



Since 1982

Vol. 12 No. 3
\$5.95

Dream Network



In This Issue:

Invitation: A Dream-Tree Odyssey

The Thing With Leaves

Special Section on Dream Poetry

& Creative Writing





Ethical Guidelines

for Dreamsharing

**"Honor the dream, the dreamer,
and the dreamsharing process."**

(Ingrid M. Luke)

An Ethical Dream worker . . .

~ Engages in the Art of Listening.

This involves listening to all that a dreamer says and above all, listening while keeping one's own ideas about the dream on hold.

(Montague Ullman)

~ Refrains from telling the dreamer what his or her dream means;
we never know anyway.

When we feel that we do know, at best we know
what it would mean if it were *our own* dream.

(Dick McLeester)

~ Remembers that what is said about a dream reflects the personality
and symbol structure of the person making the comment,
as much as or more than anything in the dream itself.

It is often useful to preface any remark with the idea: "if it were *my* dream..."

~ Remembers that every dream has multiple meanings.

~ Respects the integrity of dreamers: their vulnerability, weaknesses and
sexuality are to be honored, never exploited.

(Jeremy Taylor)

~ Honors and respect the dreamer's anonymity and confidentiality.

~ Respects the dreamer's right to end the dream work at any time.

(Will Phillips)

*Given the broad range of perspectives offered in these pages regarding ethical dream work,
we desire to bring the discussion to its next level of evolution by co-creating this listing of
Ethical Guidelines for Dreamsharing.*

***We ask that you provide at least one Guideline or Ethic
which you believe to be essential in quality dreamwork before our next issue is published.
You will be acknowledged for your contribution.***



Statement of Purpose

Our *genre* is self help; our *purpose* is 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 & myth. Our *goal*: to unite and serve those who respect dreams; to empower dreamers, to demystify dream work and assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our culture in whatever way of integrity is 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 social. 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 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 what is surfacing that is of particular interest to the readership. The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of ideas, opinions and areas of interest to appear. We invite you to indicate the areas/questions you would like us to address in future issues.

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Theme for 1993

Mytakuye Oyasin

A Lakota word meaning

"All My Relations"

Focus for Autumn Issue:

The Four Elements:

Water, Fire, Air/Wind, Earth

What has their appearance
symbolized in your dreams?

Lifeline: Three Weeks
after receipt of this issue.

Note regarding the Questions & Focus Suggested for Upcoming Issues:


Everything about dreams is unpredictable and we recognize that suggesting a Question or Focus around which to sculpt each issue has the potential for disallowing a current synchronistic event, transformational dream experience, an inspiration, breakthrough or burning issue-- which you may DESIRE to share, draw, or commit to poetry.

Conversely, this publication (and editor) asks for parameters: we are limited space-wise and choose not to wander all over creation in it. Yet another paradox. It is difficult to know which priority is primary and which secondary.

Let it be agreed that if you are inspired, you are invited to share your experience or insight regardless of whether it fits within the suggested Questions or Focus. Given the overall synchronicity which guides this work for us as dreamers, it will undoubtedly complement the issue as a whole.

Individuals from all walks of life are invited to make submissions!

Deep Gratitude



In our last issue, we 'cast a net' inviting experienced, knowledgeable individuals who are committed to the multi-faceted purposefulness and value of dreams to serve as Regional Contact persons for their areas. To date, there are nearly 30 exceptional individuals who have come forward to make dream-related information and resources available to you.

Many of these individuals have experience as dream workers or in organizing/participating in dream groups and are willing to help you along the way. Please avail yourselves of them. (Listing on page 35).

My goal before becoming steward for the *Dream Network*, as stated in the study plan for my graduate degree program, was and remains to: "help stimulate awareness about the value of dreams, to demystify the work itself so as to empower individuals to read and use their own personal dream symbology and to encourage the actualization and / or enactment of the dream . . ."

In talks that I've given since stating that goal, as well as in conversation with individuals, I frequently ask: "Were you ever encouraged — at home, in school or church — to value your dreams?" The answer is invariably NO. That is also my answer to the question. Let's work together, so that soon, when the aforementioned question is asked by any one of us, we will hear a majority of YESes!

Shakespeare said: "Sweet are the uses of adversity, for like the toad—ugly and venomous—yet wears a precious jewel in its head."


We could have nearly filled this entire issue with letters from individuals who came forward to praise Montague Ullman's 'Experiential Dream Group Process.' I would hope that we can all take this response as a positive teaching about:

- the value and beauty of the diverse techniques and processes that have evolved over these past few decades for doing dream work;
- recognizing that while one technique works for one individual or group, it may not work for another individual or group;
- respecting that truth and *celebrating* diversity.

To each of you whose commitment and sharing fills this otherwise empty space, deep gratitude for embracing and nourishing the spirit that guides this creation.

The best is yet to come . . . read on . . .

and have a wonder full summer!





Responses

DreamSharing in the Classroom

What I am about to describe is a dream reported by a member of a class of seniors I taught. If ever anyone needed to be convinced of the transforming power of dreams, listening to this young man's account would accomplish that task.

Don was one of the most up-tight young persons I have ever known. He sat in class with his arms hugged to his chest, his expression fixed. He gave the impression that he would fly apart if anyone touched him. Then one day, one day — the miracle happened!

"Mrs. Dodge, I have had a dream which has changed my life."

I asked if he would be willing to share it.

He began. There was a deep hush in the classroom. Attention was so riveted on him that it was almost as if we had all been hypnotized.

Eighteen-Year Old Don's Dream

He began by describing a scene

of utter devastation. Trees, grass — everything was scorched and destroyed.

It was almost, he said, as though an atomic bomb had been dropped. "It felt like the end of the world."

In the midst of this destruction he stood in a ragged uniform, looking equally destroyed. He repeatedly used the word burned to describe both his clothes and his surroundings.

As he described himself, standing in what appeared to be a camouflage uniform, minus buttons, sleeves ripped out, pants burned with rifle in hand, completely alone, dazed and bereft, we sorrowed with him. I had never experienced such total silence and identification with another student as I experienced with that class that day. With his gun tightly clutched in his hands,

he began his wandering search to attempt to discover what was going on.

Eventually, he came upon a burned out basement of a building containing what he described as a group of people as filthy and burned as himself.

Weary, he sat down to rest but he recounted that he was looked on as a stranger and sensing that he was not wanted, he went into an adjacent room.

Then the miracle — a person from the room of people came

to him bearing a piece of meat. He could not see the person's face thought he looked deeply into it and was quite sure it was a woman. He took the meat, ate it and felt satisfied. The moment of satisfaction was followed by high drama. A bright flash of light was accompanied by thunderous noise. He covered his face. A tremendous force entered his body, pushed him to the ground and pulled his arms away from his face.

"Open your eyes and look at me," a voice said. It appeared to come from the clouds and he had the impression that there was a face on the clouds.

The words that came to him next were the command to lead the people remaining in the world and bring them together again.

Awaking from the dream, he found himself shaking and the bed wet with sweat. Intuitively, he knew that the dream had a powerful message for him.

He did not seek to lead or control anyone but the warm memory of having a person reach out to him, in a moment of utter desolation, encouraged him to do what he had not been able to do up to that moment. He began reaching out to others. He started with little bits of changed behavior: smiling and talking to his neighbors in his classes, etc.

And so a dream — totally different in content from his everyday environment and experience — taught him to do what was necessary to bring him together again.

This young man, who had held himself in such tight check, who had held himself aloof from others, began, thanks to this dramatic dream, to change little bits of behavior, to smile and speak to his neighbors in class.

Can dreams give us the insights we need to live our lives more fully? The Psalmist expressed it well:

"In the nighttime, wisdom comes to me in my inward parts."

Margery Dodge, Dubuque, IO

Regarding Animals in Dreams

I want to compliment you on your work with and for the Dream Network. Certainly very professional.

As for the animals in the dreams reference column, I always find this a two edged sword. There are of course universal and archetypal symbols, but I believe the personal symbols in dreams are much more important to the individual dreamer. One has to take the animals in the context of the dream and the emotions we felt in that dream. In our group, we always emphasize the feelings of the dreamer; we never ask what the dreamer thinks. Your mind can tell you anything but it is your feelings that really tell where you are/what the dream is saying.

Leon B. VanLeeuwen, NY, NY

Dreams Have Many Perspectives

Thank you so much for all the enjoyment the *Dream Network* brings each quarter. I especially enjoy the great variety, from studies done by professionals to dreams by ordinary dreamers. The DN is always showing me dreams from a new perspective!

Phoebe Larsen, Bend, OR

The Old Paradigm . . .

I perceive the concept of certification of dream workers as a concept based on fear and/or manipulation of power. I hear the words "authority" and "lawsuits" and I think: here we go again!

Talented, skilled, honest dream workers don't need a certificate to prove their worth; their work speaks for them. People seeking real dream workers don't need to see a certificate, they need to find a good dream worker who can help them understand the meaning of their dreams. If that entails some hunting around, so be it. Give these seekers some credit and the power to choose for themselves. Degrees and/or certification in any field are no guarantee that an expert is going to have the feel, the passion, the gift of talent that would make them truly effective in their work.

Certification can also create a power structure which becomes self-serving and exclusive. As an example, in Canada, certification of massage practitioners and its enforcement has reached the point where non-certified (albeit skilled) massage practitioners must quit working, work 'underground,' or get certified. In B.C., where I live, that means three years of living and schooling in Vancouver, supporting yourself throughout the training process and \$20,000 tuition fees!

Certification is part of the old paradigm; taking power and responsibility from the individual and putting them in the control of "authority." I say 'libertas et caveat emptor.' Let's loosen up and be creative; this is new wine; let's not try and put it into old bottles.

Jan Janzen, Canada

Defining Myself as a Dream Educator

I have been following with interest the discussion of guidelines, definitions and titles for dream people. I am a dream educator, although I do not work in the schools.

There are two reasons why I

chose to define myself with this title: 1) the term "educator" evokes respect. Where I live, dreams are not highly regarded but educators are; 2) When I began offering dream classes and workshops in southern Minnesota 3 years ago, I realized that most people thought of dreams as funny stories having to do with indigestion and sexual fantasies, as indicators of pathology, or as frightening experiences to be avoided at all costs. People needed to become aware of the emotionally beneficial and spiritually enriching importance of dreams. When I advertise my programs in this region, several times a year I write little articles which I send to a dozen small-town newspapers. A few people will have gleaned useful kernels for working with their dreams from these articles.

Educating the public, little by little, is one aspect of my work as a dream educator. The other aspect is to teach those who attend my functions how to work with their dreams in order to understand them.

For many centuries, it was believed that only certain people could interpret dreams. Now we know that we each have within us the ability to understand our own dreams. My role as a dream educator is to assist people to know that they know what their dreams mean, to help them touch and trust their own inner knowledge as revealed through their dreams.

Mary Flaten, Northfield, MN

Yes! To Networking

I just received the first issue of my second year's subscription and it is my favorite since my first contact with *Dream Network*. It speaks to so much I need to learn and also that I care about. Thanks to you and the many others who labor to bring the publication to us.

Also, I am responding to your special bulletin requesting people to volunteer as committed resources in our local communities and regions. I would appreciate being considered for the service.

Thanks again for your work and devotion to dreaming.

Oran Walker, Seattle, WA

Regarding Regional Contacts:

**"If You Build It,
They Will Come."**

Please do list Community Dreamsharing Network as a regional contact for the Metropolitan New York Area. Around here that is interpreted as New York city, Long Island, Northern New Jersey and lower Connecticut, which is also the primary distribution area for Dream Switchboard's occasional newsletter.

By agreement of a number of local high schools and colleges, our continuing education courses are run as six to eight week participatory demonstrations, enrolling from 12 to 35 learners per course. Our purpose is to convince a few motivated people to start dream groups in their local communities. Among the course materials are resource references, "how to . . ." start a group, join a group, facilitate dreamsharing and of course history, rationale, benefits, remembering, etc.

In actual fact, we get calls and letters from all over and plan to be more reliable in the future than we have in the past, in responding. From our own data bank we are often able to refer people to others who have similar interests in their area. At times, we have mail from students doing term papers or independent studies on dreamsharing. We supply them with copies of some of our own course handouts.

We are also tapped by radio shows for half-hour talks, and TV for show segments but we are willing to cooperate only if they plan to be reasonably serious about dreamsharing groups. We no longer will speculate on paranormal phenomena, tell our nightmares so that an "expert psychologist" can interpret them, or bat out interpretations of dreams called in from the audience. Naturally, this turns off most of the media.

I'm sure some of our people would cooperate in, or at least attend, regional conferences but our thinking is more toward smaller gatherings, parties, outings, etc., where the personal contact is the effective means for bringing people into groups. Conferences tend to accent

big names and I have noticed that the bigger they are the less they do for us. Conferences also usually feature "therapists." In my opinion, precisely the wrong people if you want to promote dreamsharing.

We have to realize that the *Dream Network* adhered to the above principles from the start; here, we are simply returning to our roots.

Harold Ellis, Hicksville, NY

Dreams Are Underground

Please understand that my dreams are very personal to me; they are not something to be 'dissected' by others. Because my husband nor my friends have never been interested in dreams, my dream journal and anything having to do with my dreams or their interpretations have GONE UNDERGROUND. To "share" dreams with others is OK by me, provided I can stay anonymous and draw my own conclusions about others' comments. My own dreams have become an integral part of my life; the "bad" ones point out my negative qualities and the "good" ones point out my positive qualities.

I have, over the years, had many beautiful spiritual dreams which have tied in with Edgar Cayce readings. I am convinced that a force higher than I is guiding my life. I hesitate to say this to you but you are a "dreaming person" and I'm sure you understand. Everyone thinks I am "off" because of my dreams, so I don't talk about them. It is a lonely task to hold all of this within. Perhaps some day I'll let it all out. Thanks for listening. It's good to have someone to talk with.

Anonymous

Dear Anonymous,

It is precisely so that you -- and so many others like you -- may feel safe and sane in valuing and sharing your dreams, that the Dream Network exists. Thank you for being willing to share your letter with us.

♥Editor

Erratum: Our apologies for omitting the last two letters of Joanne Hobbs name on the cover and for misspelling Rhiannon Hanfman's name . . . in our last issue.

Loved the 'Love Bug' Issue

At the risk of sounding like a broken record, the "Love Bug" issues is great! I felt a lot of resonance with Mitchell's interweaving of realities . . . to Joanne Hobbs' interbeing connections . . . to Rhiannon Hanfman's "concentrate on your left elbow" . . . to Rosemary Watts exploration/ listening to interspecies communication . . . to Jan Janzen's courageous experimentation . . . to Suzanne Nadon's inference about the connection between earth ground, psyche ground and dream ground . . . to Noreen Wessling's "the idea of starting a dream group was about as unlikely as Mother Teresa singing lead in a rock band," . . .

. . . and now receiving the 'Contact' / networking invitation has got me thinking about starting my own group!

