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Dream Network

A Journal Exploring Dreams & Myth

Inside:

Apocalypse as a Rite of Passage
An Interview with Michael Ortiz Hill

Dream Cyclops: Exploring the
Archetypes in Children's Dreams
by Joan Mitchell Reynolds

Two Warning Dreams
for Humanity *by Andrew Ramer*

"The more of us who
have visions and talk
about them.... the more
visions, the more light,
there will be on the Earth
at this time." Sun Bear



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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/?s for 1995

Dreaming

Humanity's Path

Exploring Archetypal Dreams & Visions for the Community

In Volume 14 #3, we will explore Guidance Dreams.

Have dreams been instrumental in providing you with valuable Guidance? Will you share your experience?

Lifeline: Four 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, we need parameters. Yet another paradox. It is difficult to know which priority is primary and which secondary. Let it be agreed that if you are inspired, please be 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, your submission will undoubtedly complement the upcoming or some future issue.

Our sections on *The Art of DreamSharing* and *The Mythic Dimension* are open-ended.

Editorial



Here I am, facilitating gametime at my Grandson's Birthday party. All four Grandchildren are present. As my 3 year-old Granddaughter says: "Fun! Fun! Fun!"

To this point in time — for the most part — techniques and suggestions for working with and sharing dreams of a personal nature have dominated the pages of this journal.

I assume that most of you are dreamers like myself and that the majority of your dreams are, indeed, most instructive and helpful on a personal level. However, the dreams that have irreversibly compelled and guided me on this path are dreams that I've known were given as gifts and intended for a purpose larger than my own personal guidance and healing. In my experience, these dreams are characterized by a literal and physical feeling of power, intensity, energy, lucidity... that is extraordinary! They MUST be shared/can't be contained. From Marion Woodman: "Archetypal energies are our destiny, both personal and cultural... and we have to bring them into consciousness." It is this type of dream, 'Big' dreams, containing archetypal symbols and energies, that *centerpiece* and create the ambiance in this and each issue this year.

These 'Big' dreams are for community sharing and are the type of dream that inspired Carl Jung to develop his mind-expanding theory of the 'collective unconscious.' Dreams coming into consciousness from that primal, deep place within each of us which in some mysterious way, we all share... and have shared throughout our evolution. Though this publication is and will remain eclectic and though we were having visionary dreams long before

his time, Jung is to be respectfully credited for having developed the most comprehensive school of thought on the structure and dynamics of our psyche, on the individual and collective levels. There is, in his Collected Works, sufficient evidence of the similarity of symbols and cross-cultural mythic motifs/stories from cultures that span the globe... to bring all of history into a focus and embrace we can only call 'timeless time.'

This first—and double—issue, features dreams about Children and Warning dreams; it has been a difficult issue to prepare. Hard to look this stark, raw truth square in the face. But, look around you, listen to the news! In a recent news documentary, *Children and Violence in America*, aired on March 30, '95, it was reported that there are ~135,000 guns being carried into schools by children 15 years of age and under! Children are killing children in record numbers. Poverty and drugs were pointed out as the central causes, coupled with the excellent job we are doing of marketing violence through the media.

The visions are submitted by dreamers whose impulse compelled them to respond to a listing appearing for the past while in our classified/research section asking for "dreams which belong to the larger community." It has been an exercise in innocence and synchronicity, as is this presentation/publication. Though each dreamer acted on impulse and submitted independently, the dreams themselves coalesced and constellated into four discernible 'categories,' fulfilling our instinct to 'bring together pieces of the puzzle.'

The dreamers sharing their 'Big' dreams are not credited with the dream, nor are any comments or interpretations offered. We, here, allow psyche to speak for itself, enhanced only by the skill of our featured artists — a cross cultural group of children from the Bay area and Scot D. Ryerson — to whom we are very grateful.

To Bobbie Bowden, Kelley Hunter, Russell Lockhart, Ingrid Luke and Rosemary Watts — the group working closely with me on this year's presentations — inestimable thanks. In our last issue for 1995, we will list each of

Notes!

Dream Nation Gathering

It's Time! See pages 69 & 70
for registration details.

Here's your opportunity to give in-depth input into the future and evolution of *Dream Network*! We have developed a **Reader Survey** and it would be deeply appreciated if you would take the time to complete and return it to us.

All artwork accompanying Children's dreams and the articles *Dream Cyclops* and *Sharing Children's Dreams* (Vol. 13 No. 4) are

© 1995 Joan Mitchell Reynolds.
Thank you, Joan and The Children!
A double-dose of gratitude to our cover artist, Chris Grassano and to our featured Artist for this issue,
Scot D. Ryerson

the dreamers who submitted their dream gifts. Because of space limitations, not all dreams submitted are included, though we give equal thanks to those dreamers, as well, and are hopeful that all dreams will be included in the projects that evolve from this initial exposition.

I would like to add an admonition from one of my mentors that has mantra'd in my heart for several years. He cautioned that working with this material — dreams — is like opening Pandora's box. There has been so much repressed for so many years, individually and collectively, that we need to be extremely careful and respectful of the power of the unconscious. Witness the ultimate projection/manifestation: the bomb! I do agree with him, wholeheartedly. Also, keep in mind, as you enter the dream's-scape, that warnings will only come to pass if the present is not attended to, consciously.

There is no question that now... we must release the woundings, the pain... and share the visions and messages from psyche... but, respectfully. Like one comes to respect the power of the ocean, of fire... of Nature. I can assure you, the best is yet to come! ♣

Responses

Letters From Readers

Comments about Children's Dreams

I have a comment to make about children's dreams. I have noticed that my children (ages 9, 11, 13, 16) have many fewer nightmares than I have had in my life. I believe honestly (based on my small sample size of 4 children) that a large reason for this lack of nightmares is due to our ability, in our family, to talk out dream images, feelings and the respect we all have for one another's introspection and personal journey. Perhaps the repetitive nightmare is only there to compensate for a lifestyle which breeds denial and unconsciousness... typical of the early 50's and 60's, in which I grew up.

If this is at all true, then we are looking at peace in the inner world as a vision for the future in much greater measure than we might think.

Today, I have difficult dreams only when interpersonal crises loom in the near future. For instance, I dreamed that my house caught fire in December. A few days later, I was greatly angered by an issue with my ex-husband. But the dream reminded me that this anger could consume me if I was not careful. I practiced restraint and avoided "getting into it live" with him, choosing to use a mediator and written communications to enhance a positive climate around a very difficult issue. The incident was resolved to the benefit of the children and all concerned... and I was not burned up or burned out!

Thanks for your efforts in keeping the waters of DNJ flowing.

Susanne Nadon,
Owen Sound, Ontario, Canada

Excerpts from a Letter to the Editor In Response to Volume 13#4

Children's Dreams

Regarding dreamsharing with children, I always make it a point to ask any child I'm in contact with if they've had any dreams lately and engage in some dialogue about it. Especially with my nieces and nephew, if they share a dream, I record it either on tape or enter it directly on the computer. The real problem comes when the adults that surround them are subtly, or directly, opposed to such discussions or activities. I really like Ms. Reynold's article and have made a copy and sent it to a grade school teacher I know, only because I began a discussion with her on this very topic — dreamwork in schools. She was so resistant in concept, stating she would like to see an article on the subject, which also indicated an openness to hearing further. Again, Ms. Reynolds really presented her experience wonderfully. The article was a delight to read, both stimulating and provocative. But dreamsharing with children? By all means! Everyone I dreamshare with is a child. Adults aren't really open to dreams, except on a mental plane. It's the children inside of us, the child we once were and the child that lives on still... that is the true lover of Dreamtime.

Christ and Dreaming

I've lately begun to suspect that Christ's enigmatic saying "the Kingdom of Heaven is within," is a direct allusion to dreams. Not just that dreams guide us to Heaven but that dreams are heaven; the many mansions ("I go to prepare a place"). It has always perplexed me that the Old Testament is replete with dreams, while the New Testament is sadly lacking in alluding to the dreams of either the Apostles or

Christ. What can that mean? Certainly there are dreams in the New Testament (Pilate's wife; Joseph's dreams; the Three Wise Men and probably others) but none that I know of recorded of Christ or the Apostles.

Comments on Lucidity

I found Graywolf's statement on Lucidity stunningly on target. In fact, his letter is a statement that should be preserved.

I don't know if Tony Hoffman's coining of "transparent" dream is original but it is a cogent way of thinking about some dreams, especially as he yokes the fact that "transparent dreams" have fueled change in direction; now I can look at my dreams and reflect on which of them are "transparent."

Toward A Correct Definition of DREAM

Regarding correct dictionary definition prospects, we must be on a similar wave length.... I liked your definition of dream.

No more than two months ago, several of us were in the library. I went straight to the OED (2nd ed.) to look up the etymology of the word, dream, because I, too, am becoming fairly disturbed by the misuse of the word, "dream." I have currently been seeing in billboard advertising in the city, used by banks and the like. The word "dream" used in the context of materialism and high finance (strictly objective reality) overshadows and cancels out the authentic dream. It is important to enter a dialectic and ground the word "dream." But how?

My sense is that an approach toward an authentic definition of "dream" will include how all peoples at one time or another have historically experienced the activity of dreaming. In other words, categorizing and defining has its limitations in conveying the infinite possibilities latent in dream activity.

and dreamwork:

Dreams as prophetic (early Egyptians—Chester Beatty Papyrus); as revealer of God's Plan for mankind, (through Old Testament prophets); as revealer of disease, or healer of physical illness (Aesculapius of Epidaurus, Hippocrates); as a continuation of waking activities (Artemidorus); as revealer of Divinity (St. John Chrysostom, St. Augustine, St. Jerome); as revealer of the unconscious mind (Fichte, Herbart); as revealer of repressed desires, or wish fulfillment (Freud); as revealer of creativity, spirituality and the collective unconscious (Jung); as revealer of unfinished emotional business, or projections of personality (Perls); as revealer of a personal story reflecting the unique existential condition (Boss); as revealer of the future, psychological balancer and key to empowerment through contact with the supernatural being in the dream (Native American); as guide and mirror to emotional health, leaning toward control of dream processes (Senoi); and the Eastern traditions, which can and should be added to this list. (Source of list: *Dreamlife: Understanding and Using Your Dreams*, by David Fontana, Element Books Limited, Great Britain: 1990) But see what word crops up the most? **Revealer**. A dream is first and foremost a revelation, no matter how you slice the pie. And a revelation by its very definition, is oriented toward the future.

To quote a friend of mine when I asked how she would define dreams, she exclaimed, "Dreams are the antidote to civilization!" Quite simply, I myself dream to live.

Shona Brogden-Stirbl, NY

We welcome & invite your
RESPONSES, IDEAS
CRITIQUE & QUESTIONS!
Address to Letters %DN
PO Box 1026
Moab, UT 84532

The Golden Thread

Congratulations on the current edition of *Dream Network*. A grand tribute to Native American culture. The artwork is beautiful, especially the cover! I enjoyed the many thoughtful and well deserved praises from our readers.

I so enjoyed reading about the genesis of many of these articles, I decided to share how a dream actually led me toward working with the children and their dreams. I have enclosed a complete process of my own dream guide.

Dream 12/26/71

I visited my friend's school, now larger and modern, set upon a rise. I walked around, saw a boy flying in a bright blue outfit. He had on a backpack to lift him. He needed his pack adjusted and I helped him with it. Nothing else was visible except country landscape. I wandered around the school and saw my friend was talking to her about the importance of summer school. I thought D might go there for her last 6 months of school. I was also washing down the cement walks with a hose. Later, a man took over that job and I felt he had done it before and that I was out of place doing it. But, I really didn't see why I couldn't manage as well. My friend and I started walking down the stairs together, talking.

This dream took on an enhanced quality of importance. I awakened with the feeling of actually being with my friend, who I had not seen for 9 years. I had lost complete contact with her and had no idea that she was still the owner and director of a school. I was living in the Southwest at the time of this dream but because it had a supra-essence of reality, I decided if I returned to California, I would try and locate my friend.

On July 13, 1973, I made a visit to my friend at her new school. The school had a new location from the one I had known and was larger and more modern. We had many topics to get caught up on after 9 years separation. I learned that her

daughter, N, was going to summer school and that her other daughter would enroll full time next term. Of course, my amazement was huge because of the dream and how life/reality was mirroring the situation. Next, my friend said she had a surprise and called across the play yard. A young boy in a bright blue jacket came running over, almost flying with speed, to be introduced as her son. At this point, I knew without doubt that a future event had been shown to me in the dream.

The dream also told of my working at the school. Indeed, I worked with the children and their dreams for two to three years and earned my teaching credential doing my student teaching there!

Joan Mitchell Reynolds,
Walnut Creek, CA

Editor's note: Joan Reynolds has just recently retired from a distinguished career in teaching. Shortly after her retirement, she opened the treasure chest of writings, drawings, recordings, etc., from her years of doing cross-cultural dreamwork with children in the Bay Area. Her articles regarding the value and beauty of doing dreamwork with children appear frequently in our pages.

Thanks, Joan!

Boundless Congratulations

You deserve boundless congratulations for what you've done with *Dream Network*. Every issue is a treasure of new approaches, insights and methods. *Dream Network* has become the best evidence there is of the exciting, every-growing diversity of the dream studies field. To you and all those who are helping you make *Dream Network* happen, Thank you!

Kelly Bulkley, Kensington, CA

The evolving *Dream Network* is very nice! Thank you for the wonderful work you are doing.

Jeremy Taylor, San Rafael, CA

Ex-Dream

Hi! My name is Alan. My dream life (or life in general) is not always this morbid but I would like to know what you think!

Rumors hurt
When reality lies
And Dreams are all that's left.

Burning hearts
And Friendships lost
And Dreams are all that's left.

Patience gone
Then Feelings break
And Dreams are all that's left.

Time is Lost
The Shell's complete
And now the Dreams are Gone!

Alan R., 90 Northpoint #307,
Houston, TX 77060

To Be or Not To Be Lucid?

Once again, I thank you for the Network. I can start to drift far away from what is really important and often the DNJ arrives and puts me back on track! It's so exciting to be connected to all these folks who are focusing on healing the planet and sharing their inner lives and selves.

I'd like to share some of my thoughts on the ongoing discussion concerning lucid versus non-lucid dreams.

Lucid dreaming, as magnificent an experience as it can be, is unfortunately not exempt from becoming a source and expression of our addictions and negative propensities. One of which is our need to judge and compete and compartmentalize.

Lucid dreaming is not better than non-lucid dreaming, merely different. This waking dis-ease of cutthroat comparison seems to have polluted our dream lives, too.

As a child and young adult, I was ruthlessly competitive in academics and sports, until I injured my knee and was forced into a different reality... one that fostered

compassion rather than competition. The barometer of my self-esteem was comparison (against which I continue to struggle): when I felt better than others, I felt good about myself; when I felt less than others, I felt bad about myself. Even in the arena of dreamwork, I harbored a feeling of superiority about my dreaming ability and when I mastered lucid dreaming, there was no stopping my ego.... except when I ran into 'better' dreamers than I. I went mad with power! Feverishly controlling my dreams, abusing dream characters..., and in waking life, boasting and gloating over my accomplishments. If not aloud, certainly to myself. Being conscious, day and night — the tyranny of my ego — began to have a deleterious effect. I found myself waking up drained and feverish, more confused and anxious and depressed than ever.

I had to learn to let go and I am still learning. Just because our ego gains control in a dream does not mean we cannot relinquish that control..., and anyway, our unconscious has the ultimate control, let's not kid ourselves, here! For example, I have attempted several times in lucid dreams to land on the "moon" which manifests as a brilliant white light..., and have been guided away... sometimes subtly by a shift of wind and once I was diverted by a commanding voice: "You are not ready to go there yet."

I no longer put so much effort and emphasis on incubating lucid dreams—except when I have a particular need or purpose—and am paying more attention to my non-lucid dreams. I'm after some kind of balance.

Don't get me wrong, I LOVE to lucid dream, to consciously explore the line between waking and dreaming reality. It's exciting to me to participate in "NightLight" experiments, even though the Lucidity Institute does seem overly concerned with hype and the use of mechanisms. However, I no longer

believe that lucid dreaming is the ultimate step to enlightenment.

We must learn to honor all forms of psycho-spiritual growth! The challenge is NOT in answering the question: To be or not to be lucid? The challenge is in evolving away from the need of having to ask the question in the first place. DREAM ON!!

Lorraine Grassano, San Francisco, CA

A River Shows the Path

Last night presented a water dream and....

...I was required, according to my self-motivation, to find the easiest path from one place to another through what developed from a marsh to a flood, and as the flood rose above my head, the waters separated. There was a path I could follow on dry ground between walls of wet, flowing, glistening water. As I proceeded down this path, it became narrower and narrower and I began to worry that I would not be able to pass between the walls of water of this narrowing path... and there was no other way to go.

I will say that in reference to the practice of lucid dreaming, I am sure that I have felt myself to be practicing this every now and then. It is like being almost awake with the dream vivid in my mind and feeling like I am making decisions about what is going on. Am I straddling some kind of line, like a tightrope or a highwire, between conscious and unconscious processes? I have to let my thoughts of control slip away when I begin asking these questions. I have, I presume, a normal human wish to control the situations of my ongoing daily life.... and we all know of the wish of those who wish to control to let their efforts at control

More ➔

relax.

I let my dreams go as far as they can on their own.

Otherwise, I prefer the river to show me the path.

John Ashbaugh, Canyon, TX

Continuing the Discussion

I may be in more agreement with Tony Hoffman than he suspects regarding the underlying coupling or decoupling of a particular type of dreaming, i.e., lucid versus non lucid and personal or spiritual growth. I am influenced by Carl Jung's idea of the 'transcendent function,' and his description of the 'living symbol' (Collected Works, Vol. 6 pp 473-480), which recognizes the central importance of the ego's attitude and full conscious involvement with the unconscious contents of the psyche. The dynamic that occurs at the meeting of the opposites is crucial to transformation.

The advantage of 'lucidity' whether in the dream or in forms of active imagination is that consciousness and the unconscious contents are activated together. But lucidity alone does not imply spiritual growth or transformation. According to Jung:

"A symbol that forcibly obscures its symbolic nature on us need not be a living symbol. It may have a merely historical or philosophical significance and simply arouses intellectual or aesthetic interest. A symbol really lives only when it is the best and highest expression for something divined but not yet known to the observer. It then compels his unconscious participation and has a life-giving and life-enhancing effect."

Any kind of dreaming, whether lucid or non-lucid, sleeping or waking fantasy can serve as a vehicle for escape from reality or for healing and transformation. As Jung says so eloquently:

"Only the passionate yearning

of a highly developed mind, for which the traditional symbol is no longer the unified expression of the rational and irrational, of the highest and the lowest, can create a new symbol. But precisely because the new symbol is born of (our) highest spiritual aspirations and must at the same time spring from the deepest roots of (our) being, it cannot be a one-sided product of the most highly differentiated functions but must derive equally from the lowest and most primitive levels of the psyche. For this collaboration of opposing states to be possible at all, they must face one another in the fullest conscious opposition... When there is a full parity of opposites, attested to by the ego's absolute participation in both, this necessarily leads to a suspension of the will... a regression of libido... and finally the emergence of a new living symbol."

For a full description of this process, read the aforementioned description in Jung, CW Vol. 6 pp. 476-481.

Because of this thinking, I must argue in favor of keeping the ego fully and passionately engaged in dreams rather than out of dreams. The question that follows is to what end? If the purpose is to serve mainstream values, then the resultant symbols will be one-sided reinforcements of the status quo. On the other hand, if the intention is to transcend reality, then that is what will be produced. However, if the purpose is transformation and a passion for deeper truth, then the more difficult path less traveled will lead to what Jung calls the 'living symbol,' transformed... and a new vision of hope for the world.

The symbolic products....

"... never have an exclusively conscious or unconscious source but arise from the equal collaboration of both. Purely unconscious products are of no more convincingly symbolic value per se than purely conscious ones; it is the symbolic attitude of the observing consciousness that endows them

both with the character of symbol."

This thinking is integrated into the heart of my approach in the Dream Reentry Healing process that I have developed and refined over the past 23 years.

I really enjoyed reading the current *Dream Network*, particularly the articles by Curtiss Hoffman and Joan Mitchell Reynolds.

Fred Oseit, San Francisco, CA

Dreams are like Friends

Dreamtime is just like waking time: lucidity (awareness) requires responsibility. You can approach that responsibility by (a) being passive and observing the dream unfold before you, or (b) being active and manipulating or being creative with the dream, or (c) participating in the flow of the dream, interacting with it, dancing with it. At all times aware, you are neither controlling nor losing control... but resonating with the vibrations of it's teaching.

I take the advice "Approach your dreams as you would a friend."

Jan Janzen, Tofino, B.C.

O.J. Simpson's Dream: An Analysis

I would like to comment about O.J. Simpson's dream. I have been interpreting dreams for over 14 years utilizing different methods, including Freudian, Jungian and many other methods. The fact that O.J. allegedly dreamt that he killed Nicole does not necessarily indicate guilt.

However, as Freud stated in his book *The Interpretation of Dreams*, certain dreams can be wish fulfillments for acting out what is socially unacceptable. In this context, the fact that O.J. may have dreamed of killing Nicole indicates that he possibly wanted to, or had obsessive intent of eliminating her from his life, in one sense or another. But since dreams are often

symbolic and work with puns and figures of speech, this does not mean that he literally killed her but may indicate that unconsciously he wanted to cut her out of his life, especially if he dreamt about murdering her with a knife. If, as Ron Schiff indicated, O.J. had several dreams of this nature, a re-occurring dream could reveal an unresolved issue in his life, (i.e. his relationship with Nicole) and a reinforcement of the symbolic and perhaps literal truth of this dream.

According to the research of Jane Roberts, author of the Seth Books, who studied and recorded dreams and their clairvoyance, there is approximately a 15% chance that dreams are literally precognitive and clairvoyantly true. So the dream could indicate a pre-cognitive event, especially if it reoccurred several times.

A misinterpreted dream, if literally followed, as a misguided instruction, could have been the inner motivator for the killings. As I stated earlier, the dream could still be purely symbolic. From a Jungian standpoint, every character in the dream may represent a part of oneself. If O.J. killed his wife in the dream, symbolically this could indicate that he might have been angry with his anima, as Jung called it, or his feminine side, and wanted to eliminate it or kill it off, for handling things in a gentle manner that was not serving his purposes. If the dream was a psychic motivator for the killings, it is tragic that O.J. did not get the right professional help regarding this dream. For if he did, he might have learned about the lucid method of dream work and would have been able to take control of his actions while dreaming and have a positive transformative outcome on his psyche, instead of being the tragic hero doomed to live in these interesting times.

Jordan Schaffner,
"Real Interactive Dreams" (Cable TV, LA, CA)

Comments? (Ed.)

Love Responses!

Regarding Volume 13 No. 3, it was a beautiful cover and the "Responses" section is terrific! As far as I'm concerned, the *Network* should BE responses, interspersed with articles. One thing I did find notable was a comment by a member of my dream group that echoed something I'd thought as well when I first received #3. She said, "I like the Native American information, but think they're going too far with it. Other 'workaday' people dream, too, you know."

As for Volume 13 No. 4, I again dove straight into the "Responses," as it's always my favorite place to begin. I was deeply moved by the humility and sincerity of Yaroslav Koryakov and immediately sent 3 copies of my new book and several back issues of the *Dream Network* to him in Russia. I'm also extremely pleased to notice responses from an increasing number of new readers.

I must say, I found the variety of articles in #4 refreshing after having focused for so long on the dreams of members of other non-Western cultures. From the translation of the ancient "Dumuzi's Dream" to Noreen Wessling's Christ dream series, to UFO dreams to transcriptions of personal dream-work and children's dreams... and your terrific interview with Naomi Epel! All in all, a top notch issue from my perspective.

Will Phillips, Altamonte Springs, FL

Enjoyed My First Issue!

I just finished reading my first issue of *Dream Network* (Vol 13#4). I really enjoyed it, especially the *Jesus Calls ME*, *Dream Sisters'* and the *Dreams and Bodies* articles. I also appreciated the *Networkers/Contact persons* section. It has allowed me to make connections to local dream groups in my area.

Jay E. Vinton, Washington, D.C.

Presentation Praised

In June of 1994, I wrote to you regarding the publication of my dream in the Journal. I was critical about the way in which the artwork I supplied was presented. I credit the concerns I voiced to inexperience and to the nervousness accompanying my first publication. When I disseminated the copies you sent in payment — hoping to also spread the word of the *Dream Network* — I received praise from several graphic artist friends for the layout and the design. My apologies to you and your staff for my hasty and unwarranted criticism.

Thanks again for your encouragement of the *Dream Network*, a rich fabric woven by all of us together.

Mary Elizabeth Collins,
Minneapolis, MN

Articles, "Non-ego inflated"

Thanks for the *Dream Network*. I love it! There is a richness to it that thrilled me but even more, the non-ego-inflated tone of the articles made me feel like I was talking with friends and fellow travelers. More soon!

David M. Doolittle,
SO. Royalton, VT

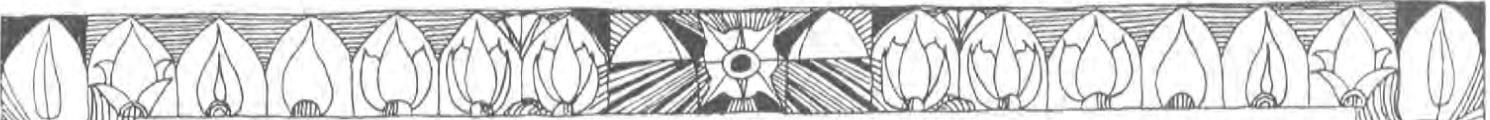
A Spiritual Sigh of Relief!

What a spiritual sigh of relief when I found our magazine for the first time last week in Tower Records! I look forward to participation in the *Dream Network*, wherever that might lead.

Deborah Delgado, Harrisburg, PA

Please send Responses to:

LETTERS % DN
PO BOX 1026,
MOAB, UT 84532



Dreaming Humanity's Path

Part I

Dreams about Children*

The Dreams....

SEE the Wounded Children Page 11

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Protect the Children During this Period of Trial & Crisis Page 13

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*The dreams on the following pages and those identified on page 38 are among many submitted to *Dream Network* in response to an item listed in our Research section over the past two+ years.

For all of 1995's issues, these dreams will act as a CENTERPIECE and we allow

Psyche.... the dreams, to speak for themselves. No 'authors,' no analysis or explanation. We wish to thank, with deep compassion, each & every dreamer for sharing their dream-gift.

SEE the Wounded Children



There are children of every race, age and walk of life.

They have all been tortured.

