew him as Four Lions, I knew him as Forlines. He had many ways of living his life and telling a story and in the process, accomplished more in his all-too-short life than most could in five.



by Barbara Means Adams
& Roberta Ossana

The star that was a hunter with a bundle on his back was half way down the sky in the Northwest country when the Indian woman was awakened by the sound of footsteps on her porch. Everything was quiet. She didn't often light the lamp in her house, so her eyes could see in the darkness. As she looked at the hunter in the sky, she saw from her porch a canoe silhouetted against the starlight, the shadowy trees and brush on the hillside beyond the valley. Pansy went to the edge of the porch but no one was there. Just a basket on the step. Soft sounds came from a

new-born baby and shock raced through the woman's blood veins. Only yesterday, she had a dream of a baby's fingers clutching her hand.

She set the basket by the door and went around the house where her father, the Chief and her elderly mother lived, but their house was dark. There was a faint light further down the path but no one was watching. She sensed this.

The happy woman took the baby inside and then lit her lamp. She smoothed his blankets and whispered in his ear, "The hunter in the sky made my dream come true."

That was in the summer of 1942, when everyone constantly talked about

World War II and didn't pay too much attention to what the country people were doing.

Very quickly, the baby became a boy who loved to smoke fish, weave baskets, carve masks and paddles of every size. He told his adopted mother, "My hands have watched your hands. My hands are your hands now." The grandfathers marveled at this boy. The more the boy was shown, the faster he learned.

The autumn leaves fell. The bushes turned bloody-red again. The wind sang cloud a song. Ice came to the quiet pools along the streams. It was the first rain of the season; six inches fell in one day.

Pansy spoke to her father and mother, a party was planned. Wool blankets and other household items were prepared for the giveaway. Sea food of every kind was prepared long before the feast was to take place. The news of the party traveled by word of mouth throughout the small villages. People whispered, "The chief is naming the mysterious one." That was the year when there were a lot of mountain lions, so people wondered if the child would be named after the lions. The day finally came for the feast. Whole villages came. Some just to see the mysterious one. The crowds leaned forward to hear the announcement of the new name. People clapped when the name "Four Lions" was given to the child. Even the boy was happy.

At a very early age, Four Lions spoke of vivid visions and some were the kind of dreams from which myths evolve. Again and again, the chief was amazed at the boy and said, "Truly, this grandson is one of us." The other elderly people said, "We will share our knowledge with him." Four Lions moved to his grandfather's house to learn the ways of the people. Grandfather wanted to train him to be a great chief.

An invitation came from the long house. The boy was now a man. He sang songs that came from inside of himself. He knew that these songs were to be used for healing one day.

Late one evening, he paused his humming, came to the meaningful part — sang it. There was something there, just beyond him in the moon light. He tensed and gripped his fishing net. He closed his eyes, fighting himself and remembering he had come here to net the salmon. His throbbing pulse asked, "Why?" He answered, "To be myself," and his pulse asked again, "Who . . . are . . . you?" He had no answer. The pulse kept beating the question at him. Angrily, he replied to himself, "I must find my own song."

Then he saw the chief of the salmon people. He jumped out of the small stream, splashing water all over the young man. It was silver in the moonlight. He heard the chief of the salmon nation say to him, "Sing those songs outside now, for we are very sick." So he sat by the stream and sang his song all night.

It was a healing song, not a chief's song.

Making Dreams Real: Enactment of a Vision

It was 1976 when I first visited tribal settings in the Northwest. As an outsider, what I viewed was depression, loss of pride, depressing: garbage was strewn all about the homes and streets, houses were falling apart from neglect. The only visible signs of stewardship were in the newly built community and senior centers, which housed BIA and/or federally funded programs. Otherwise, there were a few businesses (cafes and motels) intact to accommodate outsiders, generally fisherpeople and curious tourists.

The first sign of cultural and environmental reclamation among several of these villages occurred when the archeology department of a nearby university began doing a formal dig at a village site which had been buried under mudslides, resulting in the construction of an exquisitely designed and executed, tribally-owned museum. That tribe's pride in its heritage was immediate and visible, heightening the posture of the people and their village. However, this first sign-



fificant step in one tribe made all the more evident the depression in nearby tribal settings.

I was invited into the homes in one of the nearby villages in 1982. Having been introduced to the community by a member of the tribe, I gained deep insight into the depth of apathy and contradiction into which the people had been driven; experience took me 'inside' of what I had only been observing from the outside up to that point.

Approximately twenty years before my first visit, a young man by the name of David Forlines (Four Lions) had a vision which became the guiding force in his life and one that many others continue to work on enacting; it is the work of perhaps several generations. It has become the myth that is guiding the tribe out of the shadow it has suffered under, collectively, from too long being denied its cultural heritage.

He began carving. He began working to enact legislation for such vital essentials as the Indian Child Welfare Act.¹ Though he had Native 'blood', his white appearance was often cause for distrust.

On his fortieth Birthday, he re-instituted the traditional Potlatch, a Northwest Coast Native tradition of giveaway and celebration. The tribe was shaken to its core and the process of cultural reclamation began in earnest, albeit in turbulence.

That was in July, 1986.

Our friend began facilitating culturally-based substance-abuse and prevention programs for the youth in the village via encouraging the re-acquisition of traditional skills, teaching carving, basket weaving, mask making etc. He provided outdoor training in survival skills, creating settings where young people could learn, then proudly execute their family and tribal songs and dances.

One of his early supporters, an Elder who is now passed on, said of David: "Nothing can stop him! He'll do this, no matter what!"

One enactment of his vision and effect of his work since that Potlatch, manifested in a three week event, part of the Washington State Centennial Celebration (June/July, 1989), entitled "Making Dreams Real: Paddle to Seattle." This extraordinary adventure was the re-institution of an annual gathering that had been traditional among the canoe carving, water-going tribes for centuries but had not been enacted since the late 1800's.

David was given the Ethnic Heritage Award by the governor of the State for his work and, though he has departed, is considered a treasure of the State of Washington for the encyclopedic information he left behind about Native history, traditions and customs.

There was a quality of true process and timeless-time throughout the Paddle that overcame any obstacles which presented themselves.² As is true in defining myth and dream, it is difficult to find words to describe this quality, but it can quite boldly be stated that this visionary, dream-inspired event — its evolution and aftermath — are the 'stuff' mythologies are made of! The on-going enactment/follow-up to this vision has become the myth which is guiding many Northwest tribes forward into the unknown and back to its roots. In summer of 1993, the Paddle to Bella-Bella marked the second major step in this ongoing journey.

The Paddle to Seattle has become a story that gets told and retold infinite numbers of times; it is relived time and again in the hearts and minds of the people who were involved and is becoming an integral part of Northwest Coast tribal legacy.

The indomitable acts of reclaiming their culture on the part of these tribes and others around the planet, are lighting up the planetary sphere like beacons which hold hope for us all. It appears we are entering an era in which we may have the opportunity to be instruct-



ed and inspired in renewing the mythic life by the few remaining peoples who remember and are actually living it. This prototype represents the emergence of an attitude toward life on a level that is helping to establish social order by supporting and validating certain codes of conduct, ethics and beliefs.

Though many were involved in bringing it about, it was one man's vision and his commitment to seeing it realized, that is responsible.

Thank you for being and for putting us in touch, dear friend David. ☾

¹ The act mandates that if an Indian child—for whatever reason—could not remain with its natural parents, every attempt would be made to place the child with relatives or another family in the same tribe. This act is on the books today and adhered to vehemently by most tribes. For decades, their children were adopted into the homes of whites where the last traces of cultural identity were often crushed.

² Most ominous of these obstacles was the presence of a Trident nuclear submarine as the paddlers and elders (via sailboat) made the passage from Squamish to Seattle.

I Send a CRY

*DreamWeaving
with Charles Lawrence*

DNJ: *Charles, though you have been long and active around the world during your apprenticeship and in your healing work, you have maintained a very low profile. From whence do you come?*

Charles: I am metis, part Blackfoot and part European. I knew as a child that there was mixed heritage; it was mentioned in the family, almost in shame. Later I found out that my mother's pain around that may indeed have been part of her Catholic neurosis, she did confide before she died how awful it was for her — how ugly she felt — being of mixed blood. So, there was nothing we really knew about our traditions and cultural heritage other than where the tribe was located.

One of the first experiences that propelled me onto my present path was at a school camp; there was an Indian camp counselor there and he saw the Indian blood in me. Now, I have been (literally) burned a number of times in my life; I was burned

as a little child and the second major burning happened when I was dancing on a raft in the middle of a lake on parent's night at this school camp. The wind — the spirit — came and caught me, it leapt right out of the container. I see this experience now in light of the global traditions that have so kindly opened their hearts to me and see now that this was indeed a gift being given to me. At that time, it was all pathologized because no one had the spiritual wisdom themselves to understand.

The second extraordinary experience happened when I was in my mid-thirties here in New York. I happened to walk into a dinner party one night and McKinley Kantor — the Pulitzer Prize winner and author of *Spirit Lake* and *Andersonville Trial* — was there and he started speaking to me in Blackfoot. He knew it! *Spirit Lake*, by the way, is all about the Blackfoot migration.

Then, when I was thirty-nine, the world broke open... the spirits were calling me. It was almost like magic, the synchronicities that began to happen. For example, within a few weeks of his being killed in an airplane crash near New York City, one well known spiritual teacher began to make contact — through me — with his mother. I didn't know this man, had had no previous contact with him whatsoever, except that his mother lived right across the street from me. He chose to make

contact with her through me and that helped shape my perceptions of reality. He became manifest through meditation and dreams, his voice would just boom out: "CALL MY MOTHER," and then he would give some very specific instructions that terrified me at first but you can well believe I followed his instructions.

Within a week or so of this happening, I was given a four month trip to Australia and I began to understand languages I've never heard before, languages I had no way of knowing such as the native language of Rarotonga. I also knew the Native dances as well. When it was time for me to leave, I was wailing because I wanted to go home with the people of the islands. The deep inner pain of not being able to go with them was nearly unbearable.

A few weeks after returning, I was sitting in a lecture, looking through the contact guide's book the woman sitting next to me told me she was one of the people in the book. And indeed, she was; her account of having been cured of cancer was chronicled, however, at that moment in time she was again afflicted in a completely different part of her body and was in fact, in the early stages of dying. I helped her through her dying process.

One day, during the process, she gave me a pre-Columbian artifact to bring back to New York which was to be picked up by a dealer; she was going

to turn this into cash for her children. The artifact dealer was one of the world's top authorities on pre-Columbian art — he can sift out the fakes from the real — and the day he came to my apartment, he proceeded to fall and break his hip! Afterward, I went to the hospital to see him. A curator from the Museum of Natural History brought the artifact; it turned out to be three million dollars worth of gold! In our discussion, I mentioned that I have had this dream for years of going to Peru. He asked me if I was serious and I said "Yeah!" He asked if I had a passport and I said "Yeah!" He said "Can you go now?" and six days later I was in Peru. He had called his friends throughout Peru for me to connect with and I was treated royally by them.

During my time there I had a guide who was to take me to the Nazca Lines. The guide happened to know some of the people I was going to visit, they were old family friends of his. So, while sitting at dinner that night with these quite well-to-do Peruvians, he told the man of the house about this crazy gringo he's guiding — referring to me, of course — who has all these dreams and experiences that are telling him to do this and that and the hostess doubled over laughing and told me where to go out into the desert to find this old brujo. So, I went out, found and met this elder, 88 year old lady and I fell in love with her. She is a Quechua Indian and spoke no English or Spanish; our translator gave up on trying to facilitate communications between us. Nevertheless, the old woman and I understood one another perfectly.

At the same time I was working with her — and unknown by me — an elder up in Canada had a dream that this man was going to come into their lives and he would initiate the beginning of change on their reserve.

Some time after returning from Peru, I went to UBC in British Columbia to teach and two days after arriving, a very distinct voice said to me, "Go North of the airport." At breakfast I asked the Dean what was there and he said there was an old Indian reserve. At that point, I knew that it was the spirit speaking to me, so I went.

It turned out that through a liaison of the band, I was introduced to the medicine man of the tribe — who turned

out to be Vince Stogan and who was reputed to be very bitter toward whites and outsiders in general. However, once he learned a little of me and discerned (in his own way) that I was the man his dream had foretold would come, he allowed me in. That was the beginning of an experience which has been both ecstatic and painful for me. The painful part is feeling the intense pain in their lives; it was and is almost more than my body could handle. That was the beginning of an odyssey of ours — the Stogans and mine — to the point where I am now writing and doing ceremonies with them.