In the sharing of stories and experience, I feel a relief from the excess of "talking about it until there is no time left to *get to the juice*" feeling I get from most publications. I so look forward to each issue and appreciate your courage and commitment to the heart, soul and guts of DNJ.

I also wanted to thank you for posing the Networking questions and considerations. They helped stir up some good stuff in me.

Catherine Knapp, New Woodstock, NY

In Appreciation of Ullman's Experiential Group Process

The *Dream Network Journal* maintains a refreshing balance of professional and lay perspectives. An interplay of learning and respect is evidenced in the eclectic acceptance of various dream methods. So I was all the more astounded when I read an inaccurate and inflammatory paragraph in *Is the Certification of Dreamworkers inevitable?* (Vol. 12 No. 1), a dialogue between Will Phillips and Ann Sayre-Wiseman.

During their lively conversation, Wiseman refers to an approach to dream work in which she states, ". . . a lot of people are latching onto the 'if it were my dream' approach. It's a

real parlor game and it ends up with everybody painting on the canvas of the dreamer." She goes on to say that the method is destructive and, indeed, unethical.

I would certainly not begrudge Ms. Wiseman her opinions. But, gratuitously taking a portion of a method from its context and in a public forum, calling it destructive, is irresponsible. It is possible that Ms. Wiseman has come across some group that has, to use her phrase, "latched onto" a portion of a respected method and misused it. I'm not aware of any such group, nor do I see evidence of a disreputable trend.

Happily, what something is is more important than what it is not. So, let me put "if it were my dream" back into context. During the 1970's, this technique was formulated and refined by Dr. Ullman within an elegantly accessible method of dream appreciation. I had the privilege of learning from him during those years and we co-authored *Working With Dreams* (Jeremy P. Tarcher, Inc.: 1979). Monte is an internationally renowned pioneer in dream method and theory, training group leaders and diligently seeking ways to make his method more accessible and helpful to all dreamers. Monte's group approach is delineated in "Stages." In Stage I, the dreamer shares the dream. In Stage II, the listeners examine their feeling reactions to the dream and later their associations with the symbols and metaphors. At this point, the dreamer listens silently to the reactions of the group. He or she has complete freedom to accept or reject what is being said by the group without prematurely revealing his inner process. The dreamer is becoming privy to a wide range of feelings, explicitly stated by the listeners. He or she also hears many possible meanings of the embodiment of those feelings in the symbols/metaphors of their dream.

Each comment the listeners make is a projection. This phase gets the projections up front where every one recognizes them as such and can be reviewed by the dreamer in the

More ➡

We invite your RESPONSES!
Address to Letters %DN

security of private reflection. There is no covert conversion of metaphorical meaning from listener to dreamer. The dreamer is always in control. Listeners do not paint on the canvas of the dreamer. They hold up their own canvases to be viewed by the dreamer. The dreamer's vision of the possibilities in the dream are expanded as s/he views the gallery before him. Always surrounding the dreamer's psyche is a clear space of privacy.

During the group's exploration of feelings during Stage II, dreamers often become aware of feelings formerly not recognized until they find themselves resonating to the words of the listeners. Metaphors that have been ignored or appear confusing can take on energy and clarity by the projections of the group. Because the dreamer is always free to accept or reject any part of what is being said, s/he is free to hear the projections as help. In calling a projection a projection, there is less opportunity for judgment, manipulation or grand standing and greater freedom to admit personal responses to the dream.

A dynamic balance exists between dreamer and listeners. The dreamer has entrusted an exceedingly private segment of his or her psyche to the group. The listeners also have made an effort on behalf of the dreamer to go within themselves and share, "if this were my dream . . .". Now the group moves into Stage III where the dreamer has an opportunity to express the impact of the groups' projections. Later, the dreamer will dialogue with the group, molding all this material, colors, images, textures and dimensions, into a visualization of the unique meaning of his or her dream. The projections and dialogue are preparatory to bringing together for the dreamer the indisputable personal answer to the question: "Why did I dream this dream on this particular night?"

Among the group members, there remains always the mystery of the dream's creation and creator. No person or statement or reaction outside the dreamer can penetrate this mystery. As the dreamer comes upon his own work of art with conscious recognition of its meaning, he is flooded with the energy of creation

and truth. The feeling spreads to all who have participated with the dreamer. Often this work done by listeners and dreamer is experienced as the connection and care for which we all yearn.

This method of working with dream, imbued with respect and concern for all participants, does not deserve careless criticism. What emerges from these workshops is healing change, and adventure of the soul. *Nan Zimmerman, Alexandria, VA*

In the Winter issue, Anne Sayre Wiseman criticized "If it were my dream" approach, an idea seminal to Montague Ullman's work, as destructive and distracting to the dreamer.

This is *not* true in my experience. I am very familiar with the process and have witnessed many successes having participated in dream groups led by Dr. Ullman these past five years.

Such criticism is based on the false premise that the dreamer is a passive victim. On the contrary, this is a non-intrusive process in which everything is arranged to assure the dreamers' control. It is the dreamer who makes the discovery. This is why it works and why people are so enthusiastic about it. Furthermore, it is the group leader, as guardian of the dreamers' integrity, who encourages the dreamer to accept or reject any part of the banquet that is offered and who is vigilant against any intrusiveness imposed on the dreamer.

Second, when the group takes the dream on as their own dream and runs freely with their associations, there does not seem to be any danger of getting off track. On the contrary, what gives the dreamer a sharper focus or prompts an 'aha!' feeling of discovery — sticks — and what doesn't fit, simply falls away.

Third, the rules protect the dreamer and provide freedom within boundaries. I liken it to a game of hopscotch where the chalked playing field marks the sacred space for the magic to happen.

Finally, as the groups work and play together, the process becomes like chamber music. We listen to inner guidance that comes from within. We unite through our dreams. We tell our story. *Frances Ziva Linderman,*

Irvington-on-Hudson, NY

Thank you for the excellent work on the Journal. I always look forward to the articles, art work and feeling of community it provides.

I write to share my thoughts on *Is the Certification of Dreamworkers Inevitable?* which appeared in Vol. 12 no. 1 of the *Dream Network*. I find that I must address one aspect of the article, namely Ms. Anne Sayre Wiseman's remarks about an approach to working with dreams.

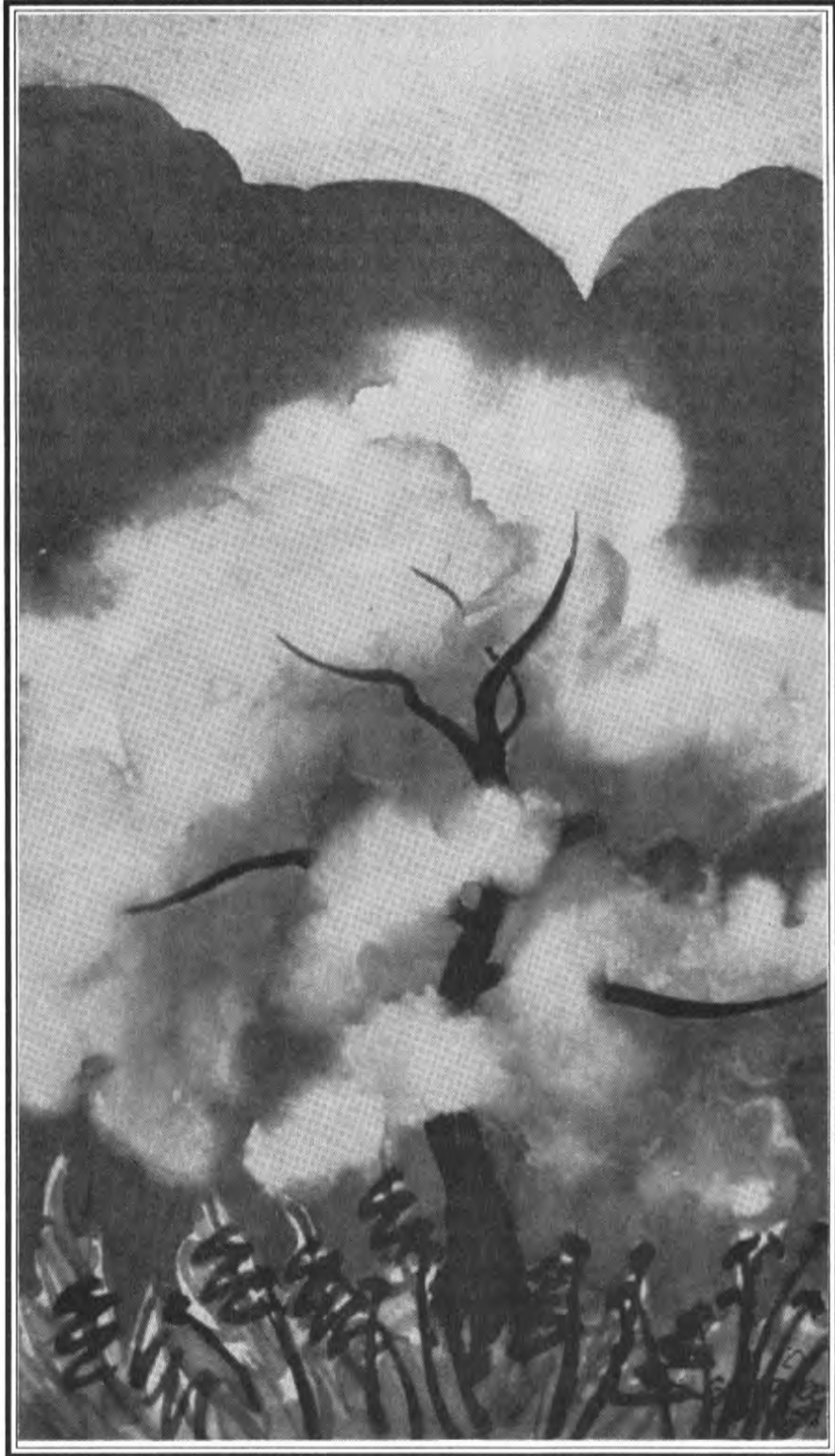
Ms. Wiseman said that the "if it were my dream" approach is destructive, unethical and a parlor game. To me, these remarks are bizarre. It is not clear which approach Ms. Wiseman was referring to but Montague Ullman's experiential dream group technique uses such a process. I have personally worked with Dr. Ullman's technique for more than seven years, as both a dreamer and a dream group leader and have found it highly rewarding. Dr. Ullman's technique not only evokes a sense of fellowship and mutual respect but promotes self confidence and personal growth. With this method, I have seen that dreamers are able to come to a deeper understanding of their dreams.

During one stage of this method, the group imagines for a few minutes that they had dreamed the dream and gives their feelings and associations to the imagery. Ms. Wiseman's statement that "everybody paints on the canvas of the dreamer" is incorrect. On the contrary, the leader instructs the group NOT to direct their comments to the dreamer. The group members share an intimate part of themselves as they relate to the dream. They are not trying to force associations on anyone. This gives the dreamer a free zone from which to witness and ponder the group's contributions. The dreamer makes his/her own connections to the imagery, rejecting any associations that don't resonate.

A major principle behind Ullman's technique is that the dreamer is the highest authority on his/her dream. The group is at the service of the dreamer and the dreamer always holds the reins. Speaking as both a dreamer and a leader, I know firsthand that this is a safe and sure method. It is unfortunate that Ms. Wiseman felt compelled to rashly lambaste such an effective technique.

Linda Hall, New York, NY

In Response to the Questions:



"Peaches" Artwork by Serena Supplee, Moab, UT

What do Flora, Stones, Crystals symbolize in your dreams?

Invitations:

A Dream-Tree Odyssey

by Catherine Knapp

About twelve years ago variations on the following dream visited me.

*While my double and I are swimming, a wild storm comes up
and we are carried out to sea/the middle of a lake, beyond sight of land.*

We awake in the morning on a small island with two pine trees.

We stay with the trees for a while then return to the mainland.

Some dreams, like this one, open paths that I wander on and off for years: the double path, the storm path, the middle of the water path, the safe refuge path, the home path, each a thread in my life that continually reverberates. I had no idea how important those two pine trees would become... -



"It (the tree) is a transforming symbol, a symbol of the process of self-realization. The shaman in an ecstasy, climbs the magical tree in order to reach the upper world where he will find his true self."

C.G. Jung

Tree as Refuge

Dreams of the Safe Tree followed.

~ I run to a tree as though my life depends on it. There is a space in the roots into which I can barely squeeze. There are some beings working quietly here.

~ I use salt to melt ten feet of ice to reach the roots of a tree where a bear and her cubs are hiding.

~ Chased by a man who wants to kill us, a group of people run to four large maples. We climb them and lie in their broad branches feeling safe until we see the man pouring gasoline to torch the trees.

Memories of trees as safe and private childhood places come with these dreams. Desire to explore my own roots and stored unacknowledged aspects of self emerge. I begin to feel my helplessness over widespread environmental damage shift to the desire to spend time in the woods. This is the quiet work. I want to touch trees.

Trees as Partners

~ I am sick. A hard wind blows the trees. I look out the window and see that the branches of all the trees have been sawn off at the trunk.

~ A man begins hacking away at a tree that is sacred to a small village. The people are warned and are able to stop him because the tree is the town's power supply.

What affects the trees affects me. Some of the human life-force, our power (in many senses of the word), comes to us through trees. I begin to learn that how I treat a tree is how I treat myself.

Trees as Providers

~ On a survival trip, I take part of a birch tree that has broken, pull off the loose bark and find it to be a good canoe. When I knock on the wood, the sound echoes throughout the forest and I sense some sort of communication occurs.

~ The only place that I can exist without suffocating in a city is in the park because my breaths are regulated by trees.

~ I go to a hillside where poplars bend over forming ribs which breathe for the hill when they move.

~ A tree cleanses me when I stand next to it, as if its energy is giving me a shower.

I begin to see how my/our existence is based not only on physical trees but by who they are, how they participate in the transmission of energy (breath, prana). Being in the woods clears my head, heart and soul. Finding trees in the city I re-ground, locating some forgotten resilience.

Trees as Communicators

~ A drawing emerges of two pine trees, one indoors and one outdoors, and a girl whose head is several feet from her body on a long neck.

~ The rings of a tree are a poem. The third, fourth and fifth rings have something to do with different kinds of flight.

In healing, it has been important for me to view dreams as encapsulations of my being, each aspect, symbol, etc. expressing a part of myself. This process is still valuable in understanding my landscape. And, the trees show me how they need to communicate with me/people and how I need to be intertwined with other beings. I begin to sense a way to listen, as I listen to the mysteries of myself, to them: on their terms, in shared language.

Intertwining

~ People reach out the front window of an old house, uproot a huge tree, carry it though the house and throw it down to take root in the back yard. The tree becomes two huge trees covered with fruit, and fruit surrounds their bases.

~ A parade of men dressed as women pick up a huge tree. The tree's trunk is vast and its branches separate, then come together again forming a base on top as well.

What happens when the tree is brought through my house? What happens when, valuing the female, intuitive and energetic sides of myself, I pass through the tree?

Tree Body

~ There are seeds inside me. If I am a fertile nourishing environment, they will grow.

