

ANIMALS in Dreams: What do they symbolize?

Dream Network

Since 1982



Vol. 19 No. 1

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The Animal Within • *Rosemary Ellen Guiley*

Ullman Method: Content & Context • *Sandy Sela-Smith*

Animals in Dreams: Emissaries of the Divine • *Joanne Lauck*

What Happened When Coyote Stole Our Dreams • *Graywolf Swinney*



Serving the Light

I am with a self-help group.
Each of us has struggled and gone
through difficult periods in our lives.

We are gathered outside
and though no words are spoken,
simultaneously we raise our
outstretched arms to the sides and place
our hands on each other's shoulders
to form a circle.

Slowly we begin to sway
and dance... singing,
“We pledge ourselves to serve the Light.”

I am filled with purpose
and feel whole and connected.

Statement of Purpose

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Dream Network

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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 opinions and areas of interest to be explored and expressed.

You are welcome and invited to indicate areas of interest and questions you would like to see explored in future issues.

Dream Network

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Upcoming Focus

for Volume 19 No. 2

Sexuality and Dreams

Freudian...
& the other side of the coin.
Have you had dreams with
overt sexual imagery?
When is a dream a sex dream?
Share your experience...

Lifeline: 4 Weeks after you
receive this issue.

NOTE Regarding Submissions:

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

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

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

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



Editorial

"I am out in redrock country with my daughter, Cydney, hiking. She and I have no exchanges; it is as if she is 'witness' in the early part of the dream, then fades out.

We climb up onto a ledge about 3'-4' wide and immediately, a LION jumps up onto the ledge behind me. As I turn and see him, I immediately 'think' "I must not feel fear, or he will sense it and we are in danger."

Succeeding at putting fear in check, the Lion walks up to me, stands on his hind legs and puts his front paws upon my shoulders.

We are face-to-face... and I stare at him, overwhelmed with the beauty and magnificence of this creature!

Then, he trembles... and transforms into a very handsome man. Looking me straight in the eye for an extended time, he opens his arms

and embraces, then kisses me. It was an encounter and exchange of Compassion, rather than Passion. There is a 'call' from a distance and he releases me, backs away and (check this!) reaches into his pocket, withdraws a handful of money, hands it to me, trembles, transforms into a Lion once again and runs off in the direction of the 'call.'

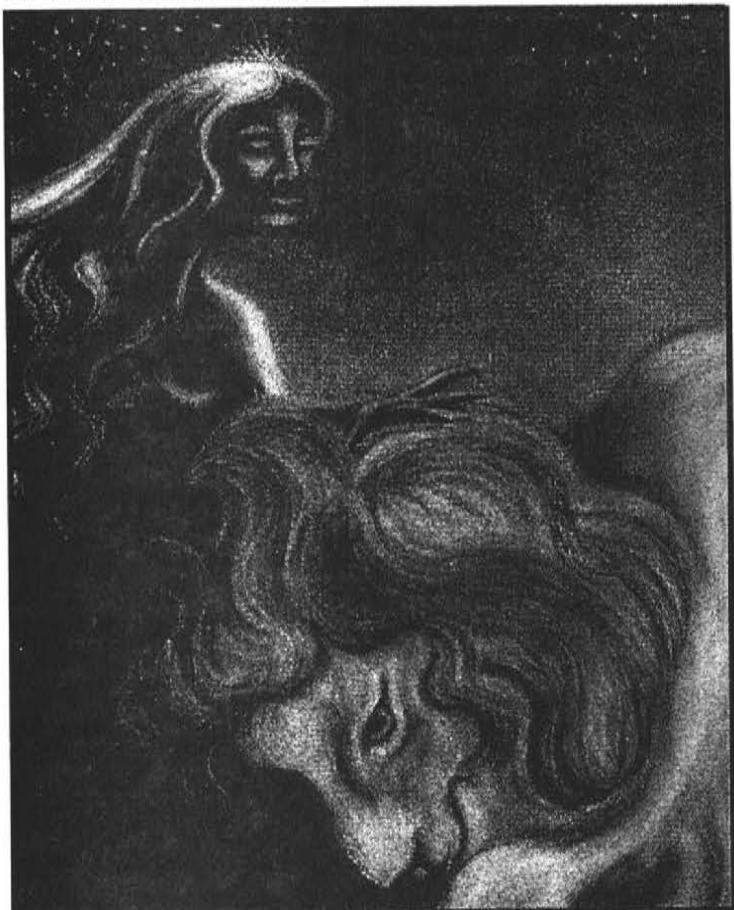
(End of dream)

A short time later, there was a mailing tube for me at the post office from an artist who occasionally advertises in the *Dream Network*, Mary Willowmoon.

Completely unexpected. When I opened the tube, a note fell out which stated: "This work of art was commissioned for you by your friend, Rosemary Watts." (Thanks, again, to you both!)

I removed and unrolled the painting. Neither the artist nor my friend knew of the dream.

Bless the Magic Moments!



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Responses

Questions , Dreams & Letters

♥ From ↔ YOU! ♥

A Rabbit Story

An associate of mine became interested in animal rights after listening to me talk about my project with my guinea pigs and why I was so involved in it. He had illumination experiences off and on during his life as I have had. He was on his way to his accountant's office when he spotted a small lifeless baby rabbit amidst the sidewalk debris. When he came out of the office he decided the little guy should have a decent burial. He located a tree and began digging at the base with the only thing available: a screwdriver. It wasn't long before he heard a clink. Curious he dug faster, until a miracle emerged from the earth. It was a small ceramic rabbit. He finished his task blessed the tree, the rabbit and took home his momentum. You see he was a bit abusive of the family cats at times and raccoons that raided his trash. Once he left the tree he felt *deja vu* and vaguely remembered a dream where he and his family drove past the same tree. There was a vague impression about the rabbit in his dream. The entire experience softened his heart and he took a kinder note to animals from that time on. He is not totally out of the woods yet, but that tiny rabbit sacrificed his little life to illuminate my friend and now you. Keep dreaming.

Linda Grail

Linda has been published several times in Dream Network. Recently, after losing her only son in an auto accident, Linda died. Here, I honor her contribution as a dedicated seeker, healer and dreamer. (Editor)

The New Millennium A 21st Century Cosmic Event

We have read in all quarters about the upcoming new millennium as a 21st century cosmic event. What is its meaning? We hear of the impending landing of extraterrestrials on planet Earth in 2001, which heralds the beginning of a new age of Spiritual renaissance. This suggests that our earth world is entering a new cycle, evidenced by the closing chapters of the 20th century, certainly not a century of peace, but one of violence, where spirit did not enjoy its participation in the affairs of mankind.

Does the beginning of the new era of 2000 AD mark a change in the psychodynamics of the individual and society wherein there is a deeper introspection and appreciation of another reality, namely that of the higher consciousness that exists as one's true brain, a fourth-dimensional circuit? Each individual has accumulated a database of positive life expressions, which are the result of countless trials and errors in attaining some balance in the battle of the lower self against the higher self.

In this attached verse is the answer to what I believe to be each person's millennial event. It is a mental process that is continuously metamorphosing with each individual in the need to discover the answer to one's spiritual code.

The following verse, "The Masterpiece," speaks directly to our hearts and minds, removing the tentacles of old belief systems and allowing the logic and reason of life's reality to provide the answer to each individual's quest for his spiritual identity.

Although I may not have made your personal acquaintance, we are all on the same voyage, which was expressed succinctly by Socrates in his statement: "Man, know thyself!" And in the knowing of self will we find our true reality.

In Light, Charles L. Spiegel, Professor
Unarius Academy of Science, El Cajon, CA

The Masterpiece

There came a time within my life.
When kismet left its calling card.
My mind, usually untroubled
and serene,
Became more restless as the year
progressed.
No longer was there any satisfaction
In my work, and all the former pleasures
I had known appeared so empty,
Crumbling into dust.

Some urging, vague and indistinct,
Caused me to leave the vineyards
Of my youth and drove me to seek
Out a dingy garret which overlooked
The Seine, wherein I was enabled to
Procure accommodation by the week.

My dwindling store of francs was
Near depleted, having paid the rent;
But now I was assured, at least,
Of shelter from the pending storms.

But none to spare for food, save some
Stale crusty loaf; instead my money
Went for brushes, paint and canvasses,
The tools with which to ply my craft,
Sad to relate, a craft I'd never learned.

What was this madness which compelled
Me so? I, who had not so much as
Dipped a brush within the pot
E'er since the day when I was born.
Why was I overwhelmed by this
Strange quirk of fate?

I knew not, neither did I care,
All I could comprehend was this
Desire within to spend my time in
Solitude, facing a pristine canvas,
Virginal and sacrosanct.

Then, subtle powers beyond my ken,
Caused me to mix the paint in
Lurid blobs upon the wooden pallet
Which I held so awkwardly;
Majestic tints which richly glowed
Beneath the dying sunset's rays.

At first I blended paint with
Trembling, timid touch, just like
Some maid who quivers at her first.
Encounter with the act of being wooed.
But then my arm seemed to receive
Some added strength and now, imbued
With boldness I had hitherto unknown,

I readdressed my mystic task
With vigour and elan.

My laden brush fairly attacked
The canvas as some wild, tempestuous
Storing flings lightning, rain and hail
Upon the ground in one tumultuous
Savage blast. I knew right then
I was inspired.

The clotted colours spilled across
The whitened canvas, splashes, swirls
And gobs of living flame;
But miracle of miracles!
Out of this mad cacophony of
Blazing paint there soon emerged
A work which later on, art connoisseurs
Decreed to be an epic of Creation;
And very kindly (to my mind)
Declared a masterpiece.

At last the work was done and,
As some lover, spent, after his
Wild, tumultuous ride, the fire
Within had died and I no longer
Felt the need to lift a brush
Again. I was content to return to
My former quiet mode of tending vines.
Just for one glorious hour I was
Inspired, an instrument through
Which the gods poured forth their
Passionate sway. All this that
Mortal eye may catch a glimpse
Of what a finite being might
Attain whilst under their control.

I made no money from my work,
For no one watched as I performed.
And as I had no former claim to art,
Men doubted that the painting could
Be mine. In fact, it was implied by
Some I was a thief who stole the
Picture from the gallery of some
Rich patron of the arts.

I needed food to eat and so,
Driven by hunger pangs, I sold it
For a meagre loaf of bread. And now,
Today it hangs resplendent in the
Louvre, and people come and gaze
As though caught up in wonder
Tinged with awe.

Some claim it is the brainchild
Of Van Gogh, who, in some darkened
Hour of the night, sprang from a
Maddening dream, seeking to vent his
Innermost torments upon the canvas
Bold, then, having viewed it from
The saner vantage point of broad
Daylight, wisely declined to
Sign his name.

Such are the quirks and foibles
Of the gods; I could have been one
Of the richest men who walked the
Cobbled streets of gay Paree.
I could indeed had this been their
Intent. Yet only I who just for one
Brief hour became the outlet for
The gods, yes, only I am privy
To the truth.

Inspired through Peter Nichols



Out of the Hat?

Congratulations on another great Dream Network edition! How you manage to pull something so wonderful out of your hat each quarter is beyond me.

Many, many thanks for including the notice about our need for retirement-related dream experiences and also for putting me as the Swiss contact person. It is an honor!

Best wishes for well-earned success!

*Thrive !!! Art Funkhouser,
Switzerland*



Help! Poets Need Publisher

A friend of mine has written many beautiful poems, and together we have edited those poems and put them into a book consisting of a colored pictures to go along with each poem. We are very proud of this book, and would love to share it with others. It has not yet been bound or published, and we were wondering if you know a publisher who might be interested in looking at the looseleaf pages, and possibly considering the printing and publication of our book. The book is the first in a series of four so far, and already has a title and cover-page.

Thank you in advance for your response and your consideration.

*Kelley I.Finnegin
330-894-2636 kfinnegin@eoohio.net*

Eclipse Visualization Inspired in DreamTime

I wanted to share the following with you. Some time ago, I dreamed of a hexagon-shaped lapis-blue window through which I could travel. It felt like a great gift I was given in that dream. I did not travel through this window till last night.

In preparation for this waking, Shamanic journey, I commissioned a friend of mine to actually make me a six-inch lapis-blue window and hung it in a window, so that the light of the eclipsing moon could shine through it as I journeyed.

The purpose of this journey was a kind of healing for another friend, S. The sense we had going into it was that it would be a light-hearted journey. We had already done an earlier journey that had a heavier quality to it. My friend had the feeling entering into this journey that she was bringing something to herself from the future. Perhaps she would be willing to share her own journey with you someday.

Well, last night was quite a night, I must say! I'll just tell it like it happened for me:

Through The Blue Window...

The eclipse had already begun at 10pm. I used the Layne Redmond, *Being In Rhythm* tape, which I have recorded twice in sequence. This journey is a very sensuous one, involving full body sensations and experiences.

I visualize and enter the blue window. Immediately I am the white serpent is me is the white serpent is me — S. is a presence, more of a felt spirit at this point. This part of the journey is less visual and more experiential. I sway, dance, undulate — wave upon wave of energy passes around and through me. I see a Bear step dancing in rhythm to the drums.

At times it is a circle or a line of women hand in hand dancing, swaying through a blue ocean of energy. Lights and waves of light also dance through this vision.

I am aware of many feathers and also of wings — I have a sensation of my own arms as wings. I feel this movement—kundalini—rising and undulating through me. I see the Egyptian, Nefertiti, come in. She, S. and I form a triangle and step dance and sway together . The serpentine energy continues to build. I am aware of fish and birds moving in this dance. I see the Cosmic Smile, a toothy grin, in this universe. It's like dancing in the cosmos, only I know it's an ocean of energy we are part of and it's not so much seeing, as experiencing.

The second part of the journey is when (a female) Bear leads S. and me to a cave. We do not walk in, we glide in. The cave is a warm and wonderful experience, walls, floor, all of it as smooth as polished stone, with a fine silky feeling. We must not have any clothes on, or the cave is womb-like as the sensation is as if every cell, every inch of skin is touched as we enter. The passageway is convoluted, wonderfully twisty and turny, serpentine and spirally.

We are led to a bath that is simply a part of the cave. The sensation of this deep blue bath water is the consistency and silky feeling of a warm pudding. Very pleasant. And again, it is not so much a doing as an experiencing. The serpentine energy is present, as if we and the white snake are one, without separation.

As we leave the bath a deep rich red color enfolds us; we entered the color—the cave became the color became the cave... A felt experience.

We continue the journey. We have left the bath and now are both wearing long white tunics. We are leaving the cave as light bursts forth. Much energy is passing through our

hands and we both direct this energy by holding our hands up, or we lay hands on peoples' heads as we walk past them.

I see/experience us doing an infinity-symbol dance back and forth through the blue window as we return. We do this many times in a dance of joyous fun.

Without a clear transition, I *feel* an energy of settling, as if my wings are folding/enfolding me. In fact, I *feel* my wings folding inward around me. I see S., settling very much like a bird Goddess folding into Herself, Her wings enfolding Her.

The journey was 27 minutes long, beginning at 10 pm, cst.

During and after the writing of this, as the eclipse continues, I am still pulsating and undulating through my being. I continue to feel this energy as a very pleasant sensation. I am thankful to be this journey.

Afterward, I couldn't go to sleep. It was as if my brain wouldn't shut off, but not a restless feeling. I stayed in bed very peacefully, but very awake till sometime after midnight.

Blessings, Christina Moon , AR



"The Invitation"

by Oriah Mountain Dreamer
...an Indian Elder

It doesn't interest me what you do for a living.

I want to know what you ache for, and if you dare to dream of meeting your heart's longing.

It doesn't interest me how old you are. I want to know if you will risk looking like a fool for love, for your dreams, for the adventure of being alive.

It doesn't interest me what planets are squaring your moon.

I want to know if you have touched the center of your own sorrow, if you have been opened by life's betrayals or have become shriveled

and closed from fear of further pain! I want to know if you can sit with pain, mine or your own, without moving to hide it or fade it or fix it.

I want to know if you can be with joy, mine or your own, if you can dance with wildness and let the ecstasy fill you to the tips of your fingers and toes without cautioning us to be careful, be realistic, or to remember the limitations of being human.

It doesn't interest me if the story you're telling me is true.

I want to know if you can disappoint another to be true to yourself; if you can bear the accusation of betrayal and not betray your own soul.

I want to know if you can be faithful and therefore be trustworthy.

I want to know if you can see beauty even when it is not pretty every day, and if you can source your life from God's presence.

I want to know if you can live with failure, yours and mine, and still stand on the edge of a lake and shout to the silver of the full moon, "Yes"!

It doesn't interest me to know where you live or how much money you have.

I want to know if you can get up after the night of grief and despair, weary and bruised to the bone, and do what needs to be done for the children.

It doesn't interest me who you are, how you came to be here.

I want to know if you will stand in the center of the fire with me and not shrink back.

It doesn't interest me where or what or with whom you have studied. I want to know what sustains you from the inside when all else falls away.

I want to know if you can be alone with yourself, and if you truly like the company you keep in the empty moments.



Animals In Dreams

Emissaries of the Divine

©2000 by Joanne Lauck

Ancient people looked to dreams and visions and the creatures who appeared in them for guidance, warning, wisdom, and creativity. In matriarchal cultures, each animal was thought to embody the Great Mother/Goddess, defining and exemplifying her powers. And in tribal societies, people sought and welcomed contact with other species, understanding that these were encounters with the sacred, and had all the healing and transformative power suggested by that context. The shaman or healer who knew how to "read" an animal did not learn it from a dream sourcebook or bestiary, but by observing the creature and reflecting on its ways. Encoded in its appearance and unique strategies for living on the earth was its message.

Although our culture has vehemently denied our kinship with other species, the animals continue to come to us in waking and dreaming. Those species who still live and move freely, cross our paths in waking; the others come in dreaming, brushing aside our fears and bringing the extraordinary and eternal into our personal sphere.