Over a period of time during this work with the Stogans, I was in a fairly constant dream state. There is one I

very closely at the coat! The first woman, referring again to the Stogans said, "Just tell them I love them." She wouldn't identify herself, she just disappeared.

Vivid in my memory after the dream was the coat itself and I realized this was a coat made from a Northwest blanket. The next morning, I described the coat to Vincent and I heard this sob. The dream figure was his Mother; the coat had belonged to her. He recalled it from when he was three years old!

We need to have that rapport and respect for going into the Dreamtime. I go into it ritualistically . . . when I go to sleep at night, it's like going into ritual time. I may not come back always remembering the dreams but I trust, deeply, that I come back with the knowing.

DNJ: Would you advise those individuals who are attracted and respectful of Native culture how to be sensitive and respectful in approaching the People?

Charles: This will be a multi-faceted response and it varies from tribe to tribe. Working with Joseph Campbell led me to have this dream around creating a celebrational community so that we could all work together to remember the Earth, remember our ancestors, reconnect with seasonal changes . . . knowing that all of this is going to trigger the dream world and awaken the authentic memory of our precarious legacy.

The elders of many tribes helped enormously in this work: Grandmother Carolyn of the Hopis, Vince and Mom Stogan came to help; they are deeply connected to helping. They know at some level that we — who have the call to return to our natural being — are an interface-people who are to help create dialogue and shared experience with Native peoples. Through the commonality of our experiences, various levels of healing takes place, cross-culturally and then one is just led; you do the service you are guided to do and you're led somewhere. That's the way it seems to work.

In the midst of this celebrational community work and very suddenly — out of the clear blue sky — arrives this man from Idaho, who is Clyde Hall. He is a traditional Shoshone Indian



remember in particular: I dreamed about . . .

... being at a Tibetan graduation ceremony. The participants had gone through very high degrees of discipline and learning. It was terribly social . . . Tibetan Buddhists are often highly intellectual. In the dream, I wondered, "Why am I in this dream?" A woman comes up to me and asks, "You know Vincent Stogan and his family, don't you?" Another woman said, "My goodness, what a wonderful coat you're wearing!" And a third woman repeated the statement about the coat. So, then I got the message and began to look

and was at that time a judge on his reserve. His reserve was losing most of the traditional spiritual ways; they had become so Christianized and fundamentalized that they were just losing it as far as ancestral traditions and he was deeply concerned. He had a dream and in it, he was told to take the essence of the old drum society of his people and he was to give to the people I was working with — on the condition that we promise to be respectful and keep it alive. He gave us a traditional drum and the societies' songs and dances and that began the drum society.

Somewhere along the way — and this goes back four years ago — Clyde said to me, "I want to give you something." And it was the Naraya, a dance that predates the ghost dance of the Sioux. It is a dance of spiritual renewal that had not been danced for years on his reservation. It is an event that is a two day piece of work (in the old days it was 96 hours) where you do round dancing. It's trance dancing, where one is taken by spirit into a heavy dream state and when one comes back, of course, all those dreams and visions need to be spoken to and acted upon.

The first year we started dancing the Naraya, we had about thirty people dancing and as that got stronger, we brought in the Taino, the original Indians of Puerto Rico, who are now mostly mixed with black and other traditions. We also have had Yoruba, which is an Afro/American Indian tradition and Caucasians, Orientals . . . so many people now at this dance! We'll be doing the fourth year this December.

Ironically, the more this grew, Clyde's pain became more acute because his dream was that this work

had to be shared with his people, that was part of his vision.

The magic of this work for me is that Clyde came here on the Summer Solstice for ceremony and the council spent the whole day doing a talking circle and dreaming about the next dance in December. One of his statements during that time was, "I can not wait until this dance is home where it

very deeply looked at is a book called *Lila* by Robert Persig, physicist and author of *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*. He brings up the issue of the dynamic tension that nature itself has around evolution and the requirement of stasis . . . that is, the traditional, the entrenched and the innovative. He speaks to the necessity for them all, because their opposition is a part of evolution or transformation and it evolves toward/is guided by, a sense of quality. Just as strongly as we all need to hang on to something, there is also that deep urge to move forward. The greater the tension, the finer the specific direction toward evolution.

There are some beliefs and patterns that are absolutely detrimental, that must be broken. This is somewhat abstract, but out of the utmost respect — not asking somebody to change — we notice as they are changing, something innate seems to go along

with it . . . not when it's demanded of them but when they see the long term benefit of it.

DNJ: I believe an example is that many traditional people in the Native community are learning the value of computer technology and are jumping into some of the leading edge, appropriate technologies. This, then, is becoming a part of their tradition. So it seems to be a process of adapting to what has happened and does surround us while retaining those of the old ways which are timelessly, universally true and valid. This seems to be what we are all being required to do. Is this an accurate example of what you're saying?

Charles: Yes, it is. One of the things that does not serve us, what does not work is to pose an enemy. The minute you are posing someone out there as being your enemy, then you



belongs, with my people." Then, he went off to a Sundance in South Dakota and when he got home, literally sitting on his front door was a couple who said, "Clyde, for four days and four nights we've been getting these messages that we've got to dance the Naraya!" And now I feel the chills in my body, the joy, realizing that we were a part of his dream.

DNJ: There is a wonderful, mystical weaving taking place that not a one of us has any control over but in which we can participate, if we're willing.

Do you believe, then, that we can help in healing the fractures in these precious cultures that may, ultimately, assist in humanity's salvation?

Charles: Maybe so and maybe not. There's a shadow side to all of this. I think a body of work that needs to be

have disowned a part of yourself, then you set up the need for opposition, for conquest. Consider the Hopis. Their traditional enemy is the Navajo and yet in the work with Grandmother Carolyn of the Hopis and the United Nations, one of our greatest allies is a traditional Navajo woman, Grace Smith.

DNJ: *I've seen this same phenomenon; in each tribe there's a handful of people who are traditional, who do not see or feed division among the tribes or peoples and who do outstanding public demonstrations of shifting their support from tribe to tribe, of bridge building among peoples. But it's just a handful of people and they are most often violently opposed by the majority.*

Charles: There again, that's the essential and necessary dynamic tension that Nature requires. An honest medicine wheel makes space for the role of the worthy contrary. A position that is allocated, that's essential, because everybody gets swept away and somebody's got to be the contrary, blowing the air out of everything . . . deflating the inflated. In our inflation sometimes we get carried away and in our ecstasies, we don't always see all of the consequences. Someone needs to hold that in a dynamic balance.

DNJ: *You mentioned previously the necessity for having visionary dreamers restored to their rightful place in the community. Dreamers who have the capability of seeing many of the overt and subtle dynamics that are at work and who have the ability to adapt their own inner emotional response to it all, in equanimity. But visionaries are generally not honored in our time; more often, there is fear and there are power struggles with and among them.*

How do we restore the visionary dreamer to their rightful role in the community?

Charles: Well, very carefully. What I hear in your question and in what I learned while studying the mystery school traditions of the Egyptians, Greeks, and Tibetans, is that an extra burden or discipline is laid on the visionary because of the ancient struggle of mind and matter. Joan Grant, who wrote so extensively about the Egyptian mystery schools, spoke of how the most gifted visionary dreamer — because of the tendency to pull out of the body, to not be fully present in the

body — was forced into the most menial of tasks, things like literally changing the slop buckets, or handling the most putrid of bandages or the fecund, because that person's role was so important and they knew they had to keep them grounded.

In my travels around the country all these visionaries cropped up and many of them are, what you would call in a psychotherapeutic term, hybe-phrenics. By definition and referring to Joseph Campbell's metaphor, essential schizophrenia is one of the healthiest states of consciousness to have and that suggests that our inner and outer reality match. It's when we get into distortion that the two don't function in balance. A essential schizophrenic has a very vivid inner world and holds dialogue with their inner council. Hybe-phrenics are schizophrenics whose basic imprint is pain which is brought about by abuse that occurs very early on in life. These are people who, for instance, bruise themselves a lot or people who, out of their best intention in relationships, always have them turn sour. This is a classical hybe-phrenic: one who is bonded to hurt, pain, disillusionment or betrayal and they keep setting it up over and over and over, in the most covert and sophisticated ways. It takes a Sherlock Holmes to figure it out!

DNJ: *How does this relate to ways of keeping the visionary grounded and restoring them to their rightful role in the community?*

Charles: When this first was introduced to me, I was invited to visit by an institute in Minnesota which works with hybe-phrenics; they do re-parenting and skill-building work, etc. The first night that I was there, I was sitting across from this Indian woman who had just come out of the mental hospital, she was hybe-phrenic. In one hospital they shaved her hair and eyebrows off, trying to break her identity; it was very frightening, needless to say. Well, I was getting all this incredible energy flowing through my body toward this woman when the telephone rings for her; they were calling to tell her that her youngest — and last — child had just been killed. Her other two children had already been killed. She was already so wounded with all of the pain, it was quite visible seeing her shut down. I

learned that all of this went back to being an infant in a body cast when she witnessed her father take a rock and crush the skull of her mother.

The next morning after we met, at the breakfast table, she was wide-eyed because her dead mother's spirit had come to her in a dream and told her that I was the one who was going to help her turn her life around. I was just a baby at this work! Three days later, we did a ceremony which signaled a beginning for the turnaround of her life and following her dreams was a big part of it. There is a book written about her life, The Birth of a Modern Shaman, autobiography by Tayla Wiger.

I got a little bit off the track here . . .

but what we are finding is that so many visionaries are deeply angry. Many are carrying almost a soul level anger and there's also an unconscious investment to keep the anger in place. For instance, I'll tell you what happened to me this last Spring. I've carried a condition in my body for some time that didn't make sense. I've done therapy and herbs with it, among other things. But I finally found this doctor up in Washington — he does some electronic work with meridians and so forth — who identified that I had a trauma somewhere in my diaphragm, somewhere in my vagus nerve. And I immediately recognized that it was heredity; my mother had her vagus nerve cut and her gall bladder out and so did my sister. So, that night on the Indian reservation in Canada I smoked the pipe and out of nowhere, my Grandfather — my mother's father — appeared on my right like this energy bolt, zigzagging back and forth through the family tree and finally pointing to an ancestor woman, maybe seven generations back, who had told a lie about what she knew and that action shut a force down inside of her and that was the imprint that started it all. That kind of legacy will be carried on, generationally, until someone has the consciousness and says NO! I will not! Or, who says YES, I will release this! Many visionaries stay in the Eastern door of the medicine wheel; they are isolated and alienated. We each have to keep moving . . . to the West, the place of the teacher, the South, the place of the healer and to the North, where the warrior energy resides. Most often, rage has to

From the **Four Winds**

With Lee Piper

Interviewed by
H. Roberta Ossana

Editorial Preface: Lee Piper is a highly respected Cherokee elder, a well educated and professionally experienced woman, having earned her Ph.D., who has recently attained Great-grandmother status. It is an honor to us that she is willing to serve as a Regional Contact person for Dream Network and willing, as well, to share her valuable perceptions and experience.



DNJ: I have known of you for nearly a decade and we have spoken by phone on occasion but we have never met. Most Dream Network readers have not had the pleasure of hearing your voice, and because of this very special issue, I am certain that bringing you out in this way—amplifying your presence and essence — will be as much a joy for readers as it is for me. Would you share with us a little of your background?

Lee Piper: Before I begin, I want to make it clear I never speak for anyone else. My views and words are always my own.

I was born in Kentucky and have Indian heritage on both sides of my family. I was raised by my maternal grandmother, who was a mid-wife and medicine way woman. She doctored many people in the community there, delivered many, many babies and she raised me with a sense of following the medicine way.

She was a woman who raised all of her own herbs in her garden plot . . . there were trees, and a creek running

through it. A beautiful place. I can remember very, very vividly her walking through the garden and talking with me about the various plants, teaching that some plants needed shade, some needed direct sunlight, some needed both and just sharing general information about the ways of using the plants. She believed that all plants were put here for us to use for good health. My grandmother was also a visionary and had healing hands; she utilized both gifts in her healing practices. It was she who started me on the way.