~ There are twelve trees inside me, each with their own characteristics, tones and energy vibrations.

As an open (energy) field, the center of my body feels hollow. There is relief that my center has finally rotted away.

How is it that in coming to know my body/self/energy in tree terms, this being that is me feels more familiar, more at home, more complex, more real?

Red Pine

~ At a wedding, everyone wears red clothes. I have no red clothes but an old woman makes a red dress for me. I am disappointed that I cannot participate as a member of the wedding party. All the red beings let me know that although I am not one of them I am welcome to join them for the festivities, to stay with them if I'd like. I realize this is a gift — they are red pines.

Since this dream several years ago, I have felt a love and kinship for trees. Learning to communicate with trees brings, instead of the ostracizing I feared as a child, deepening relationships with wood and flesh friends.

A red pine shows me how trees are encircled by energy rings which function as potential perceptors, and how trees align with those perceptors through a movable empty space. A maple teaches me how it has grown old in harmony with other beings because it knows that by tuning in to its deep needs, the needs of others are also met. Young black cherry trees show me how to store energy in my belly (their trunk) by forming a honeycomb-like vortex of unused energy. A larch describes the usefulness of existing as a double being (as this larch and I are): between our two selves we form a web which, among other things, acquaints us with locating our awareness in spaces, and reflects aspects of the world energy web. An elm shows me how to find the place in my being where I can locate awareness while unfamiliar energies and communications enter my edges gently.

My partner and friends have shared some of these experiences which thrills me. It seems that trees are pleased to be asked. I was pleased to be asked too. ✧

The Thing with Leaves

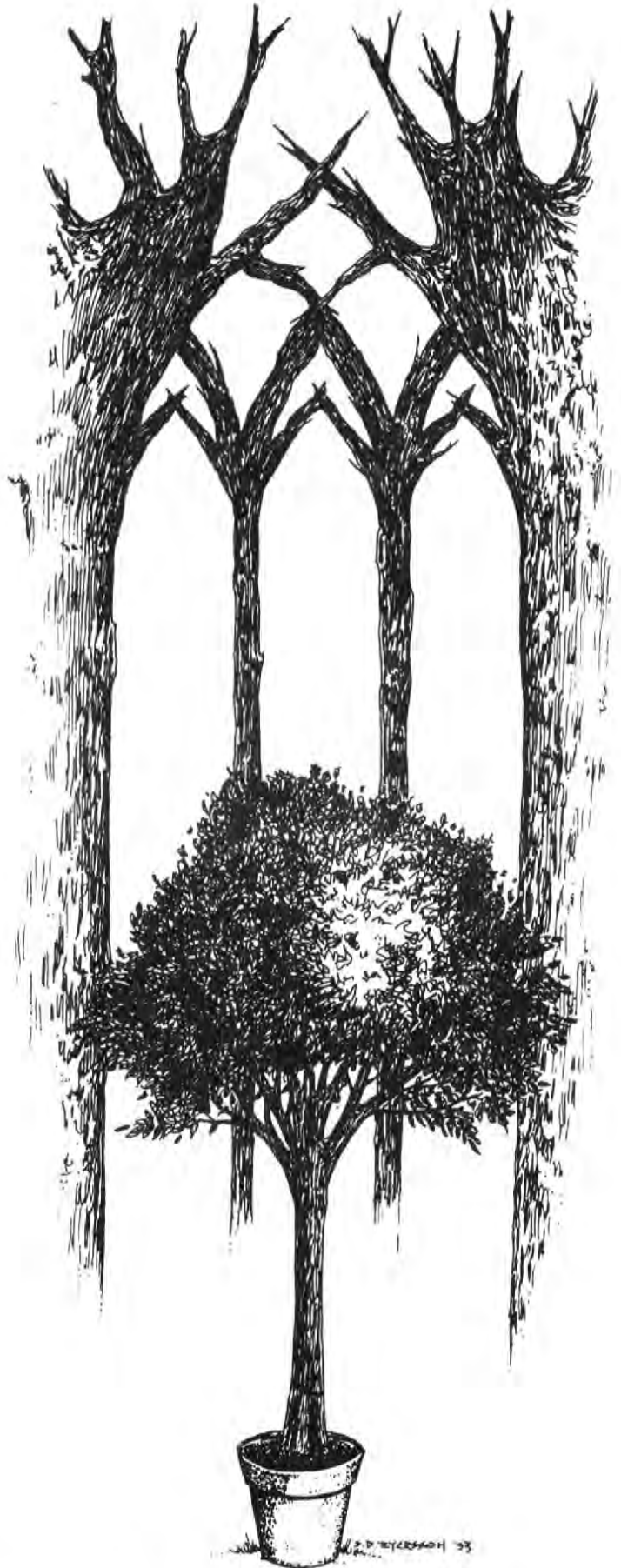
by Claire Limmer

I have never been able to care for an ailing house plant. The sight of healthy leaves turned to lace by pesky invaders arouses an impulse to get rid of the plant promptly, plop it pot and all into the garbage. It's easier, I suppose, to remove the unsightly reminder of disease or neglect.

I brought my grapefruit tree out onto the porch on Memorial Day weekend. It had spent the fall and winter months in a second floor bedroom with less than adequate light. As I vacuumed around it, I was aware it was dropping leaves but had not looked into the cause. Now I saw its branches thickly crusted, its leaves sickly spotted. The impulse to discard what repelled me flared but was tempered by a sense of loyalty. We had had the plant for over ten years, and it had endured many afflictions, coming to life over and over again with obdurate grace. There was the time I left it at the office during a ten-day vacation, giving the key to a colleague who forgot to use it. The brittle leaves dropped by the dozen like a faded rose falling apart at the touch. There were various pests - white, sticky bugs, I remember, that took its strength. Even our cockatiel, Rosie, freed from its cage for a daily flight, would have a go at it, finding its lemony leaves just right to chew. It was because of Rosie that the tree had been moved to the second floor where it might be spared the bird's consuming interest.

Something not yet brought to consciousness was being stirred in the resolve to nurse this plant. I snapped off a leaf and brought it to a garden center to find out what ailed it. "Scale," the owner said, suggesting a bottle of insecticidal soap. At home I washed the plant leaf by leaf and stem by stem. Two hours later I was done. By evening I was calibrating my concern for the plant. A bit on the high side - fomenting into something of a preoccupation. I had already checked the plant several times that day, washing some of the leaves over again, picking off with my fingers the most stubborn intruders.

As an analyst of many years and as a practicing psychoanalyst, I know what to do with the vague sense that invades my being when something subtle but disturbing begins to take hold inside. Sometimes I lie on my bed very still, letting thoughts float to the surface as I did for years on a cherished analytic couch.



The plant was no store bought variety. Its history began after breakfast one February morning when I discovered a sprouted seed in my grapefruit half. It was simple enough to press it into the soil of a small pot. The two-inch container holding slender twin stems was replaced by larger and still larger pots, a Labor Day ritual, finally, to accommodate summer growth. Most of the year the plant sat in a tall window in my office at a children's psychiatric hospital where the sun was strong and nurturing. Once in a while I would remove a fresh leaf, giving it to a young patient with instructions to rub it between her fingers. It was fun to watch how the citrus scent of its oil brought a smile of recognition, as the tree bore no identifying blossoms or fruit. Now it stands over six feet tall in a pot too heavy to be casually moved.

In 1972 I was separated from my husband after sixteen years of marriage. In 1975 I was hospitalized at Memorial Sloane Kettering with a melanoma that required the amputation of a thumb and nearly cost me an arm. This was the bizarre and atypical consequence of a rather typical accident of hammer to thumb. House tools were awkward instruments I needed to become familiar with as a single mother, caretaker also of a small suburban house I was determined to keep. In 1978 I was back at Sloane Kettering, this time with breast cancer requiring a modified mastectomy, radiation and chemotherapy. In February of 1979 I returned to work.

All during this time I was in training analysis. I was beginning to delve deeply enough into my psyche to touch the psycho-somatic quality of my being, the way physical illness rushes in to short-circuit psychic processes. Some of us get sick, I know now, when we're up against feelings too painful to feel. The concern for health, all absorbing as it is, leaves no room for other issues. Anxious about whether I would survive cancer, I was no longer in touch with what brought on that illness - the sense of grief, of loss that I didn't have the emotional resources to manage.

Of course, I was working on my dreams. Dreams had become important to me - in private consultation, in group dream work, and in my own training as a therapist. I was working on dreams and writing about them on many levels.

A memory came to me as I watched the grapefruit tree struggle to life, spitting out dozens of tender green leaves like slender snake tongues. The memory was of tree dreams, dozens of tree dreams dreamt and recorded during the crisis of illness. They were sparked by a visualization exercise I had trained myself to do at night when terror moved in to replace the faith daytime offered that I would stay well. The exercise was inspired by a photo of my girls, then five and eight, looking at a small balled fir tree moved to the backyard to await spring planting. Its Christmas decorations had been removed and replaced with orange hulls filled with peanut butter and bird seed, a post holiday feast for the neighborhood birds. In the exercise I fell asleep to, Emily, Susan and I formed a small circle around the tree, a circle I was determined to keep unbroken.

There were dreams of Christmas trees, many of them, and dreams of other trees - often threatened in

some way, by fire or lightening, at other times, mystically beautiful, ample and strong. Several years ago I sat in a circle of Unitarian men and women about to begin a week-long workshop at a conference center. The leader introduced an exercise to get us acquainted, suggesting we name the one living thing, other than human, we would most like to be. I felt irritation rise at the pressure to come up with something clever in a hurry and decided when my turn came, I would pass. At the moment to speak, however, my annoyance disappeared and my eyes filled with tears. "I would like to be a copper beech tree," a voice spoke from my unconscious. Why? "Because they're beautiful and live a long time."

There are trees that are my cathedrals. One stands in our garden, a maple surely more than one hundred years old. On summer days I like to lie on the ground and look up through its luminous height. Its passion, its strength to endure the storms that have passed through our village, its splendor are a celebration of life. We speak of the "tree of life." What images from the night theatre of our dreams have we filtered through our psyche to form the metaphors we use by day? Perhaps, just as the moon is always in the sky, only less visible by day, the images of our dreams are dimmed but there, affecting our words and our responses to something even as day-to-day as an ailing house plant. During the period of illness the trees of my dreams were threatened by fire, by ax, as I too had been threatened by an illness that could consume or cut me down. And just as life had become exquisitely precious, so too the trees of other dreams dazzled my night stage with their beauty.

So, little grapefruit tree, it is no wonder that I have monitored your recovery so carefully. We have come through a great deal together. You are about the height of the fir tree in the photo. My girls are women now. The circle was not broken.

Last week, watering can in hand, I happened to be on the porch just as my daughter arrived home from a day at her summer job. "Look at the grapefruit tree," I said to her as I stood admiring its new growth. At nineteen, struggling with issues of separation, Susan disguises intimacy with sophistication and dismisses most of her mother's interests. By drawing her attention to something as irrelevant to her as a plant, I had set myself up. She didn't look up and replied with a snappy, "I've been looking at that tree for the last ten years." Then with a spark of intuition - like electricity jumping a gap - unconscious connected to unconscious. In a softer tone, looking up only slightly, she added as she entered the house "... and we'll probably be looking at it for ten more."

"Hope is the thing with feathers," Emily Dickinson wrote. For me it is the thing with leaves. ✧

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The Chinese Plant Men



&

The Grecian Urn

by Noreen Wessling

I'm in the bathroom at Mom's house getting ready to take a shower when I notice a little plant arrangement I haven't seen before. I start to undress and to my fascinated amazement, the leaves of the three plants gracefully unfold before my eyes. I watch in awe as the plants reveal within their center ... the smiling face of a Chinese man ... one face in each plant.

"Mom, Mom, come here quickly," I call excitedly. "Look at your plants, they're moving." The look on Mom's face shows me this seems perfectly natural to her, and what is all this fuss about! She leaves and I continue to undress as my attention is again routed to the "Little Plant Men."

Some of the open, pulsating leaves become hands with which the little fellows hold water bowls.

I see now that Mom has a supply of these filled water containers within the arrangement.

Thus the Plant-Men water themselves, sustaining their own lives with grace. Every moment is beauty, balance, love. The watering completed, the smiling Chinese faces bow down slowly — always in slow movement, while their leaves of flowing symmetry enfold the essence of their lives.

The tops of each bowed Chinese head now becomes a Flower. All is quiet.

I am almost undressed now when the Ritual starts once again. This time though, one of the little men runs out of water. There is a translucent screen between the plants and myself now, and I am watching the proceedings through the screen. This screen is a Grecian scene of great beauty in soft, gentle tones — a sanctuary of loving images. The only direct visual image I see on the screen is a large Greek urn.

Incredulously, I watch as the little man who ran out of water comes forward and lifts the urn out of the screen and proceeds to hold it over his head to water himself. I know there is no water in the urn and none comes out when he holds it over himself. At least to me there is no water. To the Chinese man there is water.

The same smile as before spreads over his little face. He replaces the urn into the Grecian screen then happily completes his destined journey to the center of his plant.

This is just too much for me. "Mother," I yell frantically, "what is happening here? This little guy actually thinks he's watered when there is no water. He's nuts!" This time my Mother approaches me condescendingly, saying, "Noreen, this is why plants of this type are so rare in America. People here have such preconceived ideas of what is reality, they let nothing else in ... no other possibilities.

The little Plant-Man thinks he is watered, feels he is watered, therefore he is watered. (end of dream)

This is my ultimate Plant dream and is one of those "Big Dreams" whose impact gets stronger as the years roll along. It's actually one of my first recorded dreams and it came to me about twenty years ago. Even then I knew it contained exceptional images and feelings for me but as I now read my notes about the dream I could then only make global statements such as, "I feel more awakened to my own reality ... my dream allows me greater access to my own wisdom, beauty and love," etc. I did the drawing; felt a sense of wonderment that I could have had such a dream, then promptly shelved my dream journal.

However, this dream had a mind of its own and over the years I have been drawn back again and again to re-read it. Here's the amazing part — only right now, as I write this dream up for *Dream Network* am I clearly seeing many *precognitive* aspects to the dream. This dream foretold some of the most important actions that I've taken in my life in the last eighteen years and I'm only *in this moment* aware of it. What a wild feeling! How true that 'old dreams' never die.

Here are the major connections, today obvious, yesterday obscure, between this dream's images and my everyday life as it progressed over the last twenty years since the dream.

1. Eighteen years ago I started Transcendental Meditation, which has now become such an integral part of my life — just like breathing or brushing my teeth! **IN THE DREAM**, the phrase, "...*completes his destined journey to the center of the plant,*" is exactly the centering I aim for every time I meditate. When I first had this dream, the concept of meditation was no where to be seen on my agenda of neat things to do in life.