*They walk by me, some of them almost ghost-like,
others lie on beds waiting to die.*

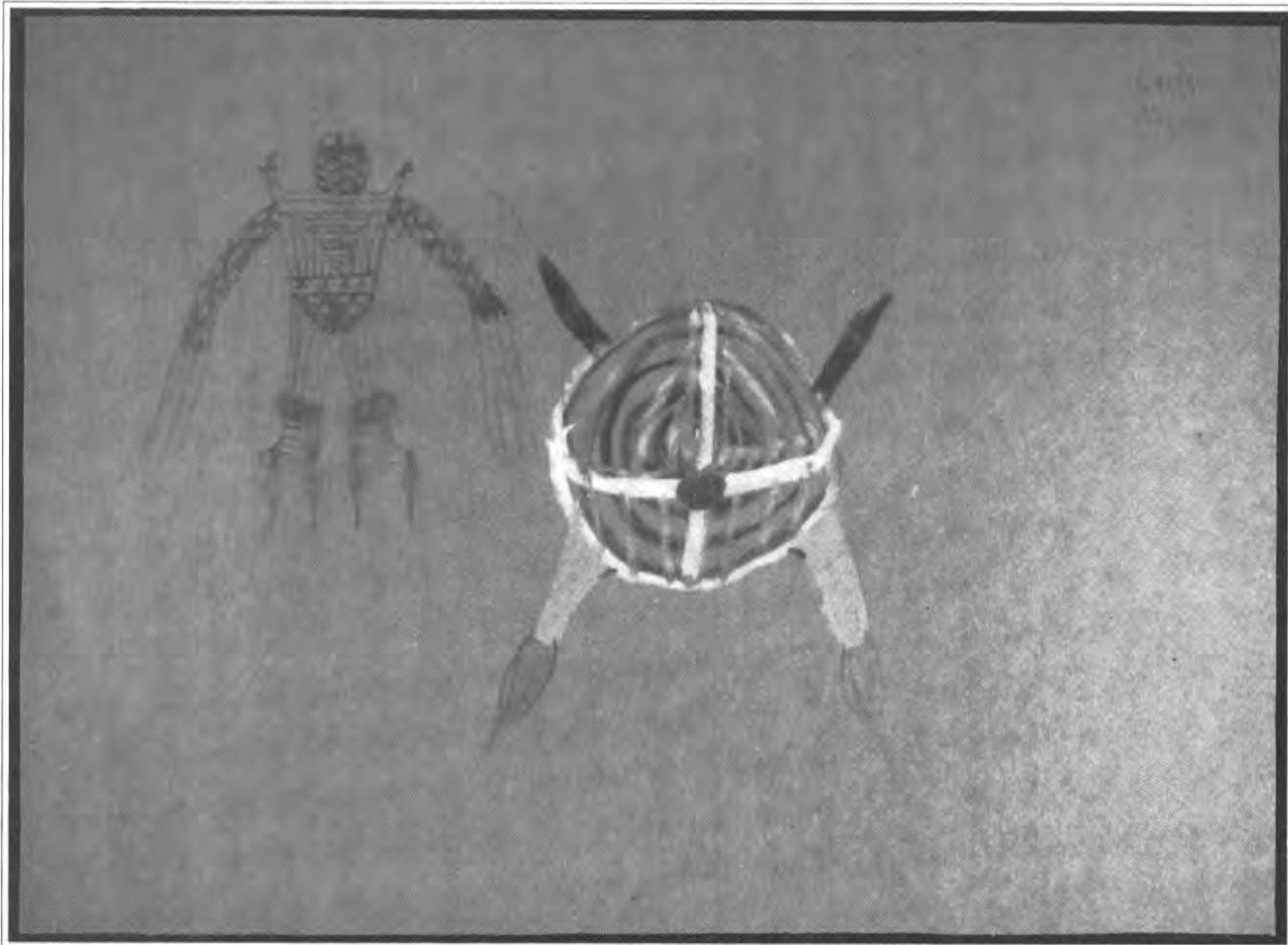
Some have one inch of their skin peeled off of them.

*Others have small, pin-like holes punched
through their bodies in grid-like formations.*

Others are purposely given skin diseases, rashes, bruises, etc.

I ask, "Why?" and receive no real answer.





Protect the Children

During this Period of Trial & Crisis

*I see myself taking "the children" to a safe place
— some sort of community —
during a period of crisis.*

*I don't know who these children are....
but there are always about 30 or 40 of them.
It's as if there is going to be a time of trial
and I know I have to keep the children safe
so they'll be able to take their places
as leaders when the trial period is over.*

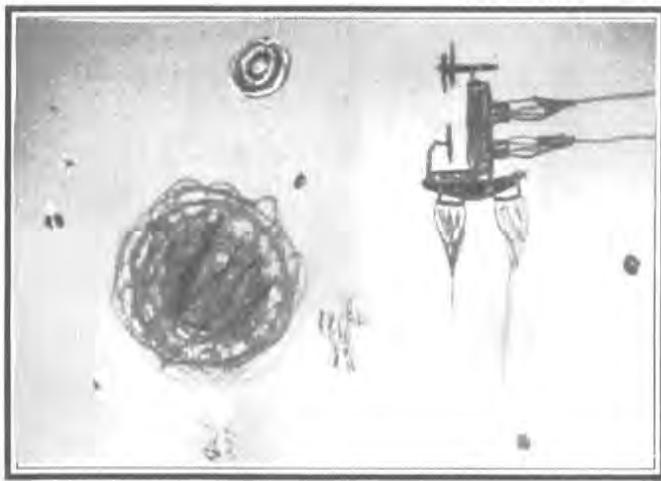
Meeting with the Children in the Great Hall

I am running and then bounding up into the air and float/fly around, doing all sorts of acrobatics. A group of children are watching me. I have a strange feeling that I am to lead these children away from wherever it is that we are, to some other place. I realize that we are all inside a spaceship! One of the children in the group who is watching me runs up to me and grabs me around the waist and I leap/float/fly around, with the child clinging to me. This child is singing some sort of hymn and I feel almost sad, yet glad, and I know the time has come to teach these children how to bound up into the air and then float/fly, but we have to meet somewhere in secret for me to teach them.

I tell them we will all meet in the Great Hall, while the adults on board are holding a meeting in another part of the ship. So, we begin pushing past many people to get to the Great Hall. The people seem to be moving as if in a dream, oblivious to some sort of impending disaster that is about to overtake us all and I know that I'm the only one who can save the children and get them to safety! All the adults are just marking time before their extinction; I can't explain it. All I know is that I have the responsibility of getting the children off the ship and to safety. How we are to escape or where we are to go, has not been revealed to me. I only know that we have to get out post-haste! It is apparent that we are to "levitate" ourselves off this spaceship to some remote, alien place, for which we are not prepared to meet unknown dangers.



The ceiling of the Great Hall seems like the dome of a huge rotunda. It seems to reach up into the sky and it is dark in the Great Hall. There are long tables — laden with food, candelabra, something like a Christmas tree, lots of decorations — as though some important banquet was to have been held. But, now all is confusion and the meeting has been called off. There is a deep green, plush carpet. Again, I get the distinct impression that we are on a spaceship and this Great Hall is the lounge. So, the children and I are all coming together in the Great Hall. They are of varying ages — from a small baby to teenagers — and they all seem very anxious to get on with this and learn their "flying lesson." I tell them: "Let's begin!" The children line up and suddenly a baby begins to weep and gets up into a little chair. The baby is naked, fat, very cute. I am impatient with this weeping, crying child because time is running out and we must get on with the lesson! Suddenly, a teenage boy in the back row comes forward and takes the baby in his arms and tries to comfort it. The baby then cries: "I don't want to go, I don't want to go!" indicating that it's afraid (and frankly, so am I). I get ready to teach the lesson but feel we have wasted precious time in having to pacify this baby and it's already cost us much. We may miss our chance to get off the ship, to safety, at the right time. ♫



An Avenue of Safety



I am with others, driving a car through the city where trouble is brewing.

We drive to a house, on higher ground than the rest of the city.

A leader of sorts lives there and as we approach the house,

I experience a feeling of déjà-vu.

When we are inside, we are to be given a feast of some sort and when the servants come in to serve us, we are brought bowls of fresh raspberries (out of season).

After we eat, we go outside; the atmosphere is electrified

with intense feelings of the trouble about to begin.

We are in fear for our lives, as we are completely surrounded by the city and its inhabitants. Suddenly, we look up to see a helicopter-like craft coming down toward us.

It obeys no laws of physics and seems to be coming from, or through, another dimension. It lands and a man comes out to rescue us....

but he has little room and asks who of us he should take aboard.

We answer, "The children!" referring to the few little ones we have with us.

He attaches a cable to the children and flies off.

The children stay with us as the cable, surprisingly, plays out of the flying machine.

Where the cable stretches between our rescuer and the children, it lies on the ground and an avenue of safety opens up. It leads up a hill, creating a pathway through fruit trees that are both blossoming and bearing ripe fruit. The trees are full of birds, squirrels and monkeys. We climb nearly to the top of the hill where I can see friends.

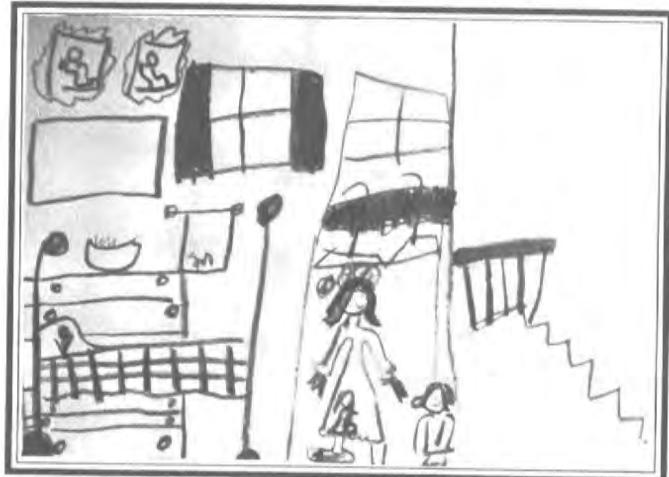
I feel great love and peace.

(Next night) I awaken from a dream experiencing ecstatic joy.

It seems we have reached the top of the hill! ♣

The Holy Ghost & Three Special Roommates

I'm tightly holding two young children by the hand with others close behind/around me - leading and helping them up a long - narrow - dark - steep stairway. We are running from angry men in close pursuit. They cannot or will not follow us here. We have to cross a thin metal grid forming an unfamiliar pattern. It's scary, without guard rails. Looking down through the grid, I see a long drop should we fall. I realize the metal bars are/form a sideways staircase. Once I understand the pattern, it seems less dangerous and easier to cross.



On the other side is a hallway with a number of doors (three I think) opening off the left. People come out to welcome us, embrace the children and take them inside. I know they'll be well cared for. Then the hallway turns to the right with one remaining door/room at the end for me. In front of the door is a small bed with a miniature girl child wearing a sash marked "holy ghost." I pick her up and cradle her gently in my arms before entering the room. We'll be sharing the room, our new home. Once settled inside there's a knock. I open the door to find a large, white Samoyed. We gaze intently at each other, and then he struts in.

Moments later another knock, and a large, white cloud or "presence" stands on the threshold as I open the door. I nod in acceptance for "it" to enter.

Finally a third knock. Opening the door a man stands directly before me. We look closely into each other's eyes; his are deep, dark, and penetrating. There's a sense of quiet power about him. Again I nod permission.... and he enters. No words are ever spoken.... just a "knowing" that each is meant to be/live here with me. ♣



Children Around the World Sing in Harmony

*An international youth choral group
is singing together in a giant auditorium.*

*They sing in common song as well as sharing songs from their own
individual cultures. They all wear clothing from their own cultures/
countries and are united by a conductor.*

*There is no room for an audience
as the entire auditorium is filled with singers.*



*However, the audience is on the other side of the TV screen....
in every country of the world.*

The young faces are beautiful and the sound so moving, I awaken crying.¥

Exploring the Archetypes in Children's Dreams

Dream Cyclops



© 1995 by Joan Mitchell Reynolds

Adream flows from an area that cannot be fully explained, from a source flooded with symbols, feelings, instincts, pre-symbols and personal expression. They are a wonderland of action and creativity, an inner star nebula of great extension and extreme tenuity that drifts with cloudlike movement within all that we are. Because the very nature of a dream cannot become something to hold in our hand, we can only dance in circles around a dream and catch glimpses of its creative force.

Dreams contain meanings about personal life situations and also contain motifs and symbols from the collective pool of a person's psychological development. Not only an understanding of the personal history of an individual is needed for dream interpretation but also knowledge of mythology, fairy tales, religious dogmas and concepts, anthropological observation and historical data can be called upon.

For example, the following is a dream of an eight-year-old girl:

I had a dream that we had to go into a hole. There were all sorts of colors and it was like another world. There was another hole and we went down there. Another panel opened and there were other colors. All these colors were on the wall, like paint. We got in a boat. The lake was really pretty because it was all crystal-like ice. The boat was a whale and covered the whole lake.

Now, compare part of a very famous story, *The Snow Queen* by Hans Christian Andersen: "The walls of the palace were made of snow and the windows and doors of the sharp winds; it contained more than a hundred halls, the largest several miles long. All were lighted by the sharp glare of the northern lights. They were huge, empty and terrifyingly cold.... In the middle of that enormous snow hall was a frozen lake. It had cracked into thousands of pieces and every one of them was shaped exactly like all the others. In the middle of the lake was the throne of the Snow Queen. Here she sat when she was at home. She called the lake the Mirror of Reason and declared that it was the finest and only mirror in the world."

But the dreamer and the story teller shared a vision of spatial change, of going long distances through halls and holes of multitudes of color that were reflected and of a feeling of cold. These perceptions also included a lake with a predominating central figure.

The psychological motifs flying behind these reflections might be echoing an observation of Carl Jung... "whoever looks into the mirror of the water will see first of all his own face. Whoever goes to himself risks a confrontation with himself. The mirror does not flatter, it faithfully shows whatever looks into it: namely, the face we never show to the world because we cover it with the persona, the mask of the actor. But the mirror lies behind the mask and shows the true face."

Another collective theme was told by an eight-year-old girl:

There was this big rainbow, a very nice rainbow because I got to walk on it. The rainbow stopped halfway down. A big man came walking and we were playing. There were these others at the bottom. They were very beautiful. I didn't know how this big dream could be. I did know how it would last. The rainbow has been with me all of my life.

Throughout the ages, people have referred to "Big Dreams," those which carry special spiritual significance, enlightenment on a higher level. Through her dream, this little girl had shared a glimpse of the spiritual realm that addressed the idea of faith. In Revelation, 10:1, we can observe how the universal message of a rainbow was seen in the same way as the girl had viewed it in her dream:

"And I saw another mighty angel come down from heaven, clothed with a cloud; and a rainbow was upon his head and his face was as it were the sun and his feet as pillars of fire."

Because children are less veiled from the collective unconscious, there is more of a chance to see symbolic imagery in their dreams, as is shown by a seven-year-old boy:

I was playing outside and there was a storm. There

were all sorts of colored clouds. A voice said, 'Get inside.' The voice came out of the clouds. The clouds came down and the voice was echoing into the clouds. You could see words echoing through the clouds. I fell down. After that, it started raining all these different colors.

One sees the frequency of many colors being associated with these archetypal patterns. It is the sense one gets when viewing the "northern lights." Divergent cultural groups show motifs surprisingly similar to the children's dream memories.

From the Talmud: *"As the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord. And when I saw it, I fell upon my face and I heard a voice of one that spake."*

From Navaho folklore: *"When you see the showers pass and hear the thunder, know that I am in them. Remember me, too, when the harvest and the beautiful birds come and know that is the order of your older brother. When summer comes, look for me in the storms and make rain and know that in them is your brother."*

In all three observations, there is an animation of the clouds, a voice coming from the clouds in two cases and colors in the sky and the act of falling down in two other scenes. Each description leaves us with a sense that a very deep level of knowing was tapped, something beyond our common everyday conscious knowing.

A six-year-old girl had a dream amazingly similar to a vision of an ancient alchemist:

I was with my friend and we were lost.

There was a gate that opened and something said, 'Come in, come in.' We went in and the gate shut and the bridge went down. We saw a chair that had a pot and it was full of fire. There was a snake with a jeweled crown and a robe on in the fire.

The snake was frightened and dropped his crown and jewels and fell to the floor.

From The Arts of The Alchemists: *It is the serpent that rejoices in itself, impregnates itself and gives birth in a single day and stays all metals with its venom. It flees from the fire but the sages, by their art, have caused it to withstand the fire by nourishing it with its own earth until it endured the fire... and then it performs works and transmutations.*

We see the motif of a snake, a special snake with a robe and a jeweled crown for the girl, and a special snake that the alchemist knew as a source of transmutation. Both snakes could endure the fire. Because this imagery is so arcane and most certainly nothing a six-year-old girl would have been exposed to, the universal pool of the unconscious mind clearly is reflected.

A ten-year-old girl dreams of a monster as hideous as the one found in a biblical account:

A panel opened and there was a monster, about five monsters. One was blue and had fangs all over him. His skin was covered with fangs. He had one muscle going on the outside of his body, bulging outside. Another monster had no feet, no body and no head...

just an eye. A green and blue eye, green on the outside and blue on the inside, navy blue, dark blue.

And from Revelation, 13:1: *and I stood upon the sand of the sea and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns and upon his horns ten crowns and upon his heads, the name of blasphemy.*

Divine Revelations in Dreams

Images and symbols of God often show themselves through dreams and visions. A young girl of six had a frightening dream of the dark side of the God image:

*You know what God did?
God came and killed me and I couldn't come alive again.*

A biblical account in Revelation, 14:14 shows well the suggestion of destructive power coming from above: *And I looked and beheld a white cloud and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man, having on his head a golden crown and in his hand a sharp sickle.*

The Navahos have their legends and visions concerning how spirit can enter the lives of their people. Many of these thoughts came in the vehicle of a dream first, then were translated into legend.

Black God is the Navaho fire god. He represents being in control of fire and fire making rather than fire itself. He is black in impersonation and sand painting. Black Body was his counterpart in the fourth world. When the gods came and tried by gestures to indicate that the people were to be changed into a semblance of the gods, the creatures did not understand. On the fourth day, Black Body explained in their own language the plan the gods had in mind. According to the War Ceremony legend, Black God came into being with the earth.

The same six-year-old girl who dreamt of God killing her had the following dream of a black cloud that was God. However, the black cloud God gave her life back:

We kept jumping and we could jump higher than anyone in the whole wide world. We could even go past heaven. We jumped all the way up to Mars and then we jumped to Saturn moon. Then God, you know what God did? God turned me into a ghost! God is a black cloud. I went back to heaven but by mistake. Then God turned me back into a person.

The imagery here of God as a black cloud seems strange indeed, until we read about the same image in Exodus, 33:10: *And all the people saw the cloudy pillar stand at the tabernacle door and all the people rose up and worshiped, every man in his tent door.*

Since the little girl had no exposure to a church situation or biblical text, it can only be assumed that the imagery arose from the collective unconscious pool, as did the Exodus account.

Jacob Boehme, a German Protestant mystic, was washed by a vision of universal totality, or God, and devoted his life toward trying to formulate an explanation of his vision — a fragment thrust from the collective unconscious.

or paradisical;... (2) the dark world;... (3) the external, viable world;... and I saw and knew the whole Being in evil and in good, how one originates in the other, so that I not only greatly wondered but also rejoiced. (Epist., xii, 8).

A dream such as the following one by a small boy can bring a smile and be forgotten, unless one pauses to think of Jonah:

Once, when I was dreaming.... I dreamed about this monster. It was red and all sorts of colors. It came to my house and broke in the window. It came into my bedroom and ate me. He threw me up and I ran away.

And Jonah, 1:17 and 2:10: Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights. And the Lord spake unto the fish and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land.

Of course, these thoughts differ in some respects but the basic process is identical, showing once again an ancient myth form and the reoccurring idea of being caught in something, many times an animal or a monster; of being contained, trapped and vomited out or released in some manner and then being free once again, the psychological concept of being caught in an emotional or instinctual trap and then working through it and being finally released from the problem.

The Parting of the Waters

Marie Louise von Franz, a distinguished Jungian analyst, stated: "Childhood is a period of great emotional intensity and a child's earliest dreams often manifest in symbolic form the basic structure of the psyche, indicating how it will later shape the destiny of the individual concerned."

A ten-year-old boy had a dream that is a perfect example of what Dr. von Franz had observed in children's symbolic dream formation. The following dream will be a word by word transcription from the tape recording. In this way, there will be a better sense of the emotional impact of the boy's feelings concerning his dream.

I was riding on this ship, or boat, and it exploded.

And, I had to swim three hundred miles. I got to this island and I didn't know where I was. I was the only one on the island and when I touched anything it would disappear. I would touch the trees and they

would disappear. I was hungry and I grabbed something and it disappeared. I went to touch the water to see if it would disappear and it still was there after I touched it. I walked away after I

touched the water and then I touched a tree and it didn't disappear now. I kept on touching the water and touching the water and then I touched a tree and it didn't disappear now. I kept on touching the water and then I touched the tree again and it still

didn't disappear. I touched the tree again after I touched the water and all of a sudden, it opened. It parted, I jumped down where the waters had parted

and the floor of the ocean kept sinking down. I kept trying to touch the ocean floor but I couldn't touch it. I was floating, just floating. Then, I came to where I was supposed to be and it didn't look like when I left it. There were a lot more people at the place I came back to before I left. Now there was a sign that said "population fifty." There were five million living there before I left. There were only fifty but it didn't seem like fifty. I floated just above the ocean floor as the waters parted.

I was going home. When I got home my mother was big and tall and my father was really small, one or two feet high. I was just myself. I don't know why, because everyone else had changed. When I went outside, it looked like a ghost town because no one was there. There was nothing there. The furniture looked old-fashioned in our house. My mother was so tall that she had to lean way over, so she didn't touch the ceiling. My father talked in a small voice and my mother spoke in a deep, low voice. When I got to the other side, the water sort of closed. The water parted as I went through... and it closed behind me.

In order to expand on the idea of symbolic form and the basic structure of the psyche in regard to a child's dream, a detailed account will follow:

The parting of the waters implies the release from bondage or oppression in a miraculous way. His ego explodes, his consciousness can no longer contain what is going on (ego boat explodes). Then he is left on an island far away from home, or home as he had known it before the dream. The parting of the waters has both a positive and negative side because the parting of the waters is his potential freedom from the unconscious infection or what has been picked up from within the family. Essentially, he has a vision down there. It is important to note that as the waters part, the bottom of the sea continues to get deeper and deeper. He sinks, because he has really entered the depths of the psyche at this point.

In a sense, you would have to enter the depths of the psyche for a transformation to take place. The vision brings to him new "dream eyes." This is a lifetime thing for him to incorporate the meaning of this in his own psyche. You could say what is happening there (unconscious) is not necessarily in his awareness (ego awareness). In the Unconscious, there is a dramatic shift; it suddenly opens up to him and he has a vision of the parent constellation in his own psyche. Then he comes back home and, lo and behold, mom is huge with a deep, low voice and dad is real small with a very high voice. This is the unconscious anima/animus relationship that he has had a vision of, showing what is happening in his parents' psyches.

We observe the depths of the psyche and the fruit of the parting of the waters, the opening up of the psyche and the explosion of the old conventional milieu, where

Inner/Outer Space Child: Sharing My Child's Dreams

by Linda Gail

When my son was born, I wanted a boy so badly I was certain he was a girl. I consequently hadn't bothered to choose a name for a boy. It was a home delivery and the doctor needed a name right away. I stood there, completely stumped for a moment and remembered a dream I had two days earlier concerning two of my friends who had long awaited the arrival of their baby. The baby was named Toby and they had a party to celebrate. Toby it was, then, born ten years after my daughter, Melanie. Some time later, I found out this is a nickname for Tobias, Jewish for "the Lord is good." Toby looked like an Indian when he was born. He had a beautiful round red face and a full head of coal black hair. He was short and filled out instead of thin and spindly. I had no idea what I was in for at the time. Looking back now, I realize just what an education it has been.

It was nine years later when I noted the following dreams. They are quite an insight to the creativity, personality and mind of one child as he sits in audience of the universe. He was curious about what he would look like in the future and he dreamed of himself *looking the same but bigger*.

He turned Star Trek into a cartoon. One night he created a "Rescue Ranger" adventure, became tiny and joined them in a huge cartoon city. This was long before Roger Rabbit.

He met Batman and Superman and shook their hands.

His dreams naturally reflected whatever was going on in his life. When he took up baseball "in real life," he dreamed of sitting in the bleachers of a Babe Ruth game and watching him hit a home run. A year later, he met a man through my house-cleaning business who had actually attended a full season of Babe Ruth games. The two of them spent hours talking baseball, history and other related topics. Toby eventually played baseball in his dreams as often as he watched. There were times he'd even join in with some of the famous players.

He was in a home study program for two and a half years. His favorite subject was history. He couldn't read enough about the Civil War and the presidents which was all quite a blessing for me. One night, he conjured up a time machine and went through it to watch a past election. He saw wooden boxes with wooden ballots. He also dreamed of being in a war and what it was like to kill a man.

He had problems with bullies at the school he attended until the end of the third grade. When they



approached him in his dreams, he would melt into the floor or leap off our back porch into the air and fly. I think these were to instill a truer sense of control and power so he would not grow up to bully younger children himself.

He dreamed of winning an art contest in England and meeting the Queen to get his prize. He is good with a pencil and paper. There were mornings I would get up and discover he'd been up most of the night working on a project. I think they were dream-inspired.

I have always kept tabs on Toby through my dreams; what to teach him and when, when to apply heavy discipline and when to back off. I also dreamed of issues concerning his health. He could never keep secrets from me. As time went on, I discovered I wasn't the only one with such talent. Toby would tell me a dream about me and I would discover elements of my emotional condition and once about an on-coming frame of mind. He dreamed *I was driving up an icy hill and had forgotten how slippery it was*. This had to do with my handling specific personal conditions. Sometimes out of not wanting to deal with things, I block out information Toby opens up to! Ours is definitely a house based on honesty and bringing things out into the open.

Now that Toby is thirteen, he dreams of driving, rescuing girls from thieves and practices his Kung Fu to ward off enemies.

He is beginning to take his normal day consciousness with him and remembers things I tell him. I was talking about how difficult it is to remember what you read in a dream. He found himself in a dream looking at a book. He remembered our talk and put every effort he could into reading and remembering.

Recording my dreams these past seventeen years sent me down pathways I hardly expected. I opened up psychically, became involved in natural body healing and learned a tremendous amount about the psychology of the human situation. I could not have gotten my education anywhere else. I understood the delirious outbursts of my grandmother in-between worlds before she died because of my experiences with dreams and meditation. Most of my family is mystified by all of this.

I feel like I have given my son an edge that will probably astound me in the future as I watch him evolve. He is already realizing the connections with himself and the inner and outer world at large . . . microscopically. I must admit I am almost jealous. His naive innocence gives him an even greater edge!

I have been teaching him how to heal since he was born. No one has ever told him he couldn't. When the spirit flows naturally and unimpeded, the connection with the Mother and Father is deeper in a spiritual way that makes my son quite remarkable in everything he attempts, on Earth or in Heaven. Then again, he is just like any other teenager, groping his way through puberty and junior high school. ♫

Please address correspondence to Linda @ 447 Mabel Drive, Arnold, MO 63010.

Pro Choice IS Pro Life!

Every sperm is alive,
And every ova too!
But if all of them
Were to survive,
There would be no
Me or You!

There would be nothing left to eat!
No place left to stand,
We'd be eating one another
Now, does that sound
Like a good plan?

When will we realize
It's the quality of life
Not how many mouths
We create to feed,
Then neglect in ghetto strife!

With no future, no education
And no place left to go,
A life of poverty, crime and desperation
In a world turned out for show.

So wave the flag you zealots,
Proclaim the sanctity of life,
But don't look down your own streets,
To the source of ghetto strife.

For if we destroy the planet
Through over-population or decay
Or our lives become so meaningless
That we blow ourselves away,

This debate of sperm and ova
And the rights to fetal birth,
Will be just a dream we had once
On the lovely
Planet
Earth.

Bill Howard

The Wisdom of the Dreaming Body:

On the Relationship Between Childhood Dreams & Adult Illnesses

by Alan Strachan

"In working with childhood dreams, I've discovered that they point to a life pattern of the dreambody behavior. Very often, chronic illnesses appear in the childhood dreams. These major dreams pattern our lives, our problems with the world, and our body problems."

—Arnold Mindell

Chronic illness can be a devastating experience, debilitating not only to the body, but to the spirit as well. There is mounting evidence, drawn from both ancient and modern sources, that dreams can be an invaluable tool in helping us understand our physical symptoms. The dreams we remember from childhood are especially important, for they can shed light on the basic patterns of our lives, revealing the deeper meaning of events such as chronic illness. In so doing, childhood dreams can help restore a sense of purpose and spirit to a circumstance which we would otherwise merely endure.

The relationship between dreams and illness has fascinated observers for thousands of years. In classical times, Hippocrates, Aristotle and Galen wrote that dreams were highly sensitive to the events of the body and instrumental in helping physicians diagnose illness. The modern age of dream research was ushered in by Freud's publication of *The Interpretation of Dreams*. Freud was convinced that disorders of the internal organs often instigate dreams, and that dreams could be useful in diagnosing and forewarning of illness. Modern empirical studies demonstrate a connection between dreams and a wide range of illnesses, including heart attacks, cancer, migraines, tuberculosis, hypertension, ulcers, asthma, arthritis, diabetes, and back pain. The studies show that dreams can play a role in diagnosing an illness, determining a prognosis, and

formulating a treatment plan, as well as by contributing to the healing process.

Psychotherapist Arnold Mindell has proposed an even deeper connection between dreams and illness. In contrast to most of the modern studies in which the dream and illness occur within a day of each other, Mindell observed that certain childhood dreams may manifest years later as chronic physical symptoms.