During World War II, I met a truly, wonderful man whom I married and I came with him to the West coast. We were married for 44 years, raised four children, who gave us six grandchildren. When I got adjusted here in the Northwest, I returned to college and got a job with High Line Community College in Des Moines, WA., and I worked there until I retired.

DNJ: And how many years were you with the college?

Lee Piper: Twenty years.
DNJ: What was your purpose there?

Lee Piper: To promote education and to serve as an advocate and role model for Native students. My job as Director of Multi-Cultural Programs was to work with all ethnic groups. I set up the office and developed programs to enhance education for non-traditional students. One of the particular programs I developed was for Native teacher and counselor aides. The program was to take aides who worked in the K through 12 schools and give them training that earned them a college degree. This was a very successful program.

Simultaneously, I worked with Indian organizations and various groups here in the Northwest promoting education, good Indian health and welfare in whatever ways I could serve. I've always been very active.

I retired in 1986, just prior to my husband's death.

DNJ: You mentioned briefly when we set up this interview that you are currently involved with the Four Worlds Development Project in Canada. Would you share a little about the purpose of the Four Worlds and what you are doing? And is Four Worlds an inter-tribal organization?

Lee Piper: Yes, it is. I serve as the President of the Board of Directors for the Four Worlds Development Project. The project is a multi-cultural, multi-disciplinary team of experienced

human and community development practitioners, located in Lethbridge, Alt. Canada and Boulder, CO., USA. The project delivers technical support and training to Native communities across North America in the areas of alcohol and drug abuse prevention, community development, community crisis intervention, educational transformation, curriculum development, teacher training and re-training, community-based research, health promotion and program evaluation and management.

We work with tribal groups to promote sobriety and at the same time to assist communities in developing resources and building support systems for all those who are going through the human development change of helping themselves to become straight, clean and sober. Of course — once you tap into that, you open the bag of worms — you face human suffering and abuse. We're also working to help change that. We do not punish those who have been diseased or who are abusers, but help people to bring about change in their lives, so that they heal and change behaviors and work toward having a very healthy, peaceful, positive life. We have to work with not only the people themselves but also the community . . . because you cannot help someone to heal and put them back into the source of the infection. All of it has to change. All of it has to be supportive and helpful so that both become healed. Both, meaning the individual and all of the community.

DNJ: Currently there is a general agreement that most of us have been raised in a deeply dysfunctional culture, so we do, necessarily, open Pandora's box when we confront these problems.

All of the work that you've been doing seems, on the surface, to be so active and external yet everything that you're talking about involves deep, inner work on the part of the individual and the community.

How have dreams influenced your personal and professional life?

Lee Piper: I was raised with the concept that dreams are the voice of our Spirit/Soul and that we need to listen to our dreams. If we listen to our dreams, it will help and keep us on the

right path of life. It is the spiritual connection that knows all and sees all that we, in our surface consciousness, do not see or know. If we listen to our dreams, it will help us to know and be aware of things before they happen. They can guide us in taking corrective actions. Dreams also talk with us about good things and make us feel good about ourselves. Dreams are a part of us, not something alien or separate from us. They are a part and come from a very special place in our being.

I believe our Spirit/Soul connects directly to the Creator, that Spirit/Soul speaks to us through dreams, day and night.

In our family, we used to talk about our dreams in the morning. If any one of us had a particular dream we wanted to bring out, one that made us feel good — or was prophetic or seemed to be a warning — we were encouraged to share the dream. My grandmother was able to give insightful responses and guidance after our dreamsharing that was very helpful. As we grew up, we knew by heart our own key symbols and well as those of other family members. We grew up knowing ourselves through dreams.

I don't believe I have the same symbols in my dreams as many people do. I feel I see dreams in a different way from other nationalities. Traditional Native people have culturally unique symbols which have special meaning to them as a race. For example, a lot of Native people dream of animal symbols and things of a cultural nature which have special meaning to them. A non-Indian would interpret these symbols from their own viewpoint as to what the symbols mean. That identification would not in all probability be related to the Native person's meaning. Of course, I realize the dreamer is the only one who really knows what the dream is about. Also, each dreamer has their own codes and symbols. On the other hand, mandalas and many symbols that appear to be common to non-Native people — in fact, so very much of what I read about dreams — is very foreign to me.

DNJ: How have you integrated your belief in the value of dreams into your work with the college and your present involvement with the Four Worlds?

Lee: Actually, dreams are such a part of my life, I rarely make the distinction between the dream and daytime reality. Dreams keep me abreast of things going on around me that my conscious mind doesn't always pick up. So dreams keep me aware.

DNJ: Given that you are going in and encouraging the remembering and reclamation of the traditional ways and since a big part of lost tribal traditions are enacted in song and dance, is it not true that many of the songs and dances were born in the Dreamtime?

Lee Piper: That's true, in both day dreaming and night dreaming.

It is important to know many of the ceremonies that have been given to the People, have been brought by women. Although, there has always been a great equality among our men and women; they both hold power and prestige.

DNJ: A good number of Anglo people are becoming aware that we are only now evolving culture. We have been cut from our roots, I know that we are considered to be orphans by your people, because we, typically, can only talk about two or three generations. Most of us don't know what it means to be taught our traditions through songs and dances carried forward from the Dreamtime, from stories that are passed down from generation to generation, or through ceremonial and ritual forms; most of us don't know our lineage; we are, by and large, starving for true culture and are challenged to create environments in which culture can organically evolve. In this day and age, with all of the various forces that are at work, this is not an effortless challenge.

While your people are in the midst of cultural reclamation; we are culturally deprived. A delicate process for all of us. I know that there is a lot of controversy about Anglos who seek Native guidance and who, often, attempt to emulate your ceremonial forms. What is your feeling about this phenomenon? Many of us are aware, also, that within the realm of dreams, we are newly coming to remember, recognize and value this incredible healing and spiritual communication,

whereas your people have valued dreams for centuries. Would you speak to these questions and challenges?

Lee Piper: In this land, Turtle Island, the spiritual values and spiritual ways should come from the Native people. With that in mind, then, to me, the people here should come to the spiritual way that is Native to this land.

There is a movement in the country to bring people together of all races and religious backgrounds, who are concerned about *Spiritual Values*. They are called the "Rainbow People." They get together for prayer ceremonies and sweat lodges. They seem to be at peace with all mankind. I have not been involved but from what I hear and read, they are bringing harmony among diverse people who are sincere in heart. I support that concept with all my heart.

I believe traditional people — no matter what land they come from — have valued dreams for centuries. They knew that spirituality and healing was in the dreams and the Earth, as well. We recognize Creator is in all things and all of Creation is of the Creator. There is open communication and interaction between the dimensions. The problem we have run into is the development of a thing called churches, Christianity. Most of them set about to build power bases and in the process, changed and negated all of those things that the Creator had taught to the people and they, in most instances, were forced to leave behind all of their spiritual traditions to conform to some man-made theology.

DNJ: And yet in the work you are doing now you have been able to find common ground, even with the Christian people who have moved into the tribal communities, is that not true? Even though there is justifiable reason for rage, this seems to be our challenge: to find the common ground.

When you say that we, who are the descendants of the Europeans, need to come to a recognition of the intrinsic value of your teachings and traditions, how would you recommend that we best go about learning from your people? Without intruding and raising the kind of controversy that there has been over the past few

decades?

Lee Piper: A lot of Native people are saying that all we've got left is our spirituality, our medicine and spiritual ways . . . and now you want that, too! Many of our prophecies have said that we, the Native peoples, will lead all people back to true spiritual pathways and that's what we are working and preparing ourselves for, right now.

DNJ: *I recognize and respect that. But you have said yourself that if we don't all come to view living on this Earth, on this continent, from a Native perspective, we are headed into a major environmental crisis . . . a thick, brick wall, so to speak. This is a paradox! Can we navigate together, somehow, in the midst of it all?*

Lee Piper: We have an innate value system that respects all of creation and our self. It isn't a completion between religions, it is a recognition of a true life values way of living together in harmony with all our environment. It doesn't matter what spiritual group one prays with, what does matter is how you live with all of creation.

First, I would ask people to look at us with open hearts and minds and try to accept each as who we are; not try to learn a little, then go away, to become or act like a guru because you have been invited to Native American ceremonies or talked to a Native person.

I believe that people need to be respectful, tolerant . . . and patient.

What we, the Native People, have to offer is extremely special and important. It has come to us and been a part of this land for thousands of years. We recognize that each one of us is an important and vital part of all Creation but believe that none is more important than the other. We all need to share, to love and be of service to one another; we need to respect and protect our environments.

Many people are seeking a sincere spiritual pathway today. They are hungry for something sincere and honest. It seems many individuals have taken advantage by forming cults or religious groups to control others and for personal gain in the name of God. I believe it is morally and ethically wrong to set oneself up as the single communicator to the Creator. It is

unacceptable to bring others under a control that takes away the individual's power and ability to think for themselves in any capacity . . . but especially in the area of spirituality. Each of us has the right to reach out to a Higher Power without going through anyone else.

Non-Indian people need to start by respecting all of creation. Natives believe spirituality is a *way of life*, not something practiced once a week but lived every day of our lives. How we carry out our relationship to Creator is between Creator and each one of us. The Creator understands when we are sincere in our worship and knows when we are not. That sincerity is shown in all our actions, in everything we do. We show who we are in the way we treat the earth, water, animals, plants and most of all our fellow humans.

DNJ: *Maybe dreams, themselves, provide an avenue, the common ground, for us all, to build bridges among cultures and regain true and correct spiritual perspectives which are in harmony with universal spiritual laws?*

Lee Piper: Yes, dreams are common to us all. Right now, we feel that it is vitally important for people to begin to connect and start listening to what their inner souls are saying to them. I personally believe that there are a lot of things going on in the spiritual world which are trying to connect with the people and the people aren't hearing — or listening — to the voices. We need to assist people in being alert, aware . . . and encourage them to listen to their dreams, because they are conveying critically important messages. Growth and change begins inside. Each of us needs to start with ourselves. When we are healed, Mother Earth will heal.

That is what Creator wants us to do. Each person needs to go looking for this wonderful spirituality with these questions in mind: How can I serve, how can I control my own emotions, so that I can emit and give only love and respect?

When we do that, we will receive those blessings in return. ∞

DNJ: *Thank you so very much, Lee.*

The ReEmergence of Indian Nations

"If it weren't for the dreams of our elders, we wouldn't be here today.

It's a miracle we did survive."

JoAnn Shenandoah, Oneida Singer/Songwriter

by Dick McLeester

In today's world, the dominant cultures represent less than a dozen distinct societies. At the same time, there are 3,000 to 5,000 distinct indigenous societies, many of which are under siege or endangered; some have vanished from our world. There is an intense struggle among existing indigenous societies not only to survive, but to actually re-emerge as proud and independent nations.

Most of us who work with dreams recognize denial and projection at work; denial and projection work within the unwieldy collective egos of nations, as well as within individuals. There is no better case of myopic national denial than the story of the European occupation and colonization of the Western Hemisphere. It is unclear what it will take to end that denial, to look at the truth, the nightmare, the long-hidden shadow.

Our modern "civilization" has gotten dangerously out of balance. "Koyaanisqatsi" is the word the Hopi might use. We have all become endangered, stumbling from crisis to catastrophe and back again. We are in desperate need of any help we can find in restoring some semblance of sustainable balance. Fortunate for us, help may be close at hand. Our dreams, the nightly magic mirror within each of us, have more to offer than most have perceived; also, the wisdom embedded in diverse indigenous cultures holds unique hope

for our renewal, our survival. Unfortunately, both of these sources continue to be denied, degraded and suppressed by the majority in this country.

The great denial has crept into every cell of European blood. Lies lived too long put a crick in the back and a hobble in the step. The patient loses vitality. The alcoholic father, the videoholic mother, the drugged-out teenagers in malls . . . these are the sad and confused inheritors of the lie, the denial, the projection. Because the dream of the Americas was a nightmare for the land and the beasts and the people on it, the horror seeped like water into the foundations of the culture, condensed in unventilated corridors of power and saturated the dream. We see it in the eyes of the people: the homeless, the violent, the insane, the hopeless. How do we account for these in our notions of civilization?"