2. Eleven years ago I signed up for a Tai Chi class taught by a *Chinese Master*. The first year was very difficult for me and I'd often cry in frustration on the drive home after class. Having to perform solo at times brought to center stage all my feelings of self-consciousness and lack of confidence that had thus far intercepted my life like the holes in Swiss cheese. But I plugged along and eventually reaped the rewards. Now, like my TM, the Tai Chi is woven into the very fabric of my daily life and I love it. **IN THE DREAM**, the phrase, "...*Chinese faces bow down slowly — always in slow movement, while their leaves of flowing symmetry enfold the essence of their lives,*" is a

perfect metaphor for me of what Tai Chi is all about. Of course, when I had the dream, I'd never heard of Tai Chi or had the slightest interest in any form of martial arts.

"I've no doubt that this amazing dream will continue to re-emerge throughout the rest of my life, "planting" some new seed of insight here and there for me to nurture and enjoy."

3. Also, eleven years ago I discovered Edgar Cayce (the Sleeping Prophet) and the Association for Research and Enlightenment in Virginia Beach, where I eagerly attended summer workshops for the next seven years ... lapping up knowledge on everything esoteric/holistic/healing I could find. The outcome was a growing realization that, yes, I probably was responsible for my own reality ... at least a lot more than I'd previously considered possible. **IN THE DREAM**, the phrase, "*The little Plant-Man thinks he is watered, feels he is watered, therefore he IS watered,*" surely speaks to my innate ability to recognize my own 'personal reality-making' potential. Slowly, I realized that the KEY to actualizing this potential was RITUAL. Again, the dream was ahead of me. **IN THE DREAM**, the phrase, "...*when the RITUAL starts once again,*" says it all. *Repetition of right-brained activities that connect me to something greater than myself* is what ritual means to me. Sure, it took a few years to 'click-in,' but from my present perspective it's becoming

obvious that I was doing this with what I call my ongoing '*Friendly Rituals*' including a) twice daily meditations b) Tai Chi c) dream journaling and active imagination d) daily exercise program e) increasing interest in nature cycles and the power of special meditations (especially Celtic for this Scottish lass!) with emphasis on the seasons, equinoxes, moon phases and such. When I had this dream twenty years ago I thought ritual was 'stupid old church stuff.' My dream knew better and now so do I.

4. Seven years ago I returned to Scotland, my birthplace, after an absence of 33 years, which was the lapse of time since our family immigrated to America when I was a teenager. During this intensely important 'reunion with my roots,' I chanced to be hiking alone in the heather hills one bright afternoon and stopped to meditate. The image of my *GRANDFATHER* (who died a year before I was born) came strongly into my awareness. He was an artist and I had always felt a special closeness to him even though I'd never 'met' him. This *Vision* shook me to the core, especially when I heard his voice gently say to me, "*The secret of the Universe is within the Flowers.*" Since this experience I've had a growing fascination with things like Bach's Flower Essences, homeopathy and bio-energy processes in general ... not to mention having more flower themes in my art work and in my garden.

IN THE DREAM, the phrase, "*The tops of each bowed Chinese head now becomes a Flower,*" was opening my mind to be receptive to these future possibilities.

That's what pops to my mind from this dream as I 'revive' it for this article. I've no doubt, however, that this amazing dream will continue to re-emerge throughout the rest of my life, "planting" some new seed of insight here and there for me to nurture and enjoy. ☆

Crystal Moon

by Amanda Domenick

I had this dream about two years ago. For some reason, I always have dreams about seeing or holding myself when I was a baby. This is one of them....

*It was night. Dark outside. Actually, it was in the summer.
My mom and I were in the living room of our old house.
We were standing in front of the big living room window,
talking about what a beautiful night it was.*

There were tons of stars in the clear, dark sky. There was also a huge, full moon out.

*It was one of those nights in the summer
that are warm, but not too warm.*

*The yard across the street had a
giant pine tree in it.*

*The moon reflected
off of it.*

*I didn't notice it at
the time, but I had
a metallic, silver
ball in my hand.*

*It was sort of
like a big
marble.*

*Anyway, as we
were talking, we
noticed that the
moon was
moving in the sky.*

*It was really
strange, and we tried
to figure it out, but it
was*

just too weird.

*Finally, we noticed that the moon moved
every time, and in every way,
that my hand did.*

*So I opened up my hand and there was
a little, silver ball in it.*

*I closed my hand and moved it some more,
just to see if that was really
what was happening.*

*Sure enough, the moon
moved with my hand.*

*It was cool, but at the same time,
it scared us.*

*So, my mom told me to go out on the
porch and throw it. I did. I threw it all the
way across the street, into the
neighbor's pine tree. The
tree went up in flames.*

*All of a sudden, the
air began to smell
like it does on
Christmas; like
wood stoves
and snow.*

*It wasn't cold
outside,
not at all,
it just smelled
like it was.*

*My mom came
out on the porch
and it began
to snow.*

*A bright, yellow-orange
light filled the whole sky,
and nobody else was around; just
my mom and I. Then, voices, singing and
laughing, came from the sky like you see
on movies....*

*And there I was, a baby about a year old,
sitting on the grass.*

I was playing in the snow.

My mom and I just watched and cried.

*This dream did a lot for me. It was happy, a good
dream but at the same time, sad. I always wish I could
be a baby again, nothing to worry about. ✨*

(Dreamt at age 13 years.)

Amanda invites comments % Dream Network)



"Focus on the Crystal"

By Rosemary Watts

Author's Note: I consider the dream shared in this article to be one of my "big dreams": a dream that has significance for more than just my personal benefit. Please accept this dream as a gift from the universe, from our collective unconscious, for all dreamers. My hope is that readers will allow the dream itself to speak to them personally.

Crystals are used for a variety of purposes. Katrina Raphaell, in her book, *Crystal Enlightenment*, explains: "Today, with the rapid advancement of technology, crystals are being used to transmit and magnify energies in many different ways. Ruby crystals, both naturally formed and man-made, are being used in lasers for microscopic surgery. Quartz crystals are used in ultrasound devices, in watches, and as memory chips in computers. ..." (p. 10)

In holistic health circles, crystal amplification properties are utilized to help in the healing process. They are also used in meditations to help focus the individual's thoughts and needs, allowing the person to open more easily and effectively to their own higher wisdom. Many of the same amplification principles utilized can be applied to dream images. To that end, I hope to crystalize (pun intended) how dreams act as crystals from our subconscious and superconscious to help us amplify what is happening in our waking lives. I believe it is in this context that my crystal dream is most applicable.

The Dream, June 25, 1988

Focus on the Crystal

"I'm visiting V, a close friend, who is living in a huge house with a lot of people. She gives me a small, clear drinking glass with an almost invisible (it is so minute) crystal in the bottom. I follow her into this huge bathroom so that I can take a shower and talk to her, getting caught upon what's been happening in our lives. While I'm in the shower, I have to keep getting out to get things—shampoo, soap, and once I forget to take my robe off and it gets all wet. The water levels keep changing and there are three shower heads.

I get an urge to focus on the crystal. I keep hearing, 'Just focus on the crystal!' I tell V and she encourages me to do it. So I start. I know that once I am successful at it all by myself, then I will have to do it with others around. I begin intense concentration on this tiny crystal lying in the bottom of the glass barely covered with water. Then the crystal begins to glow as I focus on it. Slowly the glow expands and fills the bottom of the glass with light. Then it goes dark. Each time it fades, I hear, 'Focus on the crystal! Focus with your third eye. Let your two physical eyes become unfocused.' When I am able to do this completely, the crystal glows, the light expands, and the entire glass is filled with light and energy.

Then I go with V into the living room. It is filled with people. My mother, husband... and many others I don't know are also there sitting around comfortably. Now it is my test. I must focus on the crystal in front of this group.

As I begin, I feel somewhat nervous, like I'm having to perform and fear failure. I begin to focus on the crystal, allowing the light to fill the bottom of the glass. Each time my conscious mind becomes aware of others watching me, I falter and the light fades. Each time, I hear, 'Focus only on the crystal. Let everything else drop from mind.' With this encouragement, I concentrate even harder and focus completely on the crystal.

Slowly, as I focus, my eyes become unfocused, which allows the crystal to begin glowing. Soon the entire bottom of the glass is glowing. The water covering the crystal now becomes intense white light and energy. Suddenly the entire glass pops and immediately we are all thrown into our ideal movie. It is as if the energy from the crystal transports each person in the room into the movie they have always wanted to live! For one person, the movie is a fantasy. For another it is an adventure. My husband is living out an 'Indiana Jones' type movie, being the fearless hero. My mother is living her ideal romance where she finally meets her soulmate, the love of her existence. I've never seen or felt her to be so happy, so complete! For another, the movie is a comedy. A suspense is another person's ideal. Instantly, they are all living their own movie. It seems magical, fulfilling and wonderful for each person involved.

Suddenly I become aware of exactly what has happened and I look up with my own eyes into the living room to see everyone. Then, we are all back in the living room—slammed back from each individual movie into the reality of this living room. People are shocked and angry! 'Hey, what the heck happened? Who turned on the lights?!' So I quickly refocus on the crystal with my third eye and everyone is immediately returned to their ideal movie."

Upon awakening, it felt like this was the most incredible experience that had occurred. It was exhilarating! I realized that our waking lives are just like "ideal movies." We create our own reality and live out whatever drama is most suited to us. I knew this dream was a gift to be shared with others.

The magic is focusing on the crystal within the third eye!

by Ingrid M. Luke



Kokopelli:

The Indian Legend

By Terrell's Magic Flutes (1993)
\$9.98 (audio cassette) \$16.00 (CD)



Kokopelli, the humpbacked flute player, is one of the oldest mythical legends of Native American folklore. His music is said to bring fertility and abundance to the tribes and to the earth itself. His hump is not a physical deformity, but a bundle of sacred objects and sweet medicine to help heal people and open their hearts.

Terrell and Diane Jones are master bamboo flute makers whose graceful music reflects the wonders of nature and the animal kingdom. Their haunting melodies and compelling rhythms are rendered via a wide range of handmade instruments, nature sounds, acoustic guitar, Congo drum, keyboard and tambourine.

I wish everyone an opportunity to experience to this wonderful recording. It's soothing and uplifting; grounding as well as inspiring; perfect as a prelude to dreamwork!

Juna's Journey

by David Kherdian; Illustrated by
Nonny Hogrogian
(Philomel Books, 1992)
46 pages, \$15.95 (Hardcover)

A charming tale for young and old alike. Meet the Dream Helper called Juna who helps his people solve problems by dreaming for them.

One day he accidentally dreams for himself which starts a suspense-filled quest, rich in archetypal images. As the dream's message unfolds, Dream Helper is joined by some surprising companions. After a long and arduous journey together, they make an inspiring discovery. The illustrations are a delight.

**The Cat, Dog & Horse
Lectures and "The Beyond"**

By Barbara Hannah
Edited by Dean L. Frantz
(Chiron Publications 1992)
136 pages, \$15.95 (P)

The book is really three short books in one. First a brief, intimate biography of Barbara Hannah, a close associate of Carl Jung for thirty years, gives interesting insight into Miss Hannah, the process of individuation as well as fresh glimpses of Carl Jung himself.

The lecture on "The Beyond" provides Miss Hannah's concept of the purpose of life and life-after-death based largely on Taoist, Buddhist and Confucian philosophy.

The third and largest section consists of lectures on the cat, dog and horse; the most comprehensive discussion of their mythological and archetypal aspects I've ever seen. Miss Hannah distinguishes four positive and four negative instinctive characteristics for each animal, and then briefly shows how they relate to the human psyche. If these animals share your daily and /or dream life, Miss Hannah's lectures undoubtedly will provide further psychological insights.

**The Stone Speaks:
The Memoir of a
Personal Transformation**

By Maud Oakes
(Chiron Publications 1987, 135 pages, \$12.95 (Paper))

Carl Jung prominently set a grey sandstone in his walled garden at Bollingen, carving it with a mandala-face and various axioms. He is quoted, "I need not have written any books; it is all on the Stone."

The stone captivated Maud Oakes' attention when she first visited Jung, and spoke to her personally during a health crisis. The highlights of her relationship with this stone spanning many years and the powerful symbols / messages it embodies are shared, first as she attempts to penetrate the universal meanings and later as she is compelled to understand their personal meaning for her life. An intriguing personal journey guided by dreams, meditations, Jungian analysis - and of course, the Stone.

The Healing Power of Dreams

by Patricia Garfield, Ph.D.
(Simon & Schuster, 1992, 382 pages, \$12.00 (P))

Dreams are gateways to healing and wholeness on many levels. In her latest book, Patricia Garfield offers practical insights into the dreaming process before, during and after physical trauma and illness. The material is based on personal experience and that of clients and fellow patients - supported by pertinent scientific data as well as historical dream information.

Garfield outlines seven ways dreams can speak to physical injury, from forewarning through wellness, and provides extensive case histories to illustrate the process. To address the emotional, mental and spiritual aspects of physical healing, the book provides an extensive series of visualizations (plus related physical activities) to an inner dream temple patterned after what we know of ancient Greek dream temples.



You Meet the Nicest People in Your Dreams

by Janice Baylis

People in one's life are used by dreams both as literal representations and as symbols. These we view in two categories: Close family and close friends are one category; acquaintances and strangers are the other.

Close family and close friends are the more difficult because they can be in a dream either representing themselves, literally, or symbolizing something. It takes practice to tell which. The People Meaning List is a method I have designed which is helpful in determining what a person, close or not close, is standing for in a dream.

Start with your close family and friends. Do not wait until they appear in a dream before putting them on your People Meaning List. Add acquaintances when they appear in your dreams.

Put the person's name in the column headed 'Name.' Next, write in a word or phrase which is appropriate for that person under each heading on the chart. Below is a sample. From this procedure, you can usually tell what a person symbolizes in a given dream. In another dream, it might be different.

Each heading on the chart is explained in information which comes after the sample.

People Meaning List, example

Name	Relation	Job	Era	Adjective	Physical	Function	Belief	Other
Brad	Son	Student	On-Going	Moody, contrasts	Animal-energy	Sensate, introvert	Unorthodox	Libra, diplomacy
Al White	Friend	Construction	Current	Hangs loose	low-power, Nordic	Thinking, Extrovert	Very spiritual	Church

NAME Many times people appear in dreams because of their name. For example, when someone named Frank speaks to you in a dream, it might be because your dream wants to speak frankly to you. A person named Faith may be in the dream to represent your faith in something, a project, or some other person of your faith in yourself. Or, depending on the conditions in the dream, it might be a lack of faith. Have you ever dreamed of Johnny Cash?

RELATION Each relative's position in relation to the dreamer has a sort of logical symbolic meaning but **REMEMBER**, relatives and close friends in dreams may stand for themselves or they may represent anything else on the chart, or a meaning associated with their relationship to the dreamer.

Let's take **SISTER** as an example. A woman's sister in a dream could depict characteristics and possibilities which are close to the dreamer and could easily be lived if chosen. Or the woman's sister could depict parts of herself, her personality, which are competing for expression.

A man's sister could depict feelings, emotions and intuitions that are close to the surface that he could choose to live. Also, his sister might depict the kind of woman he would have been had he been born female.