A twenty-three year old college student dreamed:

I am in the place where I live. Suddenly I see a large grizzly bear walking around in one of the rooms. I am scared and run to another room closing the door quickly. I wait with bated breath, afraid the bear will break the door down and get me. But nothing happens. After awhile I open the door

cautiously and peer out. The bear is still there walking around on all fours like one of my cats. I realize at that moment that this bear is not here to hurt me. My fear dissolves, and I continue to watch him from the doorway.

When we open the door to our wild animal teachers, our fear precedes us. After fear comes fascination and a longing for connection with them. We call them into our awareness, however unwittingly, and they appear. As residents in the abandoned wilderness of our psyches, closely aligned with the companion animals that share our homes, they hear our cries for meaning and wholeness, and respond. The creeping crawlers, the winged ones, the finned, furred, and scaled ones appear in our dreams to arouse, inform, and bless. These carriers of soul energies initiate us, pushing past our boundaries and leading us through ancient rites of passage. Emissaries of the numinous, these wild angels bring comfort and reassurance in the midst of our pain and serve as the symbols of renewal and rebirth. And the ones with whom we have special connections or a mysterious affinity emulate our wounds, as do animal helpers in fairy tales and myths, providing support and guidance as we seek to heal ourselves and grow.

Clearing the Channel

To understand why an animal makes an appearance in our dreams, we must discard the culture's consensus of the animal and free the crea-

ture from our learned feelings of like or dislike. Our unexamined judgments can easily obscure the meaning of a visitation by another species. When we only know the "official" story about a creature, we tend to rely on that information and interpret the dream within a small and ultimately false framework. Visitations in dreams by insects, spiders and an array of animals typically judged by us as pests, like the rat, snail, and pigeon, for example, are more often than not misinterpreted, their real message goes unheard. Even dream glossaries are flawed in this way if the author hasn't examined the source of his or her beliefs. A case in point: in one such popular glossary is the assumption of insect as adversary, a negative presence and an object of fear or distaste. In this guide termites mean only slow destruction, cockroaches are equated with dirt, neglect, carelessness, and lack of self-esteem, and flies are reduced to pests. All these interpretations arise not from the truth of the animal in question, but from our culture's condemnation of them.

What is also apparent in these descriptions is a lack of knowledge about the creatures that would honor their visit as "Other," expand our symbolic vocabularies, and lend our dreams more creative possibilities. For instance, imagine a glossary written by someone who understands that termites are essential for the health of a forest and live in altruistic harmony with one another—

much like ants. A written interpretation of their appearance in a dream might state, then, that termites are vital to the growth of the trees of our minds, i.e., vital to the healthy formation and structure of our thought, abilities, and characteristics. What is broken down and eaten by them in a dream is merely our outgrown ideas, the deadwood of our minds. The same unbiased glossary might also herald the cockroach as a archetypal survivor able to transform toxins into nutrients and flies as master recyclers with exceptional navigational abilities and equated in ancient times with valor.

The Wilderness Self

An unexpected visit by a wild animal is always memorable and an act of grace that moves us deeper into the mystery of our existence. Such encounters, in waking or dreaming, have the potential to bring us in contact with another dimension, a realm with its own truth and power to transmit reassurances or even a revelation. A widow in her seventies without any outer animal connections dreamed:

I am walking in a snow covered field and see two black bears ahead. One of the bears turns and starts coming at me. Before I can react, I see a black wolf standing near me. I am startled, frightened and grab a stick to push it away. Then without knowing how I know, I realize that the wolf is there to protect me. I am able to go over to it and stroke it softly.

I look in to the wolf's glowing amber eyes that shine with a soft light and feel a deep and compassionate love emanating from them, the extent of which I have never felt before.

Animals visit us for many reasons. The late Laurens van der Post, champion of one of the last wilderness people, the Bushmen of South Africa, believed that outside the perimeter of our known or familiar self, a profoundly alienated wilderness self was seeking us, waiting for us to resurrect it. In dreaming, other species carry the cries of our wilderness

self to us. The vital forces of this threatened, yet essential nature stalks us, waiting in the gaps of our awareness to pounce.

These untamed places that surround the familiar and comfortable in our psyches are governed by the same energies that operate in Nature. The animals in waking and dreaming command the forces of disintegration, death and regeneration. They know there can be no rebirth without death and so become the vehicles of death and transformation, and paradoxically, the signs of grace and the promise of new life.

In shamanistic traditions, initiatory dream encounters with an animal that typically involved wounding and dismemberment were one way shamans were called into their vocation. A shaman-elect might dream of being stung to death by a scorpion, torn apart by a monstrous bird of prey or chewed up and spit out by a larger-than-life tiger. The tribe would consider these dreams a powerful call to become a shaman and the animal spirit that killed the shaman-neophyte would become teacher and ally after the initiation experience.

Ask yourself then, who waits for you in the dark spaces, beyond the street lights? Who disturbs the status quo and demands entrance to the inner chambers of your psyche? And what do you do when the dream swarm of killer bees pursues you, or the dream tiger grabs you by the neck and tears away your flesh, breaking the bones that contain your understanding? Can we recognize our allies and enter those gaps, the spaces governed by the personal and transpersonal jaws of transformation and growth? Can we lift our known self up in surrender and invite the creature that comes for us into the room? Or do we still harden in fear and reach for poison and gun?

If we heed the inner and outer call of the animal teachers, we become our own shamans and enter a circle of love and connection beyond our wildest dreams of kinship. Archetypal psychologist James Hillman,



who has collected animal dreams since the early sixties, says that animals appear in dreams because they have something to tell us and that establishing a rapport with them is our first step if we hope to receive their message.

A simple gesture of respect and appreciation creates a pathway between human and non-human and demonstrates the necessary humility and willingness to enter into relationship. Those gestures do not go unobserved. The animals know our intent. Court the animals, then, that cross your path in waking and dreaming, open to their messages and let them turn you toward a more authentic version of yourself and lead you deeper into the mystery. *

Joanne Lauck, M.S., is an environmental educator and the author of an award-winning book called The Voice of the Infinite in the Small: Revisioning the Insect-Human Connection (Swan•Raven & Co., August 1998). To order call 1-800-366-0264. To contact the author write her at 1724 Alberta Ave. San Jose, CA 95125 or email her at jleahobbs@aol.com She is looking for stories and dreams of interactions between people and creeping creatures (including but not limited to insects, spiders, worms, snails, and slugs) for possible inclusion in a second book.



The Animals Within

©2000 by Rosemary Ellen Guiley

I am in my house. I go to open the front door to go outside. When I open the door, I am shocked to see a large black snake coiled in front of me, looking at me. I have the feeling

it is waiting for me or wants to come inside. I slam the door. I try to go out the back door but when I open it I find the snake is there, too.

I become frightened, maybe this snake will try to get in the house through the windows.

I run around closing any open windows. Suddenly the snake is inside the house, I feel it. I find it coiled up on the living room sofa. At first I want to scream, but then I realize that the snake is not threatening me.

It seems determined to stay.

I am very wary of it.

The dreamer, a 42-year-old woman, awakened from this dream feeling anxious. She had a fear of snakes and wondered what this dream could possibly signify.

Snakes are powerful symbols of transformation. Because they live in the ground, they are masters of the depths, the inner wisdom. Because they shed their skin, the ancients

believed them to have the power to heal themselves and live forever. They are associated with the phallus, sex and fertilization and represent the life force within.

The dreamer of the preceding dream arrived at this interpretation: "I realized that my fear of snakes meant that the dream was bringing something to my attention that I was afraid of or afraid to acknowledge. I saw the black snake as a symbol of something fearful in my own underworld. It wants to come into my house, that is, come fully into my life. It is ready to move in; it shows up on my doorstep and won't go away. I can't keep it out! It comes in anyway and makes itself at home."

At the time, this woman was undergoing a major change in life. She had recently become divorced, a change initiated by her husband and not wanted by her. She was facing redefining herself. All the "old" rules no longer applied. She felt victimized and also doubted her sexual attractiveness. Understandably, this was a frightening transition, but one that had to be made.

The dream helped her to realize that something new was waiting to

be born. She needed to reach into her own depths and welcome change and growth into her life.

The dreamer did active imagination with this dream, in which she and the snake became friends. "I felt I opened the door to my own inner power," she said. The dream no longer frightened her but became a source of encouragement.

Human beings have always had a deep relationship with the animal realm. We have dreamed and visioned about animals since our earliest recorded history. We have seen great mystery and magic in animals. The frequency of their appearance as symbols in our religions, mythologies, art, and fairy tales indicates the intimate connection between the human soul and the animal soul. In the realm of the supernatural, animals often come to our aid. Thus it is no surprise that in our dreams animals are our greatest teachers, leading us to the threshold of awakening and transformation.

Animals are creatures of instinct. They live in their own world according to their own rules. They are neither good nor bad. They follow

their instincts, and cannot do anything that is outside their own nature. Thus, they are always true to themselves. That is the truth they show us in dreams: how we can stay true to ourselves.

Since ancient times, human beings have seen in their own instinctual natures portrayed by animals. We have used animal terms to describe traits we like and dislike in ourselves. We are "piggy" when we are greedy. We "out-fox" opponents. We can "eat like a horse." We can "sing like a bird."

Dream animals have something to tell us about our instinctual, unconscious side. Quite often they represent something within us that is seeking to be integrated into the light of consciousness. This is represented in the common dream motif of being in a house in the woods with animals outside. The house is where you live, not only physically but in terms of your consciousness. The woods, often dark and scary, represent the unconscious. The house serves as protection against the unconscious. The animals represent things within the unconscious seeking to come inside, just as the snake wanted to come in to the "inner home" of the dreamer.

Dreams of being pursued by animals, especially angry or raging animals, also indicate that something is pressing for integration. The more threatening the animal, the greater the importance to pay attention. Wild animals which are forcibly contained, such as in zoos or cages, may point to repressed impulses. Wild animals that break out of their containers symbolize the consequences of repression. In the following dream, repression takes the form of stuffed animals:

I go down into the basement of my house and find boxes that contained stuffed animal toys. The boxes are very dusty; it's obvious that no one has

looked inside of them for a long time. Some of the animals seem to be toys that I had in childhood. Others are new. I have no place to put them, so I leave them in the boxes. The animals somehow come to life and come upstairs. They start tearing around and are very destructive. I think, "Holy cow!" and wonder how do I get them back in their boxes?

The dreamer, a 38-year-old man, could identify several animals: a lion, a shark, and a buffalo. He acknowledged that they represented undesirable traits within himself. He worked in a highly competitive industry. He was a cutthroat (the shark) and prided himself on it and boasted about his conquests (the lion). He liked to get his way and imposed his will on others (the buffalo). He thought these personality traits were confined to work (safely stuffed into the animal toys); however, they were spilling into his personal life and affecting his relationships.

Life was getting out of balance.

The dreamer felt that going into his basement symbolized his readiness to deal with these issues, though he didn't recognize it in the dream. Putting the stuffed animals back into the boxes only intensified their energy into a potentially destructive force. A breakthrough for the dreamer was his exclamation, "Holy cow!" The cow is a peaceful, docile animal and in many mythologies is a symbol for the Mother Goddess who nurtures all life. The dreamer felt that this represented his anima, or his feminine side. In order to heal himself he needed to draw upon his softer feminine qualities.

In mythologies and fairy tales, animals often have the magical gift of speech. They speak to us in our dreams as well, perhaps not in words but in attributes. In dreamwork with animals, ask them what they have to say to you. Think of both their

positive and negative associations. Your intuition will tell you what fits. Look up information on animals. An encyclopedia, for example, will tell you about their instinctual habits and behaviors. You may learn something new that sheds great light on your dream. For example, the pelican nourishes its young with its own blood. Consequently, it sometimes serves as a symbol of Christ. In a dream this might pertain to spiritual growth, or perhaps making personal sacrifices for one's family.

Birds are often symbols of the spirit and spiritual awakening, and also release and liberation. They represent that part of our consciousness that transcends the earthly plane. Creatures who live in the depths of water or in the earth, such as snakes, lizards, fish, and rabbits, represent our unconscious or our inner underworld. Animals that live in two worlds, such as birds that swim on the water—like ducks and swans—mediate between the realms of the conscious and the unconscious.

Creatures that are part animal and part human also deserve our attention. Personification (as in putting human traits onto animals) is common in dreams and is a potent way to put you in touch with the animal inside. Consider this part of a longer dream:

...There was a goat standing on two legs in the kitchen, cooking at the stove.

Kitchens and food often pertain to spiritual transformation. This dream dealt with the dreamer's stubbornness concerning a relationship problem. The dreamer felt the dream was telling her she needed an awakening to see things in a different light. "I realized I was the goat," she said. "I was cooking up my own stew, or problems."

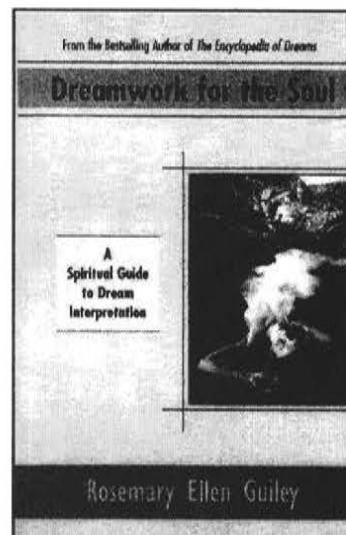
Carl Jung once observed that life is a continual adjustment between the conscious ego and the unconscious Self.

(Continued on page 32)

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Interviewed by Vicky A. Vlach

Dancing & Dreaming with the Deer

Brant Secunda

Huichol Yarn Painting

Brant Secunda is a Huichol shaman who leads a variety of retreats and workshops for Dance of the Deer Foundation (<http://www.shamanism.com>). He created the Foundation to help support the Huichol Indians in keeping their shamanic traditions alive and to bring their wisdom into modern lives. He was first interviewed by Dream Network in 1993 (V12, No. 4). We spoke with him again in 1999, the day before Thanksgiving.

DNJ: Nice to meet you, Brant! It's been about six years since you last spoke with *Dream Network*. In addition to leading retreats and workshops, what have you been up to in the intervening years?

BRANT: Well, that's pretty much it. I'll probably do the same thing for the rest of my life. We go to different places. We started going to Alaska, which is definitely a place of dreaming. It's so pristine and beautiful. It's just so pure and that makes it a really good place for dreams and dreaming, and being. There's a certain quiet and peace there.

DNJ: The workshop you're doing now (Nov. 1999), 'Earth & Sky: the Spirit of the Huichol Shamanism,' is in Mexico on the Pacific Ocean. Can you talk a little bit about what this retreat will encompass, as an example? It's part of your annual pilgrimage to the ocean, isn't it?

BRANT: Right. We believe that the Gods came out of the ocean and began a journey eastward from the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean. And



during this original journey, the Gods were dreaming the whole journey and providing guidance about where they were supposed to go. Grandfather Fire would sing some of the sacred songs... and as he sang, the world was formed. They would leave prayer arrows at various places and try to dream about these beautiful places of power to which they had traveled. Dreaming was definitely integrated into the whole process of the transformation of the Gods, their own and also of the transformation of human beings who would come in the future.

We also then go to places of power, like the Pacific Ocean. We say we're a mirror, or a reflection of the Gods, of the Ancient Ones. We return to these places of power so that we can dream and try to have dreams similar to those the Gods dreamed when they were at these places. And also, we dream for our own life; the personal processes that we go through in our lives. It's a beautiful cosmology.

DNJ: It sounds wonderful, the idea of the Gods dreaming the world into being, into existence, and then...
BRANT: ...and then we follow. We're a reflection of the Ancient Ones, the Gods. We are a Mirror of them and we follow in their footprints.

DNJ: ... and we're trying to bring our own world into being with dreams...

BRANT: Right. Exactly! Trying to bring the past, present and future together through the dreamtime.

DNJ: How much of your focus is on dreams in your retreats and workshops?

BRANT: Dreaming and working with dreams is a big part of what we do at the Dance of the Deer Foundation. And also in my own work, because dreams are so important, you know. Every morning we do dream exercises: how to recall dreams, how to have better dreams at night. My own personal story is also connected to dreams. (see DNJ: V12 #4) Dreams are

so important on many levels.

DNJ: I see that Doña Josefa, your adopted grandmother and 'Singing Shaman,' is part of this retreat with you. What does she contribute?

BRANT: Well, she is singing the chants of the Gods, reliving the pilgrimages of the Gods and going into trance through Sacred Songs. Don Jose was a *Singing* and a *Healing Shaman* and he taught Doña Josefa and myself. He trained us in that way. Practicing this helps us to have more visions and better dreams at night. It makes us a more complete person.

DNJ: I noticed a quote [in your last DNJ interview] where you said that dreams "are a reemergence of our life." Could you amplify that a bit?

BRANT: Well, one way to say it is that we die at night, a little death; then we are reborn in the morning. The rebirth is our dreaming, the process of our dreams. So that reemergence means reemergence into this reality, into this world from a spirit world, from a hidden world, from a hidden universe. And the dream

world connects this world with the hidden through what we call a 'Nierika,' a doorway, or a hidden passageway that starts from our heart and connects us to all of creation, which includes the dream world.

DNJ: I'd like to touch on the theme of this issue: Animals in dreams.

BRANT: Great. Well, you came to the right place. (laughs) The deer is the main power animal of Huichol shamanism. That's why we have our foundation as the Dance of the Deer Foundation. The deer is the symbol for our heart: our intuition, our higher self, the part of us that is connected to the dream world. The deer is the Lord of Dreams. And the deer is also our heart.

The role or responsibility of a human being is to dream his or her own reality into being, and to connect with the spirits, whether it be a hidden world or another, hidden universe. Deer is the principle ally of Huichol shamans, and also of the Huichol people. Deer understands everything of the Gods and of the people, because he is our heart. So he is the link... an intermediary. Almost like Jesus would be seen as the messenger of God, the deer is seen as a messenger of the Gods and Goddesses of the spirit world. He represents our souls, our inner world.