Many of us who honor dreams have been inspired by what we know of dream traditions in indigenous cultures, whether that be the Senoi of Malaysia, Australian Aboriginals, Native Americans or in fictional accounts such as *The Kin of Ata*. I suspect that what we know of dream traditions in other cultures is only the tip of the iceberg. We do know that many indigenous cultures universally honored dreams, sought visionary dreams, developed ritual from dreams and placed dreams in

the center of their cultures. Among the thousands of native cultures, would it be a surprise to find out there were a variety of highly advanced dream traditions that have been lost forever, as entire peoples were wiped out . . . or to find that in many others, the most dynamic traditions have been hidden in a world where it was not safe to speak one's own language?

I wonder why we find that peoples who lived in balance with nature for thousands of years, also believed it was essential to live close to one's dreams? Is there a connection between dreams and nature here?

The variety of dream traditions challenge our very definitions of what a dream is. When the Australian Aborigines speak of the Dreamtime or tuning into the dreaming of the green ants, we need to think of something beyond REM sleep. American Indians speak of a Vision Quest, fasting, being alone on the earth, crying out for a dream. This is a fundamentally different approach from having a professional therapist interpret your distressing dreams. The more we look at these traditions, the more we begin to wonder if dreams aren't considerably more important and valuable than we can conceive of in our own cultural context.

While there may be things we can learn from reading about these

cultures, there are also many lies, distortions and destructive fantasies about native peoples out there. Our patterns of denial and projection require fantasies that bury the truth. Obsessive focus on the "vanishing traditions" of peoples from the distant past hides the reality of their struggle in the present because the genocidal destruction of peoples and cultures continue into the present moment and yet it is invisible to us.

There are over 2 million Native Americans living in North America today. They have not vanished, although the continued vitality of their culture may be less visible to us. *Do you know anything about the Native People that live near you? Or of the descendants of the people who lived near your present home? Are we all living on stolen land?*

How much of what we read about Native People is fantasy? The racist images from early cowboy and Indian movies may be easy to see through now but can we trust the more romantic and spiritual writings of Carlos Castenada or Lynn Andrews to give a more honest picture? There are many Indians who feel the latter are dangerous fantasies (see Ward Churchill for instance). There are many other writings that are very questionable. What about writings about the Senoi? Are they authentic, total fantasy or some mix of the two?

Many American Indians continue to live in a difficult struggle for survival and independence. Their relation to their dreams is also in that context; when they do speak of their dreams, it may be difficult for us to hear, since this is grounded in their life context, their culture, not our fantasies about them.

About 15 years back, Katsi Cook, a Mohawk woman, had a dream she couldn't forget. Katsi dreamt that she was swimming in the St. Lawrence River. The river, which she had known all her life, has always been central to the Mohawk people. For generations, they have relied on the river for fish, food and transportation, but today they are often

warned not to fish or harvest at all because the river is filled with poisons. This is her account of her dream . . .

"As I swam, I felt myself making a promise to the river and to myself as a mother to do what I could to help clean this wonderful waterway that means so much to our Indian People. I did not know then how exactly I might help in this work but I knew I would do something."

Katsi has worked to fulfill her dream by initiating several projects. Her work carefully nourishes the link between women, the environment and the river.

Katsi is a trained midwife. "My concern grew when women I was encouraging to breastfeed began to suspect that their breastmilk might be contaminated. The fact is that women are the first environment. We accumulate toxic chemicals dumped into our waters by various industries. They are stored in our body fat and are excreted primarily through breast milk. What we found was that through our breastmilk — our sacred link to our babies — we were threatening our babies with the possibility of getting concentrated doses. We were flabbergasted!"

Katsi and a group of women banded together to form the Akwesasne Mother's Milk Project. The agenda of the project is not just to document the connection between women and the environment but also to clean up the environment. The General Motors plant adjacent to the reserve has been fined \$50,000 for creating what may be the biggest PCB dump site known. To actually get the area cleaned up, the women may have a long battle ahead of them.²

There are similar accounts of dreams that run along these lines. Recently, in the New York Times, there was an account from a Native woman whose tribal council was in favor of allowing their reservation to become a nuclear waste storage site. The government promised huge sums of money that would clearly alter her people's standard of living.

Studies in Jungian Psychology by Jungian Analysts



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so many were in favor of it. Yet her dream was of poison that permeated the land and their bodies in a way that could not be controlled. The dream moved her to take a strong stand against the nuclear waste sighting.

An 11-year old boy's dream was simply: *"I dreamed that Leonard Peltier was walking free with me."*

What can we say about these dreams? Perhaps they sound somewhat mundane and uninteresting to those who are used to the fantastic images of powerful dreams and wise native sayings. However, as with many dreams which may not seem so interesting at first glance, I'd recommend taking another look. I think they say a lot about both present realities and future possibilities.

In seeking contact and wisdom from Native peoples, what is it we are looking for? When I really listen to living native peoples, I see that they are continually telling us about their dreams, the gifts they offer us

(Continued on Page 38)

Changing Woman

earth woman, white shell woman
radiant, she
births earth wombs ~
each maid singing woman songs
each doeskin path
flutters fringes in the wale
of moccasin and shell call.
Of all the Holy People she
brings good to the *Dine*
only she bleeds
rabbit brush and wool skies
sands cactus bone dry
north, east, south, west
sing, pollen; sunfall
beauty, her path
changing Woman, old woman, new moon ~
her Twins breath Earth People
sing the Blessing Way.

Jo Nelson



Wolf Cousin

Wolf cousin
I hear your anguished cry
as you howl behind a chain link fence
and my heart is filled with sadness
at what has happened to your people.

Once a mighty Nation
that stretched from sea to sea
what you now have is a pittance
and shows how pitiful
the European has treated you
calling you a savage beast
making stories and rumors of fear
calling you an enemy, a pest.

But we know, my cousin
who the beast truly is
devouring all that is natural
what has happened to my people
is happening to yours
to the Spotted Owls
our stories are the same
all that is in nature is under siege
and before the Mystery
they will be made accountable
for their wasteful greed,
so sing your song
sing it clear
for your time to be free
will come
if not now
in the Spirit World

Shanawa Littlebow ©1991

For Sacred Grounds in Visions of Reality

As I was walking
through the high countryside
where tall trees
reached in song to the Heavens
greeting the sky with each note
I heard the call of a raven
dressed in black

As I sauntered
stepping gently with brown moccasined feet
over dew drop damp grasses
I saw the great sculptured black bird
fly down and dance with a yellow butterfly.

Marilyn Elain Carmen
from *Earth Tones*:

Creative Perspectives on Ecological Issues. 1994

For This Metaphor Brought To Me By Raven

In times when I shout
the howl of the wolf
when I roar
beside the big cat
in times when I moan
struggling up through the bones
of the belly of the whale,
the water becomes my mother
and I reach inside the silky strength
of the silver liquid
to find the new life of her womb.

Two Poems by Marilyn Elain Carmen

Ghost Dance

Dancing, dancing,
sun logged drums beat
dazzling time
upon the earth.
Slickened sinews
sun dance bound
with the hooves
of buffalo stampedes.
Ghosts brought forth
on the prairies
cloud white as
the sky they feed.
Drum beat, heart pump,
stomp with sun time;
muscles tear
at the sun above.
Sweat danced muscles,
skin soaked tight
as blood heat burned by fire.
Dancing flesh torn
in the dancing. Resurrect
the hoof beat ghosts.

Jo Nelson



Crazy Horse Country



Where are the young medicine men in Pa Sapa in the spirit of Crazy Horse?
Where are the young medicine men in Pa Sapa in the spirit of Crazy Horse?
He communed much with Wanka Tanka, couldn't be killed by an enemy's bullet course!

Roman Nose used his "no woman" medicine and led the noble Cheyenne Nation,
Roman Nose used his "no woman" medicine and led the noble Cheyenne Nation,
With his sacred warbonnet on, he led the warriors to unification.

Black-robed witki rode zigzagged for Powder River vision on a December morning,
Black-robed witki rode zigzagged for Powder River vision on a December morning,
Til a "hundred" slain bluecoats were counted and all Fort Phil Kearney was in mourning.

Jipala held his large sacred buffalo shield and marched straight toward the bluecoats' guns,
Jipala held his large sacred buffalo shield and marched straight toward the bluecoats' guns,
Fearless toward death, he sang his war song for the People: thrilled shirt-wearer old and young!

Who'll perform the sacred Sun Dance and have visions like the Hunkpapa Sitting Bull?
Who'll perform the sacred Sun Dance and have visions like the Hunkpapa Sitting Bull?
Foretold the quick death of George A. Custer, his June vision was truly powerful.

Crazy Horse dreamed himself in the spirit world to protect the holy place Black Hills,
Crazy Horse dreamed himself in the spirit world to protect the holy place Black Hills,
His bullet-proof medicine which slew Custer is revered for generations still!

Wovoka's Ghost dance was an electrifying message from the Paiute heaven,
Wovoka's Ghost dance was an electrifying message from the Paiute heaven,
ghost shirts were to be powerful and prophetic like the holy number seven.

Wounded Knee was prairie fire of rebellion in the year nineteen seventy-three,
Wounded Knee was prairie fire of rebellion in the year nineteen seventy-three,
Spirit of Crazy Horse hovered like a ghost-light arc over second Wounded Knee.

Peltier's a modern day Crazy Horse, framed for murder and locked in an Iron House,
Peltier's a modern day Crazy Horse, framed for murder and locked in an Iron House,
The sovereign treaty, religious and Mother Earth rights were certainly not for sale.

Crazy Horse's dreams in Pap Sapa were revolutionary and prophetic ones,
Crazy Horse's dreams in Pap Sapa were revolutionary and prophetic ones,
Will you or I ever dream Cosmic medicine like the great Oglala "Strange One"?

Where are the young medicine men in Pa Sapa in the spirit of Crazy Horse?
Where are the young medicine men in Pa Sapa in the spirit of Crazy Horse?

He communed much with Wanka Tanka, couldn't be killed by an enemy's bullet course!

Tashunka Raven



Wallowa Valley Blues/The Elder Joseph's Shanaptian Clairvoyance (Tuekakas)

A Rotten seed was Sown during the Planting Moon When Clearwater And Salmon Rivers Bathed near Borah Peak which Kissed the Cotton-like clouds. Old Ivory promises became like Shattered Glass and Stained with the Judas-touch as the treaty Became A Counterfeit Bill! And the Mountain Bluebird Lowered its head, the Syringe became new Ashes as the Western White Pine then Bowed over Bitterly as Tuekakas Ripped the Foreign Sacred anthology to Shreds! The Willow Goldfinch Prepared For Mourning, the Coast Rhododendron Withered and the Western Hemlock Bled sap like Coagulated blood as the Black-tailed deer and the Sage Grouse along with the Pronghorn Evacuated with the Old Chukar Partridge into hiding and into Shared mourning for a valley which was like summer In the Winter of an old statesman heart. Uprooted Gabled lodges! Tule mats as the Mother Earth Bore Heavy feet in Moccasins and Limbs in breechclothes. Women Weeped in Long, loose gowns and Pez-shaped caps of basketry. Hot Sorrow in his heart Throbbed for the Power of Wyakin and the Dreamer Cult to Protect the Seraphic bones of his ancestors. But the Appaloosa Could not Gallop Swiftly enough to Harness salvation.

Tashunka Raven

EarthKeepers

..... Burning Questions for Evolving New Stories

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Traditionally, Native Americans believe in what they experience. What one had not yet experienced, one could look at with openness and reverence . . . but say only "maybe" to it. Within this orientation, Native Americans retain vestiges of some of the oldest memories available to our species anywhere on the planet, memories reaching back to the paleolithic hunters who roamed this vast continent.

These are two great lessons and two great gifts to share in: belief in what is directly experienced and the memory of origins.

A third teaching and sharing from our elder brothers and sisters — the earthwalkers and earthkeepers — emerging from regionally diversified and environmentally connected ways of life, is an ecosophy, an earth wisdom about how to live in balance with this land.

Because of this Native wisdom, if we will be truly open before it, we do not need to look far away for sacredness. It was in the traditional experience of the American Indian to know his and her place: this earth, this sky, these waters, these trees, these plants and these animals. To know them as powerful and holy.

Meaning for Native peoples is not derived from personal possessions but from being part of this power and sacredness, as a responsible expression of the delight and democracy of experience.

Two questions that confront us from out of these reflections are whether or not people today can

reclaim a wonder-sense of immediacy of place and purpose and whether or not we will allow ourselves to reconnect with the primitive sanities of our species and again become participants in a continuum of interdependence, borne from an intimacy of habitat and of gratitude, borne from an acceptance of grandeur and vulnerability?