Remember, though, a relative could also represent any other aspect under any heading on the chart, or their real self.

JOB The person may be placed in the dream to represent their occupation which in turn represents something according to what function the job performs. For example, a person who works as a nurse may appear in a dream to represent healing, tender loving care, etc. Whereas, a teacher may appear to represent lessons, learning experiences, testing situations, etc.

The person's occupation may give you the word you're looking for. Jean, a secretary at an oil company executive had this dream:

I'm climbing a dangerous oil rigging with my boss. I look down and see a man looking up at us. I recognize him as a long forgotten friend of my father. The oil rig is wobbly and I feel frightened.

Jean started putting him on the chart. When she came to job, she remembered that he used to own and operate a concession stand at the beach. Jean realized she'd been making concessions to her boss. He was rigging things in a somewhat dishonest way. Her dream and the "People Meaning List" made her aware that her concessions to him in this matter were putting her in danger along with him.

ERA when the dream mind dredges up a friend, acquaintance, authority figure, etc., from your past, the person may represent a certain era or time period of your life. It could be childhood, teen-age/high school, young adulthood, summer vacations . . . whatever time period they were active in your life.

ADJECTIVES Most people have one or two major outstanding character traits which others associate with a certain person. When a dream needs to depict generosity, it might use the most generous person the dreamer knows to represent generosity. Likewise, with such traits as selfishness, over-eating, sarcasm, virtually anything about the way people are and act.

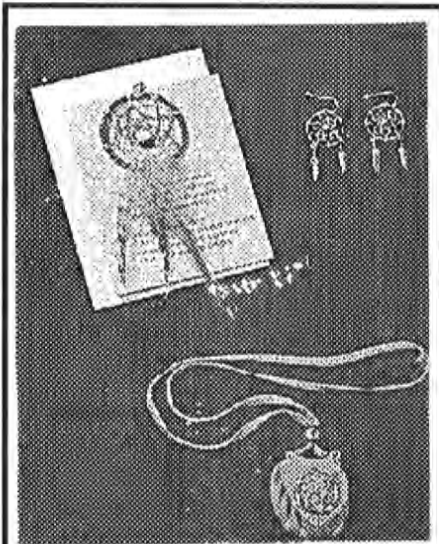
PHYSICAL The health behavior or the physical appearance could cause a person to be selected by the dream. For example, a slow-moving, low-energy person could stand for that in a dream. A very short person could represent any of the various meanings of shortness or smallness. One woman had a dream of seeing Wilt Chamberlain and Sammy Davis Jr. together. When she translated that image into "the long and short of it" the image made sense in the context of her dream.

FUNCTION This heading refers to the Jungian archetypal components of the psyche: persona, shadow, anima, animus, Self or to the functional approaches to living: thinking, sensing, feeling or valuing, intuiting, introversion and extroversion. So it is that my sister often appears in my dreams as a symbol of extroverted behavior.

BELIEF A person could appear in a dream to represent an idea or philosophy which is near and dear to their heart; such as woman's rights or male chauvinism. A dream figure might stand for a group of which they are a member or even the words which title something they are closely associated with, such as 'The Art of Living' Center, etc.

OTHER This heading is wide open for whatever association proves meaningful to the dreamer. Sometimes, people appear in dreams because of their astrological sign and its main characteristic. The possibilities are, as mentioned, wide open.

Again, I remind you, these are only some possible meanings. However, the use of this "People Meaning List" has helped many dreamers to figure out why a particular person appeared in their dreams. People in your dreams should be considered from all these approaches. Then, too, they could be there as themselves. As the song says: "You meet the nicest people in your dreams. Fine people, grand people, very rambunctious people. You meet the nicest people in your dreams." ✨



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Dream Guys:

A Dream Group of Christian Males & How They Work Together

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My wife jokingly calls three other men and myself who meet once monthly to share dream experiences, The Dream Guys. The intention of our group is to give support and direction while we look at dreams as another door to our spiritual growth. We encourage one another to recall and record our dreams and supports our efforts at understanding and relating to them.

We are a recently formed group of Roman Catholic men who have been meeting since Spring of 1991. We have in common an involvement in annual weekend retreats at the Holy Family Retreat House sponsored by the Passionist Order in Farmington, Connecticut. During the retreat last year, Reverent Joseph Sedley, C.P. held a workshop to discuss dreams. From our enthusiastic response to the workshop, three lay people and Father Joe agreed to meet and share our dreams regularly. Father Joe has had a long and abiding interest in dreams as a way toward spiritual awareness and soul growth.

We are white males, whose employment ranges from priest to law enforcement officer to educator and salesman. We range in age from our thirties to fifties. Each of us accepts that spiritual matters have a direct bearing upon our lives and these values are what drew us together.

We each wanted to go further into the mysterious, emotional realm within ourselves for self discovery. We feel a bit daunted and yet drawn to looking for the divinity within ourselves, rather than relation to His presence in nature or in others.

We have built, over a short time, an atmosphere of trust and

mutual support and that permits each of us to speak freely about our dreams and the results of our dreamwork. We know we will be heard in the group, that we may disclose what is experienced, candidly and we all agree not to communicate what is discussed in the group with anyone else. So it is a safe harbor for a man to air what he may hesitate to say in public. All of this provides a place where feelings about issues central to our lives may be discussed in a forum of respect and sympathy.

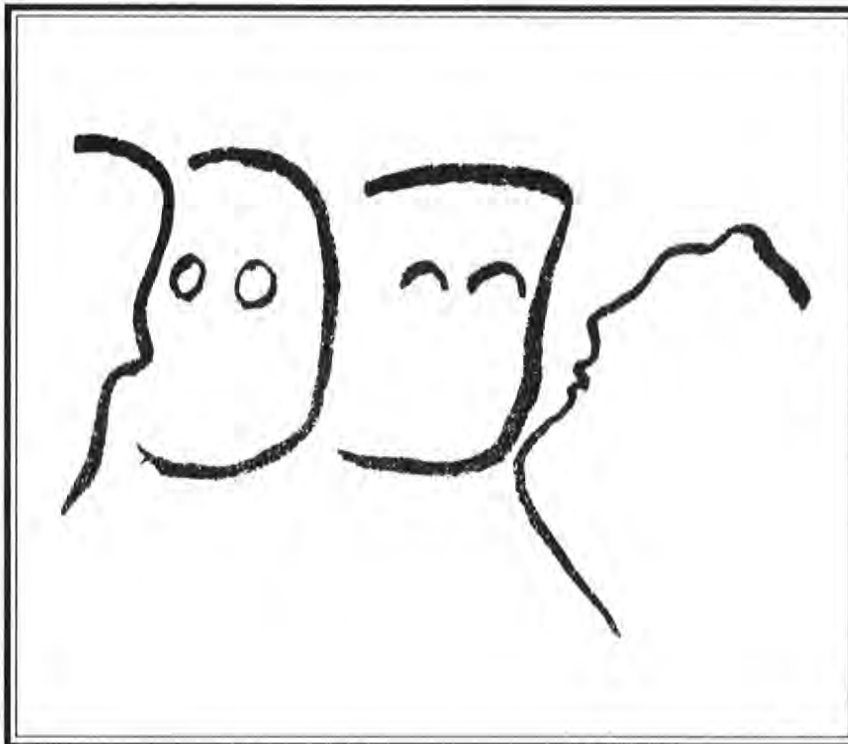
Our group has no leader, however guiding elements do include Father Joe Sedley's experience. He is seen more as a mentor or encourager in the group than as a leader. It was his own stated need to share dreams and do dreamwork - as well as hear about ours - that helped create an egalitarian atmosphere.

In the excellent book *Dreams and Spiritual Growth*¹ are some stirring concepts relating dreams to a move toward holiness and wholeness; we use this book as somewhat of a manual in the group. It is also an abundant source of dreamwork tasks to assist in remembering dreams as well as helping relate to the dream and the images in it. The book proposes that a person can arrive at a higher spiritual state by grappling with and reconciling those parts of our personality that are weakened, neglected or hurting. It argues that God does not need to be in those parts of our lives that are happy and successful so much as to provide salvation and healing in those dark or muddy areas. . . such as those thrown up to us in our dreams.

We open our meeting with a prayer, asking the Creator to help us to recall our dreams, to open our hearts to the messages in them and to see His presence there. The prayer has been found by the group to be an aid in recalling dreams when recited or read before sleeping. One member states that a variation of the prayer is valuable in the morning after a significant dream, in honoring or giving thanks for the dream that was sent. This prayer has helped our group of middle-aged men to more readily recall dreams and stay in touch with the emotional freight within them.

Part of our process involves each member relating a dream, in turn, and what dream work they have done. We listen to the dream and how the dreamer has attempted to connect with it or act on it. We may offer suggestions or point to dreamwork techniques that have worked for us. This may help him to see what occurs in a fresh light; we try to respond in a supportive and positive way to what the other fellow has relayed to us. The moderator tries to keep the principles of dreamwork outlined by Montague Ullman, M.D. before the group, as they were set out in an article in the *Dream Network Journal*.² We also attempt to stay in relationship to the dream rather than to analyze.

I, personally, have learned a candid and non-threatening approach for considering many parts of my personality and my life journey. I am in touch with my self in a relaxing and restorative way I could not experience by any other method. I feel I have gained immensely from the group and from my own



efforts with dreams.

If I draw or paint a prominent dream figure and then another, I gather about me a kind of psychic clan of personality elements that seem to make me up; I feel now the uncertainty and excitement of considering whether there is something more that may be yet a deeper inner self underlying these figures and their interactions?

What an adventure, to confront these things!

Perhaps we are fortunate that the egos and competitive natures of the men in our group have been easily put aside....or maybe *The Dream Guys* are like the twelve-step groups composed of people who have an overriding wish for sobriety or growth to motivate them. In our case it is our faith that permits us to put the anesthetizing striving aside, and open up a bit with one another about the feelings associated with dreams. ✨

References:

¹ Savory, Louis, M., Patricia H. Berne and Strepthon Kaplan Williams. *dreams and Spiritual Growth: A Judeo-Christian Way of Dreamwork* (Paulist Press, Ramsey, NJ: 1984)

² Ullman, Montague, MD. *Foundations of Dreamwork: Underlying Premises and Principles. Dream Network Journal*, Volume 10 Nos. 2&3, Spring/Summer, 1991, page 40.

³ For scripture sharing or just reflecting upon some very potent dream imagery in the Bible, read Psalm 46. You might consider that the dreamlike images and energies called up reside within you.

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Dream work Prayer

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, Amen.

All: We pray to you, our Creator, you who constantly nourishes and sustains all. We do not stretch our hands upward to you though, to the heavens. Nor do we seek to see you as a gray bearded paternity or in the sacraments you have given us. We seek you out instead as the psalmist declares, within ourselves. We look for your holy spirit within us through the searching into and sharing of the mystery of our dreams.

Voice #1: Help us open our eyes to the reality and riches of our own dream lives, that they may make us grow in our waking hours.

Voice #2: Let us remember our dreams, completely and vividly, that we may know ourselves and you better.

Voice #3: Guide us to use the power and energy of dreams to draw closer to you and to live a fuller life.

Voice #4: Enable us to truly see and accept what is disclosed to us about a different side of ourselves, through our dreams.

Voice #n: Help us to make use of the winds of change suggested in dream energies, through our personality and actions, and recognize them as the creative breezes of your own holy spirit.

Voice #n: Let this dream work deepen our fellowship with others in the group, so we can listen and share with mutual respect.

Voice #n: Open further this sleeping side of ourselves and help us to listen to it and learn from it. We know we will find you there.

(You may add spontaneous intention or scripture sharing)³

All: This is a growth experience we strive for, oh loving God, through you and your guidance. Give us the patience and determination to see this work through the blocks and times of faltering. Open our hearts to your wisdom and the grace that lies within us. **Amen. ✨**

The Dream Poet & Creative Writing

by Richard Jones

About 20% of our sleeping hours are spent in a highly eccentric condition. Terms coined to describe this condition include "emergent stage one sleep", "transitional sleep", "paradoxical sleep", "rhombencephalic sleep", "dreaming sleep", "rapid eye movement sleep", and "REM sleep". By whatever name it is called, REM sleep has been found to consist of (1) rapid eye movements, (2) a distinctive low voltage brain cortex EEG pattern, (3) increased variability in rate of breathing, (4) increased variability in pulse rate, (5) increased blood pressure, (6) decreased muscular activity, (7) high brain temperature and metabolic rate, (8) increased variation in arousal threshold, (9) apparent sexual arousal, (10) dreaming. REM sleep manifest itself in regular cycles over the course of the night in virtually all human beings and in most species of mammals (Jones, 1970).

So, for humans and most mammals there are not two but three major states of consciousness: (1) wakefulness, (2) REM sleep (which resembles being in a stalled automobile with the engine racing), and (3) non-REM sleep (which resembles being in an automobile that is coasting while idling). REM sleep is as different from non-REM sleep as both are from waking life.

We know that REM sleep serves an important developmental function because in newborn infants and kittens most sleep is REM sleep. What biological functions does REM sleep serve? Here are some hypotheses: (1) it may be cleansing the central nervous system of waste materials produced by metabolism. (2) It may be reorganizing the firing buttons of the central nervous system which have become disorganized during non-REM sleep. (3) It may represent vigilance as when small mammals awaken frequently to check out the environment for the presence of predators. (4) It may develop and maintain the neuromuscular pathways essential for binocular vision.

Whatever its function, it is improbable that REM sleep evolved in order to

produce dreams. It is more probable that the evolution of REM sleep produced the capacity to dream in the way that the evolution of the mammalian organs of ingestion and respiration produced the capacity to speak. Both dreams and speech may be the byproducts of evolutionary processes that once served more basic adaptive purposes. Nevertheless, both dreaming and speaking have become vehicles for the construction and expression of complex human thought.

What are dreams? What do they all have in common? All dreams are stories. Moreover, they are stories (1) made up of unconsciously generated images (2) experienced as action (3) while we are sleeping. Many of these images and activities are metaphors. Others may be symbols, but not conventionalized like trademarks or, more profoundly, like the cross at the top of a church (although this too is a conventional symbol).

There are two classes of metaphors. A "stale metaphor" would be "People are sheep". This metaphor is often used when a speaker refers to crowd behavior and the fact that mobs are easily manipulated. Another stale metaphor would be "The city is a jungle", referring to the high level of aggression in American cities and the struggle of city dwellers for survival. These are cliches. We do not even think of them as metaphors because their meaning is so apparent. But there are also "fresh metaphors" such as James Agee's, "The light seeped through the beams like wounded honey". We respond to this metaphor with original thinking because it is not a cliché.

Because dreams typically consist of fresh metaphors that are unconsciously generated, they tend to be mysterious and puzzling. In my studies of dream metaphors, I have found that they reveal us to ourselves at the same time that they conceal us from ourselves (Jones, 1962). To appreciate them, people have a number of options: (1) They can record their dreams and work on them with the aid of self-instructional books and cassettes. (2)

They can go to professional psychotherapists who specialize in dream interpretation. (3) They can attend group dream workshops, such as my seminars in "dream reflection". For my seminars, the dreamers are asked to conjecture as to their day residue (the incomplete thought, action, or impulse that often shows up in the dream). The group participates by projecting their own life issues into the metaphor of the dream. The mood of the seminar is informal and playful, a mood I have found to be well-suited for eliciting creative responses.