DNJ: And do you have a trance dance during your ceremonies — the 'Dance of the Deer' itself.

BRANT: Yes, one which connects people to the deer. We pray and go into trance while we do the dance. Deer dance is a very important part of Huichol tradition. The deer is seen as our soul, our inner world, our inner environment.

And then you have the outer world, or Spirit. And the animal that helps us connect with our Spirit world—the outer realm—is Eagle. Eagle comes from the top of our head, from the fontanel... to the sky.

DNJ: Ohhh...

BRANT: That's beautiful, isn't it? Rabbit is also sacred; Squirrel—they are all guardians of the earth, the fire all the different elements. Every animal is sacred for the Huichols. But the

two main ones that the People will communicate to help them dream, to help them to connect with the spirit world... are the Deer and the Eagle. DNJ: So, if an individual has a dream of a deer or of an eagle, it's particularly auspicious?

BRANT: It's like a shaman calling. They are being called. Now other sacred animals are the Ocelot, Pumas, Mountain Lions, Jaguars; these are sacred animals that are connected to the element of fire. So, if somebody wants wisdom, they try to get through these animals. You might not actually see a Puma in your real life, so you try to dream of one. You try to access information through the dream world from these animals. They are to help you connect with the wisdom of Grandfather Fire and with consciousness itself. These animals help to make one fearless. Because, you know, in many dreams, we are afraid. Well, the power of the Lions and Tigers help a human being to go through fears on all levels, whether they be spiritual fears, or just the practical fears of everyday life.

DNJ: Fire is very important in the Huichol tradition and you do have a ceremony, do you not, where every morning you speak to the fire, speak to the fire and share your dreams? Is that a part of your retreats and workshops as well?

BRANT: Yes, that's a big part. Learning to develop a personal kinship to the fire. For people to develop their own personal relationship with the fire... telling their dreams to the fire, learning to take the light from the fire into their hearts to help empower them. And so we really emphasize this at all of our gatherings.

DNJ: That's something that people can take back with them, I'm sure, because we all have candles...

BRANT: Yes The Huichols will use candles, too; especially during the rainy season. They'll light a candle inside their house, or in their temple and they'll pray with the candle. The candle is part of Grandfather Fire.

DNJ: Do you think [the workshops and retreats] are making an impact in the larger culture? When people go

back to their regular lives, do you feel that it is making a difference in how people are relating to the earth, to nature and to the spirit realm?

BRANT: I hope so. You know, I've dedicated my whole life to helping transform people. I also work with the World Health Organization in Europe. I'm trying to make a difference. When people go home, it's more difficult. So we provide different practices that they are able to integrate into their every day lives when they leave a retreat. It's not just an experience and then forgotten, but rather they can use these practices in their every day life when they go home.

DNJ: One final question. Given that we're talking now in 1999, and this interview is going to come out in the year 2000—whether or not that's the new millennium, we'll leave it up to other people to debate—but all the 9's will roll over to zeros, and zero is certainly a number of transformation. The question I want to ask is connected with that transition, because we have all of this hype about what will or will not happen, the millennial apocalyptic groups, y2k, etc. . .

BRANT: Well, I don't think there's anything like that going to happen. Remember, we had that also with the Harmonic Convergence. It was somewhat the same thing, where everybody thought the earth would start doing a tap dance. I don't think that will happen. But what will happen—it's already started to happen—is that it is a powerful and accelerated time of transformation is taking place. You can see it in the *Dream Network*; people are becoming more interested in their dreams and that's a good sign.

I believe it's a powerful time right now, that people are really feeling change in the air. It's exciting to be alive and be a part of the transformation that is definitely happening all around the planet.

DNJ: Brant, I am so glad that we had an opportunity to speak! Thanks again. And perhaps I'll see you in my dreams one of these nights?

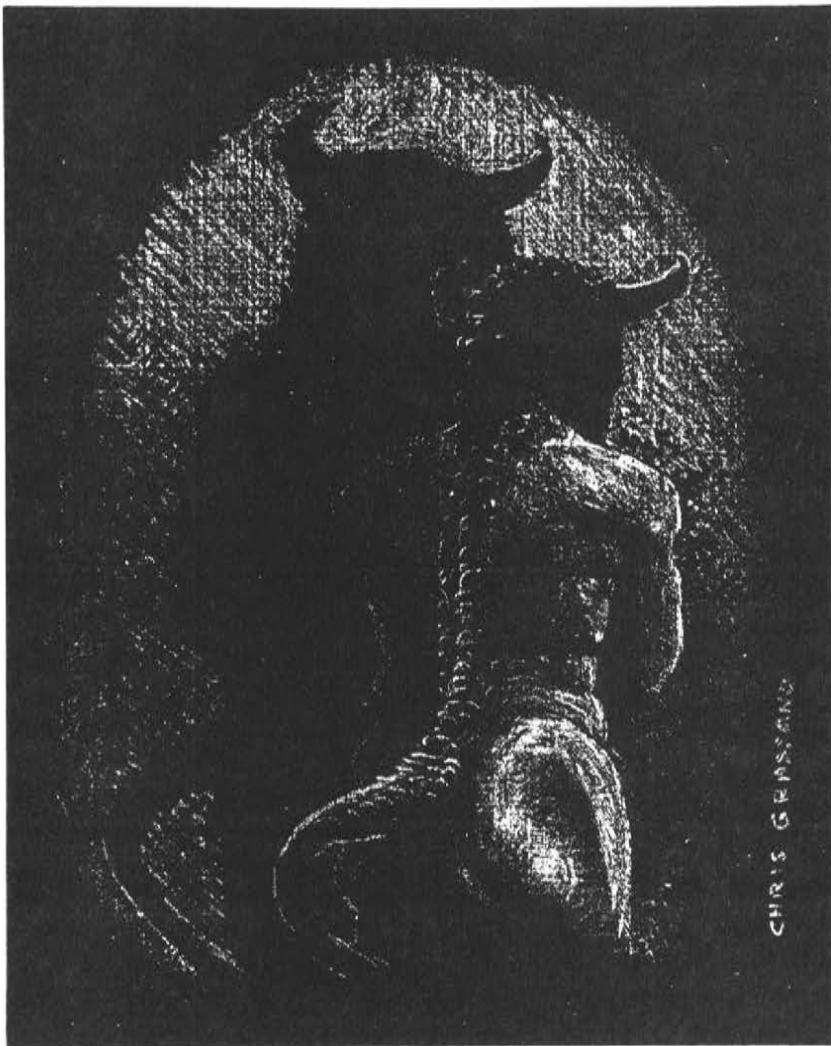
BRANT: That would be great. ☺

Between the Horns of the Bull

by Lorraine Grassano

There is a huge bull on the loose, heading for an auditorium filled with many people—mostly children. Among them is a 7-year-old Mexican boy who has been abandoned by his parents. I anxiously stare down the hallway through which the bull will charge. Finally, the bull is here and is it gigantic! I jump up on the stage and urge others to do so as well. The stage is too high for the bull to leap onto, although he tries. Then, to my horror, the Mexican boy approaches the bull. He manages to sit in between the bull's

horns and remains unharmed for the moment. People get the idea of acting silly in order to distract the bull, who ends up imitating the antics of two men; the bull then becomes part man himself. The danger is over. I befriend the boy and introduce him to others. They are reluctant to try speaking Spanish with him, so I do.



I feel overwhelmed with responsibility but then suddenly the scene shifts...

... and I am in a dark room, alone except for a shadowy figure sitting at another table with a small, intense white light burning. He is reading a book. I am fiddling with dozens of heavy keys and remembering the fact that all the

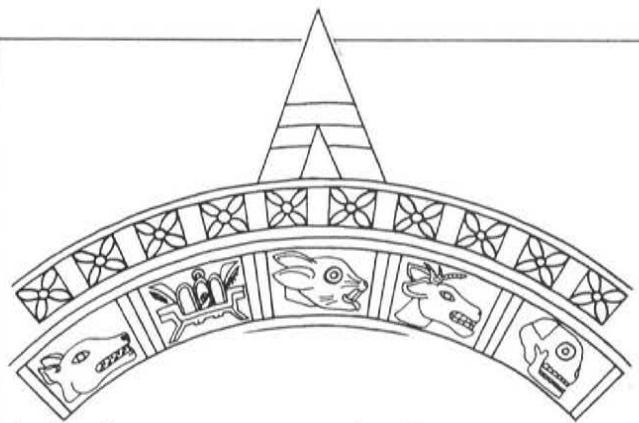
excitement is over now and I'm no longer in danger or involved. The Mexican boy has gone off with a big group and doesn't need me anymore. I miss taking care of him.

I want to join the others but am burdened down by all the keys. I shine a flashlight on The Reader... but he remains in shadow.

Sweet Medicine Animals

The People Native to this country spent considerable time observing the Two & Four Legged creatures, recognizing them as great teachers of various traits, behaviours and instincts that we might benefit from integrating into our lives. The following is a list of Animals and the Attributes most distinctly ascribed to them. This list was generated at a seminar called Sweet Medicine Animals at the Ojai Foundation in CA. The letters in parenthesis, where noted, indicate the direction with which each animal is associated.

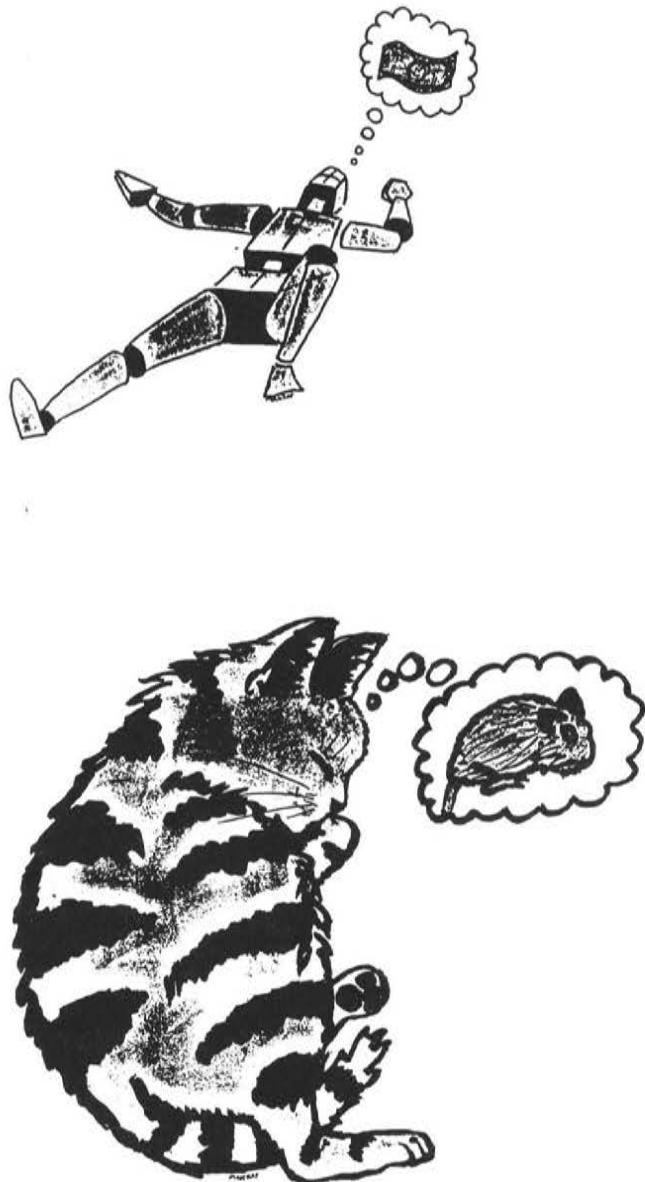
<u>Animal</u>	<u>Attributes</u>
Antelope:	Messenger of magic (W)
Asp, Viper:	Awakeners of when we have gone wrong
Badger:	Keeper of sacred roots/herbs/nutritionist
Bear:	Keeper of the Earthly dream
Bear, Panda:	Teachers of deep sleep
Bear, Polar:	Keeper of the Earthly & magical dream
Beaver:	Keeper of sweat lodge; Protector of woman
Blue Jay:	Heyoka
Bob Cat & Lynx:	Carriers of messages of trees/trails
Buffalo:	Keeper of pure, absolute knowledge
Bull:	Keeper & protector of female energies
Butterfly:	Metamorphic teachers of Changes
Buzzard:	Teacher of patience
Camel:	Carriers of burden
Canary:	Gossip
Cardinal:	Keeper of trust & innocence; Wakes us to the folly of our trust and innocence
Caribou & Raindeer:	Keepers of water and Earth
Cheetah:	Keeper of speed & change of direction
Chicken:	Giver to humans
Chipmunk:	Storer
Cobra:	Keeper & Protector of powers of woman
Condor:	Old Eagle of Peace
Cougar:	Balancers of the Canyons (E)
Coyote:	Trickster; Protector of Children
Crane & Heron:	Teacher of meditation, contemplation and deep thought
Crow:	Keeper of all natural law & holder of the count
Deer:	Keeper of all Magic on Earth (W)
Dog:	Keeper of philosophies
Dolphin:	Keeper & protector of sacred wheels & of human knowledge (N)
Dragons:	Guards of gateways
Ducks, Loons:	Keepers of mirrors, or reflections of your inner self (Pond)
Eagle:	Messenger of Wakan Tanka, Spirit (E)
Elk:	Carriers, keepers & senders of lightening & thunder; Teacher of teachers
Ermine:	Balances the heart (lodge of the emotions)
Flamingo, crane & heron:	Deep thought, teach patience, how to be alone without being lonely
Flicker:	Bringer of gift
Fox:	Teacher of tribes of clans
<u>Animal</u>	<u>Attributes</u>
Frog:	Shield Jumpers; Show us how to change
Goose:	Interpreter & protector of dreams & reflections of the self
Haniman:	Shows how to keep out of our pitfalls
Hares:	Teacher of enjoyment & keeping fertility
Hawk:	Organizer & go-between to Eagle (N)
Heron & Crane:	Teacher of meditation, contemplation and deep thought
Horse:	Carriers of philosophies & messages of humans
Hummingbird:	Master of movement, flight & dance
Jackle:	Gentle trickster; Peace-bringer, laughter
Jaguar:	Keeper of memory & the ancestors
Leopard:	Keeper of subconscious
Lion:	Holder, keeper & protector of Nagual; Dream benefactor of family
Little Birds:	Helps us put things together; organizers
Lizard:	Divination & precognition
Llamas:	Carriers of burden
Loons, Ducks:	Keepers of mirrors, or reflections of your inner self (Pond)
Magpie:	Keeper of both natural and magical law
Marmot:	Keeper of white crystal
Mole:	Carrier of subconscious messages; Earth's "underground hawk" (W)
Monkeys:	Mimics & teachers of our frailties
Moose:	Keeper & Teacher of laws of water plants
Moth:	Protector of power spots & brings messages from Nagual
Mountain Goat:	Guardian of mountain & wild spirits; Kings & Queens of mountain trails
Mourning Dove:	Awakener of Peace (SE)
Mouse:	Keeper of trust & innocence & knowledge of all seeds
Nighthawk:	Mediator of magic and change
Otter:	Cleanser, balancer & protector of sacred rivers, clean blood (S/SW)
Owl:	Bringer of the dream
Pack-rat:	Medicine for storage & categorization of information
Parrot:	Teacher of movement/mimics of medicine
Peacock:	Beautifier & protector of temples
Pegasus:	Winged messenger of the Spirit
Pelican:	Carrier from Air to Water, from mind to emotions
Penguins:	Heyokas of knowing how we stopped movement on wheel
Pheasant:	Mediator between dolphin & deer; between natural & magical law
Phoenix:	Firehawk; Brings messages of spirit & change to the Dream
Pigeon:	Keeper of endurance
Pigs:	Bringer of roots, cleansers
Possum:	Openers of symbols & images



Animal

Attributes

- Prairie dog:** Teaches about your own shadow
- Quail:** Dancers; teaches how to dance within the family
- Quetzacoatle:** "As above, so below"; Rainbow-feathered serpent, flying dragons
- Rabbits:** Teachers/keepers of fertility
- Raccoon:** Bandit; Shows us dark side of ourselves
- Rattlesnake:** Keeper & Protector of all sacred & teaching plants; Awakeners of knowledge & what to prescribe in herbs
- Raven:** Keeper of Magical law
- Roadrunners:** Carriers of messages from sorcerer to sorceror
- Robin:** Gift bringer of music, arts & crafts (NE/E)
- Sea Lion:** Grandfather - Keeper of the Seas
- Seagulls:** Mediator of changes of emotions
- Seal:** Playful youngster
- Shark:** Cleanser of waters (Sea)
- Sheep:** Followers of the Path
- Skunks:** Keeper of senses; Protector of family
- Squirrel:** Keeper of survival of humans (Crops, storage of food)
- Swan:** Combo of duck and goose. Helps teach them
- Tiger:** Protector of sacred places, temples
- Trout:** Carrier of rainbows of the streams, lakes, rivers
- Turkey:** Ground eagle; everyday tonal
- Turtle:** Little shield carrier; helps hold messages of world peace (S)
- Unicorn:** Openers of gateways
- Vulture:** Teacher of patience and intermediary between buzzard & condor
- Walrus:** Great Grandfather; Knowledge of emotions
- Water turtle:** Little shield carrier; helps hold messages of world peace (S) and emotions
- Weasel:** Mischievous, trickster; gift bringer; helps us dance out of chaos
- Whale & Elephant:** Keeper of Memory and longevity
- Wolf:** Path Finder; leads people to path with a heart
- Wolverine:** Warrior/Protector of all things; will murder (N)
- Woodpecker:** Balancer, especially of nutrition; also, discoveries of what you need
- Yeti :**(Abominable snowman)
Holds records of our history, akashic records ☽



Art by Paulo Murray

Denver Broncos

by Curtiss Hoffman



I had the following powerful dream in the midst of a weekend intensive given by Jeremy Taylor for a learning community in Consciousness. I was co-teaching the course last spring, shortly after the Columbine High School tragedy.