Another way of asking these questions is whether or not people today will genuinely value ecological and cultural diversity, whether or not we can become susceptible to the aliveness of all that comes directly into nature from the mystery of the creator and whether or not we will, with free and courageous hearts, exchange the richness of natural experience for the poverty of artificial and earth destroying commodities?

The positive responses to those questions are out in the world, among us, in the land that has recycled the bones and flesh of the bear, the buffalo, the wolf, the eagle, the deer and generations of Indian ancestors. Those answers are also in the bodies, minds and souls of the Natives who remain: in their rituals, their stories, in their prayers.

Tremendous evil has occurred throughout history. Tremendous evil continues to this day. No one can claim innocence on the basis of ignorance. The awareness of history is thrust upon us on an almost hourly basis.

Yet, if in spite of this evil, those who have been targeted are willing to share some of their sustaining wisdom with those who must bear the burden of that targeting, is there enough honesty and integrity in us to receive this sharing in the old way, as earthwalkers and earthkeepers? Can we move at a natural pace along the pathways of inclusion, rather than speedily toward omnicide on the highways of isolation? Can we learn to walk like Indians and speak like kinfolk with the land? ∞

by David Sparenberg

The Phoenix Days

by Mary Summer Rain

For two years, I drove up into the deep woods of the Rocky Mountains. I made this special journey as often as three times a week. My destination was a tiny, handhewn log cabin that crowned a forested hill above a gently coursing stream. Within this cabin lived the light of my life. This living light was an elderly native woman by the name of No-Eyes.

No-Eyes never said she was anyone special. She would've balked at titles such as medicine woman, visionary or shaman. Yet it was clear to see that the tiny woman was a gentle blend of all three. She had command of her natural world and she tapped into the wisdom of the Universal Mind as easily as you or I would open a book. Therefore, her wise ways and teachings were of Universal Spirituality and Truth, rather than confining her message to any narrow ethnic slant. Her wisdom was vast. It was deep and meaningful.

During the course of our time together, No-Eyes made me promise to share her wisdom and vision. This, she hinted, would be done through books. Although I initially objected, I could not refuse my sweet lady her singular request.

Our days and nights overflowed with the knowledge she shared with me. From her shining mind came lessons on natural health and all the nutritious goodness and healing botanicals Grandmother Earth offered her people, lessons of True Spirituality, journeys to spirit realms, talks of Reality, cautions of the present and revelations of the future. No-Eyes could easily slip into the future through various means. Twice she took me with her. Many times, she taught me to use the Vision Smoke Way.

The Vision Smoke Way was manifested by burning Prayer Sticks which created the Prayer Smoke that took our prayers up to the One (God). After certain prayers were whispered into the smoke, we'd toss seven natural ingredients into the fire. The new smoke that curled up from these ingredients acted as a screen that held all the future images that took form before us.

The first image to take shape was always the Great Phoenix and because of this, No-Eyes termed future changes, "The Phoenix Days." She explained that all life was comprised of energy — vibrational frequencies, Mountains, rocks, trees, animals, people, all vibrated with these differing frequency rates. These vibrations can be charged with good (positive) or with bad (negative) frequencies. The positive ones created harmony, the negative brought chaos. The determining factor for good or bad were the mortals who walked upon Grandmother Earth's breast. When mortals began displaying an overabundance of bad attitudes, emotions and deeds, they emitted harmful vibrational frequencies that severely affected surrounding vibrations. Cause and effect.

In the Vision Smoke we viewed, the visionary whispered her running commentary to me.

"One day Great Phoenix gonna be born. Earth Mother be in labor already. She gonna give birth to Great Phoenix. He gonna bring great Peace and Harmony to all lands. Long time he gonna bring this beautiful way of life to peoples."

Then No-Eyes became sad. "But peoples got so many bad stuff (vibrations). They gonna make Earth Mother's labor hard. Earth gonna go through bad, hard labor with him."

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Earth gonna rip an' tear. Peoples gonna scream an' cry." No-Eyes smiled then, "But after labor all over an' Great Phoenix be born, he gonna spread wings an' fly! He gonna bring peace! Harmony! Hope! Earth Mother gonna all heal after his birth. She gonna be beautiful again!"

What my mentor said was that we, the people on earth, could give the Earth Mother an easy labor or a difficult one. No-Eyes likened the labor process to a "cleansing period" for earth and its people. This cleansing period must be done before we can advance forward along our collective path toward our future. However, the people are emitting extremely harmful vibrations with the hate, greed, violence, war, religious and ethnic prejudices. So then, what we saw in the Vision Smoke were the negative effects those attitudes and actions were directly causing.

We saw massive earthquakes and volcanoes, widespread flooding, many transportation accidents, wars and people reaching their personal breaking points. The Smoke revealed images of drought conditions, massive starvation, riots, economic depressions, governmental chaos and destruction from winds (tornadoes and hurricanes). The Earth Mother's labor is going to be hard.

Yet . . . heads up! We are not going to be allowed to annihilate ourselves! Oh, no. Though the cleansing time of labor will be a great time of trial and tribulation for us all, the Great Phoenix *will* be born. He will fly free! And when he rises, our Earth Mother will settle. She will settle her lands and the people upon her breast will open their eyes to the glorious Dawn of the bright Phoenix Days. Peace will reign. Harmony will reside within human hearts! Evil will be conquered. The earth will once again be beautiful and the people of earth will love, respect and care for their living planet.

No, we are not going out in a big bang soon. We are going to survive!

We are going to recognize each other as being all interconnected. We are going to finally recognize Grandmother Earth as our true mother who is a living, loving entity who provides for us and we, in turn, will take great care to provide for her . . . love her back.

So then, we will prepare ourselves for the cleansing time of Grandmother's intensive labor hours. We will sit with her. We will endure with her. And we will survive to rejoice with her in the beautiful birth of the Great Phoenix who brings centuries of peace to us all.

The birthing process of the Great Phoenix can be compared to Armageddon, a time of great tribulation both upon and with the earth. But when all is cleansed, only peace, beauty and truth remain to be rejoiced in. These are what the glorious, free-flying Phoenix will bring. These will be humankind's new way of life. These are our future.

No-Eyes' visions represent hope. They clearly symbolize what we, as humans, are capable of in respect to being all that we can be. The Great Phoenix is our sign, signaling all that is good within us. We will not destroy our sweet Grandmother Earth. We will not destroy ourselves. We will destroy evil. We will rise up with the Great Phoenix and join our collective warrior voices with his. Together, we will all celebrate our victory. Together, we will cry tears of joy, for together, we will have won the battle for Peace. ☺

Mary Summer Rain is a renowned author of ten books telling the story of her spiritual journey and the visions of her mentor and friend, No-Eyes. For further information on No-Eyes' visions of future changes, please refer to Spirit Song, Phoenix Rising, Day Break and other titles by Mary Summer Rain. Hampton Roads Publishing Co., Norfolk, VA, 1-800-766-9042. Reprinted with permission from In the Tracks of the Tracker, Winter/Spring '94. For subscription info: % PO Box 132, Shermanstown, WV 25443.



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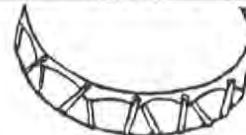
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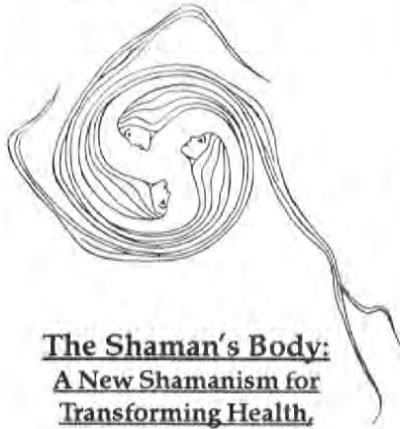
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Book Reviews

By Ingrid M. Luke



The Shaman's Body: A New Shamanism for Transforming Health, Relationships and the Community

by Arnold Mindell, Harper/Collins, 1993, 236 p., \$10.00 (P)

Mindell refers to the inner shamanic core, powers and abilities we each possess as the "dreaming body." It's similar to the "double" Don Juan refers to in Castenada's books. Drawing on years of personal shamanic experiences in Africa, Japan and India, Mindell offers detailed guidance through many of the personal fears, doubts, and emotional barriers which keep us separated from realizing and using our "dreambody." A variety of exercises throughout the book, which I found quite effective, encourage the reader to explore, re-experience, and reconnect with the "dreambody."

But then what? How do we integrate shamanism and our "dreambody" into daily life, into relationships, or our communities? "Interaction with the world is a new stage in shamanism that we must all develop together," according to Mindell. He provides some excellent insight and discussion to serve as a foundation.

Perhaps controversial but certainly thought-provoking!

The Dreaming Universe: A mind-expanding journey into the realm where psyche and physics meet

by Fred Alan Wolf, Ph.D., Simon & Schuster, 1994, 413 p., \$23.00 (H)

Could consciousness actually be dreaming itself into existence, dreaming itself into the physical substance of matter? Preposterous! Impossible! Or is it?

Wolf synthesizes a wealth of diverse information to support his theory - the latest in sleep and dream laboratory research, ancient wisdom, psychological insight, and the amazing field of quantum physics. Is Jung's concept of synchronicity evidence that the universe is dreaming? Is the mystery of telepathic dreaming to be understood through the concepts of quantum physics? How are lucid dreams related to our understanding of consciousness? Does the hologram offer a model that encompasses both waking and dreaming awareness?

A unique, ground-breaking perspective on the relationship between "reality" and dreaming. If you thought you were finally beginning to understand the "world of dreams," this will give you many new landscapes to explore.

The World Is As You Dream It: Shamanic Teaching from the Amazon and Andes*

by John Perkins, Destiny Books, 1994, 139 p., \$10.95 (P)

In the Amazon jungle and the Andes mountains of Ecuador, native Shamans continue to practice their ancient skills of dream change to create healing and wholeness for their people and their world. Author and environmentalist John Perkins lived with and learned from these people for several decades. Then a shaman told him, "If the people who call themselves 'civilized' continue to dream their greedy dreams, Mother Earth will shake us all off like fleas. We must try to change that. The dream of your people must change."

Since that time John has been taking groups of doctors, scientists and others to Ecuador to study the shamanic approach to healing on personal as well as the cultural levels. We are introduced to these remarkable shaman and various healing experiences of those who have visited them. We learn that "the dream" is all important in determining our future.

*Proceeds from book sales are donated to the Earth Dream Alliance, a non-profit organization that purchases and conserves forests on behalf of indigenous people and helps them establish shamanic learning centers for the exchange of knowledge.

Weaver of Worlds: From Navaho Apprenticeship to Sacred Geometry and Dreams,

by David Jongeward, Destiny Books, 1990, 176 p., \$12.295 (P)

While living with a Navaho family

in Arizona, Carolyn Jongeward became fascinated with their weavings and determined to learn their craft. Little did she realize the many "tests" she would have to undergo in order to be accepted as an apprentice of this ancient art.

Author and husband David Jongeward sensitively reveals how Carolyn's inner world is enriched through her craft and how her art, as she becomes a master weaver, supports her inner growth. Carolyn explains, "In weaving and in dreaming, I touch the archetypes. In many respects the warp in weaving is like the collective unconscious, and the weft is my personal experience woven into the collective." Many dreams from her journal which relate to their life and her weaving art/craft are shared. Rather than interpreting her dreams, Carolyn is more interested in "weaving" them into her art.

Lovely reproductions of her tapestries are included, many in full color. Carolyn's life and her masterful art are an inspiring example of "living your dreams."

Dreamquest: Native American Myth & the Recovery of Soul

by Morton Kelsey, Element, 1992, 168 p., \$11.95 (P)

Morton Kelsey grew up nourished by marvelous legends from the Seneca tribe of the Iroquois Nation passed down to him through his grandmother and his mother. These tales speak of Spirit and how it interacts with our physical world; they address the necessity of a reverent relationship with nature.

Kelsey does a superb job at integrating an in-depth knowledge of Jungian psychology, comparative religion and mythology from many cultures as he explores these Native American myths. They offer a wonderful perspective on how to live in harmony with both the spiritual and physical aspects of nature thus offering hope for a healthy future. Well done!