These seminars have taught me that dreams serve the dreamer at three different levels:

(1) The adaptive or "safety valve" function. Psychological tensions caused by recently reactivated noxious memories and wishes find a disguised expression engineered by what Freud called the "censor". This censor engages in "dream work" that safely neutralize these disturbing thoughts.

(2) The adaptive or "rehearsal" function. The human mind seems to be preparing itself for coping adaptively with future novelties by way of the playful transformations of recent problematic perceptions. This function reflects Carl Jung's "prescriptive" hypothesis as well as Montague Ullman's "vigilance" hypothesis.

(3) The recreative or "playful" function. Here, the metaphors generated are made the objects of consciously active and effortful esthetic perceptions, with the ultimate intention that such efforts will have creative effects on the learning processes of both the dream's author and the dream audience. This function reflects Piaget's hypothesis that dreams are composed largely of lucid imagery (from the Greek word *ludere* for "to play"). My term, the "dream poet" was suggested by my own experience with dream metaphors as well as my speculation that dreams may have played a generative part in the evolution of language (Jones, 1980).

It is on this third aspect of dream functioning that this chapter focuses. We are concerned with the dream's achievements at the other two levels only to the extent that they may sometimes be a necessary prerequisite for perceiving a dream esthetically.

YES, BUT WHAT ELSE?

I will use one of my own dreams to describe the method of dream reflection. One of the shortest dreams I ever recorded went as follows:

"A world convention had been called to recalibrate the calendar. As a result of this recalibration I was now 52 instead of 49." I thought, "Gee, that's pretty neat — adding three years of age just like that — like finding some change in the pocket of an old pair of pants. On the other hand, I was looking forward to feeling what it's like to turn 50. I'll miss that experience".

I shared this dream with the students in my seminar on creative writing. My written reflections on the dream ran to eight typewritten pages. Suffice it to say that I dreamed the dream on the evening of my 49th birthday, so at the second level the dream obviously was doing at the second level was preparing me to cope with the novelty of being 49, going on 50. Also, a close friend had moved away to California the day before, and I had spent a good part of the day mourning the loss. It occurred to me while reflecting on the dream that the play on the sounds "re" and "cal" (from recalibrate) in my dream) may have been a clever way of reminding me that I do have occasion, from time to time, to return to California. So again, on the second level, the dream may be seen to have been lending a hand in coping with the mourning process.

The association to California also brought back the acutely painful memory of my first adolescent attempt at sexual intercourse, an attempt that not only failed but led to a reaction on the part of the woman that was devastating to me. She remarked, "Maybe you should see a doctor." It was the only time in my life that I seriously considered suicide.

This memory led in turn to others from my subsequent years as a psychoanalytic patient, during which time I learned to understand this painful brush with impotence as a consequence of my mother's anxious reactions to my childhood masturbatory play. Obviously, then, the dream censor (at the first level) had been doing some expert work at the level of preserving my sanity.

I am quick to concede that my

psychoanalytic experience, both as patient and therapist, gives me an initial edge on the average dreamer in appreciating the mental health work of dreams at this level. But I also hasten to add that when this kind of analysis is perceived as something to be done in passing, and not as a primary goal of the reflective process, students tend to develop a knack for it quickly enough. As the subsequent course of our reflection developed, this bit of analytic understanding became the key link in what we enjoyed as an exquisite joke.

Turning to the dream-play, the students with whom I shared this dream were intrigued, as was I, with the imagery of recalibrating the calendar. Yes it carried the California reference, of course, and references to the passage of time and of age, but what else?

The best I could manage at first was that "calendar" is one of the very few words I have regular difficulty in spelling. I can never remember whether it is "calender," "calendar," or "calander." At that moment, I was not sure which was correct. This left one of the students to ask whether, in dealing with the change in my relationship with the friend who had moved to California, my anticipations were on the side of ending, as in the relationship ending with the passage of time, or on the side of ending, as in the relationship being sustained by some new combination of events. Indeed, I had previously considered these alternatives, although not in those words. This was an astute remark, and all of us in the seminar felt ourselves warming up to the dream poet's presence.

Someone else noted, "You don't calibrate calendars, you calibrate instruments." Was I aware of this bit of foolery in the dream? Very much so, since it had been one of my tasks, as an aerographer at a weather station in California, during the Second World War, around the time of the unfortunate sexual escapade, to calibrate various meteorological instruments. It was strange that I should mistake something that I knew so very well, even in a dream.

Then, as I mentally revisited the weather station at which I had lived my impressionable 18th year, the rhythm of the phrase caught my attention and I sounded it out in my mind's ear: Re-caalibrate the caal-endar; re-caaal-ibrate the caaal-endar. And this brought back the old Johnny Mercer tune that is sung to the same beat: "Ac-ce-e-en-tuate the Po-o-ositive; Ac-ce-e-en-tuate the Po-o-os-itive." That was a very popular song back then, as was another Johnny Mercer hit, "Don't

Fence Me In."

Were the students familiar with the songs, I wondered? Or did my memories of them date me? No, they had heard them both many times. "Let me see if I can remember some of the lines," I went on. "You've got to accentuate the positive, eliminate the negative, latch on to the affirmative...ah...that's what love is all about."

There were a few snickers and then, as embarrassed eyes failed to avoid their counterparts around the room, a crescendo of uproarious laughter, with me the only one in the dark. "Okay, okay, what's so funny?" A student remarked, "Richard, do you really recall that last phrase as 'That's what love is all about?'" I answered, "Well, I'm not sure, but it's what came to mind as I tried to let my memory follow the rhythm." There were more snickers. "Do you want to know what the last phrase really is?" "Yes, what is it?" "You had the first parts right, but the whole thing goes (and they proceeded to sing it in unison) 'You've got to accentuate the positive, eliminate the negative, latch on to the affirmative, DON'T MESS WITH MR. IN-BETWEEN.'" "My mother! That's exactly what she was telling me as a kid when she caught me masturbating! Don't mess with Mr. In-Between! Incredible!" And then there was another round of belly laughs, including mine this time.

"Okay," I continued. "But what about the 're'?" We have something from 'calendar' and from 'calibrate,' but what about that 're'?" Why 're-calibrate' and not just 'calibrate'? Wait a minute. My mother! Do you folks know what I call my mother? I call her 'Ree' and have all my life. Her name is 'Marie,' but when I was very young, probably around the time she was telling me not to mess with Mr. In-Between, I couldn't say 'Marie.' All I could get out was 'Ree.' And it stuck. The whole family started calling her 'Ree' and still does."

"What about 'Don't Fence Me In'? Anything there?" "Well, maybe. Let me think for a minute. Yes, I'd been thinking the evening before of our book seminar on Virginia Woolf's (1928) novel *Orlando*. Remember how impressed we were with the way that Woolf managed to dispel the ordinary constraints of time, space, and sex, and made us believe it? Remember how she made the utterly fantastic seem credible? Even when she had *Orlando* change sex, the character remained the same; the story simply added another dimension."

Then we went on to discuss again the artistry with which Woolf managed in Orlando, to write a fictional historical novel in which nothing is ever historical and everything is experienced in the present tense — only this time we referred to this feat of Woolf's as one of not fencing us in, by way of recalibrating the calendar.

During the course of this 3-hour seminar, two of the students reported that they had recently passed what for them were critical birthdays. We had recently spent a seminar on a student's dream in which there were images of flying and of swimming, symbols of the cross and of army tents, and a prevailing sense of the dreamer not knowing where he was. So in the writing period which followed the seminar on my dream, I set myself the tentative task of composing something that brought into esthetic resonance my dream, his dream, the three birthdays. The various dream images and Virginia Woolf's Orlando. After three hours, I had produced the following poem.

"25-27 and Who's Counting"

Welcome to the next generation!
Ready? Arms outstretched?
Legs together?
Body straight?
Now!
Across the cross

For what more terrifying revelation can there be than that it is the present moment? That we survive the shock that all is possible because the past shelters us on one side, the future on another (p.200).

Braced for the impact
Of the present tense
The past on one side
Thinking it is my fault
The future on the other
A road in the making
Surprise! Surprise!
Happy birthday to me
In the middle
Half way up
Half way down

Sometimes I take a great notion
To jump into the river and drown.

The true length of a person's life, whatever the Dictionary of National Biography may say, is always a matter of dispute. Indeed it is a difficult business — this time keeping... (p.199)

Am I half way up
Or half way down?
Do I even know my ass
from a hole in the ground?
Am I too far out
Or too far in?

And how long before the double chin?

Ready?
Get set?
Now!

"Time has passed over me," she thought, trying to collect herself; "this is the oncoming of middle age. How strange it is! nothing is any longer one thing..."

Welcome then, men
To the next generation
Here in the summer of
Nineteen hundred and seventy four
On earth,
and flying...

(...something...which is always absent from the present — whence it's terror.. — something one trembles to pin through the body with a name and call beauty, for it has no body, is as a shadow and without substance or quality of its own, yet has the power to change whatever it adds itself to...Yes, she thought...I can begin to live again...I am about to understand...) (pp.210-211)

I am proud of that piece of writing, although as poetry I know it wouldn't amount to much without the parenthetical excerpts from Virginia Woolf. The students were impressed with their writing too, as was I, although polished literature it was not.

The Source of Pride

One of the reasons I chose to share this particular experience with dream reflection was to make clear what the source of pride is in this kind of teaching and learning. In this instance, it was not in our growing prowess as interpreters of dreams, although that was a source of our satisfaction and feelings of competence. It was not in the bit of homespun psychotherapy that the two young men and I experienced concerning our pivotal birthdays, although we welcomed the insights.

The source of our pride was that we were able as author and as audience to respond to this pipsqueak of a dream in a way that enabled us to re-perceive, to re-novelize, and in some manner to re-create a great literary work we had previously read, discussed, and (so we thought) properly claimed as part of our education. Through the agency of this additional effort, we had been able to make Woolf's novel truly our own. Along the way, we got to know one another better than do most students and teachers when reading a book together, and our own writing was livelier and more enjoyable than it would have been otherwise.

Let me tell you a dream that my son Andras had when he was 11:

"I was with this girl from my class who I like a lot. We were on a date and having lots of fun. It felt like she liked me, too. I started to, sort of, you know, make a pass. She said, 'But don't you remember? Your father hired me as your babysitter, and it's now nine o'clock, and you have to go to bed.' I couldn't believe what was going on. I kept thinking, 'But you can't be my babysitter. You're my girl friend, and we're on a date.' then I woke up."

Andras' sex glands were just beginning to function; the result was a metaphoric confusion between a girl friend and a babysitter.

The champion metaphor-maker of all time was William Shakespeare. When he has Cordelia say to King Lear, "O, my dear father! Restoration hang the medicine on my lips, and let this kiss repair those violent harms that my two sisters have in their reverence made," the words "medicine" and "repair" are not to be taken literally but figuratively. In A Midsummer Night's Dream, Shakespeare has Bottom awaken after a dream of being a donkey and remark, "I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was — there is no man can tell what. Methought I was — and methought I — but man is a patched fool if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was."

All of these fresh metaphors quicken our perceptions of life and teach us to see or think originally. Almost all the metaphors in a dream are fresh metaphors. For this reason, we can rarely interpret dreams literally. If you dream of yourself dying, don't expect to die. Rather, ask if some chapter in your life is coming to an end. If you dream of revealing yourself, don't expect that to happen. Ask rather how you may be revealing yourself without intending to do so.

In 1975, Leo Daugherty brought this dream to an Evergreen State College faculty seminar:

"I am having lunch at some kind of fancy New England restaurant with an old man. We sit opposite each other at a table. We are surrounded with lovely

dark wood — walls, tables, floors, yet the atmosphere is far from depressing. It is simply 'New England' — an old lodge or inn, like the Quinault Lodge. We are having a New England boiled potato. The potato sits on its own little dish. I start to fork into it, and the old man gently stops me. He cautions me, saying, 'Oh, you don't want to eat that. Those kinds of potatoes are very bad up here, and one doesn't really eat them. They are only present on the table to satisfy some kind of formality.' I tell him I don't really believe him — that I've eaten many little white boiled potatoes, and that I love them. He says, "Well, I'll just show you." He cuts my potato neatly in half with his fork, and the two halves fall apart. It is perfectly white and sound inside, perfectly okay. He looks at me. I look at him. He simply shrugs. I think to myself in the dream, "Damn. This is weird. A perfectly foreordained conclusion to a pointless argument." (4/30/75)

Leo reflected that his day residue had been a conference at Quinault Lodge in Washington where he had joined several faculty members for a session on reorganizing the college. The dream took place at 7:30 A.M. He recalled, "I had been up until 3:00 A.M., drinking fairly heavily with three fellow faculty members. I had awakened with a terrible hangover, a perfectly splitting headache. Ordinarily, I would have gone back to sleep for six more hours, but I had to go to work. So I laid back down for a few more minutes, cursing my headache, and praying for salvation. I slept for five minutes or so, during which time I had this dream. I woke up immediately upon its completion and the headache was gone. I felt great! I went through the rest of the day feeling just as good."

Usually, we discussed books at our faculty seminars but in this instance, Leo knew that I was going to be present and had heard about my dream reflection seminars. The first person who projected his feelings onto the dream made a reference to the "perfectly foreordained conclusion to a pointless argument," which was taken as a metaphor. The projection was, "I always worry when preparing a lecture that it won't be any good. But it always is." In other words, there was an expectation of disappointment followed by excitement.

The second projection led to a feeling of staleness followed by satisfaction. It was, "I worry that my marriage isn't satisfactory. On reflection, however it is better than most."

The third projection, which was mine, led to feelings of pessimism and optimism. The year before coming to Evergreen I was teaching at Harvard in a graduate program and had been named Chief Psychologist for the State of Massachusetts, a job for which I had a full-time secretary in Boston. However, I was only allowed to teach half of a course on psychotherapy. I went to the coordinator of the program and said, "Ted, I want to teach more." He replied, "At Harvard, you don't have to teach." I left Harvard, where I was earning \$31,000 per year for Evergreen where I could do more teaching and a salary of \$21,000. My reaction to the dream was, "When I enter into one of these year-long full time programs at Evergreen, I fear the students aren't going to be smart enough because it is easy for them to get into Evergreen. Actually, we have as many bright students at Evergreen as I had at Harvard. Of course, the conditions of learning we have established here bring out that brightness."

The fourth projection brought out sadness and hope. It was from a man who we all knew was a recovering alcoholic. He reported, "That's the way I feel when I'm tempted to drink. I know I'm not going to give in to temptation. So why should I feel tempted?"

The fifth projection brought out a feeling of potential violence and depression. The item was, "I, too, am reminded of the pointless arguments I have with my husband, which always result in isolation and silence. My marriage is not one of the better ones, it's among the worst."