For the past 20 years, Mindell has been developing a psychotherapeutic modality which he calls Process-Oriented Psychology, or Process Work. In the course of his training, Mindell discovered some remarkable statements about children's dreams made by C.G. Jung. In a series of unpublished lectures delivered in 1938-39, Jung described "far-seeing" dreams which reveal at an early age the basic qualities of a person's "life myth," i.e., the unique pattern or story that characterizes an individual's life and imbues it with a fundamental meaning and purpose. (Jung, 1938-39)

Jung believed that the form of the personality is established from birth, and that the far-seeing dreams are unconscious, symbolic representations of the wholeness of the personality. Far-seeing dreams are especially prevalent in childhood because the child's ego is less developed and thus less separated from the unconscious. Jung believed that a person cannot individuate, or become whole, without remembering and integrating these dreams.

Mindell agrees with Jung that childhood dreams reveal a fundamental life pattern or life myth. A major difference is that Process-Oriented Psychology places far more emphasis upon and works more directly with physical symptoms. From the perspective of Process Work, dreaming and presenting physical symptoms are simply different ways of conveying the same information. Mindell has observed that processes underlying recent body symptoms always appear in a person's ongoing dreams, while long-term processes such as chronic physical symptoms are related to childhood dreams.

As I surveyed the literature on dreams and illness, I discovered four articles which described a meaningful connection between childhood dreams and a variety of illnesses—migraines, cancer, heart attack, hives, and backache—that appeared in adulthood. (Lippman, 1954; Lockhart, 1977; Saul and Bernstein, 1941; and Schneider, 1973) These studies were a beginning confirmation of Mindell's theory. A comparison of the articles showed that the childhood dreams had four characteristics in common: they tended to be recurrent, were frequently the earliest dream remembered, evoked strong feelings in the dreamer, and portrayed a situation which remained unresolved when the dream ended.

In order to examine Mindell's theory, I located a videotape of a psychotherapy session in which Mindell worked with a client on both

a chronic physical symptom and a childhood dream. According to process theory, an analysis of the tape should show there to be a structural correspondence between the dream and the body symptom.

Here is what I found:

Mindell's client—I will call her "Marla"—is 26 years old and a graduate student of psychology. Marla and Mindell begin the session by sitting on the floor facing each other, surrounded by seminar participants [Figure 1]. Marla describes her presenting complaint:



[Figure 1]

"I have a chronic symptom in my chest and a constriction across my back. [Marla swings her arms front to back, parallel to the floor, like a breast stroke.] I'm always trying to get more room. And that's a chronic thing."

A basic tenet of Process Work is that there is an underlying structure to every client's process. Symptoms such as Marla's are viewed as meaningful, purposeful conditions. Often the reason our symptoms persist is that we cannot decipher their message and make use of the information they are conveying.

One of Mindell's tasks is to help Marla decipher her symptoms. To do this, Mindell must first help Marla to amplify her symptom, to actually make the signal it is sending more intense. He accomplishes this by paying close attention to the way in which Marla experiences her symptom, i.e., by noticing the channel in which it is occurring. The most basic channels are vision, hearing, feeling (or pro-

prioception), and movement. Marla's symptoms are occurring in her proprioceptive channel (her chest pain) and her movement channel (her sense of constriction). In a separate exchange, Mindell determines that Marla's main channel is vision, a fact which will be important when Marla is ready to integrate what she is about to learn.

Mindell recommends that they begin working on the chest pain, and Marla agrees. Marla lies down, and together they locate the painful point on her chest. With Marla's permission, Mindell begins to press on the point, to intensify what Marla is feeling, and she variously reports that it feels like a "bruise... a black and blue mark... sharp pain."

After a few minutes Marla says that the pain is "like a knife." As she speaks she also makes a fist and raises her arm [Figure 2]. This is significant, for it means that Marla has changed channels, i.e., that she is beginning to experience her symptom as movement rather than as a feeling. Mindell facilitates this process by providing resistance to her knifing motion.

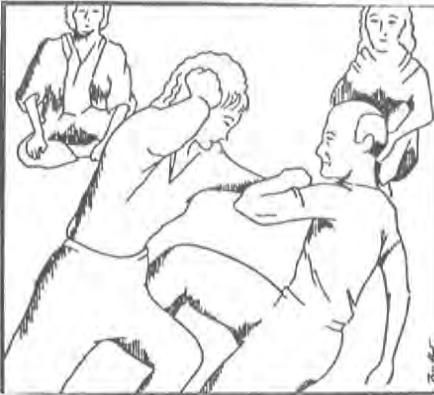


[Figure 2]

Mindell then asks, "Who is this knifer?" and Marla replies, "A killer." Within the next minute, Marla raises her head, sits up and turns to face Mindell. The killer is no longer just in Marla's arm! Instead, Marla is embodying the killer.

Mindell then begins to play the role of the killer's victim. Marla makes a knifing motion [Figures 3 and 4], repeatedly stabbing the place on Mindell's sternum which corresponds to her own pain point. In Process Work

terminology, the killer is the "dream figure" who is creating the pain in her chest.



[Figure 3]

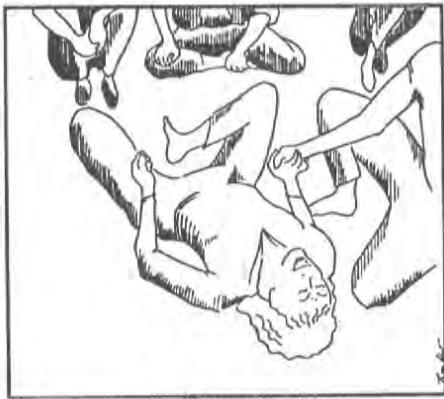


[Figure 4]

Finally Marla stands up, faces Mindell, and continues to threaten him with her "knife" hand as she makes full eye contact for the first time. Her facial expression, posture and gestures all indicate that she has fully identified with the role of the killer. But in order to gain a complete grasp of her process, Marla needs to explore more completely the role of the killer's adversary, which is her usual or primary process identity. She needs to fully experience the pain.

Mindell initiates the role reversal by imitating the killer's posture and raising his arm to make a knife stroke. Marla makes several vigorous attempts to ward off the killer, swinging her arms with great force in front of her. As they interact, Mindell is closely monitoring his reactions to playing his role. He notices that Marla's actions have not been enough to make him stop his attack, and he remarks, "This is the pattern of a chronic symptom: that you're up against a force that you are stalemated with." Mindell remem-

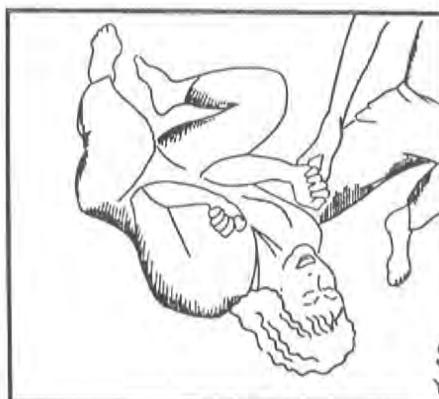
bers that proprioception was Marla's least occupied channel at the beginning of the session, and therefore the one in which she is most likely to learn what it is she needs to know. He therefore suggests that they return to Marla's original symptom—her chest pain—in the hope that they can find a way out of the stalemate, and Marla agrees. With Mindell's help, Marla amplifies her feelings until she is grimacing with pain and her body is contracted [Figure 5].



[Figure 5]

Mindell then initiates another role-playing sequence by resuming the role of the killer. He wants to see if Marla can use the depth of her feeling reaction in direct confrontation with the killer. He warns, "I'm going to kill you..." and "stabs" her in the chest.

Marla responds to the knife stroke by becoming even more tense and contracted than before [Figure 6]. Mindell, severely affected by her reaction, tells her, "I can't strike you when you do that. It's an incredible protection. I can't play my role any more."



[Figure 6]

Because Marla reacted so strongly, she made it impossible for Mindell to continue with his role. Marla used her entire body as well as her facial expression to fully express her pain. This is what the killer had been challenging her to do, and, now that she has done it, the nature of their relationship changes. In the moment, at least, there is no longer a need for a "killer."

The killer's challenge was an extraordinary one, for he called upon Marla to express a range and depth of feeling that was far beyond her usual experience. The killer had not been concerned with the relatively superficial motivation to seek pleasure and avoid pain. Instead he conveyed to Marla the wider need of the psyche to know itself completely, and thereby move toward integration and wholeness. From this broader perspective, Marla's pain is not a burden, but a profound teacher about her fundamental character and way of being in the world, helping her learn—for example—about her sensitivity, expressiveness, and impact on other people.

But there is another, crucial step for Marla: she must integrate what she has learned. There are several phases to this process, but the most critical one occurs when Mindell suggests that she draw the killer. He makes this suggestion because Marla's most powerful experiences during the session have been proprioceptive, while her most familiar way of processing her experience is through her visual channel. In order to begin to integrate her proprioceptive experiences, she must translate them into visual form. Marla complies with Mindell's suggestion, and, when she completes her drawing [Figure 7], a remarkable thing happens. As she looks at the face and body of the killer, Marla remarks, "It's like a missing figure in my childhood dream."

In one of my childhood dreams... there is this kindergarten girl who is locked up in the bowels of the earth. And there are all these boulders. And I just recently found out who she was locked up by. I forgot that part of

the dream when I was younger. She was always alone. And it was, like, this giant! And I could only hear him. [Hits her hands on the floor, making sounds like footsteps.] Boom, boom, boom. I was terrified of him.

When Marla associates the drawing of the killer with the dream, the session reaches a much deeper level. Early in the session we discovered that the painful place in Marla's chest was the killer's point of contact with her. But now, when Marla remembers her childhood dream, we realize that the killer is related to an even more ancient figure, i.e., the giant in her dream. By recounting the dream, Marla also helps us to understand why she has the chronic sense of being confined: she is still "locked up in the bowels of the earth." Her childhood dream has been in the background patterning her experiences and creating symptoms which hint at the deeper process. In my dissertation I demonstrate this in much more detail, showing that the dream and the body symptoms are logically and consistently linked in every aspect of Marla's process structure.

Marla's dream fits the basic pattern described in the literature: it was recurrent, evoked strong emotions, and portrayed an unresolved situation.

Four years after the psychotherapy session, I conducted an interview with Marla to explore the ways in which she had been affected by the Process Work. At that time she revealed that working on her symptoms and her dream produced both physical and psychological changes. Recalling the session, she said, "I remember being really struck by the pain I was in and showing that pain. I remember the emotional pain and the thing that stopped the giant was the intense agony." She further stated that she was becoming "more and more fluid... in showing my hurt" in relationships, and that, on a physical level, her chest symptom was "not really up as a focal issue... I don't have a lot of pain with it."

It would be a mistake, however, to focus strictly on Marla's physical symptoms. The orientation of Process Work is to increase awareness of the processes underlying body symptoms

and dreams. This may result in changes in physical symptoms, but it is not a goal.

In Mindell's view, Marla's childhood dream and her chronic symptoms are reflections of a more fundamental process—her life myth. Marla has learned about her life myth from a variety of experiences: her childhood dream, pain in her chest, the feeling of not having enough room, her relationships, and observations of her family. At this deep level of personal reality, the line between dream and chronic physical symptom becomes blurred. It is the underlying process—the life myth—that defines and guides us.

In our interview, Marla reflected about her personal myth: "I think that figure [the giant] has always haunted me...If I think of that I think of something very wild and earthy inside of me. And also at the same time there is the other part of it which is this little girl. She's very sensitive, and shy, and quiet." Marla recognizes that part of her myth appears to involve bringing those two parts of herself together.

It is a life-long challenge to learn from chronic physical symptoms and childhood dreams and integrate the knowledge. Marla explained, "I find my childhood dream and chronic symptoms are fluid things. So whenever I work on them I always understand something more. It's not like I have one particular breakthrough and then I've understood the dream. I always feel there is a lot more that I can learn from it. Once it will be important learning about the little girl part of the dream and other times about the giant, and other times about the relationships."

Marla recognizes that her chest pain and her terrifying childhood dream are more than symptoms. She knows that they are priceless gifts, which, if treated with the respect and attention they deserve, will guide her throughout her life, teach her to recognize and live in accordance with her deepest truths, and help her unite body, mind and spirit as she fulfills her personal destiny.

As I reflected on the results of this study, I became convinced that the investigation of childhood dreams and chronic body problems could have a far-reaching impact on the practice of psychotherapy and health care.

Although I restricted my doctoral research to childhood dreams, both Jung and Mindell claim that early memories play a similar role. Thus psychotherapists could utilize either early dreams or memories as a diagnostic tool, ones which symbolically represent the client's personality structure, basic attitudes, and relationship patterns. In addition, the Process-Oriented approach to chronic body symptoms has important implications for the field of health care. Typically, a patient feels victimized by physical problems, particularly chronic ones. And it is not unusual for health-care practitioners to pathologize the patient, to view the symptom only as evidence of what has gone wrong and needs to be fixed.

The basis of the Process-Oriented approach is to regard all symptoms, including physical ones, as positive in the sense that they carry information which, if processed and integrated, furthers individuation. Recurrent problems occur for a reason, and that reason can lead us to an important understanding of ourselves. The more chronic the problem, the more it says about who we are. If we assume that the symptom is trying to tell us something, then we can become active, curious participants in a process of discovery rather than re-active, depressed victims of a process of pathology. This positive attitude makes it possible for us to access parts of ourselves that are essential for our development. A further practical implication, as indicated by Marla's remarks during the follow-up interview, is that discovering and acting on the meaning of the symptom may have a positive effect on the symptom itself.

A final implication concerns the spirit with which we face life. If our oldest and most persistent problems ultimately lead us to fundamental

insights and growth, then we may be encouraged, as Marla was, to embrace the unfolding miracle of our lives. ♀



[Figure 7]

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The Relationship Between Childhood Dreams and Illness in Adults: A Review of the Literature

by Alan Strachan

This review summarizes five studies in which a meaningful connection is made between a childhood dream and an adult illness.

Saul and Bernstein (1941) described the case of a woman patient, approximately 25 years old, who suffered from chronic migraines and outbreaks of hives. They discovered that "Her deepest wish, judging by her frequently recurring dream, which began in earliest childhood, was for a good mother, actually for her concept of her own mother whom she had lost at the age of 2" (pp. 353-354).

Saul and Bernstein then made a connection between the childhood dream and the patient's chronic body symptoms.

Grown to womanhood, she retained these intense longings of her childhood but was unable to satisfy them through a normal sexual life, because of her fears. When her perpetually frustrated longings were increased... then she would become upset, frequently eat uncontrollably, be irritable, develop migrainous headaches, and also weep, or else... break out with hives. (p. 354)

Saul and Bernstein described two therapy sessions in which the patient reported that she had a recurrence of the childhood dream. In the first session she said that she awoke weeping; she then developed a case of hives during the therapy session. In the second session the patient reported that she awoke from the dream with a case of hives.

Lockhart (1977) recounted a case in which a cancer patient reported the following dream which had recurred since childhood:

I open the door of a darkened bedroom, and with the light shining from my back across the room to a window, I see a glowing face outside the window looking at me. I immediately become paralyzed, lift up off

the ground so that I am floating, and begin floating slowly toward the face. The dream never resolves beyond this point. (p. 14)

Lockhart wrote that "It was only when the dreamer completed the dream by exposing himself to the awesome emotional power of the face that he experienced a release.... The dream has not returned, nor has his cancer" (p. 15).

Schneider (1973) treated a man in his mid-40s who had experienced a heart attack. The man reported a nightmare which he had dreamed recurrently since childhood:

I am running all night. I am running along the rooftops of the city because I am being pursued. My pursuer changes shape. At first I am pursued by a woman, then she turns into a witch, then she turns into a cat—and I keep running as though my life depended on it.... (p. 367)

Schneider (1973) believed that the dream was directly related to the heart attack, interpreting the "I am running" image as "the heart pounding and running all night long, so that it can be said that in his sleep the heart attack man does not consistently really totally rest." (p. 368)

Although Schneider did not specifically mention another childhood dream, he did make the general observation that "heart attack personalities" often have experienced the shock of massive anxiety as early as 3 years of age, and that "Dreams reflect each stage of alarm very precisely" (p. 366). He cited, for example, a separate case in which a man had a symbolically significant dream hours before suffering a severe coronary. Schneider wrote that...

The events and the dream bring into sharp focus a repetitive obsessive-compulsive pattern fused with a running stream of anger which had been characteristic of him since early childhood and had now reached its inevitable self-destroying zenith. From the night-terrors of his childhood to this horror-dream of his sick adulthood—he had moved to this shocking climax. (p. 364)

Lippman (1954) discovered three kinds of dreams associated with

migraines. He classified these dreams as the nightmare, the nostalgic technicolor dream, and the waking dream. Each of the dream types had five characteristics in common: recurrence, brilliant colors, appearance at specific times in the life-span, certain emotional tones which usually carried over into the waking state, and, in some cases, persistence as a visual hallucination after the patient was wide awake. If a patient described dreams which could be classified as one of the three types, then Lippman used the dreams as a diagnostic aid and advised treatment for migraine.

Lippman described "The Nightmare" as follows:

Dream Pattern #1: The Nightmare. These dreams begin in early childhood, recurring frequently until the 10th or 12th year. Some patients remark that their dream "began as far back as they can remember." In rare cases the dream may recur infrequently in adult life, usually during or following periods of illness. In such instances, it is remarkable that the dream is identical in detail with that of the early childhood years. (p. 273)

Lippman went on to say that the nightmare is characterized by intense terror and panic which his patients typically described as being completely out of proportion to the dream situation. This feeling continues into the waking state, sometimes lasting for hours. Lippman provided case material on five patients, each of whom suffered from migraines, and each of whom experienced the recurrent nightmare dreams in childhood.

Mindell cited one case (1985) in which a physical symptom was related to a childhood dream. The patient was a 40-year-old man with a recurring backache. As a child, the man had a dream in which he had tripped over his mother's feet, whereupon his mother had turned into a cow. The cow head grew ever larger until it filled his vision, with its mouth open in a silent scream. As they worked on the dream, the man said that the cow had a lot of pain that he could feel in his stomach. Mindell amplified the pain by applying pressure until, still with the man's encouragement, he was using a great deal of force. The man gave no indication of

being in pain, and eventually they realized that he was exhibiting a cow-like nature. Both the dream and the backache were telling the man that he needed to express his pain.

It is interesting to note that although Jung (1938-39) did not cite a specific childhood dream and its relationship to a physical problem experienced by an adult, he did make the general observation that such dreams can, in later life, affect an individual's posture, movements, and ability to feel his or her body.

To summarize, these articles described a connection between childhood dreams and a variety of physical symptoms that manifested in adulthood. The symptoms were migraines (Lippman, 1954; Saul & Bernstein, 1941), cancer (Lockhart, 1977), heart attack (Schneider, 1973), hives (Saul & Bernstein, 1941), and backache (Mindell, 1985). Migraines were the only symptom that appeared in more than one case.

Although the symptoms varied considerably, the cases have a number of elements in common. Lockhart, Schneider, Lippman, and Saul and Bernstein all noted that the dreams were recurrent. In all five articles, the dreams were characterized by extremely strong affect. In two instances the authors emphasized the antiquity of the dreams, noting that they began "in earliest childhood" (Saul & Bernstein, 1941, p. 353) and "as far back as they can remember" (Lippman, 1954, p. 273). Finally, in each case, the dream was in some way incomplete. For example, Saul and Bernstein's patient was left with intense, unresolved longings; Lockhart's patient floated toward but never reached the large face; Schneider's patient was endlessly pursued; Lippman's patients recounted a variety of unresolved terrors; and Mindell's patient dreamt of a cow whose mouth was open as if to scream. Both Lockhart and Mindell worked with their patients to help them complete the dreams. In Lockhart's case, the patient went into remission, while Mindell did not describe the effect of the work on his patient's physical symptom.

These articles support the theory that there can be a meaningful connection between childhood dreams and the subsequent development of illness



Art by Michael Shores

in adulthood, and identify the key elements of such dreams: recurrence, strong affect, antiquity and incompleteness. ♀

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"You Have Found Your Mother!"

Submitted anonymously

A recurring dream when I was a child went like this:

I was taken to a one-story school building by a very big man, who -- in the first dream -- instructed me that he would set me spinning, whirling-dervish-like. Once I got 'off the ground' a-spin in the air, as it were.... he would open the front door to the building. My mother was inside, behind one of the many doorways off the labyrinthine hallways. I was to locate the room she was in/select the right door.

One chance only....
or I would lose my mother!

Instructions were provided. the first dream; each time thereafter, my task was non-verbally understood.

Countless times I had this dream, and always, I found her, first try, first door, first time..... except the last time I had the dream.

I couldn't find my mother and I never had the dream again.

Years later, I talked to a kind man who told me of Jung's theory about childhood dreams.... being dreams which set your purpose and/or destiny in life. I was intrigued and this recurring childhood dream loomed up large on the screen of my mind.

One day, while contemplating this insightful information, I was taking a walk around a lake. I soon arrived in an area where I was alone.... and right away, spotted a beautiful mushroom. It caught my eye, changing forms - one second, a toasted marshmallow, another, a woman's breast. It drew me to my knees. I cupped the mushroom with my right hand and placed my left hand on the Earth, going into a deep meditation.

When I surfaced and before leaving the kneeling position, however, I bowed over to thank the mushroom for these moments of silence and contemplation.

An inner voice resounded:
"You have found your Mother!" ♀

The Dreams Which Shape Our Lives:

Dreams From My Childhood

I have been interested in dreams for as long as I can remember. I've read enough books on the subject to grow weary of the repetitive information in them. I enjoy my dreams. I am more fascinated with how rich they can be in detail and in the unity of their story lines than I am in understanding their underlying meanings. The work involved in analyzing dreams has not seemed to be worth the insights which I have been able to gain. I am still hopeful that my dreams can give me wisdom in my every-day life but I find that, like literature, the dreams that are most significant to me are not necessarily the ones which I have dreamed recently. I believe that we who study dreams should take special note of dreams which stand out from among the run-of-the-mill dreams that all of us have every night. I'm speaking of the dreams which have a definite impact upon our lives and which contribute to our evolution as people. We may wonder why these kinds of dreams occur when they do. We may wonder why some people seem to dream more vividly or more often than others. I wish to share a few dreams with the *Dream Network*, which I hope can be as inspirational to others as they are to me. Each have contributed to my over-all perspective on life.

When I was five years old, I had a dream which taught me to confront the difficulties of my life even though they might seem insurmountable. In the dream,

I was working in a circus. I was required to feed all the animals and to clean their cages. The work was an endless, thankless drudgery. In addition, the whole universe seemed to be in contempt of what I did and who I was. As long as I was in my indoor work station, I could hear happy calliope music playing to please the crowd and the performers, but if I ever ventured to go outside, the music would sound as though it were on a warped record, the sun or moon would hide themselves behind a cloud and the stars would go out, a few at a time, until they were all gone! At one point, at the end of an exhausting day, my boss summoned me into his office. Removing a long, imposing cigar from his mouth, he yelled out, "The

elephants! I can't believe you haven't watered the elephants yet! Now, get out of here, and do your job!" I picked up a couple of pails, and trudged off to the elephants' cage. As I walked along in the nighttime gloom of a large tent, I decided to put my pails down for just a minute to look outside from the edge of the canvas where I did not think anyone could see me. From that vantage point, I could see the stars and love them, and the calliope music continued to play in rhythm. I had not been under the edge of the tent for more than a few moments, when somebody spotted me and yelled out, "Hey you, nobody gave you permission to lie down! C'mon, guys: I think this boy needs a lesson about loafing on the job!" I leaped to my feet, grabbed my pails and ran, with several grown men chasing after me. They chased me into a narrow hallway and I sensed that it was impossible for me to get away from them.

At that point, in my terror, I forced myself to wake up. I got out of my bed, went downstairs, and climbed into bed with my parents. Before long, I was back asleep, assured that it was only a bad dream and that everything was going to be all right. But when I fell asleep again, I dreamed of . . .

... a huge stadium under a sunny afternoon sky, with thousands of people in it. Sitting in the announcer's booth with a microphone in her hand was my sister, Connie. "And now, Stephen Leininger's dream will continue, in Mom and Dad's bed," she said. The crowd roared its applause. There I was, being chased down the same hopeless hallway! I was aware that I was dreaming but I no longer felt that waking up was an option. I made it to the end of the hallway and then I ran outside to the center of the circus grounds. I was not daunted by the blackness of the sky, the tortured music and the revulsion which registered in the faces of the people I saw near at hand. I wanted as many people as possible to see me and to hear me as I faced my attackers and challenged them: "Why do you hate me? Why do you want to hurt me? What have I ever done to you?" Suddenly, the calliope began to play at its normal

skyline, the stars returned to the sky again, and the contempt which I had seen in people's faces changed to kindness. "I'm sorry," said the main attacker. A crescent moon with a face on it drifted out from behind a cloud, with a big blue tear under its eye, and a man in a food stand handed me a strawberry ice cream cone.

I woke up shortly thereafter.

I don't know how or why I dreamed of being so completely alienated, nor where I found the courage to confront the universe with my pain, but the memory of this dream has helped me to be able to confront my difficulties both in my dreams and my waking life.

When I was nine years old, I had another dream in which I was unable to escape. The dream began . . .

... in the living room of the house in which we lived in Legaspi City, Philippines. My mother was telling me that the Devil had come to stay with us and that he would be sharing my bedroom with me. I went to my bedroom to meet the new guest and saw him unpacking his suitcase.

He was a tall, bald-headed man, with a halo shining around his head. I don't remember what he said but he was a talkative fellow, who greeted me in a cheerful

manner and who put me at ease. He even had me laughing and he didn't seem like such an evil character at all — until he pointed at me — and by so doing, made it impossible for me to move. After struggling against his spell, under the humiliation of his laughter, he let me move again, just long enough to let me breathe a sigh of relief. Then he froze me in my tracks again and returned to his suitcase. I struggled for a long time, first to break free of the invisible chains which kept me where I stood and then to break free from the enchantment of sleep itself.

I suddenly found myself on the sidewalk between the house I lived in and the house across the back yard.

Relieved that I had successfully wakened myself up and thinking that it must be late at night, I walked back to the house to go back to bed. When I entered the dining room, however, I was surprised to see my mother and a few of her lady friends, sitting in the darkness around the table with cups of tea in their hands, all frozen by the Devil's spell. "So this isn't a dream after all!" I thought to myself. "I've got to find a way to get out of this town!" I took what money I had and, realizing that I didn't have enough to buy a ticket to anywhere, I stole a few bills from my mother's purse. The streets outside were packed with people — suitcases in their hands and packs on their backs — all fleeing for the airport or the train station. As I joined the throng, I looked up and saw the Devil on a high hill, laughing at us. With a single sweep of his hand, everyone was frozen.

Whereas before this dream, I had considered evil to be a compulsion to act in a harmful way, after this dream, I began to see evil as something which immobilizes as well.

A year and a half ago, when I was thirty-two, I had a powerful dream about death. Before I went to sleep, I had been reading, but when I got too sleepy to read, I closed my eyes . . .

. . . and I heard someone calling to me from the dream world. I knew that if I responded with my actual voice, my awareness of the dream-caller would go away. I therefore tried to respond with the voice of my imagination but try as I might, I could not make that voice loud enough for the person calling me to hear. Soon there were other voices calling me and as I tried in vain to respond to them, I only got sleepier and sleepier. Then I heard the sound of waves on the shore and I realized that I was lying on a beautiful beach. I felt comfortable but I was unable to move. Rich and Alim, the General Manager and the then-President of the company where I work, walked up the beach to where I was and put potted flowers next to my head. "How kind of them," I thought. "I'm dead and they've come to bring me flowers. I looked up into the sky and saw a red Ford pickup floating far away into the clouds. Rich offered me his hand and lifted me up out of my body. I then spent some time floating over the beach, reminded of a feeling I must have had as a child, wherein I had no thought in my mind that there would be anything else to do in my life than enjoy the beach forever.