Dreamland Companion: A bedside diary and guide to dream interpretation

by Ilan Kutz M.D., Hyperion, 1993, 166 p., \$19.95 (H)

Dr. Kutz provides a concise and easy-to-use guide to dream interpretation in the ample introduction. The beautiful dream diary that follows is filled with inspiring quotes and provocative full-color reproductions of paintings which visually reflect different aspects of dreams. A lovely gift for any dreamer.

The Art of Dreaming

By Carlos Casteneda

Harper Collins, 1993, 272 pgs, \$22.00 (H)

Reviewed by Jeremy Taylor

After a silence of several years, Carlos Casteneda has let another veil fall, seductively revealing a little bit more of his extraordinary practice of conscious, "lucid" dreaming. Is *The Art of Dreaming* a work of fiction, or a factual account? It doesn't matter. Perhaps, like Deena Metzger imagining her own version of Pablo Neruda to serve as her interior poetic mentor, Carlos Casteneda has "made up" don Juan Matus and the fascinating magical events with which he regales us out of his academic anthropological knowledge of the indigenous cultures of central Mexico. If so, he deserves full credit for holding our attention with this one evolving story for twenty years, to say nothing of inventing detailed incubation practices which do, in fact, produce something like the lucid dream states he so carefully describes. If not, he deserves equal credit for providing us with such detailed and emotionally rich ethnographic "participant/ observer" accounts. His "tales of power" confirm the universal, archetypal quality of his contemporary Yaqui shamanic practices. All of his "sorcerer's stories" have their clear parallels with other developed traditions of shamanic lucid dream practice, such as those of the Tibetan Buddhists and the Eskimo "angakocks."

Even for people who have read his earlier works, the story picks up and ends mysteriously and abruptly. The author has learned a great deal, but he still clings to his eternal question: are the exotic things he experiences and recounts "mere hallucinations," or are they real? The evidence piles up - they are *real*; they have clearly observable and verifiable effects in the physical waking world - but still he has doubts. He has shared these doubts with us before, and will again. He informs us early in the book that there are "Seven Gates of Dreaming," but in the course of *The Art of Dreaming*, he only takes us up to the first four.

For evolving lucid dreamers who search Casteneda's works for practical suggestions about how to improve and extend their own conscious interactions in the dream world, there are many hints and useful, detailed stories. For those interested in comparisons, two other "pupils of don Juan," Florinda Donner and Teisha Abelard have both published books recently which tell similar, useful, interesting, almost inter-

locking stories. Are they all three co-conspirators in a literary hoax? Perhaps, but even more importantly, their stories awaken keen emotional and intellectual interest and offer new tales in that ancient and noble genre, the spiritual adventure story. Either way, what Carlos Casteneda does in this book is to awaken our longings for something greater and deeper than the mundane materialistic view of our lives. He invites us to identify in a deep and emotionally alive way with a culture and a traditional spiritual world view that is very different from our own.

I found myself wishing that he would address some of the universal aspects of the sorcerer's secrets he discovers, but apart from a few hints, the experiences are presented without any interpretation. At one point, Don Juan says that the way "the inorganic beings" trap dreamers with their "gifts of knowledge and power" reminds him of the European tales of wizards who sell their souls to the Devil. At another point Casteneda himself remarks that "a psychiatrist would have a field day" examining the symbolic levels of his dreams. These brief glimpses of possible larger frameworks of understanding and interpretation are not developed. Instead Casteneda structures his narrative with his repetitive and ultimately unsuccessful attempts to define and maintain "objectivity" in greater worlds of dreaming where the familiar and limiting assumptions of Western science and rationality simply do not apply. ∞

Jeremy Taylor is a dream educator, author and President of the ASD for '94/'95

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Dream Democracy

INTEGRATIVE DREAM NARRATION

by Jaye C. Beldo

In all the groups that I've participated in throughout my life, whether educational, political, artistic, professional and even ones based on mere conviviality, the undermining elements of factionalism, ego conflicts and various other differences have interfered with achieving a lasting sense of genuine conspiracy. Originating in the shadow sides of our psyches and hidden by our facile personas, these factors serve to discourage healthy and effective group functioning on many levels, in terms of achieving consensus, creating viable solutions to problems and gaining clarity of visionary goals/objectives for the group.

Why, in spite of sharing common interests, political, socioeconomic and humanitarian values, are we unconsciously antagonistic towards the groups we choose to be a part of? What kinds of subjective reluctance do we harbor in fully contributing ourselves to the group consciousness? James Hillman observes that, "the Self is the interiorization of community." Yet what exactly prevents us from reaching the Self, the ultimate core of the psyche and experiencing truly universal communion with others?

My experiences with persistent group dysfunction prompted me to develop a dreamwork technique which I call "Integrative Dream Narration" (IDN). I first tried IDN on a class of art students who, myself included, could not fully cooperate with one another in a way conducive to our spiritual, artistic and intellectual well being.

I had each participant write a dream synopsis on a notecard, emphasizing the use of symbolic, transformative dreams concerning wholeness, i.e., getting in contact with the Self. I then combined the dreams to create a collective story which all could listen to and participate in, since each individual dream contributed to the cohesive ness of the narration.

The inherent fluidity of dreams became much more apparent, for I did not have to struggle to synthesize the dreams as they seemed to coalesce on their own accord, like tributaries flowing naturally into a river and then into the communal ocean. Instead of assuming the role of an improviser or story teller, I was more like a mediator of the unconscious mind of the group.

When I finished the story, class members sat in peaceful silence. The narration had encouraged a shared consciousness amongst us. We all seemed to be open to one another and breathing together in

the true sense of conspiracy. No one was prompted to speak right away. We all enjoyed this feeling of being fully present, instead of just pretending to be together under the guise of a shared interest. None of us, it seemed, needed to follow the impulses of our egos to rationalize and explain the experience away.

During the rest of the class, we were able to come to a consensus as to how the remainder of the semester would be navigated and actually came up with a syllabus which all agreed upon.

I have since employed Integrative Dream Narration to enhance the integrity of many different collectives — from musical and spiritual to political — with very effective, though never predictable, results. Many of the resistances we have toward surrendering to a group consciousness — resistances deeply rooted in fear — loosen up and a newfound integrity is created.

The word, "Integrity" has its etymological meaning: "entire, untouched, unmarred, an original state." What has so thwarted the success of many different groups, I feel, has been the inability to recognize the sense of entirety and originality that is always present, if only subliminally. For example, the Australian Aborigines considered Alcheringa or Dreamtime to be the original state of the world prior to

the arrival of human beings. Dreamtime was the world in its unmarred entirety (the Self).

IDN serves to facilitate a contact with the *primordial* community, encouraging an experience of inter-relatedness that helps to diminish many anxieties and isolating/alienating effects that are often deliberately promoted in consumerist societies. A holistic communication, both in speaking, listening and feeling, becomes possible once the collective dream matrix is brought into awareness and utilized, when it is substantially grounded in the body politic, so to speak. Since many illnesses — both the somatic and psychic — are induced and prolonged by blockages, encouraging the opening up of communicative channels on all levels allows mind, body and spirit to align themselves to a healing sensibility. This is true not only from within oneself but from within others as well. IDN influences and heightens one's awareness of shared experiences -- of the subtle body -- that are for the most part rooted in unconsciousness and remain unrecognized by most of us. Especially when we spend so much of our time maintaining our protective personas when amongst others and outside of the comfortable circle of our families and friends.

Dreams in themselves have a fluid, autonomous quality to them. We are constantly astonished by what our unconscious minds can create. The word, *Influence* has its origins in the word *Fluid*. Directing the current of dreams towards communal integrity can greatly enhance the success and effectiveness of small group functioning and its influence upon our collective environment. The profound sense of inter-relatedness evoked by IDN has its basis in synchronicity, or the merging of outer and inner events to create meaning. To paraphrase it in Jungian terms, IDN evokes synchronicities as a result of the

dreams being combined. On an intuitive level, awareness of synchronicity becomes heightened, in not only the narrator but the participants as well and it influences the direction the narration takes by sensing what is occurring when each individual integrates into the group dream dynamic.

The matrices within which synchronicities occur can be perceived and/or experienced, i.e., the psychic space which encompasses both inner and outer worlds in which so-called coincidences happen. Imagine the possibilities of creating atmospheres where synchronicities occur, like a lightening storm, through our combined dreams.

I once gave a demonstration of Integrative Dream Narration to a group of forty people. Six souls volunteered to participate and contributed their chosen dreams. One dream concerned a woman who was led by three angels to what she called a "Wellness Spa" but she didn't know how to run the place. Another woman dreamt that her grandmother was pregnant. One participant dreamt that her ex-boyfriend appeared and told her how sad he was that they were no longer together.

During the course of the unpremeditated narration, everyone arrived at the wellness spa where there was a fountain in the center. (I always emphasize communal places where all can gather.) The grandmother gave painless, underwater birth to a golden baby. The baby was then handed to the woman who came to the fountain with her ex-boyfriend. I finished the narration, making sure all dreams offered were included in the story . . . and listened to enthusiastic comments from the participants and the audience. Afterwards, the woman who dreamt about her ex-boyfriend came up to me and confided, "I didn't want to say this in front of everyone but the reason that my boyfriend and I broke up is because I wanted to have a child."

As I proceeded with the narration, something in me or rather, in the Integrated Dream Community, intuited this and had the baby handed to the couple as some sort of reconciliation which I intuitively sensed was needed. The combination of these dreams created the matrix in which this synchronicity took place. As the narrator, my sense of individuality became less and less pronounced as all the dreams were combined. Perhaps synchronicities occur outside of the realm of the ego and it is only when we are not solely in this realm that we experience them. The synchronicities that occurred during the narration manifest also in bodily response, in both the narrator and participants. At first there is a considerable amount of tension, which is natural when strangers come together to form a group. The tension is usually born of the illusion of a sense of separateness among the participants. Breathing becomes restricted (the antitheses of conspiracy or breathing together).

But when all the dreams are integrated, the tension dissolves and what I sense as the collective heart, begins to beat and open up . . . the heart of understanding which transcends judgment, definition and ego centered identity. Interiorization of the communal heart in turn opens one's own heart, creating a reciprocal balance between self and group. As I proceed with the narration I feel blockages in my own body begin to open, for my body is but a microcosm of the collective dream macrocosm. I cannot emphasize enough that participants pay attention to their bodies during the narration. The results of opening are beneficial in allowing a person to respond to their own dreams in a way devoid of the usual anxieties born of trying to interpret (as opposed to integrating) the dreams.

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Once an awareness of the relation between one's body and the integrated dream body is achieved, the next stage of the IDN dream work method is an interactive one, i.e., participants are asked to contribute to the narration, instead of just one person creating what happens. The interaction takes place not only in oral articulation of dreams but in working with imagery and movement as well, creating a foundation on which to base further involvement in collective dreamwork. In essence, a dream democracy is being created every time IDN is used.

Integrative Dreamwork has not only promising therapeutic potentials but most importantly political ones as well. The political dimension is tragically absent in many aspects of the New Age movement and it is time to act. Imagine integrating the dreams of a dysfunctional family to create a harmonious dream consciousness. Consider

the long range benefits of integrating the dreams of the board members of major corporations with its employees. Or consider integrating the dreams of a republican with those of a democrat. The collective dream body created from such integrations could hold the key to long-range solutions to some of our most immediate and seemingly irresolvable problems.

Here are the guidelines for the technique or rather psychique, as I call it:

Integrative Dream Narration: The Process

1. Have each participant (there should be no more than five or six) sit in a circle and pass around color coded notecards. Participants are instructed to write their dreams down, legibly, particularly ones that are highly symbolic and important to them. The dreams should not be read by other partici-

pants. A synopsis of the dream is adequate as long as a meaningful scene or symbol is included. Extended or complicated dreams do not work well. Always emphasize the inclusion of an important scene in the dream, if the dream itself is too long but the participant wants to contribute it. The dream narrator leaves the room.

2. The dream narrator enters the room, sits down and reviews the note cards that have been gathered by shuffling through them and imprinting images, sequences, even the tone of dreams in her/his memory. It is best for Dream Narrators to go through the cards two or three times. Writing down clues as to how the dreams could be connected on a separate sheet of paper is helpful in making sure all dreams are integrated.