1) *I come to a school and enter the glassed-in foyer. At the back wall is a mural behind glass, in red and gold/ochre against a blue background. As Jeremy Taylor, I lean a red thermonuclear bomb against the glass. The bomb is cylindrical with rounded ends, about 2 feet long, and has rods running parallel to the cylinder attached by struts to all four sides. There is a small yellow window on the upper left side which contains the counting device.*

2) *As my student Michelle, I lead the group to the top of a green, grassy hill where we can see a group of men and women in white playing polo. The figures of people and horses are vertically elongated and silhouetted against the setting sun. This reminds me of attending polo matches when I was younger. As we continue along the crest of the hill, I see the figure of an enormous white horse in the sky. This is a transcendental experience! I know that this is a blessing from the Celtic horse-goddess Epona and I tell the others so. We pass by an outdoor shrine of the goddess, who is represented as a tall wooden statue, very old, dark brown, in a corrugated robe, holding a child. There is a spring at the base of the statue. We do not stop there because we have already seen her in the sky. This might be a mistake. We return to the foyer of the school just before the bomb goes off. Now I am my student Don. The bomb shatters the glass into millions of tiny, sharp fragments which penetrate everything, including our bodies. My last thought as the entire atmosphere turns to a mixture of glass, blood, and paint is that this is a transcendent unification of all the elements.*

First thing the following morning, I heard on the radio that John Elway was retiring from the Denver Broncos, then changed the station and heard a story about African-American jockeys, then—after picking up Jeremy at his hotel—passed by a field with a horse show. Three

synchronicities convinced me to share this dream with the group that morning! Since I don't follow football, the radio announcement was an altogether unexpected synchronicity.

The dream title relates the horse images to the Denver area school bombing which had happened earlier in the week. Jeremy had had some rather radical things to say in his talk the night before about the bombing: he said that this is exactly what needs to happen to every school in America—metaphorically, not literally—because the school system encourages the ostracization of sensitive students who are perceived as different. This was certainly true of my public school experience, so it was not entirely surprising that I chose Jeremy to represent the bomb-planting figure in my psyche. Jeremy had also talked the night before about identifying with multiple perspectives in our dreams, and this dream certainly did that!

Polo is traditionally a class, race, and gender-restricted sport. It used to be played using a human head as a ball. Here it is being played by a mixed group. The second radio item picked up on this idea, since it indicated that Black jockeys had been the first to excel in American racing, but later were forced out of the sport. Jeremy suggested that this scene may represent my personal ideal, since the field is at the top of the hill and I am in feminine persona. This does fit with my understanding, but I think it has a more global significance relating to the feminine divine energy returning to humanity's consciousness today. Her manifestation as the horse goddess, Epona, was very powerful and dramatic, full of vibrant celestial energy. Michelle, an extraordinarily courageous and energetic (and also very tall) student, symbolizes this goddess energy in the dream as well. Yet we pass by the goddess statue and the redundant spring. The wooden figure reminded me of some of the European goddess statues like the Black Madonna. At any rate she was very old, a Crone aspect, so it was strange that she was holding the child. Maybe she represents the older,



more passive form of the goddess which we must pass by in order to grasp the rein/reign of the new, as in the dream Maureen Roberts presented in the last issue of DNJ? One of the students wanted to know what would have been different if we had stopped at the spring instead of going on; why this was a mistake. My intuitive response was that perhaps the violent explosion would then not have been necessary.

The bomb's yellow counting device reminded Jeremy of the single eye of Odin, the masculine energy which can stand for sacrifice in return for wisdom, but which also is capable of radical differentiation from the whole. I realized that the bomb image, with its four struts, closely resembles the Egyptian hieroglyph for "heart," an exploding heart, which turns the glass which had trapped the mural to dust. The mural, which reminded me of a Rya rug, had a lot of texture, as did the statue of the goddess, but it was trapped behind the glass. I later realized that its colors were exactly the same as those on

the jacket of my myth book. I'd received the first copies the night of this dream. I was asked how it would feel if I were the mural when the bomb went off. My response was "liberated." The glass is like a barrier to free expression, which is why it needs to be atomized. Don is a mathematician, a very quiet, intellectual type, kind of a compliment to Michelle's wildness. He has the ability to exhibit detachment even in the most trying of situations, something I've had to cultivate over the past few years, myself!

This suggests to me the need for balancing intellect and emotions, head and heart, in the face of transformative changes that will atomize the old and liberate the new in human consciousness. The only question remaining is, who or what were we searching for? *

Curtiss Hoffman is the author of *Seven Story Tower* (reviewed in DNJ, Vol. 18 No. 3) available through amazon.com. Email: teximus@erols.com

Sleeping with Bears

by Judith Picone

I am an animal lover. My cat and I have a close relationship and mutual respect for each other. I feed and care for the various birds, squirrels, mice, snakes, frogs and lizards and any other animal that happens to come into our yard. It is no surprise, then, that I dream about animals.

My first dream animal (mammal) was a sperm whale I named Mattie. She introduced me to the deep spiritual depths of my dreaming.

After dreaming several dreams about bears, I had a significant dream about a polar bear and came to understand that bears—in particular polar bears—represented protection and healing for me. There are two dreams in particular that brought Bear into the psychic field of my imagination I called them

"Sleeping with Bears."

In the first dream, I dreamed that my husband, son and I enter a cave to get out of a storm. I light a fire, so we will be warm. We are seated comfortably around the fire when a huge grizzly bear comes in. She is walking on her hind legs and goes over to where my husband is sitting. I tell him to be still and she won't harm him. I know she wants

to share with us and be loved. That night as we sleep, I cuddle next to her to keep warm. The next day, it is discovered in the village that we are friendly with this fearsome bear. A banquet is prepared and many villagers will come to hear our story. As I sit at the table and wait for the banquet to begin, I start to levitate. I try to keep myself still while eating dinner, so people won't notice me rising.

After we finish eating the 'authorities' say, "The bear is dangerous and will have to be killed." Then they head off to the cave to find and kill her. I levitate to get a better view and see her running towards the woods. I run to catch up to her and we escape into the mountains. Eventually the authorities realize we have knowledge that can help them decipher information which will be helpful to us all.



I worked on this dream trying to bring its message to the light of day. What was a grizzly bear to me? Was I acting in a grizzly way to my family? What was the knowledge that Bear had to offer me? What information could help us all? I couldn't figure it out and let the dream go. About a month later I had another bear dream. This one was about a polar bear. I dreamed:

I walk into my house and find a polar bear sleeping in my bed. My husband and sister are with me. We leave the room and go to find a place that is safe in case the bear wakes up and comes after us. I go to the phone and call the 'authorities' to come and remove the bear from my house. Before they arrive, I climb into my open jeep and drive on the shoreline. Then I realize that I am in an open car and the bear could attack me. The dream scene changes and I find myself in the water swimming along in the current with a massive migration of caribou. We are looking for a place to come ashore. Then I find myself in a canoe with my sister. I am given a small musical instrument to play and a scroll. As we get ready to cross the water, I am sitting in the front of the canoe. However, my sister—who is sitting in the back—is making it difficult for us to get moving. She can't or won't cooperate.

Having this dream so soon after my other bear dream made me wonder... "Why these dreams of bears?" At a later date I would find significant meaning in the dream as it pertained to my sister and me, but at the moment I still didn't have a clue as to why I was dreaming about bears, authorities and special messages. To understand this dream better, I decided to meditate on the dream images. After relaxing and meditating for a while, I re-entered the dream.

I see the polar bear in my bed. I am afraid but go up to her and ask what she is doing there. She tells me that she has come to protect me, that all the bears have come to

protect me. I ponder this for a while and then images begin to flash rapidly in front of me, but they are going too fast for me to capture them. Then I see an eagle feather. Rather than see it, I sense its form and pattern already made in space.

If I continued working on these two dreams, I knew I could get all kinds of meaning regarding my family and myself. However, the dreams did not feel like they needed this kind of interpretation, so I decided to work on them with my good friend and dream partner. After hearing the dreams she suggested that Bear represented healing for me, healing protection. I had to think about this for a while, but it sounded right for me. Bear sleeping in my bed, the place where I dream and heal. Bear in a cave with me in the inner recesses of my psyche, in a place where healing begins.

Still my conscious mind was having problems with the concept of Bear as healer and protector. Then one night I dreamed:

I am walking through the woods when someone tells me there is a bear who needs me. In the dream, I go to get her and as we leave the woods, I place a leash around her neck. Before taking her home she must be turned in to the animal control shelter. When I go back to get her, I am told she should be returned to the forest and I agree. However, when I go to see her, she looks so sad and lonely that I know I'll have to keep her with me. She is about to have twins and I wonder how I can keep them all with me at home? Suddenly I know! I will keep her with me in dreamland where my home is surrounded by forest. There she and the cubs will be able to roam free.

This dream helped me to resolve my struggle with the concept of 'bear protection and healing.' Bear as protector/healer 'felt' right, but the 'thinking' part of my brain was having trouble with the idea. My dreams were telling me that 'Bear' was a gift given to me and they solved the problem between my subconscious and conscious mind. My dreams brought feeling and thinking together. Bear was now at home and I knew where to find her when needed. She would live within my fertile land of vision and imagination where she could thrive, grow, and produce offspring.

Now I have a clear image of a polar bear resting on an ice floe in green/blue waters. When I need her, she comes to me. If I am trying to relax during stressful times, I call to her. We may swim to the depths, explore under ice floes or bask on the ice under the sun. She can be cuddly, but is also fearsome and, by her force, reminds me when I need to be aware and strong. For me, Bear is a perfect symbol for healing and protection.

Bear hibernates, I dream. 

Contact Judith Picone via email @ DPicone@msn.com

Bear With Me

by Rita Dwyer

He who has learned aright about the signs that come in sleep will find that they have an important influence over all things.

Hippocrates

In October 1999 on the night before I drove up to New Jersey to be with my elderly mother who was to have major surgery that next day, I had a strangely moving dream:

...I am outdoors at her house, my childhood home, and I look up towards a large stone patio several steps above the driveway and parking area. I see in the dusky twilight the shape of a bear. As I look more closely, I make it out more clearly—a large, brown bear. I run inside the house, shooing in a couple of children, my grandchildren maybe.

Later, I look out from a side window and am surprised to see a black bear with a cub. The mother bear is gently allowing her child to nurse and them cuddle up alongside to sleep. Later still, I check again, looking out to see three bears, large ones who have come to the side of the house and are sleeping there, one right outside my mother's first floor bedroom window and the others nearby but not huddled together. I realize they are harmless and wonder why they have chosen to sleep there so near to the house.

On waking, I recalled that there really was a bear living in the woods near my mother's home. It was not afraid of humans and had been seen by my mother and her neighbors, who were apprehensive about this wild animal making home visits. Rather than feel apprehensive about the dream, I was bemused, since it is unusual for me to dream of bears. In my rush to get an early start on the road that morning I didn't stop to write down the dream, but I thought about its meaning as I drove; then as sometimes happens when we don't record an important dream, it slipped from my mind.

The following month the dream came back clearly as I read the article by Robert Moss in *Dream Network*, in which he spoke of the bear as a healing totem in shamanic traditions. As I sometimes do, I shared my dream with Robert in an e-mail and told him his article had made me aware that the dream probably brought spirit help and protection for my mother, too, and was not just a reflection of my fears for her safety or those for myself and the children in the dream. (However, in thinking about it later, I could see the fear aspect and how 'bearish' I had acted in protecting the children from what I assumed to be a threat, just as a mother bear would do for her cubs.)

In his usual friendly and helpful manner, Robert quickly responded, sending back a message which began with the words of a Mohawk cradle song which is also a medicine song.

(Continued on page 32)



The CATS Are After Me!

by Noreen Wessling

PART ONE

Animals in my Virtual Dream Zoo

Within my dreaming mind there lives a virtual zoo. Over time, a vast array of critters have pranced, slithered, sauntered, flown, swam and pounced their way into my dreamscape – insistent that I pay attention to them, no doubt as messengers from my instinctual self.

These include mythological animals, griffins, dragons and such. Once, a strange embryonic creature appeared. Then, hippo, monkey, boar, bear, goat, elephant, giraffe, cheetah, lynx, gorilla, lion, tiger, fox, wolf, deer, seal, possum, jaguar, turtle, whale, horse, skunk, seal, goose, rooster, lizard, bull, fawn, grasshopper, mouse, turkey, sheep, squirrel, bug, snake, cow, dog, to name just a few — and *Lots of CATS*.

Totem Animal

However, this last year I've been intrigued by my series of 'Cat Dreams,' ranging from domestic kitties to wild cats, jaguar and lion. I consider The Cat, in all its forms, to be my major totem animal helper over the years. No doubt this is why our home has always been full of frisky felines who graciously allow us to live here too!

My Dream Cat year of 1999 started with a bit of pointed humor: ...

January 4, 1999

*Here is the most unusual cat looking up at me.
Orange colored with porcupine quills.*

To 'stick it to me' no doubt! To get my attention, apparently targeting my old '*rescue complex*' (disguised control issues perhaps??) which soon appeared in the next few cat dreams.

February 13, 1999

Rescue Not Needed

My big black cat, Gato, gets lost. I'm searching for her, getting upset when I see that she's jumped down a steep crevice and disappeared. Now I feel I have to rescue her because she can't get out by herself. But I am wrong. Later, Gato appears unscathed and we have a happy reunion.

Obviously, my assumptions about who or what in my life needs to be pulled out of dire situations (the mire, emotional or otherwise), by me, is quite erroneous. Oh, oh, do I feel less than adequate sometimes?

February 27, 1999

Five More Cats

Five more cats need a home and they are living with me now. At first I feel a little overwhelmed, thinking, "Oh my God, five more cats, I don't think I need that!" Then I look into their little faces and see how much they want to be here.

My heart melts and I say, "Of course we can have 5 more cats."

What kind of a Softie am I? Maybe I need to be softer at times; trust my heart more. Then I won't feel the pull to rescue others unnecessarily.

April 11, 1999

Tad on the Milk Truck

Tad, the cat, is outside playing around happily looking for his next adventure. I see him take a flying leap onto an open-sided milk truck as it's moving. As the truck is headed out of our area, I think for a moment, "Oh, he'll get lost," then I realize, no he won't.

Tad always comes back and knows what he's doing.

Tad, the cat, is teaching me that I can take flying leaps of faith in my life's adventures and not to worry – all is well.

April 25, 1999

Cat Bananas

I'd heard about this Wonder Cat who lives out in the wilds. I hear little tiny kitty meows nearby, so I try to get around the banana plant branch. Finally, I see a box covered with Egyptian tapestry. Underneath the cloth I'm amazed to see a beautiful mummy (mommy) cat with at least a dozen kittens, newborn. I lean over to pet the mother cat but she hisses at me defensively.

I back off, then surprisingly, mama cat jumps out of her box and comes towards me wanting to be caressed and petted ... which I do. She is a very loving cat. This makes me think how marvelously Nature is designed to take care of its own.

Well, this Wonder Cat assures me that when I back off from trying to intrude, direct, fix, rescue, etc. (over-masculine me) and just let things be, my protective, nurturing feminine side invites me to make loving contact (again, opening of my heart). This makes me realize how marvelously the true Mother, Ms. Nature, is designed to take care of us all.

So, it looks like I'm starting to make some real progress here with my masculine/feminine balancing act and with those primal energies that pulsate their wild creative juices through my bones.

Now the BIG CATS arrive ...

August 24, 1999



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Jaguar Born of the Earth

I'm looking at the right place at the right time to see the Earth break open and a baby Jaguar is born out of the earth. It's beautiful to see. He jumps right out and runs across real close to me, fully formed, beautiful energy. I'm in awe of his natural confidence, totally unselfconscious – this animal zeroes in completely to the moment, living his life fully and with great joy. Somehow the Jaguar knows how to do this from the minute he's born out of the Earth.

Here is Mother Nature from my last dream, back again, helping me birth some beautiful potential; some fully formed creative seed that can best flourish into creative work (and play) as I learn to live more in the present moment. Be attentive; focus. Lack of confidence and self-consciousness have been my major emotional baggage since I was a kid and I see clearly now how that combination conspired to bring forth the 'Control Freak' in me as pro-

tection from vulnerability. Because I also wanted to be liked and appreciated, I've been known to fall into the "Pleasing People" mode, and its less obvious second cousin, "The Rescuer." In my favorite Animal Speaks book by Ted Andrews, the key phrase for Jaguar is "Reclaiming One's Own Power." Wow! Does that ever ring true for me. OK, The Cats are getting through to me. Now what?

PART TWO

A couple of months later, on holiday in Spain, I had this mind-blowing dream that says it all, delicately, powerfully, pulling together the mosaics of my completed CAT MASTERPIECE for 1999. *Enter the mighty LION, Queen of the jungle!*

October 29, 1999

Ancient Alhambra Treasures

I'm upstairs looking out of my window in this beautiful, Moorish Alhambra Palace in Spain. As I finish dressing in my gauzy, glittering gown, I'm startled

out of my wits by a lion who comes bounding up the stairs and ferociously chases me. Instinctively I run in fear, yet as he overtakes me, I'm not afraid anymore.

The lion becomes gentle and I caress his golden mane. Lots of people are out today in the Gardens surrounding the Palace and I mingle with them now, my Lion by my side. The atmosphere has a pastel, shimmering luminosity in this enchanted time and place.

Joy abounds!

Later, I fall asleep, alone now under the cover of the full moon light. A dream comes: The Snake from the Monastery slithers towards me, so large that my sleeping body is encircled three times by the Snake with its head resting beside my curled up feet.