I flew away from the beach into a hilly meadow where there was a Rainbow Gathering; basically an assortment of people camping together. Through the center of this gathering of campers, there was a path upon which there was a long stream of people, dressed up in many different styles of clothing. I joined them, scanning the crowd for any cute women that might be among them. Then I decided to ask an elderly black woman where everyone was going. "This is the way back," was all she said. We passed the information booth at the entrance end of the gathering. I wanted to turn around and return to the gathering, but I also wanted to see where the pathway "back" was leading. After a short distance through the woods, the path led into a school. The procession continued down a long hallway, at the end of which there was a hole in the floor, about ten feet wide. I could only see about forty feet down into it, because the hole spiraled ever so slightly as it went down. Its walls were rough like that of a cave and there was a metal ladder that went down into it. One at a time, people descended into the hole. I felt a woman leaning against my back and decided that if she were sexually attracted to me and if she were willing to explore the pathway back with me, then I would go down the ladder — but if not, then I would return to the Rainbow Gathering. When I looked at her, I did not think she looked very attractive — but I felt sexually turned on anyway and I imagined that, since I was dreaming, I could change her appearance to be any way that I wanted it to be. So I touched her on the shoulder — at which point she glared at me and shouted, "Keep your hands to yourself!" That was enough to make me turn away from the tunnel, which I now presume led to rebirth. When I faced the other direction, I saw that the hallway was full of people who were not wearing fashions, but costumes. I saw two bald-headed women whose faces and arms were painted white like that of a mime. I saw

people dressed as dinosaurs and an "elephant" with tusks tried to chase me. There were also endless displays of art and sculpture. I was especially interested in some children's art where every drawing was set in a square. "This art isn't very good," I thought, "but I think it's the kind I need to do!"

I woke up shortly thereafter, doubtful that I would ever have found my way back to the Rainbow Gathering. This dream awakens a bit of childlike freedom within me but also shows that I have a distance to go in the development of my relationships and my creativity. It reminds me that we all have choices to make in our lives and it suggests to me that certain decisions can't be taken

back.

I wish I had space in this article to include four or five other dreams which have had a significant influence upon my life and thought, and which, I believe, have a universal appeal. I assume that most people have had significant dream experiences. Perhaps by saying so I might inspire someone to take a fresh look at a dream she hasn't thought about in years and realize what a gem of inspiration it was. Share it with me, if no one else. I would be interested in hearing about dreams which stand out as being especially important in a person's individual development. I would also like to collect and circulate dreams which seem to have a bearing upon the awareness and evolution of the whole human family. ♣

Book Review

Nightmare Help for Children: A Guide for Parents & Teachers

by Ann Sayre Wiseman (Ten Speed Press, 1989) 128 pages \$9.95. Reviewed by Kelly Bulkley

Every parent knows that all children have nightmares—sleep researcher Dr. Ernest Hartmann notes in his book *The Nightmare* that young children suffer nightmares more frequently than any other age group. Few parents know, however, what to do when the nightmares come. They try to soothe their panic-stricken child by saying, "It's OK, dear, it was just a dream," but that always sounds hollow: the dream may have been just imagination, but the feelings, the fears, are real.

Anne Sayre Wiseman's *Nightmare Help* offers a very helpful guide to transforming those fears into opportunities for learning and growth. Wiseman is a grass-roots therapist with extensive experience in working with dreams. This book evolved out of workshops she gave at grammar schools in the Boston area, where she helped children from ages 5 to 13 learn to understand their nightmares. *Nightmare Help* is refreshingly clear of mystifying technical jargon, as Wiseman intends the book for children as much as for parents/adults. Its large format, friendly style, and numerous drawings (which young readers are encouraged to color) all contribute to this aim.

In the children's section of the book, Wiseman says that "dreams can be helpers—and if you dare to look at them, they will teach you about yourself." She then explains that nightmares are special dreams that tell us we're feeling scared, hurt, alone, or angry: "Nightmares are designed to wake you up. Nightmares make you really sit up and listen." Children may want to run away from the scary monsters in their nightmares, but Wiseman tells children that she can show them how to stop being so afraid of those monsters.

Wiseman first has children use colored pens and paper to draw a picture of their nightmare. Drawing a picture allows the child to express the nightmare in a safe way by creating some distance: the nightmare is brought back to mind, but now it's put out there, on the paper. This process gives the child a positive sense of control; it's precisely the experience of utter helplessness and lack of control that is so terrifying in the nightmare. Once the child has drawn the nightmare he or she feels the security necessary to begin exploring the emotions the dream has brought forth.

At this point, Wiseman suggests questions that parents and teachers can ask to guide the child in trying to understand the nightmare. For example, she would ask "How could you feel safe looking at that monster? Try drawing some helpers to be with you in the picture; Ask what the monster is doing in your dream; Is there anything the monster wants? Draw it in the picture and see what the monster thinks of it."

The bulk of *Nightmare Help* consists of examples from Wiseman's workshops, and it is here that we see the real value of her work. As she presents the nightmares, the children's drawings, and their own attempts to come to terms with the dreams, we begin to see how involved the children become in the process. Their nightmares are matters of the utmost importance to them, and it ends up taking very little prompting from Wiseman for the children to struggle with the troubling feelings raised by the dreams. With her help the children find that what had been terrifying has become an opportunity to learn about themselves.

The process she describes is not a form of dream analysis; no special expertise is required and there is no dogged sleuthing after hidden symbols. Wiseman's goal is to encourage children to develop a relationship with their dreams. She wants to empower children, to help them understand their own feelings and to learn to live with them.

Learning to deal with the fears of their nightmares is a good way for children to begin dealing with the scarier parts of the adult world, Wiseman says. In this respect she is working to revive an age-old tradition of using dreams in education. Anthropologists have discovered that many other cultures teach their children about the meaning of dreams as a way of teaching them about the world. When adults show that they take their children's dreams seriously, children learn both to take their own scary feelings seriously and to trust the adults whose help they need so much. Parents today would do well to remember this the next time they are tempted to say "It's OK, dear, it's only a dream..." ♣

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Wild Iris:

A Story of Dreamspinner & the Dreamless One

©1995 by Linda Leigh Himadi



Beneath the misshapen mountains to the north, the village of Thrus rested quietly. Few strangers ever reached Thrus, but if they did, they found there was no place for them and quickly moved on. The villagers kept their own dialect, calendar and customs and generally got along among themselves. When a baby was born in Thrus, the old women of the household would open all the doors and windows. At the baby's first cry, a young woman with braided hair would appear at the threshold. She carried a luminous white bundle. Quickly she spread the blanket over the cradled infant and with a swirl of skirts, cloak and crackle of apron she was gone. It was said the blanket caught the dreams of the newborn and held them close. The villagers believed the blankets must be spun from milkweed and spider's silk, dandelion fluff and thistledown. And only the Dreamspinner herself could work such stuff.

Thrus, of course, had a small wooden church and a parish priest. He was an eager young man who had been

made welcome in Thrus when he had arrived a few years ago. He lived in the back of the church in two small rooms. Late one chilly afternoon he was busy splitting wood when something made him straighten up to look and listen. He thought he heard a scuffling of leaves around the front of the church. Hands in his pockets, he went to investigate. At first he saw nothing. Then he noticed newly-turned wet leaves around the wooden stairs. Scrabbling around in the leaves, the priest was amazed to find a very small infant, naked except for the dry leaves tucked all around him.

The priest wrapped his coat around the baby and rushed to the stove in the back of the church. The little boy was freezing but seemed in no distress. He did not cry at all even when he began to warm up. The baby did not look at anyone or at anything. He seemed to be concentrating on a serious problem inside. Otherwise he seemed fine. Even his hands and feet were almost pink instead of purple. The priest decided to try to feed him. Taking a thick towel

and some warmed milk, the priest twisted one corner, dipped it in the milk and placed it by the baby's mouth. Almost mechanically, without excitement, the baby mouthed the towel and then turned away. Slowly, in this fashion, the feeding progressed.

The priest made a search of his meager household belongings. A few sheets and towels would have to do for baby clothing and bedding. The only cradle he could find was the wood box. Big and sturdy, it smelled like the deep forest. As the priest wrapped the baby in a threadbare towel, the young Father stared open-mouthed, moaned, and then screamed. The child had no navel—no scar, no pucker, no dimple. His belly was perfectly smooth, like a goose egg. The priest wrapped the baby tightly and put him in the wood box. Only then did the man begin to shake, face pressed to calloused palms. Finally he began to sob quietly. Gusts of cold wind banged at the windows and doors.

He never heard her enter, but when he straightened up, the young woman with the tight plaits was crouched by the stove, feeding dry wood to the embers. "I heard you call, Father Mark," she said simply, brushing off her hands. She waited calmly while he wiped his eyes and cleared his throat. He had never heard the Dreamspinner speak.

"I found an infant in front of the church a little while ago," he whispered painfully, "but he...he is not normal..." Mark's eyes filled with tears again as he gestured to the woodbox. The Dreamspinner peered into the box, loosened the towel and studied the sleeping infant for dreadful long minutes.

Finally she turned to Mark, her eyes deep with swirling nebulae. "The child belongs to you. And only you. He is a Dreamless One—a misfit throughout the universe. He will be a trial to you. As he is, he is outside the realm of God and so being, I cannot tell you his fortune or misfortune."

She turned toward the door, but the baffled priest grabbed her arm. "Please, did you not bring a blanket for him?"

She smiled sadly. "He has not asked for one."

Father Mark took in the boy and did the best he could. The child was christened on Sunday and given the name Karl. But the baby never smiled.

or cried, never seemed to see the people around him. He was a hermit in his woodbox, refusing help. The priest began to have nightmares. He would dream that he had forgotten to feed the baby for weeks at a time, or that the child had crawled away and hidden himself. And no one, not even the dogs, could find him. The priest would wake from these nightmares all twisted in his coverlet. The boy was always found breathing evenly in the woodbox, still and peaceful.

Mark decided he must speak with the Dreamspinner. He tried calling for her and then tried some simple prayers. There was no response. The villagers felt that she lived somewhere deep in the forest, perhaps in a cave. So, with just this scanty information, Mark set out, carrying the baby in an old rucksack. At first the trails were cleared, with distinct blazes on the pines. But after a few hours tramping, man and infant were in a dense wilderness. Mark had to force his way through the branches, he and Karl getting slapped by the sticky needles. Although he was terribly tired, the priest could not stop or admit that he was lost. Karl, of course, made no complaint of pain or hunger.

The day was overcast and in among the trees the light was quite dim. Mark finally came to a small clearing. He slung off the rucksack and rubbed his shoulders and shook out his arms. Luckily his boots were warm and comfortable. But the forest seemed quiet, too quiet. No rustling or sighing. Winter was threatening, but the quick, jaunty, cold weather birds aren't silenced that easily. Mark found he must rest and sat down between the roots of a giant fir. He knew he and the baby were dreadfully lost, but somehow he didn't care.

Father Mark awoke in the dark. As his eyes began to focus, a match was struck and a lantern began to melt the shadows. "Welcome, Father Mark and Karl, also," her voice hummed from a dark corner. Blinking, Mark could see and feel that they were in a cave. Slowly

the Dreamspinner took shape. She was dreadfully shrunken, folded in on herself. Her covering, for it was not a dress, was shapeless black. Her hair was familiar but loosed from its ribbons, it flowed like honey in shining slow motion. Mark, astonished, lingered in that golden light, forgetting her eyes. But their heat burrowed into him, forcing his eyes into the eternity of hers.

"You have come for help with the boy," she stated.

"Yes, I am so ignorant of the unseen world," Mark sighed.

and monstrously clever. Let Karl face them alone."

"Alone?"

"Yes, these fiends were not meant for human sight."

Marksighed more deeply. "Is there no other way?"

The Dreams_spinner studied Karl. "Even the night hags may have no success." The cave was very quiet.

Mark finally asked in a hushed voice: "When will you send them?" Dreams_spinner's hot eyes met his, "Tonight. But I won't send them. They'll be eager to come."

Mark awoke in the dark again, this time back in the clearing. The wind had picked up and behind the clouds, the sun was setting. Hoisting the rucksack to his shoulders, Mark and the baby followed the wind into the village. They arrived home quickly...too quickly...for now Mark had to ready himself and Karl for the night hags. But how? In his distress Mark began to talk to Karl out loud: "I'm putting you and your woodbox out in the church. I'm afraid I can't be with you when they come. I'll be sitting back by the stove, listening." Here Mark shook his head. "Alone! God, must he face these night hags all alone?" In answer the wind modulated to a higher pitch and Karl fell into an impassive sleep.

The wind became playful. It tore around the eaves, slapped the shutters and blew through the steeple, gently rocking the bells. The weather

was clearing and becoming colder. The clouds, breaking ranks, were rushing away, deserting the sky. Things became quiet. Mark could hear the mice scrabbling in the pantry. By the time even the mice were still, Mark could feel the night hags surging over the bare trees, riding breakneck on spirited mares. When they reached the church they reined in, considering. Mark had secured the doors and windows from habit. Sitting in his chair by the stove, he hid his face in his hands but he could feel them oozing in the dream holes of the steeple, the holes that let the lilting



"Ignorant? Not really. You've found me at home and with my hair down," she laughed delightedly. Quiet again she shook her head slowly. "I have been thinking about this Dreamless One," and she motioned to the baby who was awake gazing into inner space. "I cannot give him dreams...they must boil up from the pain and joy within. But, nightmares are a bit different. The night hags might be able to jostle his soul enough to let some precious spark of humanity in...but, I warn you, the night hags are unrelenting

music from the bells ring throughout the village. The night hags coiled down the bell ropes into the sanctuary.

It was quiet. Quiet. Then Mark heard soft coos and whispers, snatches of lullabies, even some giggling. Their voices were low and luscious. One began sighing, sad, heart-broken. The other began to pant slowly, rhythmically. The first was moaning now. The panting came quicker and the moaning turned strident. Mark was up and pacing furiously, wringing his hands, sometimes covering his ears desperately, sometimes halting to listen. When the piercing shrieks echoed off the church rafters, Mark broke through the door, lock and all—and saw them! Clearly—every detail. They vanished quickly, as nightmares do, leaving only a miasma of horror trailing. Mark lifted Karl, who was lying naked on the floor, awake and implacable. But in Mark's eyes burned a new light, a piercing light that leaves no shadows. A light that most mortals do not bear.

The night hags failed Karl; no dreams or nightmares disturbed his sleep, no awareness troubled his waking. "Perhaps," thought Mark, "the boy is in his own heaven. Yet his life, if one could call it that, seems wasted." Mark prayed, seeking guidance, patience and inspiration. He wondered about the boy's soul: it did not seem headed for either heaven or hell—providing he had a soul, of course. Mark's life began to center around the boy. He rarely visited the needy. When the villagers arrived at the church on Sunday, Father Mark always seemed surprised and hurriedly threw on his vestments any which way, mumbled his way through Mass, shooed the villagers out and locked the doors.

He couldn't keep the stove lit and no longer cooked for himself. His rooms were a disgrace and his clothing and shoes run down. Only Karl was well cared for and he didn't care. Finally, the villagers asked Mark to leave. "Perhaps someone in a town the other side of the mountains can help you," they urged. Father Mark made no protest. He wearily packed Karl in the rucksack and walked off, forgetting to close the door.

Mark and Karl were both past caring now. They followed the dirt road

and trudged slowly. The sun was melting the snow on the trees and glittering drops spattered down. Neither Karl nor Mark seemed to notice. So it was a miracle that Mark noticed a big spruce begin to dance and sway and he heard exasperated screams and curses as the tree toppled toward the road. Mark's brain flashed "Run!" But even before a single muscle tensed, a booming, cracking echoed throughout creation.

Dark clouds swirled and tilted and dizzy stars bumped each other drunkenly. Piercing screams came closer and then faded. Light trickled in around the edges in brilliant shifting colors and the ground started to sway. Mark awoke and was sick to his stomach, retching into a jumble of evergreen branches and leaves. Somewhere nearby he could hear someone laughing deliriously:

"I've caught one!" The voice was ecstatic. "Hah! There's no fooling me!" Mark painfully crawled out of the fallen tree. He was still on his hands and knees when the voice burst out again in gales of laughter. "Who, or maybe what, are you?" Mark looked up into wry, old, loving eyes, laughing wholeheartedly at his expense.

"I'm Mark," he kneeled up, trying hard to look dignified. But the old man was so obviously amused that even Mark felt self-conscious, blushed and began to smile.

"Want to see what I've caught?" the old man asked eagerly. He bounded over to the top of the fallen spruce. Mark followed, limping. There on the shadowy forest floor writhed a small rainbow! The treetop held it pinned to the ground. As it twisted, the colors blended and jumbled and in the dark, the colors were deeper and gemlike. It looked like a bright tropical bird, frenzied wings beating to escape a native trap. The old man smiled gently. "Know what? You can't catch a rainbow the same way twice!" He puffed up to a proud 4 foot 8 inches. "Have to be very tricky." He adjusted his nightcap importantly.

"But what do you do with a rainbow?" Mark puzzled.

"I use them to make dreams. The name is Smith—DreamSmith." And he began to talk to the rainbow in a soothing voice that sounded like

tinkling bells, sweet and melodious. The rainbow stopped struggling. DreamSmith rolled it into a small ball and carelessly stuffed it into a threadbare pocket. "Sure was a lot easier in the old days when most everyone dreamed in black and white!" he grumbled.

Mark was stunned. "You? Are DreamSmith? How...odd..." He was having trouble gathering his thoughts and words. "Can you help a Dreamless One?"

DreamSmith flashed over Mark an illuminating glance. "Depends," he was suddenly sober. "The last one was a disaster," he reminisced. "Nice little Vandal tribe brought one in but they were much too organized. Where is this One?" DreamSmith seemed eager.

"He's right here in my rucksack," and Mark slung off the straps hopefully and pulled back the towels, revealing nothing. He was flabbergasted. Then he ran wildly over to the fallen tree searching madly through the branches and leaf litter. He combed the whole area carefully, once, then again. Meanwhile DreamSmith was busy nearby carving narrow slits in a big puff ball. "Best way to catch midnight mist," he was murmuring happily.

Mark came running over totally distraught. "I can't find him anywhere!"

"Nope!" DreamSmith kept carving. Kept smiling.

"Help me search. Surely you could find him!" begged Mark.

"Oh, I know where he is," he clicked his knifeshut and sat down comfortably on a tree stump. "You forgot him."

Mark was incensed. "I most certainly carried him here!"

"Yes, of course, but when the tree fell...in the confusion...you forgot him just for a few moments. That is all it takes with Dreamless Ones. They cannot sustain themselves without someone else's dreams."

Mark collapsed in a miserable heap. "Where is he? Where did he go?"

He's in Chaos. DreamSmith spoke softly.

Mark began to cry. "Chaos—is that like hell?"

"Oh, no! Chaos is interesting! Lots of my dreams love being assigned to Chaos. And it's the best place I can think of for a Dreamless One."

"But I cared for him and worried



about him," Mark sobbed "and...and I wanted him to get better." He paused to collect himself. "And I tried so hard." Mark really broke down now.

DreamSmith just waited. Mark finally looked up, defiant, tears glittering on his cheeks. "And I love him."

DreamSmith beamed. "Do tell." And his smile and arms reached out to Mark and drew him close...so close the rainbow squeaked.

Mark returned to Thrus alone and quietly resumed his duties. He set his

rooms to rights and filled the woodbox with wood. One night he was awakened by a young man of the village. "Come Father, please. You must sanctify our newborn daughter. There is something amiss! She does not cry." Mark threw on his clothes, horror gnawing his entrails. The two men ran to the cottage and burst in the door. The grandmother took Mark by the hand and pulled back a flowered curtain. Mother and baby lay quietly under a thick coverlet. Though quite young, the mother offered Mark eyes of aged sorrow.

"She does not cry," the mother stated in flat tones.

"I know," Mark blushed. "Permit me to examine her." The young woman nodded once, perplexed. Mark loosed the baby's simple garment and saw a perfectly normal human navel, tied with blue string and he began laughing from relief.

The family crowded close as Mark began the familiar ritual. "What name have you chosen?"

"Carla," the whole family replied.

As Mark gave her the name and sprinkled her with holy water, the baby opened her eyes and stared straight at Mark. Her eyes were startling and clear, the color of wild iris. As he smiled back she began to coo in blended tones and to wave her fists in delight. The old women ran for the windows and doors throwing them open to the night air.

Dreamspinner alighted on the threshold carrying a luminous bundle. But her dress was rumpled and her hair was wild, tousled free from care. She walked over to the bed and spread the blanket around the baby. The old ones knitted their brows for the blanket was not white. All colors seemed to shine throughout the dreamstuff, glimmering faintly.

Dreamspinner turned to Mark and smiled foolishly. "I had some help with this one." Absently she tried to smooth down her hair.

"Well, do tell!" Mark laughed uproariously, startling the baby.

Dreamspinner turned, her skirts floating, her apron drifting soft as thistledown. Mark caught the elusive spinner in his arms and hugged her. ♫

Cyclops/Cont'd from page 19
parents' psyches.

We observe the depths of the psyche and the fruit of the parting of the waters, the opening up of the psyche and the explosion of the old conventional milieu, where the old egoadaptation just gives way, at least in the dream. The vision is what? "My mother was so tall that she had to lean over so she wouldn't touch the ceiling. My father talked in a small voice and my mother talked in a deep voice."

That is the parting of the waters! That is the vision his dream brought to him. He comes back to his old home that has been transformed, no longer the same. The parting of the waters as an image is really only the gateway. The parting of the waters for the children of Israel is release from oppression. They were going home... to a new consciousness. That is the depth of this! In the individual psyche, this implication is relevant for personal, psychological growth. The dream image of a significant historical event gives a focus for greater interpretation and points toward a major psychological construct by the importance of the image, an archetypal concept.

The foregoing children's dreams show evidence of the creative images springing from the unconscious world. They are guides to show how the mythological layer of imagination and dreams develop. Jung observes, "Although dreams in which these mythological parallels appear are not uncommon, the emergence of the collective unconscious, as I have called this myth-like layer, is an unusual event which only takes place under special conditions. It appears in dreams dreamt at important junctures in life. The earliest dreams of childhood, if we can still remember them, often contain the most astonishing mythograms; we also find the primordial images in poetry and in art generally, while religious experience and dogma are a mine of archetypal lore."

We have shared an uncommon experience with the children who have told these dreams and we can see that as the trail within the labyrinth of visions and dreams extends, it appears, knotted to each of the four corners of the world. ♦



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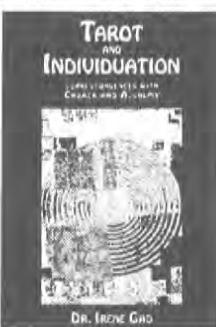
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Book Reviews

Review of Children's Books on Dreams

by Kelly Bulkley

The best way to teach children about dreams is of course to talk with them about their own dream experiences—encouraging children to share their dreams with others, to play with their dreams, draw pictures of them, and act them out.

A big help in teaching children about dreams is reading them stories about dreams. Such stories can stimulate children's imaginations, opening up new possibilities and new realms of experiences. Indeed, reading stories about dreams can start getting children interested in dreams, leading them to begin sharing their own dreams. I have been reading stories to children's groups (ranging in ages from two to six years old) for four years now, and I've found that when they hear stories about dreams the children frequently start describing their own dreams, without any further encouragement from me.

What follows is a survey of some of the best children's books on dreams. Parents, dreamworkers, and parent dreamworkers may find these books helpful in introducing children to the world of their dreams.

The classic children's dream tales are *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-glass*, by Lewis Carroll. Although the language might sound a bit dated (Carroll published the stories in 1865 and 1871), the magical adventures young Alice has in Wonderland remain as fresh and delightful today as ever. Everyone will have their favorite passage in these stories, and mine is when Alice plays croquet with the ferocious Queen of Hearts: the croquet field is crisscrossed with ridges and furrows, the mallets are live flamingos, the balls are hedgehogs, and the queen's soldiers double themselves up on hands and feet to make the arches. Alice is completely baffled by this dream world where everything is alive, moving, and filled with a will of its own. There are few books on dreams, for children or for adults, that show so beautifully all the strangeness, the mystery, the discovery, and the humor of our dreamlife.

Among contemporary children's picture books, parents and dreamworkers have a variety from

which to choose. Maurice Sendak's *Where The Wild Things Are* is a modern classic and a big favorite among children. It tells of a mischievous young boy who, in his sleep, makes a journey to the island of the "Wild Things," enjoys a raucous night of dancing and howling at the moon, but eventually decides to return to his home, where there are people "who love him best of all."

Another fun story that children find very gripping is *There's a Nightmare in My Closet*, by Mercer Mayer. Hero, a little boy is afraid of the monstrous Nightmare hiding in his closet (the Nightmare is beautifully drawn, with frightening horns and teeth, and yet also with an adorable awkwardness). The boy decides to wait up one night, armed with his pop-gun, and confront the Nightmare. But when the Nightmare creeps out of the closet and the boy shoots it, the Nightmare starts crying and making a big fuss; the boy realizes that the only way to soothe the poor monster is to cuddle up with it in bed. The story ends with the boy and the Nightmare happily asleep together, but with another Nightmare peeking its horned head out of the closet.

The recently published *Just a Dream*, by Chris Van Allsburg, is an unusual and very interesting dream story with an environmentalist moral. A young boy dreams that he visits the future and sees the results of his (and our) polluting ways. For example, the day before he had thrown away a paper bag on someone's lawn, in his dream he sees how in the future huge heaps of trash will cover people's houses. When the boy wakes up, he quickly acts to be more careful in how he disposes of garbage. Van Allsburg is an award-winning illustrator, and he presents this tale (of what Jung would call a "prospective" dream) with an elegant, understated simplicity.

There are a number of picture books that, like *Where The Wild Things Are*, are dream adventures—tales of children who fall asleep, travel to wonderful, far-off places, meet strange people and animals, have all sorts of fantastic adventures, and then wake up again. Among the best of these are *Ben's Dream*, also by Chris van Allsburg; *Dinosaur Dream*, by Dennis Nolan; *Maury and the Night Pirates*, by Dieter Wiesmuller; *Dream Wolf*, by Paul Goble (actually, a retelling of a

Native American myth); and *The Dream Child*, by David McPhail. These tales teach children that their sleep can be a time of discovery and fun, rather than of fear and loneliness.

In addition to these modern stories, many traditional fairy tales describe entertaining, imaginative dreams. In "Beauty and the Beast," for example, Beauty realizes in a dream that she has broken her promise to the Beast and that he is dying from loneliness. The collection *Elijah's Violin and Other Jewish Fairy Tales*, compiled by Howard Schwartz, includes a number of wonderful stories with dreams playing significant roles in the unfolding of the action. *Grimms' Fairy Tales* also has quite a few stories with dreams in them, such as "Blue Light" and "The Gold Children." But the tales of the brothers Grimm often have strange morals that modern parents might not want to pass along to their children, so be careful.

It's worth making one critical point about these children's books: there are gender issues here that are significant and potentially problematic. All of the books reviewed here are written by men, and not surprisingly most of the stories are about boy dreamers (*Alice in Wonderland*, "Beauty and the Beast", and *The Dream Child* being the main exceptions). Many people are troubled by the fact that in these stories the boys' dreams tend to have more danger and aggression in them than do the girls' dreams. Is this because boys really do have more danger-filled dreams? Or are boys rather encouraged by stories, TV, and movies to act more aggressively in their dreams and their waking life? And then, what do girls learn from these stories about boys' dreams—that boys are essentially aggressive beings? Or perhaps that boys are "normal," and girls should try to be aggressive too?

These are important questions, for which we unfortunately do not have sound answers yet. The study of dreams, children, gender, and imagination is woefully underdeveloped in our culture. In any case, parents and dreamworkers may want to read these stories with a critical eye, discussing with their children how the stories show us wonderful, exciting possibilities about what dreaming can be about, not what dreaming is or should be. ¶

Dream Inspired Poetry

Blue Baby

Caught between my last breath
and the one that will not
come, I draw blue vacuum
where memory belongs:
I claw at any looming
half-attentive thing in this blue
blinding-

My father, you my only child,
I cannot reach you, blue-lipped
intellect protects you; mother,
only child, I such and such
and your blue breast yields
nothing-

Caught breath, I dangle drowning
in this air you breathe, bruised blue
behind these eyes that cannot see
in light like yours an answer
to the womb's dream: so smack me
hard on my bald, scar-smooth behind
for answer to all my
gasping-

Caught by the first breath
I cry.

Stephen Wing

Eden's Gate

I walked into a lake of fire
the flames lept all around me
then commanded by a woman's voice
I stepped where the blaze grew higher

I expected people wailing
but not a sound was heard
I expected hints of searing flesh
but no human limbs were flailing
The voice continued guiding me
further into the fire
and like a child I followed in
and stood in a bubbling mire

The blaze, like curtains, opened wide
and before me stood the woman
ghostly white in a buffalo hide
she looked at me and smiled

Her hand reached out and took my arm
then pulled me through the passage
and where she stepped the fire withdrew
so I felt a sense of calm

She turned again to look at me
with eyes of piercing light
and with a sweep of a magic hand
the earth became clear to see

Fire had cleansed the world of hate
once more destroyed the evil
She spared a few, with faith, like me
and led us all to Eden's Gate.