3. The Dream Narrator initiates the Integrative Dream Narration by using one of her/his dreams, one that has been evoked by reviewing the notecards and/or a pre-chosen

dream. Once a portion of the dream is conveyed, the narrator begins to integrate participants' dreams into the story. The narrator can pause and instructs the participants to pay attention to their bodies throughout the narration, i.e., changes in breathing, where they are holding tension, where they are relaxing.

4. Make sure to ask if everyone's dream has been included before continuing. When all the participants dreams have been integrated, the narrator pauses and allows the participants to sense the integral presence of the collective dream matrix evoked by incorporating all dreams into the narration. The participants are instructed to begin breathing deeply for a few moments, noting where they may be holding tension in their bodies while encouraging them to let go of the tensions.

5. The Integrative Dream Narration is resumed and then brought to some 'completion,' i.e., a sense of wholeness or resolve. The facilitator sounds out a color and the person whose notecard corresponds to that color shares with the group what dream she/he contributed. When all have shared their individual dreams, breath awareness is resumed. Instruct all participants to return to their bodies and become centered and separate. ∞

The above is the basic technique used in further applications such as decision-making and creative problem-solving situations. In the below mentioned book, I chart the course of further applications of this very powerful dreamwork method. Jaye C. Beldo is a Counselor, Writer and Artist who lives in Minneapolis, MN. This essay is an excerpt from his forthcoming book: Dream Democracy: A Guide to Intuitive Consolance in the Nineties.

The author serves as a Contact person with Dream Network and can be contacted for workshops and lectures at Concern, Inc. 3554 Emerson Ave. So. Minneapolis, MN. 55408 phone #: 612-827-6835

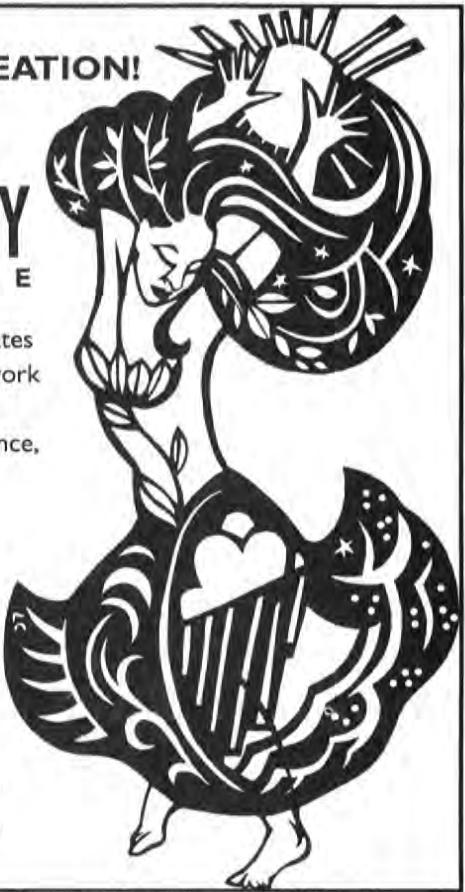
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"Myths and rituals represent the unconscious process of whole tribes or races. They have adapted to the common needs of countless generations by a process of conventionalization through which the personal elements have been eliminated. There remain the general themes which are common to all the individuals of the group. The fact that equivalent myths and rituals are strikingly similar, even as to detail, in the cultures of widely separated peoples, indicates that they represent general psychological themes which are true of humanity, no matter where. And indeed the dreams and phantasies of modern people occasionally show a similar generalized character resembling ancient or primitive myths. This resemblance between the dream and some ancient myth may occur in cases where there is no knowledge of the existence of such a myth so that the dream cannot be explained as 'borrowing'. It is a spontaneous creation of the unconscious."

Esther Harding, From *Woman's Mysteries: Ancient and Modern*.
Harper Colophon, 1976. From the chapter titled *Myth and the Modern Mind*, p. 14



Symbolic Language

"The Spiral is the Dream"

by Joan Reynolds

Perhaps one of the most exciting discoveries that occurred during my work with children and their dreams was being exposed to an open channel of creativity, before the veil of consciousness and conditioning obscures this flow. Of course, it is imperative that boundaries do define the borders of the flow, to maintain a balance and to honor the incubation and growth born in darkness.

By a remarkable coincidence, I heard from the voice of a twelve year old Chinese-American boy an observation that echoed a statement of Paul Tillich:

"This is the great function of symbols, to point beyond themselves, in the power of that to which they point, to open up levels of reality which otherwise are closed and to open up levels of the human mind of which we otherwise are not aware."¹

The boy was drawing his dream as he told it to me. He said that in his dream he was climbing up bamboo shoots and looking for something. Many other people were climbing, small people. They were looking for gold underneath the bamboo leaves. Gold Bricks. I asked where he put the gold he found . . . in his pocket? He said, "Oh, no, everyone carried a straw bucket and put the gold bricks in the straw buckets."

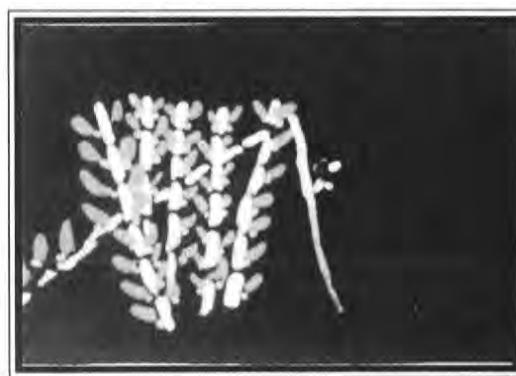
He drew a structure in the upper right hand corner of his painting and did this at the very inception of his preparation to tell his dream. I asked him what it was. He said, very matter-of-factly, that of course it was "the dream." The design he drew was a spiral. He said that was how the dream was, that you start on the outside and go in and in and around and around. He said, "You go around and around and then you go *into another world*." This was a very familiar idea to me and the way he explained it was as though, of course, I should understand what the spiral meant.

The symbol of the spiral for this boy reinforces Mircea Eliade's concept that symbols "explode" immediate reality. Eliade comments that:

"It follows that the man who understands a symbol not only "opens himself to the objective world but at the same time succeeds in emerging from his personal situation and reaching a comprehension of the universal."² ∞

¹ Paul Tillich. Theology and Symbolism in "Religious Symbolism." Edited by F. Ernest Johnson, NY, 1955, pp. 107-16, p. 109.

² Mircea Eliade. The Two and The One, Harper/TB, 1969, p.207.



Dream

Applied for and got grants from Wisconsin Arts Board,
 NEA, Guggenheim
 To learn how to counterfeit money
 and hand it out to poor people everywhere
 And so much publicity surrounded me
 The MacArthur Foundation awarded me
 a hundred million a year
 to open up centers for unemployed workers in every city
 to learn how to counterfeit money not only for themselves
 but for the sick, starving, deranged,
 addicted, suicidal everywhere
 And so much publicity surrounded me
 I ran for President on the platform
 everyone would get a free counterfeiting machine
 and be encouraged to counterfeit money,
 not only for themselves but for everyone –
 and got elected
 And so much publicity surrounded me
 People believed I was the Savior
 till some atheist, who believed poor oppressed
 people a necessity, assassinated me
 And so much publicity surrounded it
 my face was voted to be the only face on money
 and the religion of everyone being rich and happy
 took over the world
 And so much publicity surrounded it
 God, who'd been sleeping since creating life,
 was awakened by all the happy laughter
 and moans of ecstasy, and was delighted
 to see and hear such naked joy
 He/She thought to itself
 maybe Immortality isn't
 such a bad idea after all
 and decided to let
 everyone on Earth live
 forever.

Antler

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 Antler is the author of Factory:
 City Lights & Last Words: Ballantine*



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Bones, Cont'd from page 11

The very bones of our ancestors are being returned to us.

At a recent Canadian gathering, the very fragile and delicate process of literally returning the bones of our ancestors took place. A very sensitive friend was there and related the intimate way in which the bones were removed from boxes, placed into blankets, sung over and ultimately returned to their proper burial sites.

Simultaneously, many peoples recognize the intrinsic value of our cultural perspectives; many are flocking to our 'ruins', buying our arts and crafts, attending our ceremonies and gatherings. People starving for culture.

To you we say: "Stand Back!" Respect *our* chaos; respect our need to find the middle path, to reclaim our pride in self and culture; allow us to resolve the divide-and-conquer tactics that have inner-and-inter-tribally fractured us within and without; allow us to make the necessary distinctions in bringing back — and forth — universally sound traditional practices, while also adapting and learning to utilize that which has merit and value from contemporary times.

When the time is right, you will be called, in Indian time or the DreamTime. Wait to be invited and when you are, *observe* and be patient. It takes time to assimilate the teachings, the essence of our culture... which in essence is simplicity, itself.

Our ceremonial items — the bones of our ancestors — are no longer artifacts stored or on display at museums or to be studied at institutes, such as the Smithsonian. They may be strands in the web that survived these centuries of abuse and disrespect... and could assist us in providing ways -- for those who listen and learn -- to survive these challenging times.

Ultimately, it is the power of Nature and of our dreams that will unite us. *Myatakuye Oyasin.* ∞

Re-Emergence, Cont'd from page 23

all and I can't help feeling the way we can benefit the most is by becoming their allies... by finding ways to help them survive and re-emerge as independent nations. For instance, it could make a big difference if we took responsibility for speaking out and getting our government off of their backs, to stop! the genocide. We could urge the appropriate parties to give Leonard Peltier the pardon that is long overdue. Also, Native Peoples deserve the full religious freedoms the rest of us enjoy. Let's educate ourselves and one another about these critical issues and take action.

As an Innu from James Bay said recently, "What is it you want? Objects in a museum? Sounds on a record or words in a book? Or a people, alive, breathing, dreaming on the earth today? There are many Native People alive today who believe in our old traditional ways. We realize there is a big price to pay to hold onto those ways and we are willing to pay it... but we cannot do it alone."

What do *you* think? I realize this is a complex and difficult range of issues to tackle and I want to say more about it in a future article. For now, I ask for your thoughts and feelings. ∞

References:

- ¹ Rex Weyler, *Blood of The Land*, 1992, New Society (P. 13)
- ² Winona LaDuke, article from Cultural Survival Magazine, Winter 1994, (pp 43-48).
- Annette Jaimes, Editor. *The State of Native America*. South End: 1992. *On Native Land: Support for Native Sovereignty*, PO Box 2104, Seattle, WA 98111. Subscription \$8/one year.

Dick McLeester is the author of *Welcome To The Magic Theater* and presently offers a free monthly Dream Council in Western Massachusetts. Contact him at: PO Box 92, Greenfield, MA 01302

I Send a Cry, Cont'd from page 18

come out as a part of the movement/process; and, believe me, there is an essential gift in there waiting to be realized.

DNJ: *That's a critical point. By and large there are an incredible number of people becoming conscious of the rage they are holding, who have not yet developed skills for releasing the rage constructively. Will you share insights about that?*

Charles: This is where I don't trust western therapy anymore; I'm very skeptical and I realize I have to be very careful talking about this but it's true for me. I trust the initiation process and this is where I value my gift of having been taken to the Northwest peoples and experiencing/learning a tradition among the Northwest peoples called "The Cry." This is a process involving four days and four nights; one is not allowed to sleep, has no food and just a little water. There is a constant drumming and rattling going on until the personality is driven to the edge of near insanity... being out of control. But, what happens then is the *cry* that is at the core of where the wounding lies... begins to come forth. They stay with it, without diminishing or trying to pacify or rescue, until that cry begins to take on pre-vocables. Once the pre-vocables start, then, automatically the motor cortex in the brain is engaged and once that happens you have automatic involuntary movement in the body and it simultaneously shows up as rhythm. What they do, is they keep drawing — like the river flowing — they keep drawing more and more out of that depth where the soul is filled with fears, where it is wounded. The more they draw out, that becomes the Spirit dance. And that's what they utilize for psycho-physical and psycho-spiritual healing and health for their lives.

That's the work we've been doing and I've been at this process for fifteen years now. We reach the areas of old psychic woundedness and help to facilitate the release. That is where the true gift comes forth. ∞

Charles Lawrence has just completed a tape of Spirit-given songs: *I Send a Cry*. Send \$10 (cassette) \$15 (CD) % Lawrence, 200 West 16th Street #19D, New York, NY 10011

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Some *Networkers* have special conditions, such as times they are available for phone conversations. Please respect each contact person's needs/requests insofar as time availability. If no specific time is indicated, assume that you can call at anytime and that you may get an answering machine. When leaving a message on a long distance call, expect a collect call in return. Toward building a functional culture.