For a thousand years we lie this way. Then a great storm comes, so great that everything and everyone is washed into the ocean. Who knows when, I awaken refreshed beyond anything I've ever known, the melodious sweet sound of the lutes enlivening me. As the sound

(Continued on page 46)

What Happened When Coyote Stole Our Dreams

by Graywolf Swinney

One night camped by a river in the wilderness, as I sat by my fire dozing off and on in that languid state between sleep and wakefulness, I became aware of a figure moving into the shadows across from me. Startled, I fumbled to find my voice and stammered, "Wh-who are you? What do you want?"

The figure moved into the light of the fire and I saw it was a wizened old person, so old I couldn't tell if it was a man or a woman. But the eyes! They were so full of life and they flamed brighter than the fire. Yellow-green, they penetrated through to my spirit. "How did he get here?" I wondered.

"Do you know what happened when the Coyote stole our dreams?" he abruptly asked, smiling broadly, eyes twinkling.

"No" I said, now more curious than frightened, and relaxed to the presence of this stranger in my camp.

"Well it is time for this story to be told," and she began:

"A long time ago, before there were stars, or the earth, or anything, there was just the grandfather Creator. It was lonely for him, and so he decided to make company for himself. Since there was nothing else to work with, he took parts of himself and created all you see about you that is the universe from them. He created stars from the light in his eyes, rivers from his tears, rocks from his finger-



nails, mountains from his bones and on and on. When this was done, he began to create creatures to fill this vast space. He made the bear people from his stubbornness, the deer folks from his shyness, the wolf clan from his wisdom and so on.

"Now the Creator is also a trickster and so created coyote from this trickier self. 'Every creation needs some of these critters to keep things interesting and from getting too settled.' She said to herself. 'All these beings will give me lots of experiences to help me not to be so bored and alone. But there are things left to

do. All this needs someone to see to its upkeep.' So she made the humans to act as caretakers. But on surveying her creation she thought, 'There is still something missing.'

"After a time, the creator saw that these beings must remember that they are all part of her. This would be the source of their true power in this universe. So she created the night, gave all her creations sleep and filled it with dreams. 'Through their dreams I will talk to them and remind them that they are all children of mine, parts of me and creators, and in this way they will feel their power. I can give them gifts in their dreams to help them grow and to help them to solve their problems, and heal themselves, and find their way back to me. Finally done, the Creator sat back to enjoy her creation.

"Things went well. When there was a problem, someone would have a dream that would solve it. When there was some danger about to happen, someone would dream about it and it could be avoided. When it was time to move the lodges to find new game, a dream would be given about where to go. All the creatures and beings touched one another and the Creator in their dreams, and were empowered from within by this vast touching. Because they were all sharing in this unlimited power, they all got along together."

"Well, as you know, things never go completely smoothly, that is what keeps life interesting and challenging. Disruption helps keep creation strong and viable. This is why the trickster, brother Coyote, was created. So one night, as is their manner, some coyotes were looking around to see what mischief and disruption they could cause. One of them chortled, 'Wouldn't it be fun to see what would happen if we stole the dreams from the caretakers? Bet that would really make things interesting. All were in agreement and made plans. They sneaked into the lodges of the humans every night and whispered to them. 'It's just a dream . . . don't pay it any mind . . . it's not important.' And then sat back to watch what havoc their mischief would cause.

"Soon the humans began to believe this message coming to them in their sleep. They began to forget their dreams and to pay little attention to them. Their children were still believers in dreams, but when the elders told them, 'It's just a dream', and, 'Don't pay them any attention,' they obeyed and lost their dreams too."

"Well!" the old being stopped and sighed. "When the humans lost their dreams, their connection with the Creator, they became weak and insecure . . . powerless. This was frightening and so they began looking for their lost power outside of themselves. They looked to many places.

"First they thought that their lost power was in their minds and thinking. So they began to rely on those to solve their problems and give them direction. But the mind is really a small thing in the giant universe and it gave them only small answers to their big questions and problems. The small answers created even greater problems. It also removed them from their hearts and they began to get sick. Heart sickness became one of their greatest enemies killing many each year. As they relied more and more on their minds, they lost connection with their spirits and bodies and they suffered from many diseases of spirit and body that their healers could not cure.

"They even tried to understand what little was left of their dreams us-

ing mind, analyzing and interpreting them, and found only shallow meanings and explanations. Some even tried entering into their dreams with their minds and changing the messages from the creator when they didn't like them. In doing this they moved even further away from the real power and meaning of their dreams.

"They continued looking about for ways to regain their lost power and noticed that father fire was very powerful. So they captured him to gain his power. They put him into metal containers and used him to heat their lodges and drive the machines they created with their minds. By capturing this powerful being they thought it would give them its power. But it didn't work very well. Father fire is always very hungry and needs much food. He also didn't like being captured and confined. So he demanded more and more food. He consumed it at such a rate that they had to search far and wide and deep to feed him. They stripped the earth of its forests, coal and oil to keep him satisfied. To build his containers they also had to strip the earth of its minerals and metals. All this rich food made fire belch uncontrollably and his gases polluted the air, and his wastes polluted the soil and waters of the earth. It was getting difficult for people to live in this pollution but they were afraid to give up his power even though he was destroying their home. They thought it made them powerful.

"Soon the people found an even greater fire. It was contained in the smallest of particles in the universe, the atoms. They captured this atomic fire too. It promised them that it didn't need food like father fire, but it didn't tell them that the wastes it left behind could last for thousands of years and poison them and their home even more severely than fire did.

"They also invented money as a symbol of power so that everyone would know who had the most. But this resulted in people hoarding this symbol and trying to keep it from others. Soon people were stealing this symbol from one another for the power it represented. Because of this,

war, crime and poverty became even greater beings.

"Some realized that the creator was the source of power and so began to set themselves up to represent this power. Thus, priests formed religions and held out the promise of connecting people to the creator if only they would in turn give the priests the power over their lives. They soon began wars and fighting over which group of priests had the true connection with this power.

"The humans were destroying themselves and their home. All this because coyote had stolen their dreams. They forgot that they were all part of the creator and had true unlimited power inside themselves.

"Well, the creator didn't like this trick that brother coyote had pulled, so he asked the wolf who was created out of his wisdom, to intervene.

"The wolf clan met and began searching to find the answer to this dilemma. Finally, the oldest and wisest wolf among them spoke. 'We can't solve this for the caretakers because if we do that, we also will be taking power from our brothers. We must gently sing to them at night to remind them of their dreams. And with this he began howling a song to the moon and the stars. 'All hearing this will be reminded of their dreams, and recapture their power in their oneness with the creator,' he said. 'We must sing it at night.' The whole clan joined in this siren song of sadness and hope. It resounded throughout the world."

Silence ensued. I eventually broke it. "What happened? Did it save the people? Did it bring them back to their dreams?" I demanded.

"I'm not wise enough to know that," said the old being. "We'll just have to wait and see." And with that he too lifted his muzzle to the sky and began singing the wolf's song.

With a sudden start I awoke. Or did I? All I know is that I must now tell this story. *

*Graywolf Swinney is a valued Advisor to the Dream Network, dreamhealer and author. Many of his articles have been published in DNJ.
Email him @ Askleopia@budget.net*

Dream Inspired Poetry

Hawks

I

*Hawks respond to wishes—
Weave themselves from air.*

Words blur and fade
on the computer screen.
Staring out the tenth-floor
window,
I stretch my eyes across
a pool of space bounded
by twenty-story embankments...

Hawk
gyres down
out of December sky
like a thunderclap.
Comes for me, dances for me,
spins me free in the hungry blue.

II

*Hawks come when called,
answer the slightest movement
the most secret sound.*

Back in Oklahoma for my
mother,
I rouse her from Alzheimer's
with a winter's walk
through our favorite museum
built in penance
for the Indian past.

Still trapped in her body,
Mother's hungry ghost
reaches out to me through
artifacts
my father loved.
We seem able to communicate
only through the dead.

Needing to escape,
I stand alone for a moment
in the one room free to spirit,
wide window, gilt duns and
greys
rolling January hills...

Hawk
up out of shadow
wings impossibly wide in the sleek air
flight feathers upturned for joy.
Slipstreaming the currents
we ride the light.

III
*Hawks see no boundaries,
hunt beyond the horizon.*
Winter at the shore,
leading a dream workshop for
singles
at an old summer encampment
of some good Christian sect
lost in local memory.

I escape their pain
to walk the ruined wetlands—
sawed stumps lining the trail,
ice spiders trapping pockets of flow.
In sorrow, in anger,
for the scarring of trees and souls
I ask again
for some reason to stay...

Hawk
against the light
darkening the Sun.
A silence of wings sweeps my face.
Moon shadow reducing Sun to
corona.

Soaring beyond the trees
beyond the wounded shore
beyond the golden wedge
we plunge into the fiery sphere
at the rim of the nightsea.

IV
*Hawks
coalesce from desire
so deep, so hidden
only dreams tell us our truth.*

Four days into the trough
between Christmas and year's end,
rare planetary alignment floods
low-lying areas, sucks
my body's estuaries into a tidal
bore,
ravages old boundaries.

Alone at the computer
I tap out the night's dream:
"Jungle hammock, water's edge—
a lover, neither known nor new
surfaces,
pours waterfalls of pearls
across my bare belly."

Tired of touching only words,
I look past the lunatic signalman
waving madly where the screen
meets the Abyss,
watch the sinking sun
flame a thousand windows
soon to flash electric red and
green...

Hawks
out of the blinding glare,
a pair
synchrony of wingbeat, heartbeat
whirling, wheeling in perfect
unison across my airspace.

*Hawks weave themselves from wishes
mate in mid-air.*

© Barbara Shor

Dream Inspired Poetry

song of a she-crab

i am here look under your feet
waters spread and wind
shoves me to shore
when i grow rigid
i will seize and clamp
you tight as any bad advice
i am grit between the teeth and
i gravel in the throat and
i am scratchy hardness
i bear my house against the winds
i wear my house beyond the tides

i am a beach by the sound
of thrashing birds and hissing waves
where kids dig with a toy shovel
and only the sea soothes my skin
only the sea brings me joy
feel me—my skin is hardness
crack me—my blood is ichor
i hang in the waters
of the world's great sea
between now and then
hard without and soft within
contrary and opposing
unfurling and flagrant
i dream a new sea and then
i dive deep i swim away
by Joan Duncan

Bear Crates

No one knows why Robert,
the gentle Buddhist carpenter,
has to kill some of the bears
kept in my spare room.
Instead, we focus
on drilling holes
in the crates we'll use
for the ones he'll spare.
It is known these bears
were exposed to the lunatic
who climbed into their home
at the San Diego zoo.
Also, the crates we're drilling
we know were used as looms,
and after we use them,
they will become pianos.
Meanwhile, Robert
gets his gun and goes
into the other room
and ka-boom goes the first bear.
by Donald Levering

Where Crows Come From

She was alone on the beach.
Sun playing on the waves,
birds drifting up in the blue.
A midnight crow
hovered over her
as if held from a string,
perfectly still, then
dropped
onto the sand,
and stared at her
with one shining eye.
The girl tossed a green pebble at him,
He ducked, and the stone missed.
He turned his other eye toward her
glittering and scheming.
the beach was colder now,
and the waves grew silent,
"Screw off," she whispered,
her voice clinging to her throat.
The crow hopped closer
and whispered
"No."
Her blue eyes widened
and as a wave
crashed high tide,
the bird swallowed her.
In one yellow beak pink tongue
gulp
she was gone.
She coasts in the breeze
above stinking garbage dumps.
Battling with the gulls for
rotten grapefruit
green mold break
and last week's chow mein.
Her marble black eyes
glimpse her old blue eyes
on the side of a milk jug.
It's old, and the last drops
of milk are gone.
She flaps to the other side
of the garbage dump,
screaming endlessly at her mistake
on the beach four months ago.
"Caw! Caw! Caw!"
by Allison M. Walker

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Winged Creatures & Loathsome Serpents

by Sky Williams

In the endless struggle between good and evil, light and darkness, sun and moon, certain archetypal images appear in both dream and myth. Legends of the serpent monster and winged hero emerge in various cultures such as the Hindu, Egyptian, Christian, and Greek. By connecting to the collective unconscious where all these arise, one may embark on a quest to conquer ones own primal desires.

It took many enlightened thinkers to bring the meaning of the serpent back to the modern mind. Jung, for example, felt that snakes symbolized abnormal stirrings of the unconscious. Blavatsky called snakes representative of a seduction of the strong willed by lust. Edgar Cayce saw them as sexual temptation, although a talking serpent might represent the temptation of knowledge. Diel recognized the snake as a principle evil inherent in all worldly things.

Birds, on the other hand, possess the ability to lift away from the earth. They often express spiritual loftiness of celestial potential. Cayce saw birds as our transcendent quality from the lower self. Of all winged creatures, the eagle is most revered. Dante called the eagle the bird of God.

Together the bird and snake represent the struggle to transcend above worldly temptations. Myth makers expanded on this motif, and shaped various legends after the

noble pursuit to conquer lower desires.

Buddhism makes powerful use of snake symbolism. In one legend, a serpent coils seven times around the body of Gautama , the historical Buddha. Realizing it could not constrain him, it falls to the ground and immediately transforms into a young disciple. In this short story, we learn how Buddha overcomes the forces of primal desire.

In Hindu mythology, the naga, a many headed serpent, is a demon with power to control the rains. Come drought or flood, the nagas are behind it. They also guard all treasure submerged under water. They are considered evil tenants of earth, and there is even a disease in Tropical Africa named after them (nagana). Nagas represent the personification of greed and lust. Their floods express emotional attachment; their droughts reflect the despair that comes when without.

The garuda, a golden-winged eagle, terrorizes the nagas throughout Hindu mythology. Garudas are heavenly sunbirds that grow their wingspan up to 13,200 miles to dry the oceans and feast on nagas. Vishnu, protector of the universe, rides on the back of his trusted mount, a garuda. These winged heroes, having strength over worldly desire, reflect the power of sublimation.

Egyptian mythology largely portrays snakes as evil minions - best shown by the god Set. Set is a rather murderous god of storms and droughts. After killing Osiris, god of fertility and vegetation, Set dispatches a pack of snakes to assassinate Osiris' newborn baby Harpoocrates. Set also controls the serpent monster Apep - a demon of darkness, evil, and chaos - which engulfs the sun god Ra each night.

Set's plans are, without exception, thwarted by the forces of good. Osiris manages to get resurrected. Harpoocrates grows to be the sun god Horus, represented by a falcon. Despite Apep's attempts, Ra casts him off his sun boat day after day. Ra too is often identified in hieroglyphics by a falcon, but he is wearing a sun disk. Horus struggles for many years against his evil uncle Set, while Ra continues to battle even to this day.

Christians envision the serpent as pure evil. In Genesis 3:5 the infamous serpent of Eden, later identified as Satan the Deceiver, seduces Eve into disobeying her god. Deil explained this image of the Tree of Life encircled by the serpent to represent the evil inherent in all life which eventually corrupts the spirit, and causes death to the soul.

Birds in Christian literature represent the human soul, although some varieties reflect aspects of spiritual fortitude. In Matthew 3:16 doves express the Holy Ghost, sent

The Whale

I (we?) are whale watching at the shore. Instead of the small whale we are expecting, a giant whale comes toward us and begins to roll over as it breaches the surface.

I know everyone in the area will be hurt.
No one will escape - it is so huge.

I am under the water with the whale curling over me, thinking I'll take a deep breath at the last second. But I realize with relief, that I'm caught in a pocket of air that seems to last.

I am hoping Joseph (the child I'm with) knows instinctively to let go and not to fight it but know also he is young and scared.

I remember then hearing that a big one comes along every 29 years.

This is the first in a series of dreams/events which unfolded over the next month. Another member of our dream group shared a dream involving a larger-than-life elephant with many similar images. The strong connection was apparent to both of us.

The message is one of learning to use our very essence, the breath of life, to not only survive the destruction our species has created but to learn from the ancient songs of the whale and language of the elephant to find our rightful place among the many life forms with which we share this planet.

We have an opportunity at this time to make decisions that will move us forward in a direction of clear understanding of the connection between all the inhabitants of earth.

Carol Oldani

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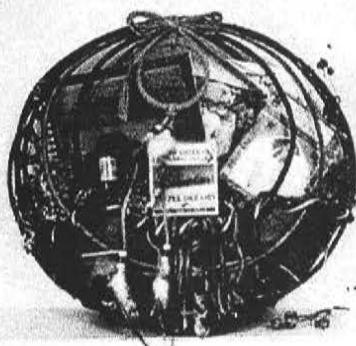
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Animals Within Cont'd from pg. 13

Animals in dreams help us make those adjustments so that our true Self can emerge. The Self is the unifying principle within, the center that embraces both the conscious and unconscious. Animals are dream allies that can help us safely explore our inner depths and transcend to new heights of enlightenment. *

Rosemary Ellen Guiley is the best-selling author of *Dreamwork for the Soul* and *The Encyclopedia of Dreams: Symbols and Interpretations*. She is working on a new book about dream symbols.

Website: www.visionaryliving.com/

Bear With Me. Cont'd from pg. 23

"Don't cry, little one,
Don't cry little one,
The bear is coming to dance for you,
The bear is coming to dance for you."

He also reminded me that the Bear is the great medicine animal of North America, and surmised that my mother and I had been blessed by this dream. And although her healing took several months, my mother recovered from her surgery and is regaining her strength.

When a bear next appeared in my dream, it addressed my own need for healing and redirection of my energies. To be better informed, I looked in some of my dream reference books to further investigate bears from native traditions far removed the Goldilocks and The Three Bears kind of folklore with which I was raised. In *Dreaming with the Wheel* by Sun Bear, Wabun Wind and Shawnodese, I discovered that in Wolf Clan teaching—besides having healing and leadership abilities and the ability to defend—the brown bear is the clan animal for January, the month of my birth.