David Ritchie

Two Dreams

It happened in an instant on the empty checker board.
The people of the first dream snapped into the red squares.
The people of the second dream clicked into the black squares.
There were parts of their bodies in each square, moving parts:
an eye in one square, a hand in another.

When I opened my eyes the people of the two dreams merged.
They became pastel silhouettes, flat and shimmering.
After the cold front passed with its stern gray light,
they swayed one behind the other
to the music of a gold April flute.

by Paula Steffan

Nightmare Unleashed

A screeching,
wild-eyed Siren of the night,
she claws herself
through layers of deep sleep
into the Sanctum of my dreams.
Distorted,
her grimace hangs beneath my lids,
crawling deeper, oozing viciousness.
Forked tongues coil inside her mouth
like fiery snakes caught
in a frozen womb.
Her shadowless wrath
cuts through my soul
with blades of wickedness,
chiseling away
the substance of inner peace
until
the knell tolls twelve...
Banning
her spell.

by Ruth Ilg

Speak to Me, TONIGHT

To Get Insight From My Deepest Self
I want to incubate a DREAM tonight.
Ask my inner self what I need most to do
to be to become.

Formally, Directly, Outrightly,
I ask, "Dearest, Deepest Self of My Self,
Tell me Show me Lead me Speak to me
TONIGHT."

Asleep
Awake
Awake
Asleep
TONIGHT!"
Rose Gordy

Dream Death

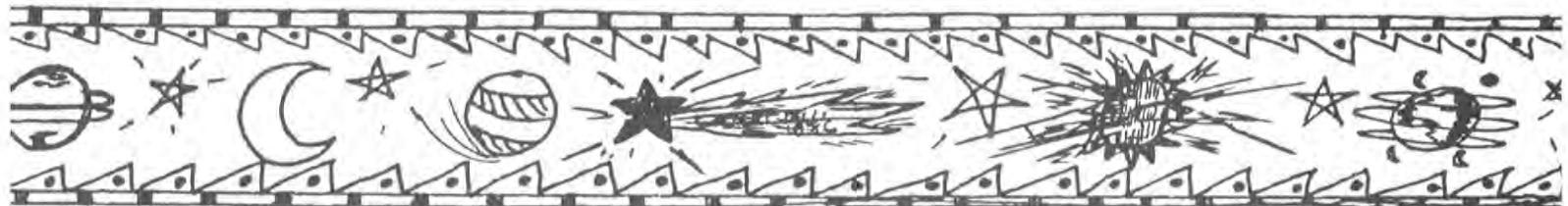
I stand on the broad verandah
of a tropical house on stilts,
struts of thatch above for shade,
blood-red hibiscus with
sticky orange pistils
bloom below, rooted in loam
by white-legged palms.
Warm air is uninflamed
by birds or breeze . . . the
fronds and I regard each other,
parts of a photo taken by someone
to finish a roll.

A single snowflake,
a perfect parallelogram,
seems to have landed on the ground
and then another . . . and
three more . . . slow to land,
silent and demure,
I note their small arrivals
in surprise and
have a thought that each
is like a graying hair,
the first few noticed,
the rest ignored
until the density is white.

More snowflakes come
hurrying to mat upon the ground
where now the garden
is transformed to a
white New England scene;
for a moment there is just
fresh snow extending on
and then the tracks appear,
bootprints of the others,
gone before,
which show the path I am
to take and will and do.

J. Maria Galeno

Dream Voice: "The unconscious is God!"



Dreaming Humanity's Path

Part II

Dreams of Warning

The Dreams....

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An Interview with Michael Ortiz Hill

by H. Roberta Ossana

Apocalypse as a Rite of Passage: The Coexistence of Beauty & Beast In Psyche, In Culture



Deena Metzger & Michael Ortiz-Hill

**When you go
to the dark place
you must come back singing
the note inscribed
on your palm the song written
on your hand
the way trees
grow about the
shape of the wind.**

Deena Metzger 1981:45

(Editorial preface) When Michael and I were setting up this interview, I mentioned the shocking similarity of the dreams Michael built his book, *Dreaming the End of the World* around and those received on this end as a result of our call for visionary dreams — resulting in this year's theme, *Dreaming Humanity's Path*. Similarity sufficient to cause trembling! This phenomenon, for me, confirms the essential message/story Psyche is communicating to the human community in these times.

Apokalypsis (from the Greek) literally "revelation" or "a tearing away of the veil, of that which conceals" (*kalyptein*).

Enantiodromia: The qualities or personas, carried to their extremes, tend to become their opposite.

DN: Before we go into the heart of the crucial dreams and messages that you detail in your book, will you share a little about yourself, your interest in dreams, especially dreams of apocalypse, and how the book came about?

Michael: My background and education have definitely not been traditional. My mother is an artist and Mexican; her family goes back 250 years in Santa Fe, New Mexico. My father was a Buddhist/Jungian intellectual. They met in the artist community in Santa Fe back in the 40's... so, I grew up in a certain ferment around artistic and psychic concerns. The beginning of my education was in my father's library, for sure! I was raised Catholic and learned the Buddha Dharma from my father when I was 15.

My own practice has been largely Buddhist. When I was a teenager, I was homeless for three years and I regard that period as the real ground of my education: on one hand it was three years sleeping under freeway bridges, rummaging through garbage cans; on the other hand, I sat in on classes at the university, spending a great deal of time reading in university libraries. Carl Jung and Joseph Campbell were certainly my mentors. When I was homeless, a great deal of what I

did was get an education. It was very deep, very rigorous and actually very devastating . . . as one can imagine. What I call the apocalyptic rite of passage was first enacted in my life when I was on the street.

I rather reconstructed myself when I was in my twenties. Got a job working with dying people and began to piece myself together. I trained as a registered nurse and entered into a quasi-monastic Buddhist practice for 6 1/2 years, sitting zazen at the bedside of my patients during graveyard shift. So my work now is what I call *curandismo*, a Spanish word meaning that I do healing, both in the context of the hospital and doing ritual work with my wife, Deena Metzger. Dreams play a big part in all of this. I work very strongly with dreams with my patients/clients, also with the Tarot and doing ritual work. My training the last three years has been in Ifa, which is West African (Yoruba) religious tradition.

That's my life in a nutshell.

The dreams that I've collected for the book are about the end of the world, about apocalypse. Because I'm from New Mexico, originally and because of the circumstances of my background, I literally grew up under the shadow of the bomb. My father was born and raised at Alamogordo, which is where they blew up the first bomb . . . outside of town, there. And my mother's town, Santa Fe is very much in the shadow of Los Alamos.

My mother tells a remarkable story about when she was a teenager in the early forties, walking on the ridge near my grandfather's ranch with a nephew and pointing to the lights of Los Alamos — not having a clue what they were doing over there — and telling him that that was Santa Claus preparing Christmas for everybody!

So, I grew up within the mythology of the bomb, within the duck and cover generation. The terrors of the cold war . . . were always an over-arching presence. I'm of a

generation — the post Hiroshima generation — that truly did not believe we would live to be 20 years old. I grew up in an atmosphere that took apocalypse as a given.

DN: *An extraordinary history, Michael. Thank you.*

It seems to me that the dreams and your narrative in the book, are retelling or reframing the archetypal motifs of the Creation Story and Hero's Journey, in contemporary terms. Does this ring true for you?

Michael: That's a very good point because one of the startling things is, if you look at the roots of what is called apocalypse in Western culture . . . if you look, for instance, to the roots of the Gospel and the revelations of St. John about apocalypse in the Old Testament, you go back to the old Babylonian stories of Marduk and the slaying of the primordial dragon, Tiamat. An ordered Universe, the sky and the stars, comes from the body of the slain dragon.

So, the story of apocalypse, at its root, is really the story of creation . . . not the story of the end of the world. It's the story of the end of one world and the beginning of another. So, you're absolutely right about that.

DN: *That's how this time seems, like an updating of the Creation story and being on the threshold of creation. Let's hope! It can't get too much more chaotic.*

There are some quotes from your book that orchestrate these archetypal stories — and which also outline the three stages of the Hero's Journey — which I would like to frame this interview around, if I may:

DEPARTURE

"This dream — the (collective) Dream at the End of the World — is the awakening of the Beast." p.23

"The Beast is an autonomous complex loose in the collective psyche" p.23

"The Beast is very often associated with the realm under the ground." p.25

"Very often the Beast's violence is located specifically in its hunger." p.25

DN: *What are some alternative, constructive suggestions you might make . . . what can be done to satisfy the hunger of the beast?*

Michael: There are two things that come to mind. One, I suppose has to do with my reflections on the beast the last few months. My wife and I have been talking about the vortex — our shorthand for this acceleration of time we're experiencing. Deena and I have been talking about this autonomous complex, this vortex, that we're drawn into and toward — where things just seem to speed up and speed up and speed up — and more and more is demanded of us and we try to keep pace with it and things literally start disintegrating around us. The feeling is that when you find all of your peers and most everything you see around you being drawn toward this acceleration, then there is more going on than a personal situation.

When I was his student years ago, Llama Sogyul Rimpoche used to talk about the Kali Yuga. Kali, is of course, the devouring mother from Tibetan and North Indian mythology. The Kali Yuga being the apocalyptic age, he used to speak of it in terms of a time of things accelerating and therefore disintegrating. So, in terms of the hunger of the Beast, there is way in which we are feeding our lives, our very selves, to this particular vortex. Lately, I've been struggling to reimagine the vortex as a relentless demand to seize the present moment, *carpe diem*, to serve the sacredness of what is immediately present.

The other thing about feeding the Beast is that the passage through apocalypse is hopefully a passage to a much smaller and humbler way of seeing things. There's a big attraction to thinking apocalyptically . . . in enormous categories. There's a shift, it seems to me, between the Beast (with a capital B) and the animals. There's the little kangaroo rat that you see the track of in the desert. That's the

shift to me, in terms of archetypically feeding the Beast. How do you "feed" — that is to say acknowledge and nurture — the world it lives in? The real question is, *What is the Transition We Have to Make?* so that we're weaned from these heroic, titanic battles between Messiah and Beast and come back to seeing the little particulars that surround us.

INITIATION

DN: So when we're talking about an autonomous complex loose in the collective psyche and how we might satisfy the Beast's hunger . . . it seems to boil down to the individual and to a recognition of shadow, leading to the rite of passage or the Initiatory stage of the Journey.

More passages from your book:

"The Messiah, crazy in his desire to eliminate the enemy, easily becomes the Beast." p. 31

"In this dream, (at the end of the world) Beast and Messiah co-habit the same image." p. 42

"It is in coming to terms with the reality of the Beast that our salvation lies." p. 44

"Sub-scending the madness of the 20th century means descending into the Underworld to be initiated there." p. 45

"The dream of apocalypse depends on descending into the Beast's lair with tenderness of heart . . ." p. 44

"Rather than enacting apocalypse in the world unconsciously, we deliberately enter the apocalypse of the psyche for the sake of the world." p. 53

"We are far more likely to participate in the world's destruction by clinging to the fiction of our innocence than if we have a conscious and living relationship with the darker aspects of our own nature." p. 53

"... apocalyptic initiation may well require destruction; one's 'world falling apart' can be intrinsic to the way of transformation." p. 85

"The recognition of apocalypse begins with looking into the face

of what is falling apart and finding it unbearable . . ." p. 85

"... the project of preserving the fiction of normality in an apocalyptic time is itself the opium of the masses." 85

"These dreams speak of the end of denial, both of what is going on and of our complicity in it." p. 99

DN: In these quotes, Beast and the Jungian concept of shadow — or that which is not yet conscious — are relative, almost synonymous, are they not?

Michael: Yes, I think so, although when I speak of the Beast I'm talking about Shadow in a collective way . . . though obviously it's very personal, very intimately personal. When we speak of what we don't even want to know about ourselves, that's about as intimate as you can get.

DN: If shadow has become a collective, autonomous complex, how do we each begin to do the work of withdrawing (shadow) projections? Of befriending the Beast?

Michael: There's an initiation in looking the Beast in the eye and our transformation is literally in the arms of the Beast, so to speak. There's a recognition of the sacred here. What happens in the apocalyptic battle is that there's a raging between the Messiah and the Beast that feeds this energy and that is precisely what we have to withdraw from. It's not about fighting the Beast, it's about recognizing: Ah . . . I See! It's not the enemy "out there" that's trying to destroy the world. I myself am also participating.

DN: Therein lies the paradox and the beauty in comprehending these realities. While the Beast is becoming visible — e.g. while we have collectively projected our shadow-side out into the world via wholesaling/marketing violence, via — as you speak about so eloquently in your book — the ravages that we're visiting upon Nature . . . the Beast has become so BIG! Yet each of us can only do our part, our own work.

Can you, having been through the rites of passage many times yourself, offer courage and encouragement to

people who have yet to make that passage?

Michael: Courage is a wonderful word, I think, because — as I understand the root of the word — courage is about *cœure*, heart. How do we have heart?

Somebody was asking me what apocalypse actually was, psychologically and as I got to the core of it, I believe it's the image of heartbreak. I think our terrors of apocalypse are *terrors of heartbreak*, of things falling apart. Psychological apocalypse is the experience of the lament or the rage or the compassion of living in the world at this time. And it is heart breaking, it is terrifying in many respects. That part of it can't be diminished, can't be pretended away.

One classicist I quote in the book, L. R. Farnell, says that the quality that Hades holds — Hades being the God at the bottom of the underworld — in his primordial self is tenderness and melancholy.

My own experience in making this passage — for all the drama of going down, which can indeed be very excruciating at times — the bottom line of the experience is this quality of tenderness and melancholy.

I work a great deal around the Greek myth of Hades and the Eleusinian mysteries and I always ask, "What will it require to change the hell of the Twentieth Century into a Hades of initiation, rather than look at this time as a period or place of damnation? What if we look at the particulars of living in this time as a rite of initiation?"

Initiation always serves the life energy and the life energy is the vitality within us and that is reliable. To move in that direction, to recover a portion of one's vitality, is a profound act.

Unfortunately, American culture is a fundamentalist culture in many respects. It proliferates fundamentalisms and about 80% of what passes as ethics in this country is about identifying an enemy and throwing one's life force into

fighting it! It's better than not being ethically committed, I suppose, but there's very little imaginative space for what might be an ethics of reconciliation. When I work on the dream level, the question is, "How does one apply an ethics of reconciliation? How does one reconcile oneself with these aspects that are hugely troublesome, disruptive and confusing?" One can rely on the ego psychology that fights them to the bitter end but we all know that, in itself, drives us crazy.

**"The sky will
collapse and the
earth will burst
into flames,
therefore
cultivate
compassion."**

Tantric scripture

"These dreams show that the Beast may well be presenting to us one of the many faces of God." p. 145

"One cannot behold the birth of light out of darkness without having been first rendered naked." p.131

"The light is revealed when one no longer knows who one is — when one is a mystery to oneself." p. 131

*"The compassionate one is the archetype at the core of religion itself, in the original sense of the word: *religiare*, in Latin, 're-binding'." p. 132*

"In two of these dreams, the act of re-binding is storytelling." p. 133

"The compassionate one is born the moment that self-preservation is no longer one's reason for being." p. 131

Therefore, Cultivate Compassion

Title, chapter 13

RETURN

DN: *Here, in the midst of apocalypse — as we approach the threshold of the new forms/the new creation story — how do we dream, Now, the beginning of the world?*

Michael: I'm going to answer on two tracks here, one which may seem a bit elliptical. One thing I noticed in apocalyptic dreams of the Compassionate One is that he or she only appears *after* the apocalypse. It's fascinating! The Compassionate One in apocalyptic dreams is not the one who saves the world. The one who saves the world has a very different character. *Before* apocalypse, there's a trickster character, who is like an animal that will do anything to survive. One who is trying, in trickster fashion, to sabotage the machinery that would generate apocalypse. So this is one figure in the psyche, the one who will save the world.

The Compassionate One comes *after* the world has been rendered to ash. I speak of that act of binding together, of storytelling. One woman dreamt of the feet of the wounded children while she led them out of the devastation to a greener world. There's a difference here between the view of *before* the apocalypse and *after* the apocalypse. Before and after the apocalypse are two different ways of speaking about where we're at now; two different windows in which to look at the present time. So, we're asked to carry a duplex sensibility, two contradictory images of where we're at now, two contradictory forms of activity.

Again, we have to come to the willingness to let our hearts break. To let the simple shape of the human being emerge: uninflated, tender and with an acceptance of the limitations of being human, with all our flaws. Striving for perfection is . . . it's simply a distraction. We're not perfectible beings and our beauty is not in our perfectibility. I believe that heartbreak and the willingness to live lives that have a human shape, lives that are responsible is the way we wake up from the dream at the end of the world.

Because the bomb is no longer the primary image, there is an archetypal shift in the apocalyptic psyche. Now we're imaging apocalypse as the unraveling of nature — which of course was happening all along — the bomb was just eclipsing it. Greek myth talks about the Furies, the ones who torment, harass and cause miasma — bad blood or poison blood — to those who violate the Earth, the Mother.

My feeling is that we're moving into a more horizontal mode. We're not looking up to the sky, to the bomb coming down anymore. We are beginning to recognize that our human lives are being shaped by the presence of other beings that are not human. They surround us, they shape us. How do we live in a way that honors that humans exist within a mosaic of communities? It is said that between 30 and 50 million species live on this planet, each of which is a community in and of itself. So, one can enter into that reality — this thin film of life called the biosphere that envelopes this planet and that vibrates as we walk in the midst of it. It has always beckoned to our hearts to listen. Right now, nothing is more crucial than learning the art of listening.

DN: Thank you for sharing your thoughts and your time, Michael. ♣

The Oceans Above, The Sky Below

I have been to a huge party in some kind of military compound, or military headquarters — either Air Force or NASA — and one of the officers wants to show me something.

I sensed that this man was not only lonely but also alone, in that he knew something that nobody else knew. Some sort of secret mission. He wanted to show me what it was.

He takes me into a room that has what looks like an aircraft trainer in it, with seats for a pilot and passenger. He straps me into the passenger seat, makes sure I have a helmet securely strapped on, shows me how to "sight" in something like a rifle sight. (What am I going to be "sighting?") Then he gets up into the pilot's seat, presses a button on the stick and we're immediately catapulted into outer space!

It happens so fast that it fairly takes my breath away. We hover there for a few minutes, then we're suddenly back in the training room. He mentally tells me to go get something (what?) and come back to do this again.

I wander through the halls but don't know which door to go into to get whatever it is I'm supposed to get. Finally, I go into a room full of officers who are just standing around and talking. I ask the one who seems to outrank the others where is this Colonel that I'm supposed to assist. He looks at me with disdain.

The others turn around to stare at me as though they thought "Who do you think you are, to be assisting Colonel what's-his-name in such a secret project?" The officer studies me for a minute and then says,

"Oh, yes, you must be Maria" indicating that he knows this Colonel has need of me.

He leads me through the hall toward the training room.

I say, "Yes, we lifted off a while ago and I must admit I was scared pea-green at first but then I began to enjoy it." He smirks and says: "Yes, I guess there are some people who enjoy doing something different." I wonder what he means by this. Suddenly, before we get to the training room,

I see we are in this huge room. It is round, like a transparent bubble.

There are windows all around, from floor to domed ceiling and the ceiling is also transparent, like a domed skylight. There is something like a ballet bar against the right side of the wall. Suddenly, the entire bubble-room tilts sharply to the right and everything and everybody starts sliding and falling against the opposite wall.

Some of them are yelling, all wondering what in the world is going on.

The officer who was leading me is the most nonplussed by it all. I say to him: "Well, there's something different going on right now and we're all experiencing it." I'm frightened, wondering what it is and what all these people think about it and what's going to happen to Planet Earth.

Suddenly, in a flash, I know that the Earth's poles are shifting and what was "up" is now going "down" and vice-versa. It's like the oceans will be above and the sky will be below . . . a complete REVERSAL of what once was and it would probably mean the extinction of life as we now know it.

Not "life" per se but "life as we now know it."

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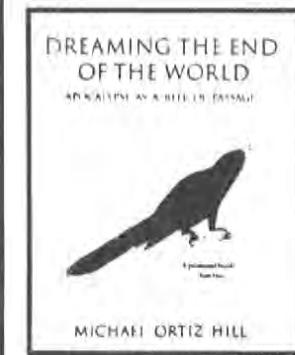
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Powerful Winds of Change

I'm standing in a large town square which is also the intersection of major streets from all directions. It's completely empty of people or any sign of use, leaving a feeling of sadness/regret.

What's that sound? I listen intently with increasing awe. There's no doubt!

Far off, massive winds are gathering momentum. Although still on the other side of the globe, they'll eventually sweep the entire world. I can already feel and see the first gusts scattering the dried, dead leaves of late autumn. Those unprepared are in danger of being caught off guard and overwhelmed.

There are brick bungalows all around. I walk to the home straight ahead and knock.

A woman, obviously in labor, opens the door. I offer my help in exchange for shelter saying, simply, "We need each other."

Once inside, I escort her down some stairs to the basement. A kindly, old man is tinkering in the

With the second, you KNOW you can trust your body and the life/birth process.

shadows of the workshop we've entered. Briefly note that it's filled with an array of hand tools, many crafted of wood. I tell the woman, "He helped me during my previous labor/birth."

I help her onto a table in preparation for the birth.

Holding her hand, I try and reassure her saying,

"There's only one difference between the first child and the second.

During the first labor,



The old man sits close by, smiling and patiently watching, content to let us handle the delivery. It's comforting to know he's there if needed.

I glance to my left and notice the far wall of the basement/workshop is broken out and open. The stray remaining boards on the edges suggest it was purposefully done, perhaps by the old man. All that's visible is a dazzling field of light, yet I

despite mental preparation, know this level/world is safe and waiting for us there are underlying fears and self doubts, when we're done and ready to leave.

The New Wave

Part I: The First Wave: Foundations Shaken & Crumbling



As the vision unfolds, I am with my son in a small structure perched at the end of a pier. The structure seems to be round or octagonal and is primarily composed of windows. We are looking in disbelief to the East, where quite some distance out in the Puget Sound we see a Tidal Wave beginning to rise. As it continues to gain momentum, we say very little to one another but rather stare in continued disbelief at this rising phenomena. The First Wave continues to rise, peaks and breaks, sending repercussions into the Bay which literally jars the pilings supporting the pier and consequently the structure in which we stand.... causing it to begin to sink into the Bay.

*As this action is taking place, we begin to move toward solid ground.
I am conscious of not being frightened but nevertheless make haste.*

(Parts II of this vision will appear in Vol. 14#3; Part III, in Vol. 14#4)

The Lake of Goldfish

I am co-owner of a lake with a couple of men. The lake was left behind when the river changed course. It is long and rectangular and is surrounded by a chain link fence in an industrial part of town.

I decide to swim in the lake. As I look down, I see the lake is teeming with giant goldfish. There are so many that eventually, they lift me up and I am swimming more on the fish than in the water.

(This sensation does not repel me in the dream, as I think it would in life.)

I am worried that this overpopulation will lead to all the fish dying from lack of oxygen and food.

My partners and I agree to open the lake up for fishing.

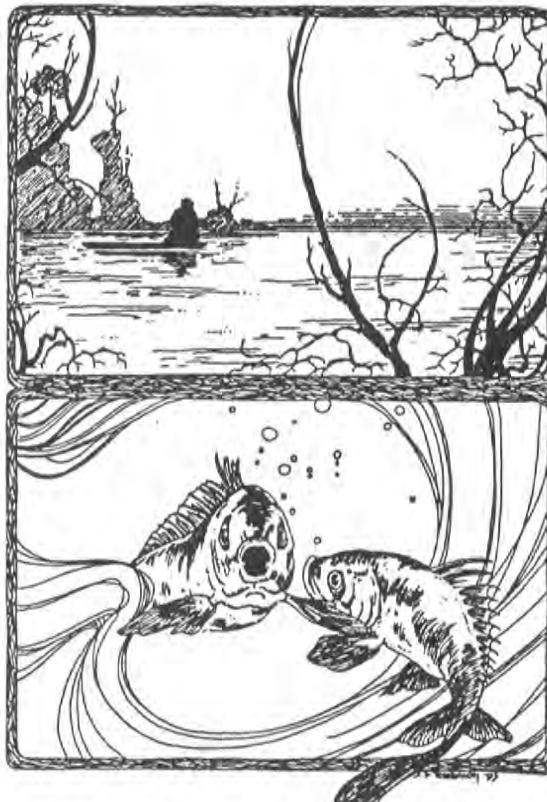
People come and fish but my partners get greedy and let the lake be over-fished.

They are apparently charging admission.

I am afraid that all the fish are gone. Again, I swim out into the lake searching for signs of any remaining goldfish. I see none but toward the middle of the lake,

I become aware that it has extremely deep places below me.

I experience a slight but very deep thrumming coming from these depths. I sense that this means that the remaining fish (very large and wise ones) are hiding in the depths, their spirit is angry about the over-fishing. As I am treading water, wondering how to get the fish back up, an old Indian woman (Medicine woman) floats out to the middle of the lake on a flat boat. She stops near me.



Leaning over each side of the boat in turn, she

sings a chant into the water. As she sings (it is an odd, many-toned song, not entirely Indian-like), the thrumming from the depths increases and builds until it is an enormous deep beating or vibration. At the crescendo groups of giant golden fish leap out of the water in threes and fours. It is a very beautiful celebration dance.

The fish spirit has forgiven the greed.

Fish leap all around me!

Seeing the Manifestation of Evil

It is summer, a Saturday afternoon. It is a nice bright, sunny day and we live in a roomy downstairs flat, a 2-family dwelling. My husband is working and my two daughters, aged 13 and 11, are outdoors. I busy myself with the lunch dishes. The chore was lightened because I could look out a window over my sink.

Suddenly, the view is different. I see the earth. Its shape is as if cut in half and cratered in the center. I see it entirely, many places, people, nations & activity.

Round the outer edge of the earth moves a figure. The figure is tall and dark. Masculine. The garments on the figure are dark and shadowy. The figure always faces the earth and observes the activity of the people upon the earth. I am surprised at the clarity and diversity of what I see.

I see the tallest sky-scrappers hovering over countless buildings and streets and cities.

I see villages, small and simple, as in Europe or Asia. I see people tending their land in many places. Some at peace with their task, others suddenly defending themselves against physical attack from strangers or neighbors. In another place is desolation: poor suffering peoples with desperation their lot.

I see nation rise against nation. I see factories, pollution pouring into the air.

My attention is directed to the figure on the rim of the earth.

I notice that as the figure raises his arm, he thrusts it out, hand pointed toward the earth and trouble then erupts. His attitude is malicious and he is an evil power. Two men he points to are fighting hand to hand. Elsewhere, one man is stabbing another. A woman is being choked and children are fighting in houses and on the streets. I see crime and violence in the streets and beneath the streets.

I realize that this figure and the destructive activity are connected. I identify this figure as the devil. Thereafter, I am back to my dishwashing and my normal view out the kitchen window.



SERON is Coming

I am in this hotel and a whole bunch of Christians are in this lounge-like conference room. We are each talking about our experiences with the supernatural. I tell them about some of my dreams. Another man begins to speak, but first he checks out in the hall.

There are two men there that shouldn't have been listening. As soon as they see us coming, they take off. I get into an elevator with one of these men and push 9; he pushes 10.

But just as the door is about to close, he pushes me off the elevator.

I go back into the conference room to listen to what the man was saying. I keep hearing S's words, "Be careful who you tell about these things (supernatural experiences)." Because of her warning, I keep seeing all these evil things and people in my mind and what they would do to us.

I go through this shop which my friend opens and takes me through. I look up and my eyes fly open. I can't tell exactly what I am seeing! It looks like out of the city seen through the windows, rising up behind the mountains, a huge crystal-like city is emerging. I say, "What the hell?"

I can't figure it out. The crystal city is red and glowing. The young man next to me says, "I think this is it! It's what we've all waited for — the end!"

Then with a blast we are hurled into space, I grab this guy's hand and we fall, down, down, down! It is such an awful feeling. Then we kind of even out — we are holding hands but falling face first. Suddenly S. is beside me and we grab hands.

I just start praising God — it is such an incredible feeling. God has come back! The wind is so loud. It becomes really scary. All I can see is black with red rimming my peripheral vision.