The faculty members found it easy to project themselves into Leo's dream, because they knew each other well and were good friends. But I have seen strangers warm up to the projection as well, once they are introduced to the dream reflection process.

For Leo, the exercise functioned at a physical, social, and personal level. The first metaphor he mentioned was how the halved potato represented the splitting headache that the dream had somehow cured. Then he was reminded that the conference at Quinault Lodge was supposed to redesign and rejuvenate the college, but that after many debates we had decided to leave it as it was. So the foregone conclusion to a pointless argument was to leave the college as a simple white boiled potato that was perfectly sound.

At the personal level, it occurred to Leo that the dream could refer to his

marriage, which might be turning stale. He would never have had this insight without the group's projections. Leo decided to discuss the dream with his wife, Lee, and suggest they take a vacation together. The vacation worked out quite well, and Lee decided to enter graduate school to expand her horizons. Therefore, the dream served a rehearsal function (at the second level) as well as releasing the tensions generated by a frustrating planning conference (at the first level). The dream served a recreative function (at the third level) for Leo as well as for the other members of our group, as it generated more discussion than most of the books we typically discussed at those meetings.

In conclusion, Leo's dream typified most other dreams in that it was an unconsciously produced collection of metaphorical images and activities connected by a story line. To pay attention to a dream (your's or someone else's), to reflect on it and discuss it, to try to understand and enjoy it, and then to write to and from it is to use language as a means of perception as well as a means of communication (Jones, 1987).

Metaphor-making appears to be a byproduct of the evolution of REM sleep rather than an adaptive function. Nevertheless, one could conjecture that once Nature committed human beings to their capacity to design their own culture — as she committed the tiger to its tooth, the elephant to its trunk, and the baboon to its troop — she then equipped people with the means to make the most of that culture.

By making it necessary that human beings dream every night, Nature serendipitously provided them with an important means to maximize their three distinguishing adaptive achievements — technology, social organization, and language. The only kinds of mutations now available to the human species are those we can make ourselves; the creative ideas that can come from dreams may yet help humankind survive. ✪

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Message to Poets

Excerpted from a paper read at a meeting of the "new" Latin-American poets — and a few young North Americans — in Mexico City, February, 1964.

"We who are poets know that the reason for a poem is not discovered until the poem itself exists. The reason for a living act is realized only in the act itself. This meeting is a spontaneous explosion of hopes. That is why it is a venture in prophetic poverty, supported and financed by no foundation, organized and publicized by no official group, but a living expression of the belief that there are now in our world new people, new poets, who are not in tutelage to established political systems or cultural structures . . . but who dare to hope in their own vision of reality and of the future.

This meeting is united in a flame of hope whose temperature has not yet been taken and whose effects have not yet been estimated, because it is a new fire. The reason for the fire cannot be apparent to one who is not warmed by it. The reason for being here will not be found until all have walked together, without afterthought, into contradictions and possibilities.

We believe that our future will be made by love and hope, not by violence or calculation. The Spirit that has brought us together, whether in space or only in agreement, will make our encounter an epiphany of certainties we could not know in isolation.

The solidarity of poets is not planned and welded together with tactical convictions or matters of policy, since these are affairs of prejudice, cunning and design. Whatever our failures, poets are not cunning persons. Our art depends on an ingrained *innocence* which we would lose in business, in politics, or in too organized a form of academic life. The hope that rests on calculation has lost its innocence. Let us band together to defend our innocence!"

Hidden Treasure

i came to plant some seeds
i came to plant a tree
i came with a treasure buried
deep
in the depths of me

i came like land to land
i came
like sea to sea
the mysteries of earth
and the secrets of dreams
deep
in the depths of me

who
shall witness time's flowers
pluck fruit
from the fruit-giving tree
and who be crowned
with the diadem found
deep
in the depths of me
by David Sparenberg

Stone Work

I'm a wondrous thing
I contain a might power and beauty
I was left here for you to marvel at,
to understand how fabulous is the Universe and its works.

I'm brilliant
full of mystery in my veins.
You can tell from looking
whoever fashioned me must have understood
exactly how to create perfection.

Here I lie on this foreign soil,
at the edge of a workshop of men who have
no understanding of me whatsoever.
They've built a chain link fence right where I sit,
without any understanding.
Those who go by don't even know what to call me.
Only the most erudite know my name,
but as to my powers, they know nothing of them.
Only this woman who lives near
who has passed me many times
can see, given my name,
the people who left me behind to be a
marker of the centuries.

She's witnessing now how they set me in place here,
watches them like a colony of ants,
exploring every inch of this terrain,
plying the water of the lake with their oars,
taking measurements,
at their peak of life and energy in the
sunlight falling over the land on that bright day
long ago when they paused here in their journey.

by Lorella Bonnier Anawalt

Dream Life Poems:

Dream-Derived Poetry & the Mini-Satori

by Steve Carter

One reward, among many, for anyone who seriously pays attention to dreams is the little nuggets of wisdom, the small realizations that call out to be remembered and properly appreciated. Usually the number and quality of these "mini-satoris" increase over time but even the novice oneironaut is often surprised by a genuine pearl of wisdom. A member of one of my dream classes once told me a dream she had when just beginning to remember and record her dreams. In her dream, she was outside near her home at night gathering "night crawlers" to use for fishing. *In the dream*, she knew this was like remembering dreams. To catch the worm, you have to grab it when it emerges at night but you have to be skillful about it. If you grab too tightly, it breaks or pulls apart as it struggles back into the ground. If you grab it too loosely, of course, it slips away. So it is in remembering dreams, she realized. You have to make the effort to name and describe and memorize but if your conscious effort is too forceful, the dream is distorted and what is retained, if anything, has suffered a loss of wholeness and life.

Maybe it occurs to you, as it did to me, that this little "night crawler" satori of my dream class dreamer has a lot of resonance: it's a beautiful image for the discovery of truth in many areas of life and even for the living of life itself. Such an image wants to be remembered, to be given some kind of enduring form. It mirrors or comments on the dreamer's current life but it does so in such a vivid and economical way that it becomes a symbol generalizable to many other areas of life. Any dream, of course, gives form to feelings and in

this case, for the dreamer in my class, that was apparently enough. As far as I know, she did no more work with it and perhaps that's just as well. Lawrence Kubie has called the dream "that form of creative art which is the most universal of all," (121) and a dream is by its very nature memorable. In fact, perhaps one reason for the peculiar distortions and exaggerations of dreams is that they are trying to be remembered.

But for many people that's not enough, in particular for the dreams that contain strongly-felt mini-satoris. These moments when truth breaks through almost demand a visible external form, something that will continually remind us of the power and beauty that originally moved through a moment of our time. An art or craft, sculpture, drama, story, music, dance—any form of art can provide external form and each dreamer does well to find a technique that works well for him/her. The method that works best for me and for many others, however, is poetry. It seems to me this is the easiest and most natural form for most people since most lack the special training demanded for other forms of artistic expression. And because of the close fit between the images of dreams and the metaphors that are the life of poetry and in fact the source of all language, poetry can serve as a vehicle, not just for giving form to a single image-insight but for extending that insight as well. Ideally, as Fariba Bogzaran states in discussing the painting of dream images, the form used "becomes like a dream journey in which the dreamer/artist imbues a new experience with the

information from the dream. It becomes the expression of the invisible world and therefore the artist becomes the bridge between the visible and the invisible." (117) In a 1974 interview, the poet William Stafford made a similar point. "If we can get with ourselves, somehow," he stated, "and let the thing that we're doing at the moment when we are writing unfold, like a dream, with as little guidance as a dream has, it will somehow be, there will be more of ourselves in it than if we have made a prior commitment to some particular kind of poem or story or novel." (136)

In working with the little insights of dreams, I've found that poetry represents an ideal technique for registration and memory, as well as discovery and extension. My use of poetry in this way has suggested to me a modest new art form, the dream-life poem, in which dream and poem support and resonate with each other by being juxtaposed with the life context at the back of both. In a sense, I'm doing what I think Richard Jones has in mind when he recommends linking dream and poem by means of a kind of psychological bridge. The bridge he recommends is a Neo-Freudian tradition which he feels would allow one to proceed "from theoretical considerations." But dreams don't originate in theory any more than poems do. The best source, the only real source, for dreams or poetry or even psychology is life itself. It's good to have Freud's concepts to play off of, that tradition, but it's better to let traditions nibble at the edges. To me, part of the joy of discovery in both dreams and poetry is the indirect way

they illuminate life's real psychological infrastructure—a tradition that has been around forever, certainly long before Freud. Linking both poems and dreams to life permits the dreamer to appreciate what Jones calls "their prerationalist artistry."

Here are some examples showing how dream insight playing through the life context can lead to a poem that gives both form and insight. The first involves an insight I gained about the reasons for some current life feelings.

Underwater Search

With other divers wearing deep diving gear, I am searching underwater for wrecks at great depth along a single track. I wonder if there's too much pollution hereabouts. We pick up some things as we walk along and I realize I've allowed these things to sink because of old attitudes. (Dream of 7-1-91)

Life: A phase of my life and a relationship are ending and I am feeling great loss. I'm tired too, drained from the experience and I feel as if I'll never be able to bring back this person I used to be.

Poem: _____ **OLD**

Some mornings are heavier than others.
There's a weight in the bed even after you're up
you have to unburden brick by brick
that's like underwater scavenging
around the margins of a wreckage
too ancient to be raised entire.

No matter what winds happen in the day
there's still that ache from bending over
and the remembered tug of the line behind
insisting long after you're retrieved,
like a phantom arm after amputation,
there's something missing in the dark
you'll have to return for like this always.

Actually the best part of this poem is not the dream insight or image; it's the part that comes after, the "ache from bending over," the "phantom arm after amputation," and having to "return like this always." when I remember this time in my life now, the poem encapsulates it better than the dream, yet it was the initial dream insight and image which led to the poem. The later images were accretions from the initial image as it played through my life feelings. Here's another, less desponding example.

Playing Catch With Daddy

I'm telling somebody, a young guy I think, that Daddy and I still enjoy playing catch with each other because we did it out of enjoyment and not because we felt God wanted us to or ordered us to. It was done out of enjoyment and what's done with joy is the only thing that lasts. I see myself playing catch with Daddy outside, both of us enjoying it. (Dream of 9-13-91)

Life: I wonder about how I can regain a sense of mastery in my job and life and I have a sense that somehow I've failed to succeed as my dad would have wanted me to. He's getting older now and may be gone before long and since I feel I'm starting over and that those younger than I have a great advantage, I may never find the success I long for. Yet at work I've had a good day teaching, tossing ideas around.

Poem: _____ **Finding The Way Home**

What goes on is what you love to do.
I've lost track of it in the grass, the mounds,
but there's a baseball out there still
Daddy and I never stopped playing catch with.
It turns up everyday in new places
though sometimes I have to look close
to find it half buried among rocks
or carried along by streams.

Earth's sundial is winding down they say,
and the kids tire quickly of it who play
the game only on orders from their Father,
yet it goes on orbiting the same
wobbling course it started out with,
since that's the till it learned to like,
using in each day's far-flung gravity
the same moves, the way you yourself rock
on the balls of your feet to throw
your weight from any field
ahead and where you least expect it
catches on.

You can really be drawn that way
if you've lost enough in love,
though it's never quite what you were
supposed to be, this tug that tells
before you give up, where ground is
on the only track that is eternal:
the unforced chain links of all those things
you do for the joy of being.

This poem begins with the dream insight: that things we do from enjoyment last ("What goes on is what you love to do"), but a lot more comes in than just this personal insight imaged in playing catch with my father. Losing tack of love in the first stanza is paralleled with losing enough in love in the last stanza—that is, by giving ourselves away in love, we are led from one enjoyed thing to another by connected links toward God, a "chain of being or love," as long as we are willing to be led and can accept what comes even if it doesn't seem to be what it was "supposed to be." There's a contrast as well between the aspect of my father I'd like to remember (especially now as he gets older) and the more authoritarian, religious Father of those who tire quickly of life because they are acting only out of constraint (which is a part of my fundamentalist background too). Finally, if what lasts is based on enjoyment, there must be a parallel between my own learning process and the earth's. For what earth has learned certainly is "lasting".

I'm reminded by this dream-life poem of experiences I've frequently had in recording and thinking about my dreams: that dreams help me interpret and classify both the events of the previous day and my current life situation. In fact, sometimes the dream knows better than I do how I'm feeling and when the dream is combined with the effort of writing poetry based on it, the life situation is delineated even more clearly. So even though "Life" stands between and behind both poem and dream, it is through the interaction of the dream-poem that life is seen for what it is. In writing these "dream-life poems," I find that the "Life" section comes into being in my mind like a hologram in the space between the two laser projectors of dream and poem. Here's an example of an insight of a religious kind:

A Church Banquet

I'm eating beside a friend at a long table where many others are eating. My friend asks a question about something I can't understand. I feel it may have to do with the Urim and Thummim or such, an obscure Bible question. I answer in such a way as to get everybody's attention. I say first that people should look at things on the basis of what they already know, not jump onto every bandwagon that promises something new. They should pay attention to what's on their mind right now. It may be an experience with a past love or parents. I give several examples. Whatever it is, that's where God is in you at the time so you should give you attention to it and deal with it. Nobody listens to me in the dream, however. (Dream of 10-18-91)

Life: I'm finding it hard to talk with others about religious ideas, especially about how dreams can be a source of inner knowledge. And though I am myself often drawn toward new approaches or methods of self understanding, I'd really like to express my own ideas.

Poem: _____ Revelation

God said to me yesterday
just what I've been saying all along
to myself. I'd just never really listened
or assumed it was a private line.
And that was it. Who could have known
all the intimate details but me?
Next time you're in a crowd
double back and listen to God.
Don't think you've heard it all before
or that it's only your usual conceit.
Anytime the two of you start talking
one line leads to another and where you are
is what you need to believe.
Watch how shocked others act
seeing how you conduct yourself.
They'll give you wine for water,
unlearn diseases. But don't give it out
unless you want to be crucified for it.
God told me to warn you
about that.

The last part of this poem again moves beyond the dream's mini-satori. You need to pay attention to what's on your mind at the moment, but you also need to "believe" in "where you are" so that by means of this faith you will "conduct" a certain electricity and "shock" others into a faith almost like that Christ inspired. In fact, as the last stanza suggests a little wryly, you are yourself a kind of Christ though you'd better keep that wisdom close or risk a similar fate. Actually, the direction this poem took in the writing of it helped me to realize more clearly my doubts about my own adequacy as a teacher of inner truth. The poem reassures me as the dream may also have tried to do.

Here's one final dream-life poem, a more recent one which (I just realized!) is a kind of resolution to certain issues of age and loss posed in previous examples.

Newspaper at My Door

I see myself as having or buying a very large newspaper this morning. It's my newspaper as opposed to the city newspaper and thus it tells my relation to the news of the outer world. I can read it to find out what's going on in my life right now. (Dream of 2-10-92)

Life: I've been doing a lot of writing and journaling and am beginning to act and speak with more confidence in every phase of my life. But sometimes I hesitate about acting in light of the "new."