I feel honored to be a member of the clan and enjoy the image of dancing with the bear and being caught up in its big bear hug, or of peacefully hibernating with it during these winter months! And, as an aside, Hibernia is the name of the town where my mother lives and where I grew up. *

Email Ms. Dwyer: DreamRita@aol.com

DREAMING INSIGHTS INTO RELATIONSHIPS

BLOOD, SWEAT & CHEERS

ULLABY & GOODNIGHT

MOTHERLY DREAMS

©2000 by Janice Baylis, Ph.D.

In *ESP in Life and Lab*, Louisa Rhine told of a mother who put her sleeping baby in its crib and went to sleep herself. It was a calm, clear night. The moon shone brightly. The mother had a dream that the glass chandelier above the baby's crib came crashing down. She awoke. The night was still clear and quiet, but the mother was not calm.

Following her feelings, she took the baby from the crib and placed her on her parents' bed. About four a.m., a loud crash woke the mother and father. A storm had blown in and caused the chandelier to break loose, crashing into the now empty crib. Experiences like this are not uncommon.

Motherly dreams include the obvious concerns for their child's safety, health, friends, education and character. Teenage girls have a need for iron in their diet to keep a healthy blood supply. One mother dreamed this diet advice for her daughter.

"I'm driving my daughter and her friend to school.
On the radio, a man is talking about healthy school lunches.
He suggests a salad of cottage cheese, apricots and walnuts."

"I woke and realized that would be a good way to get my daughter to eat apricots which are high in iron. She liked cottage cheese and walnuts but not apricots. She did become very fond of this combination."

Drug abuse among today's teenagers causes mothers constant worry. Mothers should watch their dreams for clues.

"My son had a highboy chest in his bedroom. He moved it into our dining room. We were arguing about this when I woke up."

This dream alerted the mother that her boy had begun getting high on drugs. He didn't really have a highboy chest. Her awareness, very early in his drug experiments, enabled her to put a stop to his drug use.

Another major concern is the psychological health and well-being of children. This dream uses the movie-like fade in and out device to depict the similarity between the mother's father and her husband. A similarity in the harmful way they treat their children.

"My daughter lost her balance and fell off her bicycle. I brought her inside and sat her down on some stairs. We don't have any stairs in our house. Her eyes are rolling. Her father, my husband, came in and went to her. He started yelling, 'Why did you do that? Don't you know better than to fall off your bike?' His scolding face faded and became my father's face. My daughter's face faded and became the face of my younger sister. Then both faces faded back into the faces of my husband and daughter. I brought in an overfilled ice pack and put it on my daughter's head. We waited for an ambulance to come and take her to a hospital."

Immediately upon waking, the mother saw clearly the resemblance between how her father had treated her harshly and the way her husband treated their daughter. It was enough to throw any little girl off balance. Importantly the overfilled ice-pack pointed out that she also was being too cold, putting her daughter through the same steps she'd been through as a child. The dream caused her to come to her daughter's defense.

It's a fine line between indifference and neglect as with this frigid mother.

"I'm walking in icy water formed from melted snow. To the right and up ahead are children playing in a snow bank. Suddenly

I see a naked woman behind them. My eyes focus on her genitals. Then I realize she is another me."

The children are in a place of cold, frozen water. Water often represents feelings or emotions. The frozen emotions are melting. The mother focuses on the exposure of genitals, her genital parts, her organ for expressing love. Using a pun the dream suggests she expose her gentle, loving parts to her children. She seemed to get the message. Back your children up with love.

Severe parenting, harsh and cold, often takes over when children become difficult teenagers. When parents get off track, dreams suggest they change.

"Our son came into our bedroom while I was biting father's ear. Our son asked for some change for school. I told him there was a dollar on the dresser. He insisted he needed change, nickles, dimes, quarters, not paper money. I was upset. Then I saw him like he was about nine years old. I gave him a big hug remembering my freckle faced darling."

Mom had been "biting father's ear," complaining about the son's behavior, even though she was sorry afterward because the father was too harsh in his punishments. The dream suggests that their son needs a change in her attitude. He needs to be embraced as her darling. They worked it out.

Sometimes it's the other way around. The mother needs to be more strict. A bra controls the female breasts which, as a distinguishing feature of a woman, can represent a feature of feminine nature. In this case, display of emotion is the feature represented.

"My son, Billy, unhooked my bra while we were out in public. I lost my temper and screamed at him. He did it again and I screamed some more. Then I ducked into a cubicle to rehook my bra. I told my sister to tell Billy that if he did it again, I'd kill him."

Billy had started acting up in public to get his mother's attention. And, yes, she lost control and yelled at him. Her sister in the dream represents another way she could react, a better way. Having a calm, reasonable discussion with Billy, in private, is the opposite approach called for. Giving him positive attention when deserved would do wonders.

While all mothers' dreams for their children are meant to be helpful, some are complicated and some are very short. Here's a shorty.

"I dreamed I saw my daughter in a pond playing with koi fish."

"I looked up 'playing coy' in a dictionary. It means pretending to be more shy and innocent than one really is. It was important for me at that time to realize my daughter wasn't all that innocent. She wasn't always going to the library to study!"

The words used to tell these dreams are extremely important. Notice the syllables as in highboy and high boy; that gentle, genital pun; the synonyms stairs and steps; the homographs change = money and change = shift; the homonyms koi and coy plus the idiom "playing coy." The words used to report dreams are very telling. *

Except for the dream from *ESP in Life and Lab*, the dreams in this article are from my book, *Sex, Symbols and Dreams*. My book is available from 1-800-929-7889 or amazon.com.

THE FUTURE OF DREAMLAND

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Since we have now passed the millennium milestone, the doorways of consciousness have been opened to a new era. And once, as a culture, we have crossed over that threshold in consciousness, the expanse before us cannot be diminished and we truly cannot "go home again" to the 1900's landscape that shaped our experience of life.

The future profiles of our dreamscapes will be a reflection of this new adventure in consciousness. As the techno-world permeates every aspect of our lives, how will this influence our dreams? Will we still see ourselves struggling with the old archetypal conflicts, symbols or fears? While we are not cleansed, ancestrally speaking, of the molecular cellular memories which still surface in our dreams, the future of the dreamland we experience may look very different than that which we have known in the past.

Specific personal mechanics and symbols of dream content might change, due to the differences of what we are exposed to and experience in our every day lives. For example, a 1920's Iowan farmer may have dreamed of physically planting rows of corn, whereas a graphic designer in 2000 may dream of designing a webpage of rows of corn. The end result reflects the same thing: the daily careers of the dreamers, but in an altered, currently updated dream language. Neither individual could conceive of the other's language, but intracommunication within the dreamers still occurs.

As dreamers, our bias would be for everyone to enthusiastically embrace the practice of paying attention to the wisdom, mystery and often the profundity of their dreams.

The notion that dreams, as an integrative tool of the consciousness of humanity, could revolutionize the quality of personal and societal cultural life is indeed a simplistic, but viable ideal.

It might look something like this. As individuals, families, societal institutions all came to embrace the practice of personal integration through the active practice of the dream sharing experience, the need for external structures, containment and laws imposed by outside forces upon mankind may no longer have a need to be expressed. Self-accountability absorbed in the embracing of the integrative qualities of dreamwork would infiltrate the cellular memory system and the subtle shift within the psyche would be expressed harmoniously and quietly. Our visits to dreamland would become a place of resolution where the dissolving of discord would naturally outpicture itself; therefore, in our communities as well, as a result. Could this be a projection of the future of dreamland in the culturescape of our tomorrows? As we embrace a wider band of possibilities in our psychical vistas, this ideal is altogether possible and interesting to contemplate.

Many espouse that the ego, which struggles to survive, be right, and preserve at all costs the elevation of humankind in the scheme of the world at large, may see this integrative process as its death knell. On the contrary, it is rather a strengthening of it, by inducing an under-



standing of ego's role in universal perspective that allows it to be expressed in a balanced way. We do not lose individual identity, but rather develop it into a healthy, mature and poised piece of that which makes us human. This feat is the true utopia to which we yearn to return.

Taking the future of dreamland further, what if we reach a place where the optimal integration gels and dreams no longer exist? Can we wrap our beliefs around this concept? Dreams would no longer be a function of sleep since, if we are unified and integrated into that futuristic wholeness of being, the part of the psyche designated for this purpose would have atrophied. Imagine if you would for a moment, a world, a life, without dreams. Can we fathom that imagination may become a mechanized microchip embedded within our brains so that we can abandon our nightly freedom of expression in the realms of dreams? Perhaps dreams will become the virtual reality, a recreational ground that feeds and stimulates our cerebral pathways....

It would be an interesting challenge to 'dream' on the subject of the role of dreams in humanity's future. If you care to take up this challenge and share what you "see" after asking what future dreams might look like, let me hear from you. We may find personal and universal aspects of peeking into our own, as well as the collective psyche, and find out what the dreamland of the future holds.

Winged Creatures. Cont'd from pg. 30

to give the faithful strength over corruption. In Exodus 19:4 Moses is told how God plans to carry him to heaven on the wings of eagles. Saint Jerome understood that the eagle could fly higher than any other winged creature, and concluded they must symbolize powers of prayer and ascension.

Various Christian saints rose to the status of hero by battling dragons, which are equated with serpents. Saint George of Carpaccio took fame by slaying a dragon. In Revelation 12:3-8 Saint Michael the archangel conquers a seven-headed dragon clearly identified as the serpent from Eden, aka the

Devil. Saint Michael, who in Renaissance artwork is pictured with angel wings, demonstrates yet another example of the winged hero transcending over evil.

Likewise, various Greek heroes were pitted against serpent monsters. In one example, Hercules battles against the water hydra of Lerna, who has nine heads each crammed with regenerating poisonous serpents. In general, these monsters represent the dangerous subconscious forces the hero is struggling to become aware of. More specifically, serpent monsters like the hydra reflect wicked habits the hero is ignorant of, but must confront.

In some myths, the serpent and bird symbolism isn't obvious. But many times, tidbits will shine forth under close examination. A legend, cluttered with seemingly unimportant objects, may have been so masterfully woven by the unconscious mind, that everything down to the number of buttons on a shirt secretly fits into a harmonious theme. The Greek myth of Perseus and Medusa is a fine example.

The goddess Athena sends Perseus on the quest to slay Medusa - who was once turned from a beautiful woman into a gorgon for sexually defiling Athena's temple. For this battle, Athena gives Perseus a shiny bronze shield, the god Hermes donates a sharp knife, and the nymphs trade a mystical eye for

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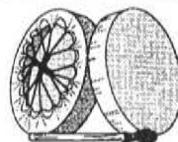
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National and Gender Differences in Reports of Exotic Dreams

by Stanley Krippner, Laura Faith, and Yuko Suzuki

In the English language, one of the definitions of the word "exotic" is "having the charm or fascination of the unfamiliar; strangely beautiful and enticing." This term can be applied to those dreams that are so rarely reported that they resemble "exotic" specimens of plants, animals, or gemstones (Krippner & de Carvalho, 1998). Despite their unusual nature, dreamers often find exotic dreams filled with meaning and direction.

Among these unusual, but extraordinary dreams, are creative dreams that assist dreamers' attempts to solve problems or bring something new into being. Also exotic are those dreams described as "lucid." In lucid dreams, the dreamer is actually aware that he or she is dreaming while the dream is going on; sometimes the dreamer can change the direction of the dream in ways that are entertaining and instructive. Healing dreams can alert the dreamer to an oncoming health problem or can give suggestions as to preventive or remedial action. Dreams within dreams are exotic because the dreamer has a dream or dream-like experience within the dream. Dreamers may dream about having a dream, or about having a vision, drug experience, or other dream-like episode. In out-of-body dreams, dreamers have the sensation of leaving their body while the dream is on-going; sometimes this sensation persists upon awakening and they have the impres-

sion that they are floating near the ceiling of their room for a few seconds.

In telepathic dreams it is the dreamer's impression that a dream correctly identified the thoughts of someone in external reality at the time of the dream. Mutual dreams are those in which the dreamer and someone else report having had similar dreams on the same night. Clairvoyant dreams concern distant events about which the dreamer had no ordinary way of obtaining information. In precognitive dreams, information is said to have been provided about an event that had not taken place at the time of the dream. A past-life dream concerns bygone events in which the dreamer had a different identity.

Initiation dreams introduce the dreamer to a new mission in life such as a new vocational path, healing or social betterment. In visitation dreams, the dreamer is greeted by ancestors, spirits or deities, and is given messages or counsel by them.

Purpose

The purpose of this study was to investigate the incidence of a selected number of exotic or extraordinary dreams from a large sample of dream reports. What is exotic in one culture might not be especially strange in another culture, and what is exotic for one gender may be less exotic for the other gender. In addition, a number of studies indicate that gender, age,

education, religion, ethnic background, and socioeconomic status influence the likelihood of reporting unusual experiences (MacDonald, 1994). It was hoped that this study would expand the cross-cultural literature of dreams and the data regarding gender and dream reports to include those dream reports that can be described as "exotic."

Procedure

The research participants for this study were members of dream seminars that the senior author (SK) conducted between 1990 and 1998. These events were held in various parts of Argentina, Brazil, Russia, Japan, Ukraine, and the United States. The age span ranged from people in their 20s to their 70s (as determined from registration information and informal conversations), with a few individuals on each end of the spectrum.

Because the events were generally held at colleges, universities, and cultural centers, the educational level of the participants was higher than would have been found in the general population. Many ethnic groups were represented in the sample. Dreams of expatriates were excluded from this study. It was ascertained, whenever possible, that research participants had lived for at least three years in the country to which they were assigned for comparative purposes. Only one dream from each of the research participants was utilized. A total number of dreams collected

through space and time, simply because they dared to look into the darkness, step into it, and discover what is there for them.

Group work, which often makes intimate matters public, is important, according to Ullman (1979, 1996, 1999) because it allows the dreamer to use the eyes of the group to see aspects of the self that have been hidden. The waking self often is self-deceptive. To be effective, the group must provide a non-judgmental, loving environment for the dreamer to expose those intimate matters and safely explore them. The dreamer must remain in charge of the process and be able to stop, limit sharing, or go only as deeply as can be handled. Both the dreamer and the participants have the opportunity to use the dream to discover messages from species-level consciousness and apply them to their own lives. And it all begins when each is willing to say: "If this were my dream."

The Steps in the Process

In Ullman's (1979, 1996, 1999) plan, there is no expert interpreter in dream appreciation. Instead the rich collective life-experience of the members provides an array of multiple levels and diverse viewpoints for many possible interpretations. A group learns the process from one who has been trained in the method; the teacher-leader then takes a place in the group as a participant. Dream presentation is always voluntary and after appropriate training, leadership is voluntary also. Each session is begun by soliciting a volunteer for leadership, with those volunteering deciding who will lead. When the leader is selected, the leader asks if there are any persons wanting to present a dream. The ones who wish to present a dream also decide among

themselves who will be the dream presenter in that session. Determining leadership and dream presentation are models of volunteerism, democracy, and on-going choice, all characteristics inherent in the dream process itself. The dream can be a single image or an entire story;

first group member who says, "if this were my dream, I would feel..." which signals participants to take on the dream as if they had dreamed it. This is done by sharing their own feelings and when this feels complete, then sharing their thoughts about images and metaphors that they find in the dream content. The diversity of contributions offers many possible interpretations for the dreamer to consider as he or she explores the potential hidden messages.

In the third stage part (a) the dreamer takes back the dream and may respond to anything that came into awareness as a result of hearing others' comments. This is followed by part (b) in which the dreamer, if open to investigate further, can gain greater meaning by recapturing the events that occurred or the thoughts that were present in waking-life prior to the dream. After every aspect and symbol of the dream has been examined for possible meanings in the context of the dreamer's life, part (c) allows the dream to be read back to the dreamer, scene by scene, stopping for any additional insight when appropriate. Group members are then asked to offer what Ullman

calls part (d) of stage three which is orchestrating projections to suggest meaningful interpretations of the dream as a whole that link the dream and the waking-reality of the dreamer. Finally, in part (e) the dreamer is given the opportunity to make any last comments.

If the group meets again, the next session begins with giving the dreamer in the previous dream group an opportunity to present any additional insights regarding the dream in the intervening period.

The responsibilities

Forming, leading, presenting, and



processing can take two or more hours.

In the first stage the dreamer (a) reads or tells the dream while group members write it down, or read along. Upon completion, (b) the group members are free to question about the dream content for clarification. The dreamer is not to contextualize or interpret meanings at this point but is to reflect images, interactions, and feelings within the dream only. By allowing only dream content, participants are able more easily to take the dream into their own personal contexts.

The second stage begins with the

participating in a dream group requires attention to a number of responsibilities if integrity is to be maintained. Above all else, the dreamer is to be in control of the process, deciding how deep to go, how much to disclose, and whether or not to advance into each stage. If for any reason at any time in the process the sense of safety feels threatened, the dreamer can stop the process and after expressing the need to stop, can choose to continue or end the process. Recognizing the tension that might exist between safety and discovery, the group and group leader can encourage stretching just a bit beyond the comfort level if the dreamer is willing. Always, a high degree of sensitivity is required to nudge without pushing too hard or too far. It is often in the thoughtful nudge that great insight occurs while a thoughtless push can devastate the dreamer and destroy the process.

The leader has dual roles. One is to be a participant; the other is to take responsibility for directing the process according to the stages. This must be done with clarity, flow, and flexibility in a way that honors the needs of the dreamer and the delicacy, yet, power of the process. The leader is to be sensitive to the feelings of both the dreamer and group members. At times it may be necessary to stop the process to clarify or give the dreamer or an affected participant time to recover from emotional responses. All of this must be allowed to flow gracefully within whatever time has been allotted for the work.

Group participants have responsibilities as well. They contribute most meaningfully and gain from the process themselves when they are fully present, when they listen with attention, and intend to experience the dream in thought and feeling. Through "borrowing the dream," the participant is free to make projections based on what is publicly known about the dreamer, or with the dreamer's permission if privately known, or based on memories from the participant's own life without

taking the focus away from the dreamer. Participants can be attentive to possible themes, contradictions, or metaphoric meanings, and notice not only what seems present but also what seems absent. It is valuable to notice places that seem to have a charge. All of this must be done without judgment and with sensitive concern for the safety of the dreamer.