When I look directly for the red, I can't see anything but black. I know there is a huge battle going on. I can hear explosions mixed in with the wind. It's hard to hear because everything is so loud.

I keep remembering how some had been prepared for spiritual battle and others for a physical battle. I reach down to the ground ... I could feel it right there below me. But the ground is like dry ice, super cold, and it burns me. I feel evil all around me now. I sense demons darting in front of my eyes.

I keep praying and praising God. Then I start singing:

"Thank you Lord, for the trials that come my way; In that way I can learn each day, as I let you lead. ..."

At each stanza, I can feel myself being whipped by the wind — these demons want me to shut up.

Then, as quickly as it happened, it quit.

We are all back, standing around in this coffee-shop type study lounge. I am sopping wet.

There is an old, bald man in blue overalls behind the counter, setting donuts down on each plate.

I have a feeling that he is God. I am so excited! I run around shouting, "Praise God." Then I see my family and friends. I run over and ask them if they think I'm overreacting. They say I am, so I sit down.

The waitress pours us coffee. By each of our plates is this special map and invitation.

I open mine up and know this is a map for heaven.

I have to go to the room with the gowns and find mine for my place to go. I look at the map.

It has fancy gold lettering on this deep red wood parchment.

Each room represents a whole other world awaiting for us to explore.

I see the first world is "SERON," but then I am jostled awake and the vision goes fuzzy, like on a T.V. screen when the station goes off the air.

When I awaken, I know that I was not supposed to have seen the map of heaven.

I am thrilled at having caught a glimpse of it!

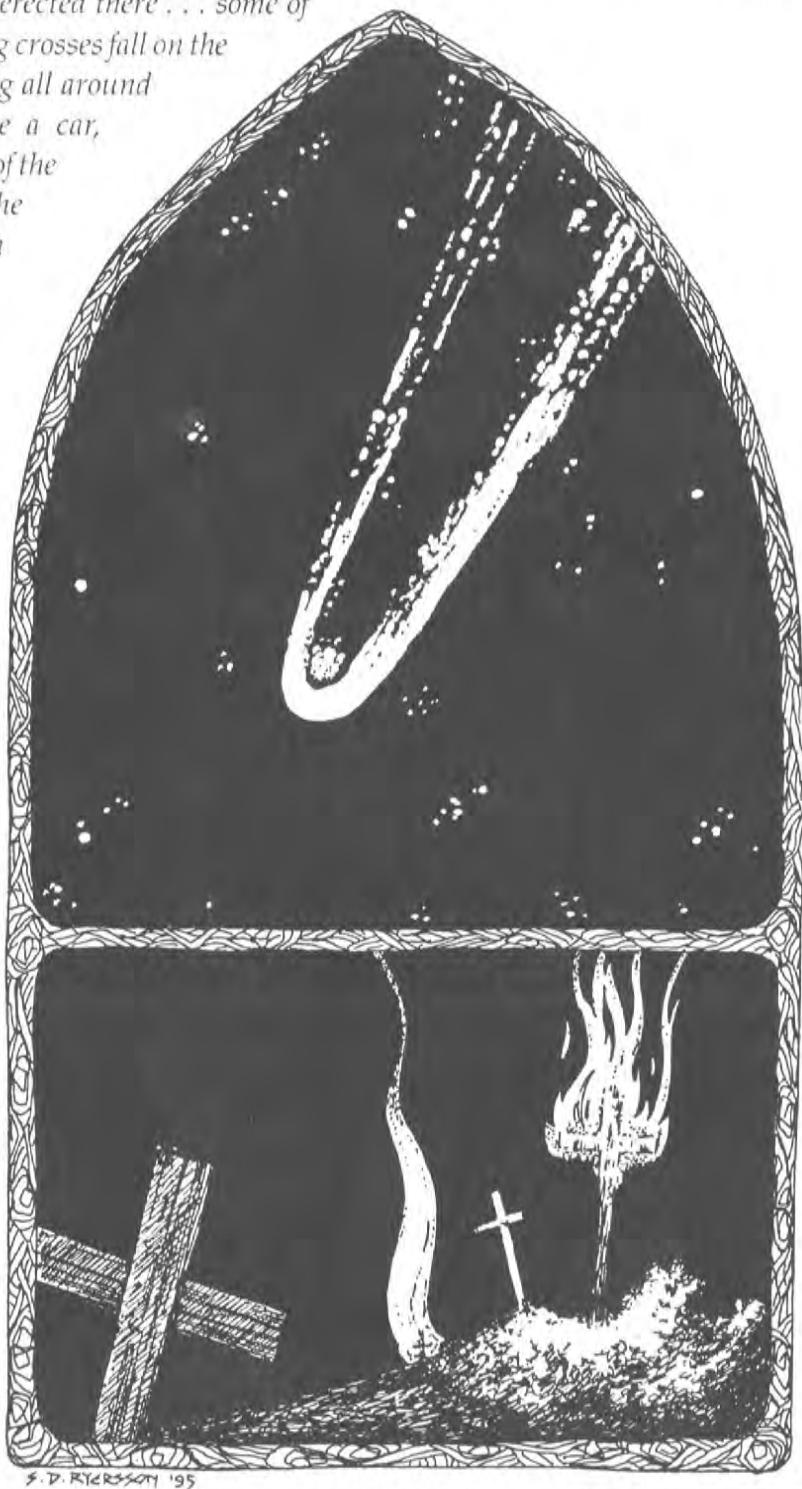
....Dream....



They're Coming To Help Us

I am inside some sort of large building with other people. Suddenly, the whole building starts shuddering . . . it's an earthquake. I run outside. Others are outside. We watch the parking area where some people are putting on a play. KKK crosses are erected there . . . some of them burning . . . some of the burning crosses fall on the people. Pieces of buildings are falling all around us. Suddenly, we're sitting inside a car, watching all of this take place. Pieces of the street are being thrust up by the earthquake. Then, we're inside a building again and a priest is telling us what supplies to get and to get ready to go somewhere.

Then we're outside and everyone is looking up at the sky. It's nighttime by now. We see a strange thing, like a comet, coming slowly toward us. It's not too big (about the size of a large suitcase) and it's glowing and pulsating. We're all afraid but I am given to understand (mentally) that it's extraterrestrials who are coming to help and save us. I tell the people to be kind to them and say, "They're coming to help us!" All of us are given a small, white cylinder with a blue cap. We're told what to do and where to go and these cylinders will help us and protect us. I get the feeling that I am to be the leader of these people around me and that the aliens will mentally tell me what we are to do. I am very frightened and know this is worldwide destruction going on and nothing will ever be the same again. But, we are being saved and protected and we'll just have to take things as they come.



S. D. Ryerson '95

Peshupati's Dream

Listen to the beast
the beast inside
calling a name I can't describe
yearning for a feast we have been
denied
offered daily and can't abide
breathing and sweating and
snuffing at my nape
screaming in whispers it's time to
escape
break the bars
bend the cage
of the end of the echo of my
leavened rage
and falling away to past pass
through
to beat upon this dreamed and
glossy wave foamed shore
that lies beyond the door
the drum that beats forget it all
forget no more
forge the core
forge the core
of whiplash steel that knows no
rust
and faithfully daily gathers the
morning's dew
to be burned off by the sun and to
strike dumb
those who would deny the beast his
singing feast
and fall away forever believing
enshrouded in bleating that they
could silence the name
the difference between gory and
glory is one forgotten letter
whose value known leaves off
shame and returns one to that home
that home from which one was thus
come thus gone
yet which itself was never gone still
present brilliant still
passionately aflame
since always and for always
forevermore
dancing upon the tongue
listen listen to that beastly roar
of that one
thy self
who seeks no fame
preferring instead to ravish in
and be ravished by
the Eternal Name.
© Peter J. Warren

Cycles

A Dream Inspired Story
by Stephanie Kellner

There came upon the world a time of great struggle. Villages grew and became overcrowded with the tribes people of many lands. Most did not have a place to lay their heads to sleep at night. The ancient trees that once populated the earth had been cut to build tall barriers to separate the villages from one another. The birds which had once inhabited the ancient trees had flown far away. Watering holes dried from overuse and left no cool water for the withering crops baking in the long summer's heat. Farmers had no work without their crops and the people had no food. Many began to steal from one another and scale the barriers to steal from neighboring tribes in order to survive. A darkness hovered about the land as the people fell upon each other in easy anger, hiding weapons beneath their clothing for safety. In the midst of this darkness lived a young girl with no mother or father. She slept with her weapon beneath a tall tree outside the village to protect the small amount of food she stole daily.

One moonlit evening, the girl gathered with many tribes to watch the Grand Shaman call upon the spirits to ask how to end the bad times. As he leapt into the spirit land, one tribesman force-fully pushed himself forward to claim the cloak that fell from the shaman's shoulders. Anger spread like fire in the dry brush. Arguments sparked fighting and weapons were drawn. The voices' roar was deafening. The frightened young girl hid behind a nearby tree and watched the people strike at each other's throats. The spirits looked down in dismay.

It came to pass that a worldwide tribal war began. The battle lasted many days and nights. Suddenly a great white fog descended upon the earth like a giant curtain. As the fog lifted, the young girl saw that the earth had been transformed. No longer were there trees or farms or barriers. Instead, the world had become a vast brown waist-high meadow. All of the tribes people had been killed except for a small group which collected itself slowly in the huge stillness. The wind whispered secrets as it ran through the swaying grass. The Grand Shaman appeared and called the small group to him.

"Friends," he began, "the spirits have told me that we have been chosen for a great mission. The earth as we know it is no more. We have destroyed it. Our group is all that is left and it is our duty to start anew. The spirits have told me that we must lay down upon the grassy surface and sleep. During our great sleep, the tools that we need to rebuild the earth and our community will form in the vast meadow surrounding us. We will awaken and start the world again. It is the inevitable cycle that we must face and it is an honor to have been chosen."

With these words, the small tribe laid down in the quiet blowing grass. The young girl, however, continued to stand and began to shake and cry. She looked over the meadowy land with a great sadness. "What is wrong young girl?" the shaman asked. She trembled and the tears continued to fall out of her eyes. "But it is the only world I know," she said softly. "Come now, sleep," the shaman soothed. She hesitated and slowly bent to the earth, folding her arms beneath her cheeks. The tears still fell and wet her skin even as she drifted into her troubled sleep. ♣

Please address correspondence to 4202 4th Ave. NW, Seattle, WA 98107.

...Elevator Dreams

by Michael Joel

#1 I enter the elevator alone. Its doors close. I reach for the control panel, my finger extended to push one of the buttons . . . but there is no control panel . . . no buttons.

#2 I enter an elevator feeling resigned. It is an unpleasant, yet familiar feeling. The doors close. It is a small car, with a low ceiling, close to my head. I can hear fluorescent bulbs up there, faintly buzzing. The car begins to ascend and quickly accelerates. I am dismayed by this because I didn't press any button. Increasing gravity causes my knees to bend and I must push down to keep standing. I can't remember the building I'm in or how many stories it might have. My speed is great and the small car shimmies a little. I look up at the ceiling, into the fluorescence. There are dead moths rattling on the underside of the fixture. Something is wrong. I wait.

#3 I am in a descending elevator, alone. The doors are burnished copper and the walls are dark wood. The carpet is soft. The car quietly brakes and arrives at my floor, although I have no recollection of having chosen a floor.

The doors engage and open. I go through them and find I am in another elevator. Elevators exist on both sides of the same doors. The new elevator has metal walls. In places, their paint has chipped away. There is a ceiling fan and its noise joins the groan of cables as we descend to my floor, although I have not chosen a floor.

#4 I am employed in a tall building. It is crucial that I deliver myself from 88, where my office is located, to the lobby. I am in the elevator area of 88 where eight doors present themselves, four on each side. I push the down button, willing an elevator to arrive. A light, a bell. An empty elevator opens and I enter. I search the control panel for a button

marked Lobby but there are only two buttons on the control panel, 88 and 87. I press 87. The doors close. I exit on 87, into that floor's elevator area. Eight elevator doors present themselves; four on each side. I press the down button. When an elevator comes, I enter. Its control panel has only two buttons, 87 and 86. I press 86 and wait.

#5 I am in an elevator alone. I push the button indicating the floor to which I must ascend. Instead of rising, the elevator moves to the right, causing me to stumble. Soon, this lateral motion stalls and there is a moment of no movement. Then the elevator car moves left, causing me to stumble again. It travels in this direction, slightly further and rises slightly, then stalls and reverses, moving once again to the right. It is swinging sideways, each swing defining a greater portion of an arc until it swings as a pendulum below a grandfather clock swings. I spread my feet and my sneakers grip so I no longer stumble but ride as though on a surf board. The sides and roof of the elevator change from solid material to a basket-weave of metal and through them I see the shaft in which my car swings. It is infinite in height and extends into shadow on both sides. Light is faint but constant as from opaque skylights. I notice other elevators swinging as mine is doing. I wonder if they ever collide. I wait for something to happen.

#6 I must ascend. Elevator doors open. They are unnecessarily thick, I think. Like those of a vault. They slide shut and I am alone in the small car.

The control panel has only three buttons, UP, DOWN and STOP. I press UP. After a hesitation, the floor begins to rise. It is only the floor that rises, piston-like. The walls and ceiling do not move. The control panel, originally at chest level, is now at waist level and lowering. I am approaching

the ceiling. A fluorescent coil there hums noticeable as I get nearer. I see venous cracks in the ceiling paint. The pressure of the uprising floor is convincing; I am to be compacted. The

first thing to break will be the fluorescent coil. I stoop to avoid the ceiling. I crouch and press STOP, now at mid-thigh. The elevator stops. The space I occupy is very tight. I press DOWN. The floor reverses itself and I am relieved. The control panel rises to its customary position. I will not be compacted. The ceiling appears to rise and the buttons have moved steadily higher, passing eye level. When I realize I should press STOP, the floor has descended too far. I cannot reach the panel. I jump, high as I can, slapping for the buttons, hoping to reach STOP. I cannot. The floor continues to drop. The walls are smooth. The light from the receding ceiling grows dim.

#7 It is my first day at a new job. I arrive early. There are people in the lobby of the building but I am nervous about being new and I feel alone. I wait for the elevator, when it arrives, I discover it is only large enough to hold one person at a time. I realize that others have been waiting in line to ascend singly. It is my turn and I feel the pressure of impatience from those standing behind me. I enter the elevator. It is round like a tube, unlike box-shaped elevators I've known in other buildings. Its height is exactly my own. The illuminated ceiling presses my hair down. The wall curves around me, hugging my shoulders and buttocks. No control panel. The rounded inside of the elevator is featureless. The door slides shut with a hiss suggesting pneumatics. It is a curved door, conforming to the shape of the car. When it closes, I am forced to place my arms against my sides.

There is no room for further movement. The elevator begins to rise and my angle of ascent changes from vertical to back tilted. There is the sensation of speed and a shifting of my weight until I am nearly supine. I want to find a way to open the door but my hands are pressed against me. The elevator vibrates quickly as it moves.



SCOTT P. RIVERSON '94

Prospecting An Old Dream

by David Brooks

*A robed life size woman lay prone on top of a bier.
Hers was a celestial aura, a regal persona.
The carved stone was luminous alabaster.*

When cancer struck for the second time in 1990, it threw me into a deep depression. Help was sought and because my profession is theater, I was in a position to avail myself of the Miller Institute in New York City. Miller is a clinic whose clientele are theater artists: dancers, actors, musicians and the like. I was interviewed and 'lucked out' when I was assigned Dr. Susan Brown, Psychologist.

Within the first two months — of the now three-year-old therapy — the following dream re-surfaced. I say re-surfaced because I had the dream in 1945, it was 48 years old. If memory serves, I was about two months into another therapy when this dream first came. The reason for the vividness of the dream is not only the potency of its visuality but what happened the day the dream was related to my analyst of that time, Dr. Frederick Weiss, an orthodox Freudian . . . and how well I remember him! He was a short, toothpick of a man who sat in a chair much too large for him; he always looked to me as though he were nesting. Weiss was very Germanic and his thick German accent rang unfortunate bells (my mother was a Von Guenwald); he frightened me.

The day I shared this dream, he said "Ah Zo" . . . followed by 45 minutes of silence. Try as I might, nothing issued forth: both patient and doctor were mute. I was stopped stone cold insofar as free association and Dr. Weiss did not encourage it, either. For this and several other reasons, I believe, the dream remains enshrined. As I view it now, I was in a rage over the silence.

This is the dream:

A robed life size woman lay prone on top of a bier. Hers was a celestial aura, a regal persona.

The carved stone was luminous alabaster.

Later, I would associate like figures with royal tombs in Westminster Abbey. The vision was suspended against a grayish black backdrop . . . and though it was not an exact likeness, it was my mother.

That was then and the extraordinary aspect of my analysis now is the fact that this dream has become the centerpiece of the present process; for three years now it has held a centripetal point of reference.

What triggered the dream originally? By the late 40's, the big-time acting stars were in decline. However, still extant were the Lunts, Ray Bolger, Katherine Cornell, Bert Lahr, Helen Hayes. The Barrymores were long gone but not in our memories. Such was my legacy, for I, too, had my name in lights and though I was lesser known, I basked in the shadow of royalty.

My father was a successful photographer; both parents saw me following in his footsteps. To them, the theater was ephemeral, actors were unsavory characters of questionable moral worth and forever unstable, financially. My mother did allow voice lessons but when I finished high school in Portland, OR., I managed to find a voice teacher 200 miles away in Seattle. Even when I won a scholarship to the prestigious Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, the enterprise was heavily frowned upon by them.

So, it was a strange experience when my mother arrived in Manhattan in 1945 to 'celebrate' her son's success. (My father died in 1945 in an insane asylum, where my mother had committed him.) Whether the dream came up before or after her arrival, I do not recall but it was during that time; in fact, I remember the dream more vividly than I do her visit. I never shared with her that I was in analysis . . . it would have frightened her . . . or was it me? In any case, *that* kind of doctor was a godless person . . . and heavens! with all this glitter.... and money.... I mean, really!

However, I was in therapy and I knew why. I did not feel part of a community, certainly not a part of royalty, yet that is how I cast my mother in the dream. What about that marvelous Renaissance sarcophagus? Mother was not buried there . . . I was; there I was, an unhinged star, buried in someone else's tomb! Not the sort of stuff that gets resolved by silence.

I am an atheist, my mother was a 19th century WASP, devout and supremely secure in her Protestant superiority; both parents were anti-semitic. My first marriage was to a Jewish woman from a working class background. The dream dramatizes separate worlds; even 48 years ago, that much I knew. I also knew that the figure was not of the living. Did I issue forth from such an image/person? I can see now that this and more were buried in that dream, waiting for vocal assertion. But why now?

Excuse the pun.... but the sleeping figure had never been put to rest. Indeed, its present contemplation is horrific. I do not think that either Dr. Brown or myself — especially myself — grasped the immediate import of the dream and its forceful intrusion. Like a distant hawk, it hovers and dive bombs living quarry, leaving in its wake untried social values with retooled ethics and relationships, including the one with Dr. Brown. The process is not easy but how much more difficult it could have been without an old dream to lead the way, five decades later.

This piece is entitled "Prospecting Old Dreams." In the writing, a hornet's nest of associations and stinging memories have been stirred. The dream is still doing a lot of therapeutic work for me.... now, more than ever. When Somerset Maugham said "There are certain advantages to growing old but I can't think of any," he was wrong. I am lucky to be alive and lucky indeed to have old tools to work with. ♣

"Tis the Last Rose of Summer"

She had an eight petal face
Several shades of pink
Each petal outlined faintly
with white melting lace.

But now:
Two of them are missing
(vastly outnumbered among the
leaves)

She kept wishing
Wishing wishing wishing
They still were there
Where she once was whole
There
and There
God it hurts,
Why does death tease
like this?

Last night
Before I turned to sleep
I saw her
Jaunty and bright
Trying not to weep.
I thought I caught a smile
From last July
And summer was forever
and Fall would come
The fifth of never.

But now:
Trying to smile
With what was left of Summer's
face
Her lace took on a curl
A warning so they say
A very long, long sleep
is not too far away.

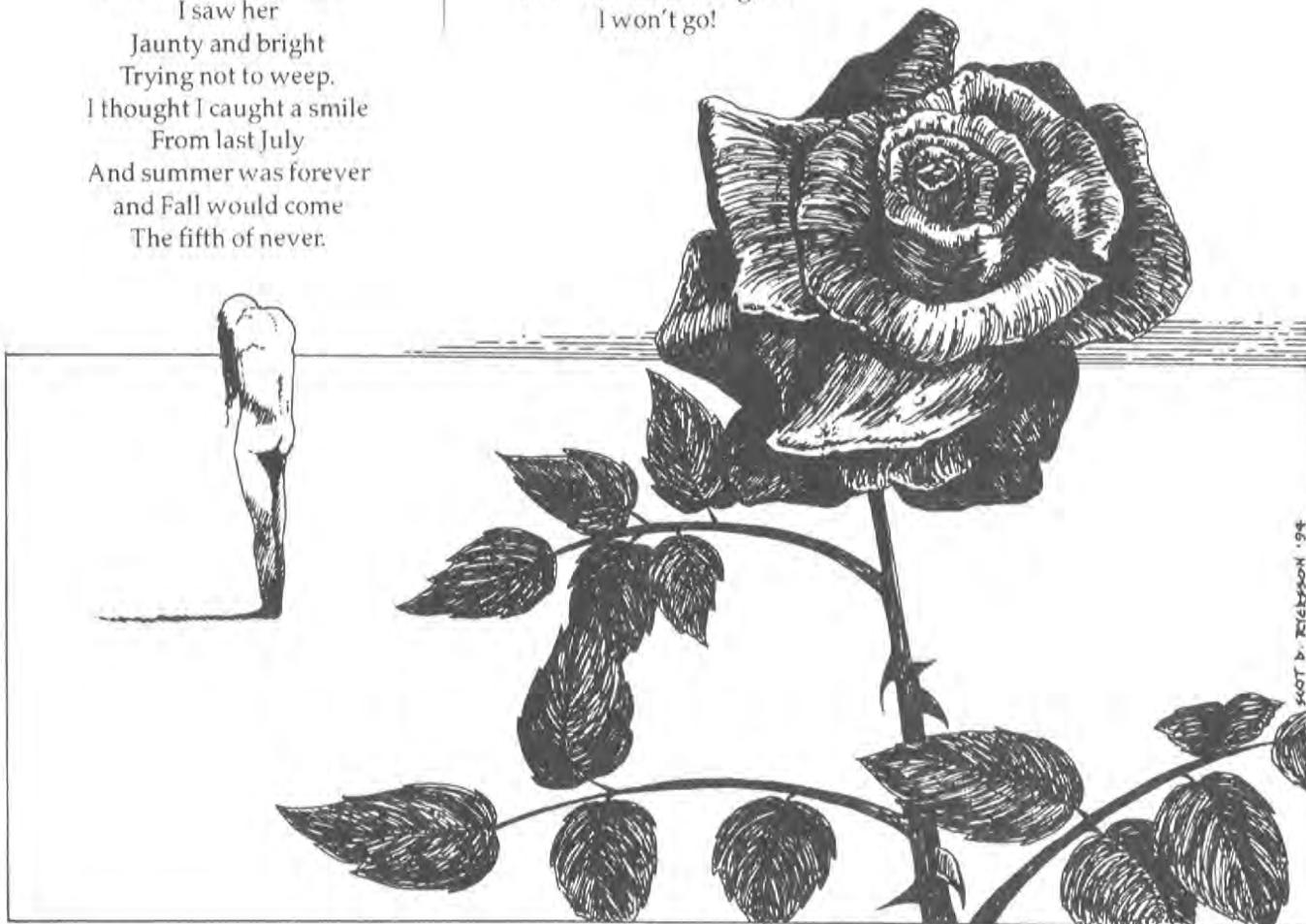
"But I don't want to be
the last rose of summer
I want those kids who squealed
around me.
Please...
Let's not tease.

"Why can't you promise me
I'll be back next summer?
No?
But I don't want to go...
I won't go!

Don't you tell me
Old roses never die
And only partly lose their looks
When we get pressed in books.
I won't go!

Oh, God...
The winds.
Are those Winter winds I hear?
Oh... that hurts
Here...
And here
Oh... and here.
Allright... allright
Now tell me quick...
May I come back next year?

David Brooks



Two Warning Dreams for Humanity

by Andrew Ramer



I have only had two dreams that tapped into the deepest levels of archetypal consciousness. Both of them were dreams of warning. The first came on September 25th, 1983 and the second on October 19, 1993. I wrote about the first dream for the May/June 1984 *Dream Network*. What follows are excerpts of my words from that issue:

I dream . . .

there is a killing going on. I am sitting in a clearing in a forest. In another clearing not too far away, the killing of tiny little ape people is happening. They are about two feet tall and I think that two are being killed. I am implicated in the killing by connection to the killers. They are bashing in the heads of the tiny ape people, or cutting their skulls down the middle. In some vague way, the two that are being killed seem to be deserving of their deaths.

Two of these creatures survive, however. They are with me in the second clearing. The female clings to me desperately, wailing and gesturing at me with her hands. The male clings to a tree just to my right, imploring me with his eyes. The two of them keep us there wailing and gesturing. I know they are trying to talk to me but I do not understand. In her terror, it seems, the female lets loose on me a liquid that I thought at first was urine, or completely liquid diarrhea, colorless and warm. It made me feel as if she were loosening from within and without, bathing me in the waters of life.

Later, a friend said it was amniotic fluid!

As I awakened into consciousness, I carried with me a clear sense of who these creatures are. I know that they are our earliest ancestors, that they are the image, the archetype of the animal creatures that broke through their animal-ness into conscious awareness, into humanness for the first time. I understand that two of them are guilty of their own deaths because they have had us, the killers that we are, as their descendants. But I also know that if we let the last two die, that we will cut ourselves off from our roots and die ourselves.

That we, who are on the brink of the next stage in conscious evolution, cannot make that leap without them. They have come into my dream to teach and to be held, to be cradled and to remind us of the cradle we emerged from ourselves. That in a way, hairy and small, they are the image of our souls. Animal and human.

In my journal from 1983, I wrote one other thing about them: From their gestures and the sounds they made when they pointed to themselves, I thought that the female's name was something like Garga and the male's name was Nagudi.

It was on the night of October 18, 1993, that I had my second archetypal warning dream. I quote my journal entry about it from the following morning,

I am in Africa, in a very beautiful and remote place. There have been several resorts here for many years but recently, the government has decided that there is too much traffic coming here, destroying the terrain and disrupting the animals that live here.

Several of the species are endangered. So the government has decided to close and destroy all but two of the resorts. One of the resorts to remain is owned by Europeans and one by local people.

The other six resorts to be destroyed are what brought me here.

There is in this place a deep rift in the Earth. It is only about three feet wide, possibly a quarter of a mile long. But it is deep, the deepest rift of its kind on the planet. The native people call it something like "The Bottomless Place." They consider it to be sacred . . . the place of emergence for all of life.

Tragically, the Europeanized government has ordered the local people to take all the debris from the destroyed hotels and throw it down in the rift to dispose of it. They want the land brought back to its original state but they can't afford to cart off the wastes. And being Europeanized, they don't care about the local superstitions."

I have heard about this and for some reason I need to be here. Not only is The Bottomless Place to be violated but the local people have been ordered to do it.

We are standing at the edge of the rift. The ground is flat on one side and there is a cliff on the other side. A headman of the village and other men, are starting to drop things in. A desk, dressers, large wooden packing crates . . . are dropped in. We can hear them crash against the sides. The bottom is far down, so we cannot hear them hit when they reach the bottom.

I am standing on one side with all the women. As the very first box goes in, they all let out a wail, a wail of mourning. A sob, a cry of fear, loss, tragedy. I too cry out, call out spontaneously. Out of my mouth comes words, ancient words. I think they are the same language as the cry of the village women. I don't know how I can know them, but I do. As if they are the very first, primal, human language that



is encoded in all of us. A language that is able to come out, if the pain is great enough.

Going back to re-read the first dream, the connections were obvious to me. As if I have a decade-long Danger Meter registering inside me. I know that the warnings of the first dream have not been followed. We have not honored our common ancestors. From Bosnia to China to the streets of America, we continue to kill one another. Frighteningly, in my second dream, even the source of life itself is not being threatened.

After the first dream, I imagined myself holding the little people as a meditation. I suggested to others that they do the same: hold in their embrace our most ancient ancestors.