Poem: _____ What's Never Old

I never thought I'd wake up to this
ripe newspaper at my door—paid for
by the work it took to get it out!
The old didn't want to be charged
but I wrote so much about it,
sending the current through memories,
it took on a green shade of spring
and knitted up the generation gap
till everything's news to me now.

My own story is told, if you know
how to read between the slanted lines,
yours too, but it's not so easy to find
with my rage to show in the best light
among so much overblown trivia
and wars secreted on the back pages.
You have to know what you're looking for,
whether history of its recurrent fabrications:
today is so full you have to be here.

I like the last line of this poem but the second stanza doesn't satisfy me—which suggests to me another advantage of these dream-life poems: you can keep working on them. The particular dream that gave birth to the poem is over but life goes on and the poem can be constantly edited as we move in the directions our dreams keep drawing us. ✨

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Note: I'd like to hear from you if you're interested in the modest art form I've described. It's nothing new, for as Solomon says, there's nothing new under the sun....but I have a sense that an anthology of poems based on dream mini-satoris, set alongside brief suggestions of the life context prompting both dream and poem, would make for some pleasurable and profitable reading.

We encourage readers to submit **articles** - *preferably with complementary graphics or photos* - which will be empowering for our readers on the subjects of dreams and mythology. We accept articles ranging from experiential to scholarly accounts; techniques and insights on how you experience, or have experienced effective, creative dream work is welcome for our **Dream Education Section**.

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

Typewritten double-spaced manuscripts are essential, approximately 2000 words; we prefer both hard copy and computer disk submissions.

Your questions, explorations *and* opinions are invited *via* **Letters to the Editor**.

Related sidebars and quotes are desirable.

Reproducible black and white original art work & photos are welcomed; photocopies are acceptable.

Please include SASE with submission and/or request for guidelines. DNJ reserves the right to edit all material submitted for publication.

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We are proud to assist in making the following individuals available to you for dream-related inquiries, information and resources. All are committed to the value of dreams; each has their own area of interest and/or expertise and can help point the way to the most appropriate resources to meet your needs. Most are available to answer questions from any caller, regardless of location. Some Contacts have special conditions, such as times they are available for phone conversations. Please respect these needs/requests. If you leave message on recorder, expect a collect call in return.

Please use your own discretion and intuition if offered services; some chemistries harmonize, some don't.

We plan to develop a separate publication -- a Resource & Networking Directory -- listing all dreamworkers and organizations in the near future. We hope to expand the Network so that knowledgeable individuals will be available in each city, state and region, thereby truly integrating dreamsharing into our culture.

If you have resources, information or services to offer and would like to be listed, please make contact with us.

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CA	Ruth Sacksteder	510.549.2162	Lucid Dreaming	7 - 9p.m. Pacific Time	Greater SF Bay Area
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NJ	Valerie Melusky	609 921 3572	General Info & Groups	Anytime, lv msg.	PA/NY/NJ
NY	Harold Ellis	516.796.9455	General Resources/Dr Drama	Anytime, lv msg.	NY/NJ
NY	Catherine Knapp	315.662.3172	General Info & Resources	Anytime, lv msg.	Central NY
NY	Leon VanLeeuwen	212 888 0552	Facilitate, start new groups	Anytime, lv msg.	NY, NY
OH	Margaret Honton	614.885.0823	General Info & Groups	Anytime, lv msg.	Ohio
OH	Micki Seltzer	614.267.1341	General Info & Groups	Evenings	Ohio
OR	Graywolf	503.476.0492	Dream & Consciousness Guide	Anytime, lv msg.	Internatn'l/NW
OR	Patricia Keelin	503.241.0477	General Resources	9a.m. - 5p.m.	Pacific Northwest
OR	Ingrid M. Luke	503.867.6899	General Info & Resources	Evenings, lv msg.	Pacific Northwest
TX	Dwight Russell	817 534 8257	General Resources, Lucid, ESP	10 - 11 a.m.	Texas
UT	Ruth Hoppe	801.583.1405	General Info & Groups	Early evenings	No. UT/WY/ID
UT	Roberta Ossana	801.259.5936	General Info & Groups	Anytime, lv msg.	Four Corners
UT	Aurrhia	PO BOX 232, SPRINGDALE 84767	Spiritual dimension	Write only	SW UT
WA	Judith Picone	206.745.3545	General Info & Groups	Anytime, lv msg.	No.W/ID/MN
WA	Oran Walker	206.726.7982	Eclectic Professional Counselor	Anytime, lv msg.	Seattle, WA
WA	Lee Piper	206.745.3545	General Info & Groups	Anytime, lv msg.	Pacific NW/ID/MN
WI	John Ashbaugh	414.285.3055	General Info & Resources	Anytime, lv msg.	Madison/Milwaukee, WI

NetWorks ♥ ↔ ♥ Dream Groups

Call for New Groups

DREAM STREAMS - Meets 1st Thurs.
of the month from 7 - 9p.m.
Contact: Linda Rosenthal, PO Box 203,
Chalfont, PA 18914-0203
Ph: 215.822.5951

JOAN PASTOR
5010 Cherrywood Drive
Oceanside, CA 92056
Ph: 619.945.9767

Supportive dream work group forming.
No leader, no fee. Upper West side.
Jeanne O'Donnell, 228 W, 71st St. 6A
New York, NY 10023
Phone: 212.496.7823

I have created a model for dream
work supporting 12-step programs. If
interested in hosting a meeting in your
area. Contact **WAYNE McEWING**, 2
Melrose St. 4th Fl.
Boston, MA 02116 Ph: 617.482.2051

SANDY BRUCE **Syracuse, NY**
Ph: 315.475.6361 No fee

Wichita, KS Dream Group
Contact: Steve Carter
7627 E. 37th N. #2101. No fee.
Phone: 316.636.2906

Exploring inner worlds through lucid
dreaming? Weekly study group. No fee.
Johannes Vloothuis, 25 East 21st St.,
Hamilton, Ontario Canada L8V 2T3
Phone: 416.383.5743

Southwest, Four Corners Area
Contact Roberta Ossana, M.A.
Offers consultation and information to
help provide a strong foundation for
dreamsharing and groups.
Ongoing group, Tuesday evenings.
1337 Powerhouse Lane Suite #22
Moab, UT 84532 Ph: 801.259.5936

Dreams & Nightmares Anonymous
DNA: a 12 Step Program like AA
every Monday 6:30 - 8PM
Village Nursing Home, 7th Fl. Lib.
corner W. 12th St & Hudson St. near
Abingdon Sq. Bus Stop **NY, NY**

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

Building the Network

"If You Build It, They Will come."

We are in the process creating a listing of committed and resourceful *Contact Persons* who are willing to make quality dream-related information and reliable contacts more readily available to dream explorers. **If you are interested** in becoming active -- and listed -- as a contact for your city, state or region, please **write or call Dream Network asap.**

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

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

Ongoing Dream Groups

NEW ENGLAND CONTACT
Greater Boston / Cambridge area.
Write or Phone Dick McLeester
@ New Dreamtime, PO Box 92
Greenfield, MA 01302
Ph: 413.772.6569

METRO D.C. COMMUNITY.
Open To All
who share an interest in dreams.
1st Sat. each month, 1-5pm Patrick
Henry Library 101 Maple Ave. E
Vienna VA. Info: contact Rita Dwyer
Ph: 703.281.3639 No fee

EDGAR CAYCE Dream Workshop.
Meets every Monday night from
7-9pm. Please contact Leon B. Van
Leeuwen at 212.888.0552

EDITH GILMORE
Egalitarian dream study & interpretation
group meets monthly in my home.
No fee 112 Minot Rd.,
Concord, MA 01742
Ph: 508.371.1619

Explore Your Dreams
Dream Group meets every other
Tuesday 10am - Noon. No fee
Contact Judith Picone,
Edmonds, WA 206.745.3545

Bay Area Lucid Dream Group

For committed lucid dreamers of all
levels of accomplishment and experi-
ence. Monthly meetings on Sunday
P.M. No fee. **Berkeley** location.
Contact Ruth Sacksteder
Ph: 510.549.2162

Center for Dream Creations

Dream Training groups and education.
Creativity and dreams,
shamanic dream work.
Fariba Bogzaran & Daniel Deslauriens
PO Box 170667, **SF, CA** 94117
Ph: 415.386.8994

Dream Group
every Thursday night
from 7 - 10 PM.

Using astrology as a tool
for dream work.
Contact **JOHN CRAWFORD**
1124 Dean Ave., **San Jose, CA**
Ph: 408.275.8719 No fee

ANN RICHARDS
Weekly Dream Group:
DREAMS, JUNG AND ART
workshops, ongoing bulletin.
SASE to 6720 Arbor Dr. #209
Miramar, FL 33023
Ph: 305.983.4795

Ongoing Dream Groups

(Continued)

Exploring lucid & ESP dreams
Contact C.D. RUSSELL
3424 Falcon Dr., **Fort Worth TX 76119**
Ph: 817.534.8257.
Weekly home study group. No fee

CLARA STEWART FLAGG. Senoi
Dream Education. Monthly Sat.
Workshops; ongoing groups. 11657
Chenault St. #303 **LA, CA 90048**
Ph: 213.476.8243

THE DREAM HOUSE Re-entry
groups and dreamwork training.
Individual sessions and tutoring (in
person/by phone) audio tapes, net-
working. Fred Olsen, Dir.
241 Joost Ave **SF, CA 94110** No Fee
Ph 415. 33 DREAM

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

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

Pines Dream Sharers
Enjoy the warmth and support of
like-minded seekers. All welcome!
Meets monthly in **Cincinnati area**
Contact Noreen Wessling
5429 Overlook Drive,
Milford, OH 45150
Ph: 513.831.7045

Valerie Meluskey, Ph.D.
Groups for learning about creative
and lucid dreaming.
Day and Evening Groups
\$25 per session
Princeton, NJ
Ph: 609.921.3572

STANLEY KRIPPNER & INGRID
KEPLER MAY. Drawing from dream
interpretation & other systems. Wed. &
Thurs.: 7:30-9pm. **San Francisco, CA.**
Ph: 415.327.6776

MICHAEL KATZ
Lucid Dreaming and beyond.
Transpersonal approaches for creative
dreams and waking.
Individuals and groups.
Manhattan, NY Ph: 212.260.8371

CYNTHIA KOHLES, M.S.W.
Dream Group, Thursday evenings.
No fee. **Santa Rosa, California**
Ph: 707.526.2500

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

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

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

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

ALAN SIEGEL, Ph. D.
Dream Groups/Workshops
Berkeley/San Francisco
Phone: 510.652.4185

Dream Study Associations

Asclepiads A.H.O.A.
Study of dreams & healing
Membership & Information:
Neokoros A.H.O.A.
7200 Montgomery Blvd. Suite 148
Albuquerque, NM 87109

ASSOCIATION for the
STUDY OF DREAMS
For Membership information
ASD PO Box 1600
Vienna, VA 22183
Ph: 703.242.8888

CENTER FOR THE
STUDY OF DREAMS
For Membership & Information:
ORIENTE 172 No. 243
COL. Moctezuma Mexico 9 D.F. 15500
MEXICO

Dream Network
Networking, dream education;
responds to all inquiries.
For information, resources, subscription
to the *Dream Network Journal*,
write or call:
1337 Powerhouse Lane Suite 22
Moab, UT 84532
801.259.5936

LUCIDITY ASSOCIATION
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Edmonton, Alberta T6G 2L5 CA

LUCIDITY INSTITUTE
Box 2364 **Stanford, CA 94309**

MONTREAL CENTER for the
STUDY OF DREAMS
For Membership & Newsletter info:
PO Box 69 **Outremonst, QC Canada**

ONIROS
French Association
for the Study of Dreams
Publishes a Quarterly Journal
BP 30, 93451 Ile St. Denis decex,
France Phone: 48.20.21.36



Display & Classified Ads in the Dream Network

DISPLAY ADS: Call or Write for information: 1337 Powerhouse Lane Ste 22, Moab, UT 84532 Ph: 801.259.5936

CLASSIFIED ADS: All Sale Items, Groups, Events and Services requesting fees:
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.50¢ per word beyond 20 words.

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We request of those conducting research that they provide follow-up informational articles in the *Dream Network*.

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* Create a Right Livelihood. Join the Network as an Advertising or PR person! Contact DN to discuss.

**Services, Books
Events & Sale Items**

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DreamTime Seminars*

In Seattle, WA
Montague Ullman's
Experiential Dream Group Seminar
September 24 - 26

SouthWest/Four Corners Region
~ Autumn Equinox
DreamSharing Council
In the Heart of the Canyonlands
Moab, UT

*For Specifics Contact DreamNetwork,
1337 Powerhouse Lane Ste. 22
Moab, UT 84532 Ph: 801.259.5936*

**Services, Books
Events & Sale Items**

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Best from Dream Network on
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to Dream Network
1337 Powerhouse Lane Ste 22
Moab, UT 84532

Research * Projects

Has your dream come true?
I am seeking accounts of **precognitive or
clairvoyant** dreams. Write: **J. Devney**,
706 - 36th Ave., **Oakland, CA 94601**

Joe Mason is researching the relation-
ship among **dreams, mythology and
crop cricle patterns**. Are dreams a key
in unraveling the mystery? Write: 456
Olson Court, **Oakdale, CA 95361**
Phone: 209.847.6602

Joanne Hobbs is seeking dreams of
insects, reptiles, birds and companion
animals for her book on the interspecies
bond; single dream images or
fragments important also. She will
personally reply to all who respond.
Anonymity in book guaranteed. Write:
1724 Alberta Ave., **San Jose, CA 95125**

Roberta Ossana & Bobbie Bowden
desire to establish a collection point for
your '**Big Dreams**', those gifted for the
larger human & Earth community.

What piece of the puzzle do you hold?
Watch for the forms that will be created!
1337 Powerhouse Lane #22 Moab, UT 84532

Researcher seeks White people's
dreams about Black people and Black
people's dreams about White people.

Michael O. Hill 716 King
Santa Cruz, CA 95060

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

Master's student, **Julia Widdop** is
researching the effects of dreams on
bereavement. Also desires accounts of
the use of lucid dreams, particularly
addiction problems. Write 283-1/2 West
Parkview, **Grand Junction, CO 81503**

Richard Ross is researching dreams
and altered states of consciousness on
extra-terrestrial abduction experiences
and other dreams of related phenom-
ena. Write: 5800 Sedgefield Dr.,
Austin, TX 78746

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*"In every dream,
whether we are conscious of it
while we are dreaming or not,
there is some kind of natural
phenomenon present.
Either it's night and there is a night
sky, with or without stars;
the sun is shining in the day or it's
cloudy; there is a feeling of wind present
or not. There is always some kind of
natural phenomenon and that is
because we cannot dream without the
natural phenomenon;
it is the nature of things,
out of which the dream arises."*

Bartholomew, Taos, NM

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