Finally, every aspect of the dream itself must be honored as significant communication from the unconscious. A single image, a two-liner, or a multi-phased dream contains a message that was important enough for the dreaming part of the self-connected to species consciousness to send. It deserves to be respected and heard.

The power of the process

In the five years I have participated in Dr. Ullman's dream group process at Saybrook with Stanley Krippner and with Dr. Ullman, himself, I have come to deeply respect the potential for transformational healing and self-discovery. In those years of dream-work, dreamers and participants have been able to face their demons, discover their blind spots, find answers to troubling dilemmas, and understand circumstances in their lives that previously may have seemed unexplainable. The persistence of "species consciousness" seeming to push messages into awareness in spite of individual or group resistance is amazing.

My interest in discovering connections among things caused me to notice that often in dream groups, questions that were raised in the content of the first dream seemed to be answered by the second, and understanding the second dream was made possible within the context of the first. I also noticed this same process going on between dream groups in which I was the only repeat participant. Thematic connections not only clarified dreams in the later group but brought deeper insights into a past dream group's theme. Whatever this "energetic connective tissue" is that flows between cells

forming a single person, seems to flow between individuals forming a palpable energetic relationship that exists in groups and between groups. Perhaps species consciousness is somehow in this as yet unexplainable connectivity that makes itself known when we are willing to look for it.

The dissolution of boundaries between dreams and dream group experiences also drew my attention. I recall being greatly surprised the first time I realized that a dream was literally but unconsciously being replicated in the group process. A woman presented a dream in which she experienced herself walking along a busy thoroughfare pulling a cart filled with a heavy load. She forced her way ahead of everyone else and created a traffic jam by stopping in the middle of an intersection. The dreamer held her fist in defiance to the blocked angry drivers who began throwing things at her while she was calling attention to the fact that she did not have a car, but rather was pulling her load without help. She woke feeling distressed and unappreciated.

In the dream group, she pressed ahead of other dreamers to insist that she have the opportunity to present her dream. Others who wanted to present their dreams gave in to her almost demanding request, but not without creating a current of anger and resistance within the group. They did not seem to support her with full engagement in the process. Instead they threw out suggestions of interpretations that did not seem useful to her. She found herself dealing with the content of her dream by herself. She continued by making her own interpretations about the meaning of her dream within the context of her recent experiences without incorporating anything that the group had offered. In a moment of profound insight, she became silent, looked around the room, and broke into tears. She realized she had done the same thing in the group that she had done in her dream. She could see that her attitude was what had generated the anger and the lack of support

both in her dream and in that moment. For the first time in her life, she understood long held patterns that caused her to believe she had to carry her burdens all by herself. Her breakthrough melted her resistance and the heart of the group. Everyone became willing to help her when she finally got out of her own way by getting out of their way and allowed them to be moved to support her in her breakthrough. What a powerful metaphor!

When I decided to write this paper, I could have selected any number of dreams, but this particular one came to mind and I literally could not remember any of the other dreams I had worked with over the years. By recalling this dream, several years after it was presented, I began to see something I was not in a place to understand at the time that I attended that dream group. I have had a strong, almost rigid tendency to carry my burdens all by myself, always working without a sense of connection to a group. I lived most of my life, within my family of origin and within my marriage, alone. I moved to China alone; my private therapy practice is conducted alone. Even my selection of an at-a-distance program for my Ph.D. is a reflection of my living the metaphor within the woman's dream. Most of my courses I completed without ever asking assistance from professors. This created conflict with a couple of them that delayed receiving credit for my work. As I look at this pattern, I notice that working alone seems to have been choiceless. Some inner belief made me do everything alone. There have been times when working alone has been helpful, and there still may be such times in the future, but there are also times when I need to be able to work cooperatively within a group. Working in isolation may not have been damaging in the past, though I can't really know that. I do know that it is no longer good for me to disallow other options. Now that I am beginning my dissertation, I can see that a rigid, loner-stance would not only be a liability, it could block my reaching the goal.

It is my belief that recalling and using this particular dream at this particular time is no accident. I deeply feel that a loving consciousness has called me to release patterns that would prevent me from becoming who I came here to be. I am being drawn to a new way, connecting and working with others. Somehow, I believe that as changes are made by each of us on a microcosmic level, resonating sounds of doors opening somewhere out there in the universe are heard that might lead to macrocosmic changes for the species.

Probably the most far-reaching aspect of having "dream group awareness" was when I discovered the dream process can be applied to life experience. I became aware that events in people's waking lives had many of the same characteristics as dreams. When taking notes on clients' "stories," I discovered I could pay attention to all the details with the same attention I held as a participant in a dream group. I examined the setting the client reported, looked for themes, noticed tensions and observed contradictions. I looked for metaphoric potential. I looked for what seemed missing, perhaps emotional responses or pieces that didn't seem to connect because something was left out. I listened for a sense of story, a belief or myth that might be playing itself out in the person's life. I noticed the play on words that were embedded in the telling of the story. I even noticed each of the people the client talked about and began to look for aspects of the client that seemed to be reflected in the characters who "peopled" their report. I could take the stories into my life, and experience them as if they were my own, and notice my own responses. I approached the client's story with the same kind of non-judgmental, loving, respect, as in dreamwork. As I orchestrated projections, clients began to gain profound insight and make significant and immediate changes. I am reminded of a report told by Salk (1983), the developer of the polio vaccine.

He said:

Very early in my life I would imagine myself in the position of the object in which I was interested. Later, when I became a scientist, I would picture myself as a virus, or as a cancer cell, for example, and try to sense what it would be like to be either. I would also imagine myself as the immune system, and I would try to reconstruct what I would do as an immune system engaged in combating a virus or cancer cell... Before long, this internal dialogue became second nature to me. (p.7)

I believe it is this consciousness that is entered in dream group work or in working with clients. Asking clients to look at an issue as if it were a dream and by joining them in the dream by taking it on as if it were mine, we step back to see what is really going on, looking for the myths and belief systems through which they create their lives. The clients recognizes that they have a choice regarding what myths direct their lives and whether or not they will take responsibility for that choice.

I have the choice of interpreting events in my life as a dream and all the participants in the events as characters who hold messages from the greater consciousness, just as I can fill that role in their lives should they choose. I can ask myself the same questions a leader or a participant would ask a dreamer and listen to possible orchestrating projections. More than any other method, the Ullman dream appreciation process has helped me to take responsibility for all that occurs in my life. I am learning to look at my life as I look at dreams, without judgment, blame, or guilt. I notice that on some level everything that comes into my life is a result of my personal myths whether I am consciously aware of them or not. I can choose to be responsible, meaning I can choose to

(Continued on page 42)



The Ullman Method of Dream Analysis: Content and Context

by Sandy Sela-Smith, M.A., IMHC, CHT

Five simple words, "If this were my dream," make the Ullman (1996, 1999; Ullman & Zimmerman, 1979) process of Dream Appreciation one of the most profound instruments I have found to unlock the messages in dreams—and more. I had the privilege of participating in three dreamwork trainings with Monte Ullman in the late 1990's.

Ullman began his career as a psychiatrist but soon discovered the power of working with dreams and dedicated his life to teaching a method that allows the dreamer, as well as, dream group participants to access the deepest recesses of the unconscious. He believes that there is a species consciousness that is calling for our personal and collective survival and drawing us toward our on-going evolution. Each of us, according to Ullman's philosophy, contain billions of single-celled organisms that have formed collectives of organs, systems, and functions, as they are learning to live as one, and as species, we are several billions of people also learning to live as one. Just as the human being cannot survive if cells become self-destructive or attack other life giving cells within the body, the species cannot survive if we, as individuals or as social groups, destroy others or ourselves with destructive patterns. I interpret this to mean that for us to survive, cells and human beings must learn to respect life both individually and collectively. We must honor boundaries without creating imper-

meable walls, be distinct without separating, connect without absorbing or being absorbed, and be flexible without collapsing as we change and grow. We must actively share, nurture, love, and allow each and all to survive and thrive. However, in our development, as individuals and in social units, we have formed patterns that are a danger to ourselves and to our species. Ullman suggests species consciousness, perhaps something akin to Jung's collective unconscious, is the universal force that seeks to bring into awareness those behavior patterns that can lead to destruction. Dreaming is one of the languages of that universal consciousness. Dr. Ullman and Zimmerman (1979) contend that:

The dreamer in us keeps urging us on to greater wholeness. . . . Dreams never give up on us. They are with us every night urging us to face the issues that restrict and discourage us, or that limit our inventiveness. (Pp. 318-319)

In Appreciating Dreams, Ullman (1996) states:

From an evolutionary point of view, there may be another role that our biology plays in connection with our dreams. I think dreamwork brings us into closer touch with a vital aspect of our natural animal heritage.

Animals depend for survival

on the accuracy and truthfulness of their sensorially perceived world. That dependency is still with us in our effort to adapt to a still imperfect human environment. The task is a bit more difficult for us because of the pitfalls and falsehoods that our cultural heritage has subjected us to. To the extent that we are victimized by false notions, we are not free to truly fulfill ourselves. Asleep and dreaming, we are in pursuit of freedom in those areas that have eluded us while awake. The relationship between freedom and truth is the driving force of our dreams. (p. 243)

Picture, if you will, a group of people coming together who are interested in understanding their dreams. It is possible that no one has met anyone else in the group and yet, by the end of a process, it is likely they will feel as if they have known each other their whole lives. In that time someone or maybe several of the members will have shared with the group a dream. There will have been careful listening, questioning, and each will have had the opportunity to take the dream that is presented as if it were their own. Feelings and metaphors within the dream will have been explored, and meanings orchestrated. There will be a bond that connects the participants

for analysis was 1,666; 911 from women and 755 from men.

Results

There were 5 creative dreams, 29 lucid dreams, 3 healing dreams, 9 dreams within dreams, 24 out-of-body dreams, 2 telepathic dreams, 2 mutual dreams, 5 clairvoyant dreams, 17 precognitive dreams, 6 past-life dreams, 15 initiation dreams, and 19 visitation dreams.

Female dreamers reported 76 exotic dreams, while male dreamers reported 58 exotic dreams. The country with the highest percentage of exotic dreams was Russia (12.7%), followed by Brazil (10.9%), Argentina (9%), Japan (8.1%), Ukraine (5.9%), and the United States (5.7%).

Examples

One of the dreamers whose report was scored as a creative dream was a Japanese woman: "My father, who died in World War II, appears to me. He gives me advice about my artwork. He gives me specific advice on what to paint and how to do it. He tells me the topics, what brushes to use and what colors to use. When I wake up, I follow his advice and I sell the pictures!" This report was also a visitation dream.

A Ukrainian man reported, "While awake, I had been trying to find a proper ending to a piece of fiction I had been writing, but none of my solutions worked out. During my dream, I was at my desk writing. I seemed to be working on the same fictional piece that had been giving me trouble while awake. Then I saw a scene enacted before me, of two men and a woman, the main characters in my story. Instead of choosing one or the other, the woman rejected them both. I laughed in my dream, as the ending was very appropriate. When I woke up, I put this ending into writing and was quite satisfied with it." This report was scored as a creative dream.

An Argentine woman reported a lucid dream: "I was passing through a large house with my two daughters... We went into a salon which was a part of the complex. It was very modern, with win-

dows that opened into a garden where there was an arbor of trees. Suddenly I encountered a door to a workshop and saw a student walking down a long corridor... When I arrived at this corridor, I realized that I was sleeping and dreaming. I was totally aware of this during the rest of the dream."



"What is exotic in one culture might not be especially strange in another culture and what is exotic for one gender may be less exotic for the other gender."



Another Argentine woman submitted a dream report that was scored as an out-of-body dream: "It was almost twilight. I was suspended from something white. It seemed to be near a cloud. I steered into that part of the cloud, and the movement enabled me to get out, surging out of the center of my body and surging with a high velocity until I was able to observe the scene below. I did not like the sensations. I perceived a man I had known before the dream. My impulse was to go toward him, but my velocity was so strong that my hope of seeing him more closely disappeared. I was frightened when I woke up."

A Russian woman rendered a report that was scored as a healing dream: "In my dream, I'm walking along the road and see a man coming toward me. When he comes closer, I recognize him. He is my husband. We look at each other carefully. Suddenly, a small, black snake appears and bites me on the right side of my neck. I squeeze it with

three fingers and it opens its mouth. I squeeze the poison out of it, and try to find a place to put the snake. I find a glass box and open it with great difficulty. I put the snake in. When I wake up, I am still squeezing my hands. But that action decreases my recurring headaches. I still use that squeeze when I have headaches, but they have almost disappeared."

A Brazilian woman reported a dream-within-a-dream: "I dream that I see an Indian man who is running. He has a knife in his hand, and is being chased by a leopard. I watch him fight with the leopard and I am frightened. But then I stop being a witness and become the Indian in the exact moment that the leopard jumps on him. I think I wake up, and recall the dream, but actually I am still in the dream. But this time I am the leopard and I attack the Indian!"

Another Brazilian woman dreamed: "A man told me he was interested in the course I teach on neuro-linguistic programming. He said that there were going to be many changes in his life, and that he would take the course so that I could help him out. The man seemed to be the brother of a woman I know, and he said he was dying of cancer. Later, I talked with this woman and described the man in my dream. The description fit her brother exactly, and he does have cancer." This was scored as a telepathic dream.

Two Japanese woman reported dreams from the same night; these were scored as mutual dreams. The first woman dreamed: "I am in the lobby of a big hotel. There is a large pillar made of marble. My friend Aiko is there and I stab her with a knife. I don't know why I stab her. Nobody seems to notice what I have done.". The second woman reported: "I am in a hotel lobby. There is a big pillar there and I am standing by it. My younger sister comes in. She walks right up to me and stabs me with a knife. My younger sister's name is Tomoko. I died from the stabbing."

The dream report of a Russian man was scored as clairvoyant: "I am in an empty room... I try to pass through the wall. It is solid and I can not go through it. This wall divided two spaces...

There is a slogan on the wall, "If you are brave, come through it." Mr. Gorin, a business associate of mine, appears. Then I wake up. Later, I ask Mr. Gorin if I can visit his house. When I enter, I see the same wall -- but with no slogan on it."

An American woman's dream was scored as precognitive: "I had a vivid precognitive dream about a valued colleague. I dreamed that he was rushed in an ambulance, to the hospital with heart trouble, even though he was in good health the last time I saw him. But when I called the hospital -- in the dream -- they told me that he was in bad shape and they were preparing him for immediate surgery. When I woke up, I telephoned and he told me he was preparing to enter the hospital for major heart surgery."

A Russian man's report was scored as an initiation dream: "I dreamed about some deities who told me that I needed to transform myself to become a healer. It seemed as if I had died, and then I was reborn again. The deities told me that I needed to advance one more level, to learn about external kindness but also to be kind to myself. Once I learned this lesson, I would be able to start healing people. I went through three cycles of death and rebirth, and when I awakened, I felt that my initiation was complete.

A Ukrainian woman reported: "In this dream, I am afraid of dying because my neighbors start to die, one by one. I think of what a short period of time it took for so many of them to die, both men and women. I would like to live a more spiritual life, but the conditions around me do not permit it, as I must work very hard each day. Then one of my dead neighbors comes to see me and tells me that I can lead a spiritual life through my work." This was scored as a visitation dream.

Discussion

Not all exotic dreams are pleasant. The Argentine woman who reported an out-of-body dream said that she did not like the "sensations," that she could not control the velocity of her travel, and that she "was

frightened" when she awakened. Many precognitive dreams leave dreamers with a sense of dread. But in other cases, dreamers are grateful that they were prepared for a tragic event, or relieved when the event does not occur.

An inspection of the examples suggest that some exotic dreams fall into more than one category. A Japanese woman dreamed about her father giving her advice about her painting, and put his suggestions into practice with positive results. This report qualifies as a creative dream, a category accurately described as "rare" by the psychiatrist Jules Eisenbud (1973, p. 254). However, it was also scored as a visitation dream because her father, dead at the time of the dream, gave valuable counsel to the dreamer.

It is possible that precognitive dreams represent coincidental matches, unless they are gathered under tightly controlled conditions or include extremely precise descriptive material. Even if the dreamer is convinced that they are premonitory in nature, dreams about death do not always have a tragic ending. A Ukrainian man dreamed: "I saw a funeral procession. Many people had come for this funeral. Close relatives went in a file by the coffin of the dead person. I got in line. When I went by the coffin, I was really scared because it was my mother who was lying in the coffin! In two days my mother fell seriously ill, but she recovered."

Finally it should be noted that women reported more exotic dreams than men. Do women actually have more of these dreams, or are they simply more able to recall them, and more willing to report them? These questions, among others, need to be addressed in future studies. *

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Ullman Method. Cont'd from pg. 39

respond. In making the choice of taking responsibility for what I create, I can also move to a place where I consciously create what I choose.

Playing on the words of an old favorite Disney song from "Cinderella," I would say A life is a dream your heart makes, when you are fast asleep. Awaken to the dream! *

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Winged Creatures. Cont'd from pg. 33

winged sandals, a winged helmet, and an invisible pouch. The well equipped Perseus flies across the sea aboard his magic sandals and slays Medusa by reflecting back her own image. Pegasus, carrier of Zeus' thunderbolts, is freed from her shed blood. Perseus captures Pegasus and flies him back across the sea. There he finds the princess Andromeda chained to a rock ready to be the sacrifice to a sea monster due to her mother's vanity. Perseus wields Medusa's head, defeats the monster, and rescues Andromeda.