Now it seems to me that we must go even further back and cherish the rift, the birthing slit in the planet herself. That we must work to heal the Earth directly now, planting trees, recycling, stopping the need to recycle by limiting our consumerism. This message is everywhere around us.

That it came to me in this deep way through dreams is no surprise. The warnings are everywhere.

But what will I dream in November of 2003, when my Danger Meter ticks again?

What we do now to heal ourselves and the planet will be a strong determining factor, I'm sure. ♦

Scot D. Ryerson Biographical Information

Educated in England and Australia Scot D. Ryerson specializes in black and white pen and ink illustrations which have appeared in numerous publications. His work has been displayed at the Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto; the OK Harris Gallery, New York; the Calvert Gallery, London and in numerous private collections. Mr. Ryerson is the recipient of two Art Directors of London Awards and has created his own design company, Curiosity Ink.



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Confronting Evil

by Will Phillips

Maybe it was the looming January fifteenth deadline and all the talk of an impending war with Iraq that triggered my dream. Perhaps the dream was my response to an unexpected and unprovoked recent attack on my reputation by a co-worker. At any rate, I found myself engaged in a face-to-face encounter with pure evil.



Dreaming....

One dream illustrated the mideast crisis, specifically those horrible burning oil wells. They were shown as.... a black cloud, shaped like a dragon, with breath of the same red flames as the wells... and more disasters to come,

Before that encounter, I'm not sure I would have believed in the existence of such a being, even in a dream.

It took place in a cabin in the woods with some friends, two other men and two women.

Outside the cabin, a lanky black-haired young man in his mid-twenties lurked near the firewood pile. His hair and eyes betrayed his craziness. He'd been following us, pretending to be our friend but then trying to do horrible things to us. I'm not sure specifically what kinds of things he had in mind because so far we seemed to have won the battles. Actually it wasn't so much that we had won as that he had lost by continually underestimating our loyalty to one another.

But then the dream changed. Somehow he had gotten inside the cabin with us. Apparently one of our group had unintentionally neglected to close a door behind him. Since gaining access had been the creature's goal, this battle was his.

The young, greasy-haired satan stood facing my friends who were seated on a couch. I remained standing beside the couch just to their left. He paced back and forth, swaying, surrounding us while he contemplated what he would do now that he was in control. I was afraid. I knew him to be pure treachery, pure evil, pure deception. I also knew that he fed on our fear. So I stood my ground silently, lest my voice expose me. But my friend sitting at the far end of the couch seemed remarkably unimpressed. He had the casual courage of a fool or a master. To my utter astonishment, I heard him challenge the young satan to "go for double or nothing."

That was perhaps the only statement that could possibly have caught the creature by surprise. He went suddenly silent. He looked us over while he made his decision. Then his gaze swung directly over to me and with an icy smile he simply said, "I accept."

At that moment I realized that it was somehow incumbent upon me

to represent our group in the next battle. I couldn't understand why I was to do the fighting when it was my friend who had issued the challenge. But I knew that it was my turn to prove my loyalty to my friends. I was afraid and could feel the creature feeding on my fear. I lacked confidence and could see him savoring it.

Then I awakened. But the room was dark and silent and the power of the dream stayed with me. Somehow I knew with absolute certainty that even after I'd relieved myself and gone back to bed I would have to return to face him. My conviction that I would re-enter the dream made me realize that I had no choice but to learn to deal with him.

I laid back down around three-thirty but was reluctant to let go to sleep, at least not unprepared. So I began "skimming," dipping into alternate realities to look for guidance... then returning to consciousness to jot down the insights gained. That went on for an hour or two until I had collected the following assortment of...

"Tips for Dealing with Evil"

* Always stay in the Here & Now. Dwelling on past or future victories leads to cockiness and that will be used against you. Fearing the future is equally dangerous.

* Since Evil feeds on fear... be here, be now. Serve the greater love.

* Be open and innocent of thought. Avoid both lustful and prudish attitudes, but recognize that there are appropriate times for just and prudishness. Just be open.

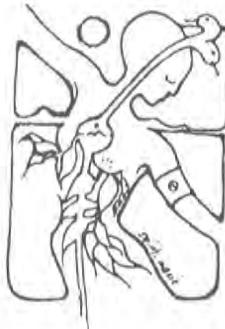
* Be willing to sacrifice your life for that which you love. Learn to let go. Quickly.

* If you win a battle with evil, take no pride in it or that pride will be your downfall.

* Our weapons are love, loyalty and self-sacrifice for others. And humor. Definitely humor.

* One last thing: Don't be overly concerned with what people think of you.

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Around eight-thirty the following morning I rolled over to face the nightstand and looked at the list of tips I'd written down during the night. I felt neither the desire nor the need to interpret anything. It was as if I had been given a treasure, something to help me live and die in line with my ideals regardless of the circumstances surrounding me. Yet the "tips" had nothing whatsoever to do with religion, morality or even ethics. I knew them to simply be tools for survival.

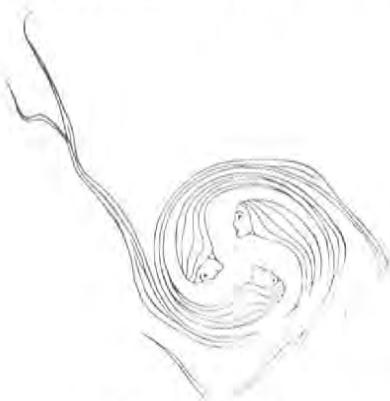
Interestingly, my dreams during the remainder of the night had been pleasant and uneventful, which seemed a small victory in itself. As if the tips had already carried me through one battle. Yet I was aware upon awakening, even as I am right now, that if I am to live my ideals... I need to continue my vigilance forever, moment by moment. Asleep and awake. ♫

Will Phillips is a freelance writer, dream educator and author of *Every Dreamer's Handbook*. He can be reached at 1269 Burnell Road, Altamonte Springs, FL 32714

Reviews

by Ingrid Melissa Luke

Ingrid has been writing reviews for Dream Network for the past two years... and also serves as Advisor to DN. She will be passing on responsibility for reviews as of our next issue to Suzanne Nadon. Applause! to Ingrid for her always timely and deeply insightful input as Advisor, for her continued vigilance dedication to her inner life, for extending that dedication to the every-growing dream community and from all of us. Ingrid, Thank You! for the fine job you have done as our book review editor. Ed.



Mothers of the World:

by Jennifer Mason
Lul-A-Bye Holdings 1992,
\$9.98 (Cass) \$15.98 (CD)

Beautiful, deeply soothing, haunting, enchanting! Jennifer Mason, a Canadian singer and songwriter, teams up with Paul Gilman, a well-known American composer and producer, to create this wonderful album just released in the United States earlier this year.

Influenced by ancient lullabies from around the world, Jennifer Mason and Paul Gilman have combined the latest in digital recording technology with numerous exotic instruments from ancient traditions. Represented are gentle rhythms from Spain, Japan, Greece, India, West Africa, a Welsh lullaby as well as original melodies based on Western harmonies which Mason/Gilman wrote together.

A perfect way to unwind at the end of the day - to be enjoyed over and over again. Definitely "music to dream by!"



Every Dreamer's Handbook:

A Step-by-Step Guide to Understanding and Benefiting from Your Dreams
by Will Phillips
Totonada Press, 1994,
202 p, \$9.95 (P)

True to its title, this is an outstanding companion for anyone working with dreams. Will Phillips offers concise, practical advice on how to effectively work with all kinds of dreams. His "Guided Interview Approach" provides a thorough, effective yet flexible format to work with a dream from various perspectives. These are not theories. By working with a dream using this format, the dreamer is encouraged to look at the dream from many different "angles" so to speak - enhancing dream understanding and appreciation. What I particularly like is the fact that this "Guided Interview" format is equally appropriate for dreamwork by yourself, with a friend, or in a group situation.

Phillips' willingness to share personal dream-related experiences with his children, wife and friends provides an inspiring model for integrating dreamwork into daily life. His observations reflect a deep understanding and years of experience with dreams, all in a very clear, down-to-earth and highly readable style.

Currently available only from the author at Totonada Press, 1269 Bunnell Rd., Altamonte Springs, FL 32714-5434 so please add \$2.00 to cover shipping & handling.

Dreaming the End of the World:

Apocalypse as a Rite of Passage
by Michael Ortiz Hill
Spring Publications, 1994,
202 p, \$16.95 (P)

In *Dreaming the End of the World*, Michael Ortiz Hill outlines the shared territory of over a hundred dreams of apocalypse. He calls his archetypal method "geographic," seeing this shared territory beneath our waking lives as a real place, a parallel world that draws us towards profound change. He "not only takes apocalyptic dreams as a geography but specifically as a geography of initiation and transformation." Step by step he follows these nightmares through a path of death and rebirth.

This might be the most important book on dreaming I have read since James Hillman's *The Dream and the Underworld*. Hill, who is married to the poet and healer, Dena Metzger, takes Hillman's idea of the underworld of dreaming and extends it out of a purely interior space within the psyche to the inside of the collective realities of the 20th century -- especially the atomic bomb and the unfolding drama of ecological catastrophe. Like his wife, Hill has a talent for seeing the personal and the political in the same image. The point, he emphasizes, is to transform the Hell of the 20th century into Hades -- into a place of initiation.

In my clinical practice I have found this to be a most difficult dilemma -- how do you connect a client's suffering with the suffering of the planet, so he is not left to narcissistically stew in preoccupation with his own private world? Hill leads a difficult yet ecstatic path forward that is useful for anyone who dreams.

Review submitted by Marvin Schnabel,
MFCC, San Francisco, California

Further Explorations into the Nightland:

Tibetan Dream Yoga



by Jan Janzen

Part I

In *Dream Network Journal*, Volume 12 No. 2, I talked about some of my experience of entering the Dreamtime without loss of lucidity. I described the early stages of the journey as I perceived them while my body slept and my awareness remained awake. I called my first successful lucid entry "a gift and a key." A "gift" because it came about with relatively little effort on my part and a "key" because major features of the pathway through the Nightland were symbolized in that experience. I later recorded and mapped those features. Following that map, I went further into the Nightland and now I will share with you what I saw and heard.

Exploring the Nightland has been personally rewarding and I believe I have stumbled onto something important, worthy of investigations by others interested in looking beyond what is apparent. At the very least, what I have learned unveils some of the mystery about dreaming and the Dreamtime and is valuable, if only for that.

I would like to define some terms, so as to make myself clear:

dream(ing) — as above, but with conscious participation;

lucid exploration — a remembered, conscious foray into the following;

Dreamtime or Nightland — used interchangeably, meaning that dimension where a person's point of

awareness exists during sleep. It is where dreams occur and where lucid dreaming is carried out. It is timeless and spaceless, yet inclusive of time and space.

More than once, returning from night's sojourn, have I seen the entire day before me as a distinct unit of time and space: a small elongated rectangular shape of color and light bounded on all sides by the darkness of the Nightland, becoming larger as I approached, then finally encompassing me as I re-entered time and space as my body awoke in the morning.

Explorations into the Nightland described how to remain lucid on the pathway leading to the Door; I now continue from that point. It is necessary to pass through the Door but in my early attempts, I stepped through it just as I would any daytime door and immediately lost my lucidity. The trick is to leap through it as if it were possible to fly on the other side, which, as it turns out, it is.

On the other side of the Door is a landscape with many interesting and intriguing features. Fascinating things are happening all around and events relating to the Dreamtime explorer's life are portrayed in great detail, beckoning involvement by the flying traveler. However, landing or interaction at any level will pull you into the scene and you will be asleep in a

dream. Detached observation is possible for a short time but it is best to continue on one's way. I was stuck at this phase a few times until I had some help. One night,

I was flying fast over this landscape searching for the next step and desperately avoiding all the would-be traps below me when suddenly there was a loud SLAM! and I found myself flying straight up into the sky! That night, I was helped through two stages of the journey for as I was hurtling upward, I was also approaching a large window in the sky above. I passed through the window to find myself in a most unusual place. It appeared to be a huge gallery of sorts, a Gallery of Faces! I had time to walk around a bit and view some of this seemingly endless Gallery with its endless variations of faces, looking around in wonderment.

. . . until finally succumbing to unconsciousness.

I had been given direction through the Nightland; after leaning through the Door; It is necessary to fly straight up and through the Window. I was full of confidence, certain I could reach the Gallery whenever I wanted and decipher that enigma at my leisure. Confident I was, until subsequent journeying showed me that, while the path may be clear, it is not necessarily easy. In the upward flight, focus and intent are crucial as never before.

Sometimes my vertical ascent is slowed and slowed, threatening to reverse altogether, as if I would plunge from a great height. Handholds, ladder rungs, or safe landings will appear then, all manner of apparent assistance will manifest before me. The ubiquitous, interesting and attractive scenes appear also and soon I will be lost if I reach out for assistance or tarry too long. One particularly devious trap is a false window to fly into but I now know that the uppermost Window, the desired one, is distinguishable from the others at an intuitive level. Regard any windows with a calm and skeptical eye; you will know and fly through it to the Gallery.

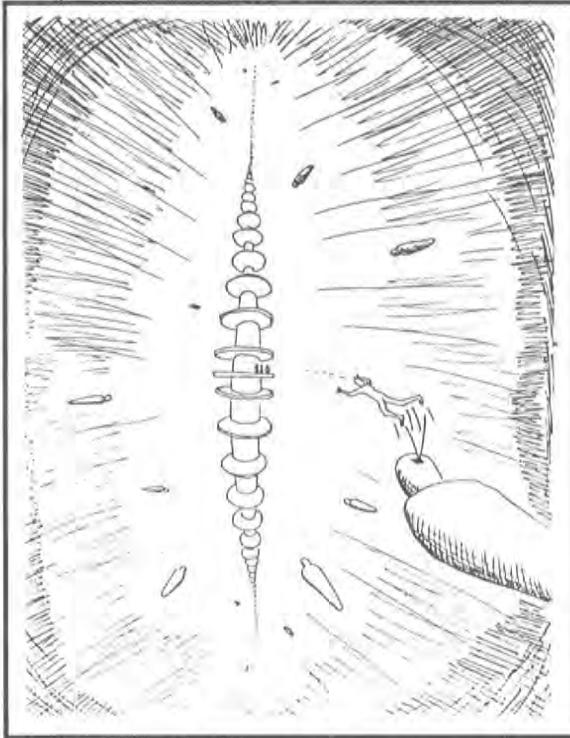
It is in the Gallery that you can find your Guide, but paradoxically, it is your Guide who projects the imagery that captivates your focus and puts you to sleep! This is how it happened to me: Remembering my "map," I knew my Guide would be among the faces around me. I tried looking around, asking, demanding, anything to contact my Guide. Finally, one night . . .

a very small man sitting in a tiny chair with a little movie projector shining from behind him over his shoulder appeared to me. He, the chair and projector were small enough to fit in my hand. Indeed, there they were, in my open palm, his back to me, the projector shining away from me. I wanted to see his face, so I rotated my hand for a better view. As I did so, the projector beam flashed across my eyes and suddenly, I was back in the Gallery again.

Whew! That was close! I tried once more, attempting to avoid the glare of the projector and catch a glimpse of his face but the beam hit me full force and I was caught, now unconsciously dreaming.

I was chagrined; here I was trying so hard and my own Guide was ambushing me in my attempts to find him. Not only that but one night, I was shown the power of the "projector." I had entered three dimensional hypnagogic imagery when . . .

I saw the figure of a man approaching me. The first thing I noticed about him was his physical beauty. Then I noticed he was wearing a police uniform. I immediately knew who he was: the embodiment of captivating imagery, the Projector; first the attraction, then you're under arrest! He walked up to me and said in a friendly enough way, "What you are doing is fine but you are powerless against the visions. I'll demonstrate." "Oh, ho!" I thought, "Now that I'm forewarned, it'll be easy for me to resist!" A series of 3-D images



appeared before me: trees, fields, seashore, fences, a friendly dog wagging its tail at me — such a nice dog, the same dog trotting across a street and a car is speeding toward it and it'll be killed but I'm close enough to save it if I just hurry, so I run into the street and BAM! The next thing I know, I'm standing next to the Projector and he said "See?"

"Not next time," I vowed. I was wrong. Again and again, five or six times in a row, I steeled myself. The visions began and every time an image would appear that I would react to, however subtly and the next image would catch me off guard, my initial

reaction acting as a lever to amplify an emotional response and I would be gone, totally involved. Each time, I would find myself standing there with him saying "See?" I understood that while my effort was needed to make a lucid entry into the Nightland, I was also being allowed to enter.

Meanwhile, I was still puzzled whenever I reached the Gallery but there was something itching at my memory, something about projectors and dreams. One day I remembered. Months ago, long before I met my Guide consciously, I had a dream and recorded it. It is too long to relate here but it involved a "beam projector that paralyzed the one upon whom it shone." Near the end of the dream "the beam was to be used on a group of us, one by one, for the last time . . . sending us helpless to our dooms." A couple of us realized we could be protected from the effects of the beam by holding a shiny object, such as a coin, to our foreheads so the beam would be reflected back. When I re-read this dream, I found the key to the next step on the path. Now, when I reach the Gallery of Faces, I proffer a coin and my Guide appears.

Meeting the guide represents a new level of interaction in Dreamtime for me and it has been a time of learning about the dreaming process; literally, what goes on behind the scenes.

Part Two

The place of meeting the Guide in the Nightland is the crucial interface between the microcosmic self of daily waking awareness with that aspect of the macrocosm sometimes called the "higher self."

Usually, when I proffer the coin and my Guide appears, we both then materialize in a control room of some sort. It took a few meetings before I could hold my focus in a control room of some sort. Often, I would journey all the way there to catch just a fleeting glimpse of the Guide before falling unconscious into a dream. It seems I was not yet ready to do more than just enter that place. Subsequent experience

suggests I was carrying too much of my ego with me, symbolized in one event by a small dog I had unknowingly brought with me, who, according to the Guide, "can't come any further."

The Guide manifested to me in different forms, according to which aspect of himself I needed to learn about; for example, once he was the feet and lower legs of a giant which towered out of sight. This I took to mean that he is a partial, "lower" aspect of a being I could not comprehend in its vastness. When I asked who or what he was, he answered "I am you." Some of his later teachings showed me that we are all beings of much greater scope than we have conscious awareness of. The parts of ourselves many of us consider to be our whole selves, i.e., the parts that walk around, eating, thinking, feeling, ultimately dying, are partial aspects of the beings we are in totality... beings who exist in a field of reality larger than can be expressed in space and time. While we, in our daily lives, have little or no awareness of these "greater selves," they know us in such intimate detail that nothing is hidden from them. It is because our awareness is so limited, our motives at times questionable, and our activities often reflective of our fears and ignorance, that we need assistance from our higher selves. They understand our limitations and can offer insight and direction to us, helping us to lead fuller, more balanced lives. A common way our higher selves communicate with us is through an amazing language of symbols that we call "dreams!"

Sometimes the higher self brings part of our consciousness into direct tutelage. We may begin to remember dreams of a wise person teaching or showing us things. Our tutored selves begin to learn the language of symbols, not only to understand it, but also to express it. We begin to learn about the fabrication of dreams and take part in the process of dream creation and transmission. At this point, you could say we are living a triple life: the sleeping dreamer, the Guide and the "apprentice." Occasionally, we are gifted with a dream that is so beautiful,

so intense in its import, that we awake strongly affected by it in a most positive way. Just as "we do not live by bread alone," we cannot receive all that is necessary for our growth by dreams given in the usual manner. In this case, the Guide and/or the experienced "apprentice" will personally enter the dream being transmitted to the dreamer. The message and feelings associated with this type of dream are indicative of higher intervention or direct inspiration.

Sometimes, I have seen other views of the "control room" level. One night as I lay down in my bed, I knew I would be permitted access. Sure enough, as my body fell asleep, 2-D and 3-D imagery flitted past, revealing the Door. I shot through it and up into the sky toward the Window. As I flew through the Window, I found myself "outside the scene" viewing myself from a distance, coming through the Window, which was actually a hole in the head of a body-shaped vehicle floating in space. I saw myself coming through the hole as a tiny point of awareness, taking on human size and shape as I flew away from my body-vehicle toward the balcony of an incredible tower that stretched above and below me out of sight! On the balcony, waiting for me were three figures. The tower had endless levels of balconies and floating in the space around it, high and low, were body-shapes just like the one I had come out of! Another time I saw the tower as a column of light with radiating beams of light at many levels. Once my Guide referred to it as the "Tree of Life."

Though I had logged a fair bit of time with my Guide, I would still blink out sometimes into unconscious dreaming, sometimes in the middle of a sentence. One time, we were talking when suddenly, I found myself in a dream holding two bizarre objects in my hands. The utter strangeness of the situation helped me to maintain my lucidity. "Hey, what gives?" I asked. "I'm trying to talk to you!" I remained lucid and surveyed my surroundings. Occasionally, something would shift or change subtly and I realized it was the Guide doing it from behind the scenes. With this realization, the

manipulations became more obvious, then the Guide appeared in the dream and asked me if I wanted a change in my level of involvement in the dream. I said I did and realized he was offering me extended lucidity. I asked for something else and immediately I became a floating point of awareness watching my unconscious form continue to participate in the dream. I watched for a while but it became boring. He sensed my feelings and asked what I wanted. Now we were both standing there, the dream proceeding unaffected by our presence. My mind was racing with possibilities. What did I want? He started to lead the way out of the dream and I followed. It was as if we slipped out between some props on a stage. We walked down a corridor. On both sides of us dreams were going on... like in rooms off the sides of a hallway, except there were no walls or doors. Somehow the boundaries of the dreams were distinct and the plots progressed without interference from neighboring dreams. I realized I could enter any dream I wanted to, at any level of involvement. I also realized that many of my dreams of that night were occurring there at once and that my present awareness and point of view was unnecessary for the dreaming process to occur, or for my sleeping brain to receive the dream messages. I finally thought of something I could ask for: "I'd like to go to the place where I can create whatever reality I wish." "Okay," he said, and led me to a door. He opened it and on the other side was nothing, just the pitch black of outer space with no stars. "Thanks!" I said and leaped over the threshold, flying through the darkness and pondering what kind of a world I would create... ?

Of the later events of that night I will only say that, in retrospect, the episode seems like a holiday, a brief visit to the playground of the universe. Since then I have received some tantalizing glimpses of the next stage of the journey and I am involved, once again, in deciphering the puzzle of the maze-like pathway that leads from bedtime to morning... and from me to all that I am. ♣

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I Found ME!

by Emma McElhaney Fraley

Fifty years ago, I had a nightmare that haunted me for thirty years. Each night, the dream returned. Mornings, I awakened tired and feeling ill.

There were nights when I was afraid to sleep because of the dream. There was nothing in my daily routine that said to me: "Tonight, you will have the dream."

In my dream....

.... I am lost in an old house and cannot find my way out. I do not remember my name or anything about myself. I have no I.D. nor anything that will tell me why I feel compelled to return to my house of horror every night.

I would always be terrified during the whole sequence, running breathlessly trying to get out of the old house. There were nights when I managed to sleep almost an hour, when suddenly the dream would return, each time more terrifying than the last.

There were no events in my life at the time that gave inference as to why this fearful nightmare pursued me, body and soul. Why? I asked over and over...

Mornings, I was tired from the energy expended during the night. Too tired to perform my most ordinary chores. Too tired to tend the infant of the moment, I would drag myself through the day and always dreaded nightfall.

Each night....

.... I find myself standing outside staring up at the old house. The trees surrounding the building are covered with straggling gray moss that hangs like a beard from each branch. Tall chimneys exude black smoke. The turreted roof seems to have eyes that watch me each time I am there. I always tuck my fear into my purse and decide to enter. With trepidation, I climb the steps and open the front door. This door led to other doors in the house. There are doors that seem to have no use other than to lead to other doors and other stairs. I see paintings on the walls that made no sense. On closer inspection, I see they are colored fungus. A myxomycete. At last, I see a door smaller than the others. It seems to have been opened recently. I push against it but it remains closed.

I resume pushing with a strength that seems to come from a well within me that I did not know existed. The door opens to reveal a small woman in a rocking chair, chanting a monotonous song, over and over.

"Please, can you help me?" I ask.

"Go away! You must not stay. I have been here fifty years and have no hope of ever leaving. I don't want to leave now, but I will tell you if you promise not to tell."

"Please, if you will tell me how to get out, I promise I will come back for you. I promise," I said, sounding like a small frightened child.

"Go up those stairs and you will see a small window. There is a latch on the sill. The latch is rusted but you must try hard until it opens. Don't give up. If you stop trying, it will tighten each time you rest."

I do as she instructed. I open the window and put my hand outside. A cool breeze blows into my face and a hand guides me safely down to the ground. I look back to see who helped me.

There was no one there!

It has been more than twenty years since I had the dream. I spent thirty years in an abusive marriage. Twenty years ago, I walked away, never to return. But I am still frightened. When I see an old house with chimneys shrouded in smoke and a turreted roof, I am fearful. But I do not stop. When I look away, the fear leaves. I have found my self, I have found me!

It has been more than twenty years since I had the dream. I spent thirty years in an abusive marriage. Twenty years ago, I walked away, never to return. I Have Found my Self and Like the Me That I Found! ♩

Searching for the Me that I Lost

I dreamed I bought a sail boat
and sailed across the sea
I went to foreign lands to
find my Self for me.

I visited people in other lands
Whose speech I did not understand
I looked under every old tree,
Trying to find the Self that is me

At last, I saw my Self in a running brook
And found my Self in the pages of a book
I liked my Self, I liked being free
Now, I can be myself, because myself
Belongs to me!

Emma T. McElhaney-Fraley

Ms. McElhaney Fraley is a retired city employee, 71 years of age, the youngest of 12 children and mother of six.

Dream Network & Aesculapia Foundation

Co-Sponsor

Co-Creating a Dream Nation:

A Gathering for Exploring Our Dreams

**Amidst the Charm & Tranquility of Asklebia Wilderness Retreat
near Grants Pass and Wilderville, OR**

September 17 - 23, 199

As we are preparing to enter an age where dreams once again take their place as an important element in human affairs, the situation seems much like the ambiance present in the tower of babbles: many languages and little or no communication. Like the six blind persons describing an elephant, each school of thought has its own perspectives and the whole is somehow lost and demeaned in the focus on the parts.

It was with these thoughts in mind that we co-sponsor a conference to reintegrate the elephant. The emergent design format is one that has proven very successful in bringing about such a synthesis: it eliminates the hierarchical structures and formal pre-prepared presentations that ultimately feed the babbles.... and somehow seems truer to the dream process itself and what we are learning from quantum physics and chaos theory about natural process. Structures are illusions that ultimately dissolve into chaos and out of the chaos emerge new evolved structures.

We hope you will join us for a week of play, learning, and evolution.... for a week of co-creation, as we discover the whole nature of the elephant and evolve a dream nation sharing a common language & philosophy.

About the Gathering

This coming September, a memorable event will occur: A Gathering of the Dream Tribes . . . that we may meet and co-create a Dream Nation. Who knows what possibilities might arise from such a dream creation?

We believe *it is time!*

It will not be an ordinary conference but instead one that, like dreams, calls forth the creative spirit and expression of the entire organism.... the sum of more than just those attending.

Emergent Design is a conference format that invites each person to participate as a resource person and bring their skills and knowledge together in a mutual blending of cross-fertilization. We are all teachers; we are all students.

There are many approaches to dream work and on opening day, from the chaos of interests and energy, we will facilitate the emergence of several dream groups, each sharing within itself a common outlook, method or philosophy about dream work. Each group will gather in a location set aside for it and explore mutual interests in whatever ways or structures they choose. Facilitators will be provided for each group to see to their needs and to coordinate among groups. Mutual sharing will also be ensured through time set aside each day for a 'market-place' of workshops or other offerings or wishes.

A Sense of Purpose & Place

ASKLEPIA FOUNDATION for consciousness studies is a non profit organization supported by profits from Aesculapia Wilderness Retreat. Its purpose is: to study and develop the role of dreams and other creative consciousness states in healing process; to study the effects of wilderness on healing processes; to provide education about these studies and to provide opportunities for people to experience the results through Aesculapia Wilderness Retreat.

We are pleased and honored to host this happening at Aesculapia Wilderness Retreat and commit ourselves to providing the facilities and support needed to enhance and nurture the spirit and creation of a Dream Nation.

Aesculapia Wilderness Retreat is eighty acres of very beautiful and dream-like mountain forest in the mystical Siskiyou Mountains of SW Oregon.