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We invite your **Questions** and accounts of personal experience involving dreams, from workable methods, transformative experience... to informal sharing, synchronicity, or insight gained in groups and therapy.

Your Questions, Explorations and Opinions are welcome for our **Responses/Letters to the Editor column**.

We encourage you to list dream groups forming or needing new members, dream related research requests and to notify us of quality dream related events, services or books which would be of interest to the readership ... for our Classified section.

Related sidebars and quotes are always needed.

Typewritten double-spaced manuscripts are essential, approximately 2000 words. (We prefer both hard copy and computer disk submissions.) Reproducible black and white original art work & photos are welcomed; photocopies are acceptable. Please include **SASE** with submission and/or request for guidelines.

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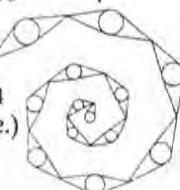
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Bulletin! Bulletin! Bulletin! Bulletin! Bulletin!

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We have created a listing of committed and resourceful *Contact Persons* who are willing to make quality dream-related information and reliable contacts more readily available to dream questors (see pg. 35). If you are interested in becoming active -- and listed -- as a contact for your city, state or region, please send letter/resume.

In this way we become a *more viable, visible and vital* network of autonomous individuals and groups, making ourselves available to provide quality guidance & resources to individuals pursuing information about dreams and to those who are interested in joining or starting dream groups. You may even choose to coordinate conferences & events in your area!

Bulletin! Bulletin! Bulletin! Bulletin! Bulletin! Bulletin!

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Ph: 513.831.7045

Southwest, Four Corners Area

Contact Roberta Ossana, M.A.
Offers consultation and information to provide a strong foundation for dreamsharing and groups.
Moab, UT 84532 Ph: 801.259.5936

RON OTRIN

Monday nights @ 7pm
2601 North Old Stage Rd. # 30
Mount Shasta, CA 96067
Ph: 916.926.4980 No fee

Exploring lucid & ESP dreams

Contact C.D. RUSSELL
3424 Falcon Dr., **Fort Worth TX 76119**
Ph: 817.534.8257.

Weekly home study group. No fee

CLARA STEWART FLAGG, Senoi Dream Education. Monthly Sat. Workshops; ongoing groups. 11657 Chenault St. #303 **LA, CA 90048**
Ph: 310.476.8243

THE DREAM HOUSE Re-entry groups and dreamwork training. Individual sessions and tutoring (In person/by phone) audio tapes, networking. Fred Olsen, Dir. 241 Joost Ave **SF, CA 94110**
Ph 415. 33 DREAM

PEGGY SPECHT Dream group meets every Wed. 7:30pm in **No. Toronto CANADA** No charge to attend
Ph: 416.251.5164

STANLEY KRIPPNER & INGRID KEPLER MAY. Drawing from dream interpretation & other systems. Wed. & Thurs.: 7:30-9pm. **Berkeley, CA.** Ph: 510.526.2900

MICHAEL KATZ
Lucid Dreaming and beyond. Transpersonal approaches for creative dreams and waking.
Individuals and groups.
Manhattan, NY Ph: 212.260.8371
CYNTHIA KOHLES, M.S.W.
Dream Group, Thursday evenings.
No fee. **Santa Rosa, CA.**
Ph: 707.526.2500

Creativity Dream Workshop
Contact **SHERRY HEALY**
8101 Main Street,
Ellicott City, MD 21043 No Fee
Ph: 301.465.0010 or 800.235.8097

SHIRLEE MARTIN:
Monthly dream group in
San Francisco, CA.
No fee. Phone: 415.258.9112

Dreamsharing Grassroots Network
Excellent contact information for new explorers. Serving **Metro NY/No. NJ/Lower CN areas.**
For information write: PO Box 8032 Hicksville, NY 11802-8032
or Ph. 516.796.9455

Columbus, OH Dream Appreciation group. Peer-led. Meets Wednesdays midday, OSU campus area.
Contact **MARGARET HONTON**
Ph: 614.885.0823

CREATIVE DREAM GROUPS & WORKSHOPS
Utilizing Jungian, expressive and integrative dreamwork methods.
Contact **Marlene King, M.A., 6501 S.W.Macadam, Portland, OR 97201**
Ph: 503.293.1757

Contest Announcement

Announcement of Seventh Annual Imich Contest: Exceptional Human Experiences

\$1000 in prize money will be awarded the winners of Dr. Alexander Imich's seventh essay contest, which is on Exceptional Human Experiences (EHEs). Religious ecstasy, Marian visions and other apparitions, feelings of unity with another or with the universe, nature, or humanity, near-death experiences (NDEs); out-of-body experiences (OBEs); awareness of events distant in space or time; knowledge of the thoughts of inner conditions of others; falling in love; creative inspiration; kundalini experience; exceptional performance surpassing normal capacities in art, sport, or everyday life; hauntings, poltergiests and encounters with UFOs, crop circles and other anomalies.

All of the above are types of exceptional human experience.

Some EHE's have positive, some negative and some no evident after-effects. Contestants are asked to recall all their EHEs and to describe how their lives were, or were not, influenced by them.

Entries not exceeding 25 pages should be sent in triplicate, not later than December 31, 1994, to
PSI Center
2 Plane Tree Lane
Dix Hills, NY 11746

Display & Classified Ads in the Dream Network

DISPLAY ADS: Call or Write for information: PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532 Ph: 801. 259.5936

CLASSIFIED ADS: All Sale Items, Groups, Events and Services requesting fees:

\$10 per Issue, \$35 per year (4 Issues); limited to 20 words. \$.50 per word beyond 20 words.
('No fee' Dream Groups and Research Projects will be listed free as a service to dreams & dream education.)
We request of those conducting research that they provide follow-up informational articles in the *Dream Network*.

Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. DNJ does not endorse nor take responsibility for the contents or quality of any ads that appear here, although we encourage reader feedback and will discontinue ads for which we receive complaints.

Contact our Advertising Representative, David Sparenberg
at 1713 - 14th Ave., Seattle, WA 98122 Phone 206.323.2115

Services, Books & Items for Sale

Rosemary Watts, Dream Educator
Available for mail-in dream analysis,
telephone consultations, one-on-one
sessions, lectures and workshops.
Contact: 2126 Oak Drive, St. Louis, MO
63131, (314) 432-7909

The Art of Dream Sharing & Developing Dream Groups



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Services, Books & Items for Sale

New from Deborah Koff-Chapin:
Media teaching tools for Touch Drawing!

The Video: THROUGH THE VEIL
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The Center for Touch Drawing
628 First Street, Langley, WA 98260

"LISTEN TO YOUR DREAMS"

Bumper stickers; blue on white vinyl.
\$3 each; \$1.80 each for 10 or more.
to: Will Phillips, 1269 Bunnell Road
Altamonte Springs, FL 32714

Research *** Projects

Trisha Feuerstein seeks dolphin/whale dreams for a book on psychological/spiritual significance of dolphins/whales.

Mail submissions to PO Box 1030
Lower Lake, CA 95457 Ph: 707.928.5751

Sandra Forti is researching dreams about PANTHERS.

Recent or past dreams, welcome. Write:
3900 Dogwood Rd., Denair, CA 95316
Phone: 209.634.2560

Barbara Shor is researching a book on angels and dreaming. She's looking for dreams or visions of any length about, with, sent by angels, or dreams with mysterious presences or energies that may have been angels. Please send dreams connected with angels in any way, as well as any unusual waking experiences related to the dreams. Anonymity is guaranteed, if requested.
%: 400 Central Park West, NY, NY 10025.

M. A. counseling student, Julia Widdop, is researching the effects of dreams on grief and addiction recovery
Write 175 Rainbow Drive
Grand Junction, CO 81503
or Ph: 303.243.4534

Research * ** Projects

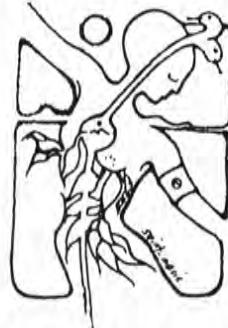
Dream Network has established a collection point for your 'Visionary Dreams', those gifted for the larger human & Earth community.

What piece of the puzzle do you hold?
Watch for the forms that will be created!
Submit written dreams & expressions to
PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532-3031

Janine Blaeloch is seeking dreams by women about bears, as well as any ideas about what the dream(s) meant to you. Stories of encounters in the outdoors are also sought. Anonymity respected, if requested. Please write:
PO Box 95545,
Seattle, WA. 98145-2545

Anyone doing conscious explorations of the dreamscape and/or hypnagogic states related to the Tibetan method of lucid dreaming, please respond. Can we exchange information, do some "mapping," trade techniques, etc.? Write to Jan Janzen, Box 437, Tofino, B.C., Canada V0R 2Z0

ART-OF-THE-SOUL GREETING CARDS

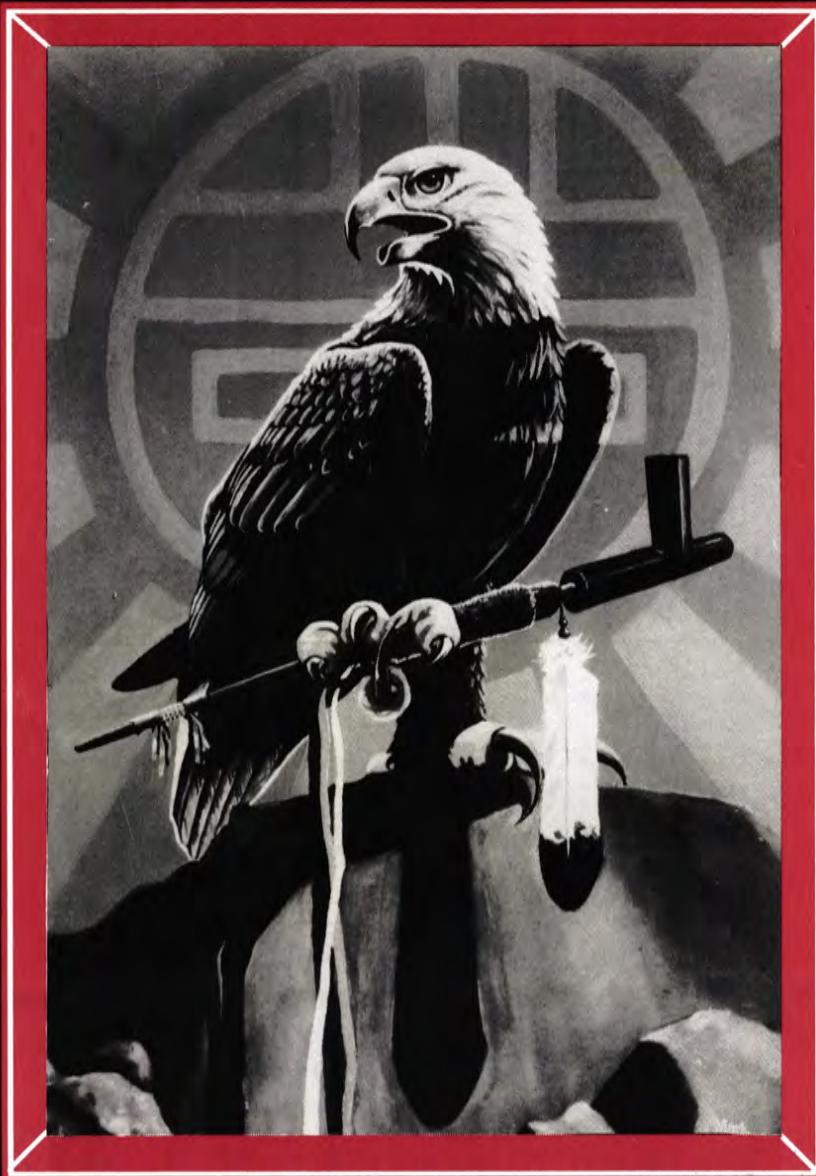


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"We love this earth, as a newborne loves it's mother's heartbeat. Take care of it as we have cared for it. Preserve the land for all children and love it, as God loves us all. One thing we know: There is only one God."

No man, be he red man or white man, can be apart. We are brothers after all."

Excerpted from a talk given by Chief Seattle, 1855

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