Hidden within this story is the hidden symbolism like of a dream. The hero represents the struggling aspect of the dreamer. In this myth, a sea monster (representing the unconscious stagnation of the spirit) holds Andromeda (the dreamer's true nature) chained to a rock (bound by worldly concern). He trades the mystical eye (sight of a correcting spiritual path) to gain Mercury's winged sandals (spiritual ascent). This allows Perseus to cross the sea (enter the collective unconscious), and confront the snaky haired Medusa (lower desires) by using the mirrorlike shield (self-contemplation). Pegasus, a flying white horse (vehicle to transcend animal sex drive) who was once imprisoned within the body of Medusa (restrained true nature), is promptly freed (sublimation). Perseus rides Pegasus (controls his lower nature) and wields the Medusa head (symbol of his transformation) against his enemy. The sea monster is defeated (awareness is made), Andromeda rescued (union with spiritual nature), and the quest is completed (triumph of will). This legend charts the evolution from a vain, desire-craved ego into a balanced, spiritual being.

Actual dreams tend to be less complicated, but the symbolism still echoes these epic themes. Tenzin Wangyal Rinpoche, an instructor in Tibetan Dream Yoga, once had a simple dream where he discovered a dead snake in his mouth. His guru explained the higher significance to him. Tenzin represented the mystical

garuda eagle who had killed the naga snake with its beak. Like Buddha, Tenzin had conquered his lower desires.

Most dreams that contain snake imagery don't express this level of mastery; instead, they show only a struggle. Walking through a pit of angry serpents could show that you are confronting many issues of your lower desires. If the snakes are coming from a body of water, the issues involve strong negative emotions, such as lust. A stormy sea nearby represents how these issues are damaging your spiritual nature. A snake that bites you should remind you of losses in the past. In general, it is good to see the snakes; at least it shows a struggle to overcome. Whereas if there is an indifference towards evil ways, the symbol would never have come up.

Serpents of enormous size represent the evils inherent of the universe. The Norse myth of the Midgard-worm describes a serpent coiled around the entire earth. Hindu mythology refers to the cosmic serpent Ananta, or Sesha by another name, which expresses the infinite or cyclic principle within the universe. Gnostics call this the Ouroboros, possibly drawing on symbolism of a snake eating its own tail from Genesis 3:15. Buddhism understands this cyclic existence, experienced by those living a life of attachment, to result only in endless suffering. To transcend this wretched existence is to attain enlightenment.

Most dreams with birds show progress along the spiritual path. Freeing birds from a cage could be activating higher aspects of your spirit. In the practice of Dream Yoga, transforming into an eagle is considered most auspicious. A bird watching you from the branch of a tree could be recognition of spiritual wisdom. Pay attention to the altitude the bird travels, and whether it is going towards the heavens, or plummeting to the earth.

Not all bird symbolism is preferable. To see a caged or dead bird would signify obstacles along a

spiritual path. Night birds, such as the owl, are polar opposites to sunbirds. The Egyptian hieroglyphic for the owl represents death, night, and the cold. Diel felt that flocks of birds, such as those Hercules encountered at the swamp of Stymphalus, represented stagnation of the soul.

By seeking the hidden wisdom of our dreams, we become the good knight on the quest to battle evil. Strive to understand the obstacles your dreams might expose. Be open to the knowledge that some dream images and motifs slip in from the collective unconscious - the same origin as myths. Empowered with the will and knowledge to triumph, you take the first steps to slaying your personal dragons.

In experiencing the myths of these various cultures, we restore a connection to the unconscious. From them we learn how to battle the darkness lurking within ourselves. All of the mentioned heroes - the garuda, Vishnu, Horus, Ra, Saint George, Saint Michael, Hercules, and Perseus - are each identified with the archetypal sun. The sun brings light into places of darkness, and symbolizes the awareness that slays the unconscious monsters of the soul. These heroes that conquer the lower desires personify the hopes of our own spiritual journey. *

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Adam and Eve

by Leon Van Leeuwen

is in a state of bliss in a harmonious body. So it really represents a state within us.

Now the Bible tells us God looked upon Adam and felt it wasn't good for him to live in solitude. God made him fall into a slumber—an unconscious receptive state—and made him a companion, council, a helpmate emanating from Adam himself. From the substance of Adam he made her. God gave them dominion over the Earth and they named each animal and bird. By naming these animals, we become aware of our own animal nature. As Carl Jung said: "If we recognize our shadow side, we will be the master over it."

Thus Adam, the intellectual/masculine, discovered the psyche and soul-feminine within himself. And this is true for every human being. When we get these characteristics cooperating within us, instead of subjugating or suppressing them, we are in a divine state: The Garden of Eden.

Edgar Cayce once stated: "The way a man treats his feelings, so he will treat women. The way a woman treats her creative and intellectual side, so will she treat men." The Bible says that Eve was beautiful and it was said: "For this man shall leave his father and mother and shall cleave to Eve, the soul. They shall be as one. Though they were naked they weren't aware of it."

Now they were allowed to eat of all the fruits in the garden but not of the tree of Good and Evil. "Then thou shall surely die," or remain unconscious.

The snake, usually thought of as a low thought or temptation, also represents wisdom. A snake sheds his skin and grows a new one making it possible for him to grow into a bigger and stronger creature. When we shed our old skin (old attitudes,

dogma etc.), we grow spiritually into a stronger person.

Therefore, the wise serpent in this story might have been used as the messenger of god to guide man into a deeper understanding of the purpose of life. The serpent told Eve the fruit of the tree of Good and Evil was good and surely she would not die. Eve ate of it and also gave some to her husband.

The tree of life represents judgement. The moment they ate of it they felt naked and hid from God. The moment we judge we will also judge ourselves and feel naked. Eating from the forbidden fruit gave us the opportunity to see good and evil. We judge, but unlike God, we do not always know all the facts.

When we know good from evil, we can grow. The punishment was that men has had to travail in the sweat of his brow. To Eve he said, "The desire shall be to your husband and he shall rule over thee. I will greatly multiply your sorrows and thy conception, and in sorrow thou shan't bring forth children."

The interpretation of the above is that now, we are able to judge, we have free will, and have to learn by trial and error. If our ideas (children) are selfish and not in harmony with our divine nature, we suffer. How we have abused this curse by taking it literally!

This curse doesn't apply to women, but to our souls—our feminine side—when it is dominated by the intellect/masculine side. If we only fulfil our purpose as co-creators by experience, to work, to learn, to create, to love and be loved, to hunger for wisdom... only in this way we will become God-like.

To think that man was conceived in sin casts a stigma on God's work of supreme creation. It causes inferiority complex and helps us to think of ourselves as sinners. *

I always loved the stories in the Bible. Only when I discovered—through Unity's Metaphysical Dictionary, Edgar Cayce Readings and a book called Genesis Revived—did I learn that, just as is true in dream interpretation, there is an inner meaning to these stories. The inner meaning far surpasses the historical one in importance.

In matter of fact, the literal meaning can cause us to make grave errors. One of the errors, in my opinion, is made in the literal interpretation of the fable of Adam and Eve. One of the errors is that man is born in sin.

I don't know how I ever could have taken this story at face value. Who ever heard of a snake speaking, or people being so heavily punished because they ate of a forbidden apple? I am so happy to have learned the inner meaning that I like to share it with you.

Adam and Eve symbolize the first man and woman entering the world. I looked up the symbolic meaning in the Metaphysical Dictionary put out by Unity.

Adam means red. Metaphysically he represents the whole human race epitomized in an individual, including the ego.

Eve means elementary life. The mother of all living.

Serpent symbolizes sense consciousness.

Garden of Eden (paradise) represents, pleasure, delight, sensibility, a very pleasant place. When man is in harmony with his divine mind, he

“Where the Weeds Grow Tall and the Snakes are not Small”

or

“Earth/Self Breaking Free II”

I stand in the city backyard of my childhood home gazing around me at the empty abandoned lot we called the “dustbowl” behind our neighborhood block. A half a block from the dustbowl, I see more ugliness in the rusty iron-sided warehouses, large dilapidated buildings, fuming smokestacks and looming tanks of the polluting and poisonous chemical industries that separated my block from the powerful Mississippi River flowing just beyond. My family is with me.

Noticing a tall “weed” rising from the crack in our concrete sidewalk and tempted to pick it, I reach down and try to pull it out. As I yank, the concrete breaks up around it and creates a huge ten-foot wide opening into an underground tunnel. This “weed” bursts forth and turns out to be the tip of a very thick and winding vine with lush green three-foot leaves. (Imagine the beanstalk from “Jack and the Beanstalk.”) Peering into the tunnel, I could see the vine continued far down into the depths below.

Accompanying this mysterious vine are many snakes the widths of large tree trunks and lengths of half my alley block slithering forth through the backyards. Not frightened, I watch in wonder at their many patterns and colors. I could feel inside myself a rising ecstatic liberation from this stifling mechanized human created metropolis with which we humans had entrapped our spirits. A message rang clear in my heart: “Earth’s wild power is uncoiling within you and all around you to transform the pain and woundedness of human misguidedness and fear. This power will rise from unexpected places. Continue to help it break free.”

A little nervous, I go inside my house to change. I find Gila monster lizards are everywhere and I am careful not to get in their way. When they bite, they don’t let go. I respect this.



comes closer, the sound becomes colors, then shapes as well ... each a beautiful work of art complete unto itself, yet willing to be in harmonious proximity to the others. They are shells from the sea. I lovingly gather handfuls of these beauties, knowing Creation is here in all her glory.

Workshop with Robert Moss

This dream came to me a couple of days after my fairytale visit to the Alhambra Palace and Gardens in Granada, Spain.

(Note: At Robert Moss's Dream Workshop, "Making Death Your Ally" (Nov. 20 and 21, 1999) we did a Dream Theater of this dream. This experience of oneness, profundity and fun seared its way into my heart to remain for a lifetime I'm sure).

Dream Theatre "Ancient Alhambra Treasures" Rehearsal

Perhaps I really am a ham actress at heart because this is the second year in a row that Robert Moss picked my dream for Dream Theater and what a show it was. All 18 people in the workshop played a role that I chose for them, Robert being the natural choice for the LION, since he likes to 'roar around' unexpectedly from time to time. "I knew you'd choose me for the lion," he told me later. Excitement was in the air as we rehearsed the roles, laughter joined us closer.

The obvious choice to play me, NOREEN, was Pat, my new friend with whom I did Dream Transfer, an inspired new dream tool offered by Robert. And the SNAKE ... well, seven people became snake segments. Rob being the head, as they practiced encircling me three times, hissing and undulating. Marvelous! The MOON LADY is chosen next, followed by Lisa who wore a wild tiger-striped blouse and therefore was a natural to play my buffalo drum and be the GREAT STORM. (My drum is bigger and louder than Roberts' drum!).

The rest of the group played both the MINGLING PEOPLE in the garden and later, the SHELLS, except for the LUTE MUSIC played by a gentle

lyrical young girl dressed in a pretty flowing dress and the COLOR person who wore a rainbow scarf.

The Curtain Rises

That's the cast. Now I have to switch into present tense to give you the feel of the immediacy of it all for me as I write this up. The rehearsal is over, the invisible curtain rises, the magic begins. Off to the side of the room as observer, I stand shoeless on a cushion, pulsing with anticipation at what is about to transpire ... the bringing to life of my very own dream right before my eyes. What a rare gift. Curtains up, here we go:

Noreen (Pat) is upstairs in her beautiful Alhambra Palace room, gazing out the window to the gardens, when suddenly she is scared out of her wits when Lion/Robert charges into her room and chases her. Noreen's fear mounts the closer Lion gets, till he overtakes her. Immediately her fear disappears and she and Lion embrace like long-lost friends. A wondrous moment. Robert is a splendid lion, prancing, pawing, clawing, making great guttural lion growls and roars. It touches my heart deeply to see the change in Noreen from great fear to compassion and love during this embrace. Totally believable.

Scene changes. Noreen is out in the gorgeous gardens surrounding the Palace, mingling with friends from the Alhambra. The Minglers improvise as they chat with Noreen and one Mingler tries to be friends with the Lion too, but Lion growls and claws for her throat, then someone quips, "A one-woman lion, eh!" Seemingly so.

The Minglers leave as the Moon Lady appears, circling her arms above her head while looking full. Noreen falls asleep now, curled in a fetal pose in the garden (actually on the workshop's wooden floor), covered by the moon's light. Then here come the seven SNAKE players, led by Rob (he's the head), hissing and undulating three times around the sleeping Noreen, finally coming to rest with snake's head at her feet. For one thousand years they lie together immobile. It is a happy, peaceful time.

Enter Lisa, perched high on a

chair, as the Great Storm. She jumps off the chair wildly beating the Buffalo Drum, sweeping all and everything into the sea. Everyone is now huddled over by the far wall of the workshop. We are all swept into the sea. Everything is gone.

Who knows how much time passes. Eventually Noreen hears the lovely strains of Lute Music as the lyrical young girl's voice sings sweet as any lute as she moves, dancing gracefully among us. Soon her energy transforms from sound to color and the Lady with the Rainbow Scarf dances, swirling her scarf enticingly above and around her. An awakening, a renewal, a birth is taking place in Noreen now as sound and color merge to become form in the shape of Shells.

Now the Shell People come alive, moving individually, creatively, in their shapes and designs, yet enjoying being in close proximity to each other. Noreen is so happy as she gathers an armful of these precious shells - she knows she has come home at last.

Backstage

Invisible curtain drops. Wild applause fills the room. Tears well up in my eyes and heart as Robert the Lion Heart comes over and puts his arm around me. I can hardly talk with so many feelings dancing around in me. Tremendous gratitude tops the list. How can a bunch of people, many of whom I've just met, now all become an intimate part of my life? I know this experience is etched within the best and most enduring parts of myself, to be drawn upon again and again.

Just when I feel I can't possibly contain any more, for I'm so full already, a final gift arrives. Everyone in the whole group takes a turn, still in their dream role, to tell me the offering, the gift to me that lies within their dream role from their perception. Collectively, these 18 people, now my friends one and all, give me back my own dream, now their dream too, and we are all the better for it. I can tell by our shining eyes and our laughter that this be true.

Thank you one and all from my grateful, happy Alhambra heart. This is a dream come true. *Fini* *

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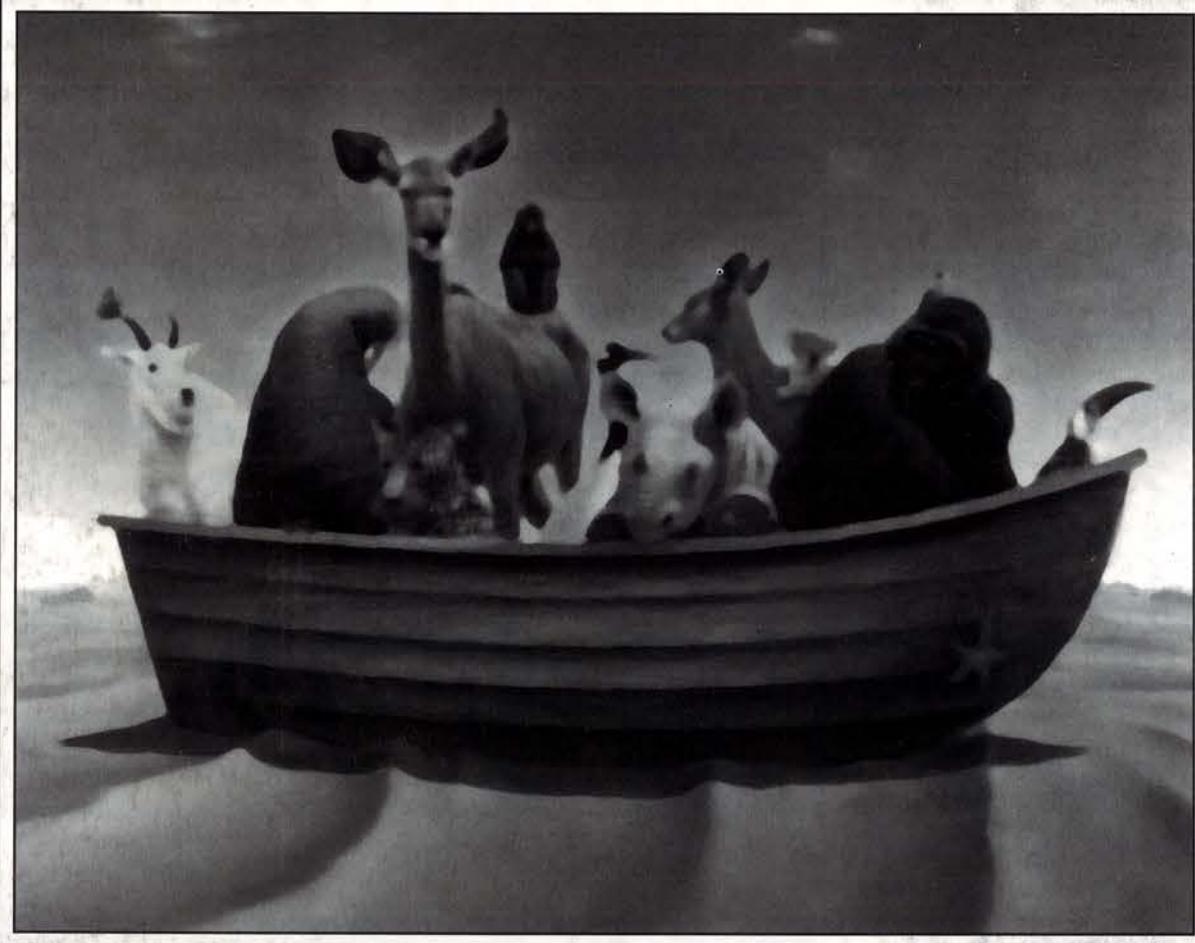
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"When we open the door to our wild animal teachers, our fear precedes us. After fear comes fascination and a longing for connection with them. We call them into our awareness, however unwittingly, and they appear. As residents in the abandoned wilderness of our psyches, closely aligned with the companion animals that share our homes, they hear our cries for meaning and wholeness... and respond."

Quote from 'Animals in Dreams: Emissaries of the Divine' by Joanne Lauck, pg.10.