Siskiyou means Gathering Place and it was in these mountains that many west coast tribes gathered for healing and mutual support. According to one historian, the most respected and honored of the shamans of the local tribes healed only through dreams and visions and they, the dream healers, lived apart in hidden glens and valleys, such as the Blue Glen in which Aesculapia is located.

Among offerings at Aesculapia are a wood heated sauna, a spa, a cave and old gold mine, the nearby Rogue River, miles of hiking trails, a meditation shed and a magical ambience.

Facilities

Several group camping areas will be provided, enough for each individual or group to have private space to live, explore and dream together, to create and bond. We also have a limited number of on site rooms and cabins available for indoor sleeping (double or triple occupancy.) Off site accommodations will be available at neighboring homes and local Inns at slightly higher and varying rates. Call us for details about this option at 503/476-0492.

During mid-September, one can sleep under the stars. If you want to use a tent and don't have one, let us know. You will need to provide your own sleeping pads, bedding or sleeping bags, towels and other personal supplies. On site amenities include indoor and outdoor showers, baths and privies.

The nearby Rogue River offers swimming, boating and white water rafting. The surrounding area is rich with recreational attractions, including the Oregon Shakespeare Festival. Extend your stay an extra week or two and enjoy the beauty and magic of Southwestern Oregon.

Meals will be gourmet, vegetarian and prepared from organic and chemical free foods. If you need caffeine, refined sugars or meat, please provide your own.

How To Get To Aesculapia

Medford, OR is the nearest airport and a short shuttle ride (cost, approx. \$15) gets you to Grants Pass. If you let us know your time of arrival, we will bring you to Aesculapia from there. You will be picked up by volunteers in Grants Pass, who would appreciate donations for gas. Buses also stop in Grants Pass.

If you plan to drive, we are about 4-5 hours south of Portland, about 7-8 miles north of San Francisco. We will send directions when we receive your registration and deposit.

It is sometimes more economical, depending on air fares, etc., to fly into Portland, rent a car and drive down, particularly if this can be coordinated with 2 or 3 others.

As we move closer to the time of the gathering, please call us for information about who, from your area, is registered, so that we can assist in putting you in touch with one another @ 503/476-0492 or 801/461-9003.

Please make checks payable to: **Dream Network**, PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532 and return with your Registration Form. Refunds will be made for cancellations received in writing prior to September 5th, subject to a \$50 fee for processing.

Further details regarding the schedule, accommodations and travel suggestions will be sent upon receipt of the Registration Form.

For further information, telephone (801) 259-5936 or (503) 476-0492.

Or Phone 1-800-861-3732
registration via credit card

OPTIONS & POSSIBILITIES

Package 1: On site camping,

Includes: Conference fees

On site camping & use of all facilities

All Meals and Snacks

(You provide your own camping gear, pads, bedding or sleeping bag.)

Package 2: On site dorm rooms or cabins

Includes: Conference fees

Dorm sleeping in lodge rooms or cabins
(2 - 4 persons per space.)

All meals and snacks

(We would appreciate if you would provide your own sleeping bags and towels.

If you can't, let us know well in advance.)

Package 3: Near-by off site

Accommodations

Includes: Conference fees

Day fee, meals, snacks and use of all facilities.

Fees for off site accomodations at local homes, Inns or campgrounds,

are by agreement with provider

and may vary from \$15 - \$50/night.

Package 4: Work Volunteer (15 available)

We need help before, during & after the gathering. In exchange for twenty-five hours at tasks, such as clean-up, housekeeping, kitchen help or ?, your fees will be reduced as noted in the schedule.

REGISTRATION FEE SCHEDULE:

Reservations by:	May 30	June 30	Sept. 10
Package 1	\$375	\$400	\$450
Package 2	\$445	\$475	\$525
Package 3*	\$300	\$325	\$375
Package 4	\$175	\$200	\$225

*Includes day fee use at Aesculapia but does not include cost of off site accomodations, which may vary from \$25 to \$50 per night.

Registration Form

Name _____ Telephone _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Package # _____ Date of Registration _____

I wish to charge Registration to () MC () VISA () AmEx

Card # _____ Expiration Date _____

My signature _____

Or Phone 1-800-861-3732 for credit card Registration

Dream Network Reader Survey

*As we are reaching an ever-wider and new community of dreamers,
we summon your opinions.*

*We want to make certain your particular interests
and perspectives are considered and integrated, where possible.*

Your comments, questions and responses to any and all materials contained in each issue of Dream Network are always welcome. However, we have some specific questions on which we would appreciate your input and ask that you take a few minutes to let us know what you think.

*Your responses are anonymous
and will be of extreme value to us insofar as meeting your dream-related information needs.*

Don't feel obligated to answer any question(s) with which you feel uncomfortable.

Please use extra sheets of paper to expound on questions that arouse more response than there is space provided, whether asked in this questionnaire or not. If you would prefer not to tear this sheet from the issue, Xerox it. We look forward to your input and appreciate your time & consideration.

For how long have you valued, journaled and/or worked with your dreams? _____

Are dreams a frequent topic of conversation:

In your family? _____

With your spouse? _____

With your children? _____

Among your peers? _____

At work, school, church? (y/n) _____ Which setting(s)? _____

Or, do you prefer to do dreamwork alone? (y/n) _____

Do you do dream-related art work or poetry? (y/n) _____ Which? _____

Do you prefer a particular school of thought or process for better understanding the meaning of your dreams? (circle one): i.e., Jungian, Ullman, Senoi, Freudian, Reentry, Professional Therapy, Eclectic, Other (please specify) _____

Do you belong to a dream group? (y/n) _____ If not, do you wish to? (y/n) _____

If yes, do you need help getting started? (y/n) _____

If yes, have you considered making contact with one of our Networkers (pg. 71)? _____

If so, were you satisfied with the communication? _____

(Please expound on a separate sheet of paper, if necessary. If you wish, include contact info.)

Has Dream Network helped you to validate the importance of your dreams? (y/n) _____

If so, how? _____

How did you obtain this copy of Dream Network? (circle one): *I'm a subscriber *bookstore

*newsstand *friend *dream group member *other, please specify _____

Does Dream Network meet your needs/expectations in providing: (y/n)

Educational articles? _____

Stimulating articles? _____

Continued on Next Page

...Does DN provide....

Adequate References....

For further information?

For networking purposes?

Suggestions?

What features of Dream Network do you like most?

What features do you like least?

What suggestions do you have for improving *Dream Network* in general.... & in fulfilling our Statement of Purpose?

What Questions or Topics would you like to see explored in future issues?

Are there dream-related topics that you would like to see explored in *every* issue, i.e., a regular column?

* * * * *

Our Advertisers would like to know a little about you, too.

Please help us out as far as you're comfortable. Remember, your responses are anonymous!

Your age: (Please circle one) Under 20 21-30 31-40 41-50 51-65 Over 65

Your gender: Female Male

What is your occupation? (Please circle those that apply) Part Time Full Time Professional
Health care field Computer field Service Industry Blue Collar Self-employed
Artistic/Creative Service Other (please specify)

Marital Status? Single? For how long? Married? For how long?

Divorced? How long? _____ Committed relationship? How long? _____

Family: (Please circle) Children under 18 Children over 18 #of Children @ home

What is your annual income range? (Please circle one)

under 15,000 15,00-30,000 30,000-45,000 45,000-60,000 above 60,000

If you are a subscriber, for how long? (circle one) <3 months 1-3yr 3-5yr 5-7yr 7yrs or longer

Have you ever subscribed to DN, dropped your subscription and re-subscribed? (y/n) _____

Why? _____

In what Country _____ State _____, do you currently live?

* * * * *

Please feel free to include any additional comments on separate paper.

Thank you for being a part of Dream Network and for taking the time to complete this reader survey!

Please feel free to include any additional comments on separate paper.

Thank you for being a part of Dream Network and for taking the time to complete this reader survey!

We will provide follow-up on this survey in a near future editorial. In order for your opinions to be included, please complete and send this survey asap, or by 7/15/95

Please mail to READER SURVEY
9920 NE 142nd Place #A-201, Bothell, WA 98011-6913

* Regional Networkers/Dream Contact Persons *

We are grateful to be able to assist in making quality dream-related information and resources available to you via the willingness of these Contact persons/Networkers. All are committed to the value of dreams; each has their own area of interest and/or expertise and can help point the way to the most appropriate resources to meet your needs. Most are available to answer questions from any caller, regardless of location.

Some *Networkers* have special conditions, such as times they are available for phone conversations. Please respect each individual's 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 co-creating a functional culture.

ALASKA

Tina Priess 907.479.6553
Animals/Planetary Healing
Alaska
Billie Jo Sechrist 907.789.2669
General Resources & Info
Juneau

ARIZONA

Aurrhia 602.639.2816
Spiritual Dimension
State of Arizona

CALIFORNIA

Linda Atnip 213.660.4580
Dream Creations, Theatre
Southern CA
Marcia Lauck 408.264.4971
Dreams & Consciousness
SF Bay Area/USA
Fred Olsen 415.33-DREAM
Dream ReEntry/Healing
Northern CA
Ronald Otrin 916.926.4980
General Resources, Groups
Siskiyou County, CA
Ruth Sacksteder 510.549.2162
Lucid Dreaming
7 - 9 p.m. Pacific Time
Greater SF Bay Area
Sandra Thomson 213.464.6584
General Resources & Groups
9 a.m. - 5 p.m. Pacific Time
Santa Barbara - San Diego, CA

CANADA

Jan Janzen
Box 437, Tofino, B.C. V0R 2Z0
Lucid, hypnagogic, Tibetan
Written communication only
Canada/International
Suzanne Nadon 519.371.6060
Creativity & Lifestyle, Jung
Ontario/Native Community

COLORADO

Julia Lane Widdop 303-243-6377
Dream Art/Abuse/Recovery
Western Slope of Colorado

FLORIDA

Will Phillips 407.296.5771
General Resources, Groups
Florida/U.S.A.

GEORGIA

Adrienne Anbinder
404.446.9316
General Resources, Groups
State of Georgia
Walt Stover 404.565.6215
General Resources, Pre-Cog

SouthEastern States

HAWAII
Frances Ring 808.637.9241
Dream Art, Crslr. Info & Groups
Hawaiian Islands

INDIANA

Phil Schuman 219.422.5133
General resources, researcher
State of Indiana

KANSAS

Steve Carter 316.263.8896
General Resources & Groups
M/Th/Fr eve; Sat. p.m.
Kansas/No. Oklahoma

MAINE

Barbara Hare Noonan, M.S.
207.326.8810 Experiential
dreamwork, art/body work
New England States

MASSACHUSETTS

Edith Gilmore 508.371.1619
Lucid, General, Groups
Early evenings

Boston/MetroWest MA

Dick McLeester

413.772.6569
General Resources
Greater New England/W.MA

Karen Surman Paley

508.887.5090
Survivors of sexual abuse/
Multiple Personality Disorder

8 - 9 p.m. EST

U.S.A.

Father Joseph Sedley

508.842.8821
Pastoral dreamwork/12 Step/
Spiritual & Emotional Growth

9 a.m. - 5 p.m.

MA

MICHIGAN

Judy White-O'Brien 616.353.7607
Wholistic Therapies & Dream Groups

Michigan

MINNESTOA

Jaye C. Beldo 612.827.6835
Dream Democracy/Integralive
Dream Narration- Evenings

Upper Midwest

Mary Flaten

507.663.1269
9am - 3pm Central
General Resources & Groups

State of Minnesota

MISSOURI

Dean McClanahan 417.491.4508

General, Jung, UFO

Springfield/State of Missouri

Rosemary Watts 314.432.7909
General resources, Creative!
St. Louis & State of MO

MONTANA

Anita Doyle/Temenos
406.542.1475
Workshops/ongoing groups

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Charlotte Bell 603.529.7779
Gen. Preparation for Death
5 - 11 p.m. Northern NH.

NEW JERSEY

Valerie Melusky 609.921.3572
General Info & Groups
PA/NY/NJ

NEW YORK

Jennifer Borchers 212.683.5677
Recovery from childhood abuse,
healing male/female relations

Evenings & weekends

NY/NJ/CN, esp. Five Boroughs

Catherine Knapp

315.662.3172
Dream Body, Mind & Creative
Processes/ Central NY

Harold Ellis 516.796.9455
Gen. Resources, Dream drama
NY/NJ

Leon Van Leeuwen

212.888.0552
General Resources, groups
NY, NY

NORTH CAROLINA

Al Phillips 704.553.9508
General Info & Resources
NO & SO Carolina

OHIO

Noreen Wessling
513.831.7045

General Info & Groups
Ohio

Margaret Honton

614.885.0823

General Resources & Groups
Ohio State

Micki Seltzer 614.267.1341
General Resources & Groups

Evenings

Ohio State

OREGON

Graywolf/Fred Swinney
503.476.0492

Dreams & Consciousness

International/NW States

Ingrid M. Luke 503.867.6899
General Info & Resources Pacific
Northwest/OREGON

Patricia Keelin 503.241.0477
Lucid/DreamLight

Pacific Northwest/Portland

PENNSYLVANIA/OHIO

Mena Potts, Ph.D. 614.264.4444
Experiential Dream Groups &
Parapsychical dreams

7 p.m. - 9 p.m.

Central PA/N.E. Ohio

TEXAS

John Ashbaugh 806.655.9738
General Info & Resources

Texas

Chuck Freeman 210.478.2000
Pastoral Counselor

Soul-Centered/Jungian

8:30 a.m. - 5:30 p.m. M - F

TX, OK, LA: SouthWest US

UTAH

Ruth Hoppe 801.583.1405
General Resources & Groups
Early evenings

No. UT/WY/ID

Roberta Ossana 801.461.9003
General Resources & Groups
Four Corner

WASHINGTON

Bob Coalson 206.582.1467
Nightmares, Senoi, Sandplay

Pacific Northwest

Judith Picone 206.745.3545
General Resources & Groups
N.W. ID/MN/WA

Oran Walker 206.726.7982

Eclectic Professional Counselor
Seattle, WA

Lee Piper 206.659.0459

General Resources/Native
Pacific NW/ID/MN

David Sparenberg

206.323.2115

Shamanic, General Info
Pacific NW/BC Canada/ID

WASHINGTON D.C.

Rita Dwyer 703.281.3639
General Resources, Groups
Metropolitan D.C. area

WISCONSIN

Rene Rovik 608.259.0309
Self-educated lucid dreamer
Madison, WI

BACK ISSUES of Dream Network

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Allow 6 - 8 weeks for delivery or
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Vol. 13 No. 4 ~ Dumuzi's Dream > The Phenomenon of Extraterrestrial Dreams > Sharing Children's Dreams > Dreams & Bodies > Moon Caller > Dream Sisters

EDITORIAL POLICY

We encourage readers to submit **articles** focused on dreams and mythology- *preferably with complementary graphics or photos* - which will be empowering for our readers. We accept articles ranging from experiential to scholarly accounts and ask you to share techniques and insights from experiences with effective, creative dream work in our **Dream Education**/

Art of Dreamsharing Section.

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 welcome; photocopies are acceptable. Please include **SASE** with submission and/or request for guidelines.

Dream Network Journal reserves the right to edit all material submitted for publication.

Dream Network

Celebrate Every Day
Share Your Dreams
With a Unique & Growing
Dream Community

DN 1995
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to Dream Network, PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532
or 1-800-861-3732 Subs only, please!
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NetWorks ♥ ↔ ♥ Dream Groups

Call for New Groups

Heartsprings Dream Group

Sundays, 4pm. No fee.

Ph: 615.792.1272, **Nashville, TN**

In this group, the dreamer and other group members work together in a way that promotes self-discovery via understanding the special language and imagery of their dreams.

Manhattan & Westchester. Call 914.674.1213 Elizabeth Howell, Ph.D.

Lucid Dream Group focusing on mutual support, inspiration, experimentation and exploration. Meets every 3rd Thurs. 7-9pm. **Portland, OR.** No fee. Contact Keelin @503.241.0477

Exploring inner worlds through lucid dreaming? Weekly study group. No fee. Johannes Vloothuis, 25 East 21st St., **Hamilton, Ontario Canada L8V 2T3** Phone: 416.383.5743

DREAM SCOUTS

Exploring the way of the dream for psychospiritual & developmental growth (Jungian emphasis). **South Puget Sound Area, WA**

Contact Bob Coalson, MSW, 206.582.1467

New discussion group starting for committed lucid dreamers to share experience. No fee. **Philadelphia PA** Ph: 215.879.6040

Dream workshop of the Theosophical Society in **Miami & So. Florida.** To encourage the study & interpretation of dreams for psychological & esoteric purposes. No fee. Facilitators: Sy Ginsburg & Angie Hall. Meets Wed./12 Noon @ Theosophical Society, 831 S. Federal Hiway, **Deerfield Beach, FL 33441** Ph: 305.420.0908

Dream Sharing on Internet!

From international dream sharing to scientific articles to support and discussion groups, if it is about dreams, we publish it.

For information, send your email address to {RCWilk@aol.com}.

New dream group in **New York, NY!** No fee. Contact Jennifer Borchers at 212.683.5667

Ongoing Dream Groups

CYNTHIA KOHLES, M.S.W.

Dream Group, Thursday evenings, No fee. **Santa Rosa, CA.** Ph: 707.526.2500

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

Bay Area LUCID Dream Group

For committed lucid dreamers of all levels of accomplishment and experience. Monthly meetings on Sunday P.M. No fee. **Berkeley, CA** location.

Contact Ruth Sacksteder
Ph: 510.549.2162

THE DREAM HOUSE Reentry groups and dreamwork training.

Individual sessions and tutoring (in person/by phone) audio tapes, networking. Fred Olsen, Dir. 241 Joost Ave **SF, CA 94131** Ph 415. 33 DREAM

RON OTRIN Monday nights @ 7pm 2601 North Old Stage Rd. # 30

Mount Shasta, CA 96067
Ph: 916.926.4980 No fee

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

Maplestone Dream Group

Meets every Monday night. No fee.
Phone Suzanne Nadon at 519.371.6060
Owen Sound, Ontario Canada

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

Wichita, KS Dream Group

Contact: STEVE CARTER
550 West Central #1404
Windsor at Barclay Square. Fridays
No fee. Phone: 316.263.8896

I have created a model for dreamwork supporting **12-step programs.** If interested in hosting a meeting in your area. Contact **WAYNE McEWING**
2 Melrose St. 4th Fl.
Boston, MA 02116 Ph: 617.482.2051

Dream Study Group

Meets Sundays at 6 p.m., my home.
Contact **Nora Thill, Milton, MA**
Ph: 617.698.7158 No fee.

NEW ENGLAND CONTACT

Greater Boston / Cambridge area.
Write or Phone Dick McLeester
@ New Dreamtime,
PO Box 92 **Greenfield, MA 01302**
Ph: 413.772.6569

EDITH GILMORE

Egalitarian dream study & interpretation group meets monthly in my home.
No fee. 112 Minot Rd.,
Concord, MA 01742
Ph: 508.371.1619

Creativity Dream Workshop

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

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

MICHAEL KATZ

Lucid Dreaming and beyond.
Transpersonal approaches for creative dreams and waking.
Individuals and groups.
Manhattan, NY Ph: 212.260.8371

EDGAR CAYCE Dream Workshop

Meets every Monday night from 7-9pm. Please contact Leon B. Van Leeuwen at 212.888.0552 **NY**

Pines Dream Sharers

Enjoy the warmth and support of like-minded seekers. All welcome!
Meets monthly in **Cincinnati area**
Contact Noreen Wessling
5429 Overlook Drive,
Milford, OH 45150
Ph: 513.831.7045

Columbus, OH Dream Appreciation

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

Ongoing Dream Groups (Continued)

CREATIVE DREAM GROUPS & WORKSHOPS
Utilizing Jungian, expressive and integrative dreamwork methods.
Contact **Marlene King, M.A.**, 2630 S.E. Schiller St., Portland, OR 97202 Ph: 503.234.6885

DR. ANN RICHARDS
Weekly Dream Class in Portland & ongoing dream bulletin: "Dreams, Jung AND Art" SASE to 1717 SW Park Portland, OR 97201 Ph: 503.222.0533

Dreamers Still Dreaming
Format: Open-ended concept presentation & interpretation. Bimonthly meeting near downtown **Portland, OR**. No fee, no leader. Contact: Kate Hammond, Ph: 503.241.0950

DREAM STREAMS - Meets 1st Tues. of the month from 7 - 9p.m. @Discovery Bookshop, 808 W. jSecond St., Lansdale, PA 19446 Ph: 215.822.5951 Contact: Linda Rosenthal Bucks/Montco area

METRO D.C. COMMUNITY
Open To All who share an interest in dreams. 1st Sat. each month, 1-5pm Patrick Henry Library 101 Maple Ave. E Vienna, VA. Info: contact Rita Dwyer Ph: 703.281.3639 No fee

Explore Your Dreams
Dream Group meets every other Tuesday 10am - Noon. No fee
Contact Judith Picone,
Edmonds, WA 206.745.3545

* * * * Upcoming Event * * * *

CoCreating a Dream Nation: A Healing Place for Healers



Co-sponsored by
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A Special week-long Event utilizing "Emergent Design"

Sufficient structure(s), speakers, resource persons will be scheduled; ultimately, we will heal, co-create and offer support to one another!

Offer to share your special expertise & experience via facilitating a group; we will have a full week for dreamsharing & sharing information and visions for the future of the Field of Dreams.



To be held at the
Aesculapia Wilderness Retreat,
Wilderville, OR

September 17th thru 23rd, 1995

Approximate Costs:

Deposit of \$200 by June 30, Cost \$425*

Deposit of \$225 by Aug. 15, Cost: \$450*

See pages 72, 73 for specifics. Cost includes food and lodging.

Pilgrimage to Aesculapia Wilderness Retreat will be the responsibility of each participant.

***** 15 Work-scholarships available. *****

Write **Dream Network** for more detailed information
PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532, Ph: 801.259.5936

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Deborah Hillman, Ph.D. is a cultural anthropologist offering individual sessions for exploring the inner world through dreams and waking imagination.

Located in **New York City**.
For information or appointment
Call (718) 397-1530

Event

**The Second International Congress
of Sleep Research Societies
entitled *The Mystery of Sleep***
will be held September 12 - 16, 1995 in
Nassau, the Bahamas. For info, call
310/247-8004 or write 710 North Trenton
Drive, Beverly Hills, CA 90210

FREE DREAM INSIGHTS from dreamworker with 20+ years experience in exchange for permission to use anonymously in newspaper column. Send a recent, one page dream and your feelings just before awakening, along with your age, sex, occupation, relationship status and any comments you feel relevant to: Will Phillips, 1269 Altamonte Springs, FL 32714-5434. Limited time, only.

Research * Projects**

Anthony Sykes would like to correspond with anyone who has had dreams, visions or psychic impressions about anything relating to **HIV** and **AIDS**. Information will be greatly appreciated. Send to: 156-20 Riverside Dr. W. #9C, **New York, NY 10032**
Ph: 212.928.3343

Dr. Ann Richards is researching for an article on DESIGNS and FORMATS of DREAM CLASSES. Teachers/Leaders of dream classes/groups, please send your experiences and suggestions about facilitating dream groups. You will be credited in follow up article to be provided to DREAM NETWORK. SASE to 1717 SW Park Ave. #815 Portland, OR 97201

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

Walt Stover is now writing a book to be published by A.R.E. press on **precognitive dreams**, dreams that have later become manifest. Subject matter of all types will be considered; dreams need not be of the "mountain top" variety. Indicate if you are willing to have your dreams published; your confidentiality will be honored.

Please send your precognitive dreams (preferably typed) to 4124 Fawn Court, Marietta, GA 30068 Ph: 404.565.6215

Marc Barasch, author of The Healing Path and Remarkable Recovery is researching a book on **dreams and healing**. Anyone who has had a key dream which seemed to presage, diagnose, provide key insight into, or even cause a healing experience is welcome to contact him at 1750 30th St. Suite 541, Boulder, CO 80301. Info re: historical, contemporary, or cross-cultural research on this subject also gratefully accepted.

Marlene King, M.A. is collecting dreams and visionary accounts from people who are diagnosed as terminally ill, particularly from those in the latter stages of their illness.

Also seeking dreams of people who have recorded/told a dream just prior to their death, sudden or otherwise. Please include any additional info illuminating the dream context. Confidentiality is assured. Please send to
**2630 SE Schiller St.,
Portland, OR 97202**

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

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**

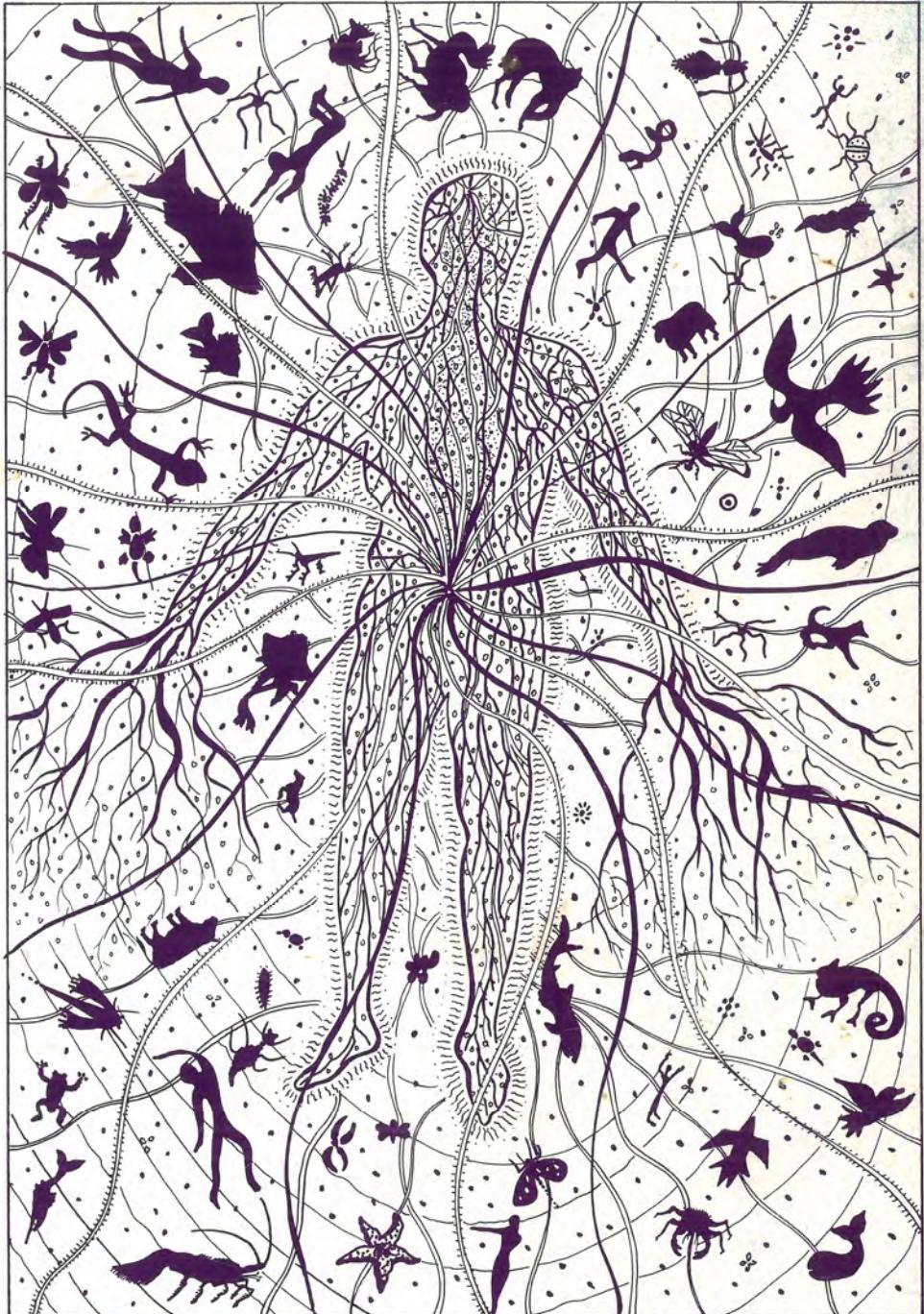
....Dreaming Humanity's Path....

In my dream....

....*I flew near
a wise old man
who said to me,*

*"Keep on going,
it's going to be
allright."*

*With his
assurance,
I continued on
and saw the
most luminous,
sparkling
otherworldly
Mountain....*



Dream Network Journal

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